

# THE DAILY NEWS.

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DOUGLAS H. SMITH,  
Managing Editor.

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city at any time can have the paper mailed to  
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sired.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1889.

The average Indiana citizen is so fond  
of voting it will not be surprising if those  
of him who live on the eastern border should  
climb over the line into Ohio to-  
morrow.

There are some difficulties in identi-  
fying the Benders. The identifiers are  
not quite sure but the old woman and  
Kate may give the officers the slip and in  
that event they would prefer not to be  
mixed up in the case.

Pawpaws from Indiana are selling in  
Chicago at \$4.50 a bushel and the sassa-  
fras season is near at hand. Corn crops  
may come and go with more or less finan-  
cial success but these two Hoosier pro-  
ducts can always tell the market.

Chicago casts a good many shurs on St.  
Louis for being a sleepy, old place, but it  
is to her credit to observe that she can-  
not furnish enough anarchists to hold a  
meeting, while Chicago is the head cen-  
ter of anarchy in the United States.

While Indians are loading around  
and enjoying this glorious weather our  
neighbors to the east are all doubled up  
in the throes that precede an election.  
It makes the ward hummer's palms itch  
to think of the money that will change  
hands to-morrow and him not in the  
deal.

The city attorney at Washington has  
decided that women shall be granted li-  
cense to sell liquor the same as a man  
now let them come in for their share of  
the profits.

When the Pan Americans started on  
their tour they were as reticent and dig-  
nified a body of men as one could find  
on the western hemisphere. Now they  
make a speech on the slightest provoca-  
tion and are running over with apprecia-  
tion of our industries, brotherly  
love for our men and admiration for our  
women. Perhaps this is one  
of the civilizing and broadening effects  
of extended travel and perhaps it is be-  
cause they have been filled up to the neck  
with champagne ever since they started.  
Now that they have gone down into the  
land of old bourbon we may expect to  
hear reports of the exhausting effects  
of the trip and that the delegates are en-  
tirely worn out with the journey. Well,  
the government can afford to foot the  
liquor bills. Its revenues from the busi-  
ness will justify it.

Three months ago to-day The Daily  
News made its first appearance before  
the public of Terre Haute. It was re-  
ceived with cordiality not entirely un-  
mixed with curiosity and incredulity.  
People were weary with the heated dis-  
cussions of the campaign just closed.  
They were tired of the bitter partisan-  
ship of the daily press. They felt the  
need of a paper that would present the  
news of the day, both at home and  
abroad, in a concise and readable man-  
ner, and would discuss various matters of  
interest that were transpiring through-  
out the world. But they wanted this  
done in a broad and  
liberal spirit and not simply for  
the purpose of influencing votes and  
electing candidates to office. During its  
brief career The Daily News, has en-  
deavored to meet this requirement. That  
we have been successful is attested by  
the fact that at the end of the first quar-  
ter the pressure upon our columns is so  
great we find it necessary to enlarge the  
paper. The staff has been increased and  
various attractions will be added, the  
price remaining the same, two cents per  
copy or ten cents a week. We do not  
hesitate to say that this is the largest and  
best two-cent paper ever published in In-  
diana with the exception of the Indian-  
apolis News.

Curiosity and incredulity were ex-  
pressed as to whether it would be possi-  
ble for a paper to succeed in competition  
with two others which were old and  
firmly established and apparently monop-  
olized the field, and also whether a news-  
paper could exist which was not a party  
organ. Our issue of to-day answers these  
questions with a most decided affirma-  
tive. We take this occasion to express  
our gratitude for and appreciation of the  
friendly and financial encouragement re-  
ceived on every hand. We have met  
with the usual experience of those who  
attempt a new enterprise.

There nothing was expected we have  
found the most valuable assistance and  
those who were loudest in profifers of  
help have been found wanting when they  
were most needed. Many who pose  
before the world as philanthropists and  
reformers confine their efforts entirely to  
praying upon the street corners and keep  
a tight grip upon the almighty dollar.  
But the great body of the people have  
extended a cordial recognition and ac-  
companied their subscriptions and adver-  
tisements with expressions of good will  
and commendation.

THE DAILY NEWS is under no party or  
personal lash. Such topics as are dis-  
cussed will be considered upon their  
merits and not to serve some political or  
private end and readers may be assured  
they are getting an honest expression of  
opinion based upon such reliable infor-  
mation as the paper is able to obtain.  
We will not be nagged or driven into the  
discussion of any subject but claim the  
right to define our position at such time  
and in such a manner as we think proper.  
In a controversy with other papers we  
shall endeavor to regard only the  
issues at stake and the opinions of the  
newspapers regarding them and shall  
avoid as far as possible anything like per-  
sonal journalism. We consider that the  
public are interested only in the subject  
matter of a paper and not in any petty,  
personal fights of the individuals con-  
nected with it. We do not claim pro-  
found wisdom or remarkable superiority,  
but simply an honest desire to give the  
people a clean, respectable, newsy paper,  
"independent" in the sense that it is  
under no party or personal control and is  
free to take whichever side of a question  
it considers to be right. We have come  
to stay and we shall earnestly endeavor  
to make The News not only a welcome  
but a necessary factor in the community.

SENATORIAL HONORS.

Senators From the New States Will  
Draw Lots for Length of Terms.

WASHINGTON, November 4.—President  
Harrison intends to issue a proclamation,  
or two proclamations, to-morrow, admit-  
ting North and South Dakota to state-  
hood. There will be some delay about the  
admission of Montana and Washing-  
ton. North Dakota will come first in the  
order of admission. There has been  
some discussion of and speculation as to  
how the Senators of the new States will  
arrange the length of their terms, or  
rather how the Senate will dispose  
of the questions. All of the several  
terms will be settled by lottery, and the  
various Senators will have an equal  
chance at the long and short terms. The  
lottery will be held on the 15th inst., and  
the Senators of the new States will be  
elected every year. At present there  
are twenty-five Senators whose terms ex-  
pire in 1891, twenty-five in 1893 and  
twenty-five in 1895. It will be seen  
that the shorter two and four years terms  
have one Senator less than the long  
one years terms. According  
to all precedents the next  
State admitted will be given  
two and four years Senators, so as to  
make the classes of 1891, and 1893 even  
with the class of 1885, and under the  
lottery act, according to the propo-  
sition, North Dakota will be given  
four-year terms or classes, and will be  
thus assigned. The next State admitted  
will be South Dakota, and here the Sen-  
ators will draw lots. The first draw-  
ing will determine which of them  
shall secure the long term. Then the re-  
maining Senator will draw twice whether  
he secure the four or two-year term. The  
next admitted—probably Washington—  
will draw, first, for the class left short by  
the southern Dakota selection. The re-  
maining Senator will draw for the long  
class not selected by his colleagues. By  
this method it will not be possible for  
any two Senators from one State to secure  
terms of equal length, and will be in ac-  
cordance with the method adopted by  
the first Senate, May 14, 1789. When-  
ever a new State has been admitted the  
Senate has assigned the Senators to the  
class according to the resolution of the  
above date.

Short and Spicy.

Many a runaway match has ignited  
from an old flame.—Kansas City Globe.

A tip on winning the human race—  
Lift your hat to the ladies.—Chicago  
Globe.

It must be an ill wind that has blown  
through a sick man's whiskers.—Chicago  
Journal.

The ocean grey-hounds have no time  
to consider barks at sea.—New Orleans  
Picayune.

The lawyer earns his fee by words and  
very frequently takes it in deeds.—  
Merchant Traveller.

A tailor requires many yards to cover  
a man, but a burglar will cover him with  
a small revolver.—Texas Sittings.

Only policemen and stars are allowed  
to shoot on the streets of a well-regulated  
city.—Binghamton Republican.

What is the most suitable musical com-  
position for a farewell benefit? Why a  
can-tata, of course.—Burlington Free  
Press.

The Queen of Roumania has evidently  
been toying with the game popularly  
known as whisky poker. She has just  
published a book entitled "Who  
Knocks?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It Will Draw Blood.

Mayor Davenport and Congressman  
Tarnsey, of Kansas City, had a serious  
falling out the other day and the mayor  
slapped the congressman's face. If a  
duel is to be the result of that grim en-  
counter the two gentlemen should refrain  
from the use of revolvers and bowie  
knives. In case they insist on having  
each other's blood let them see which  
has the courage to crawl through a  
barbed-wire fence the oftenest.—Chicago  
News.

She Got Away With It.

At the annual Congress of the Associa-  
tion for the Advancement of Women, in  
session last week in Denver, Mrs. Edna  
D. Cheney held, among other profound  
views, that it was "not womanly to be  
afraid of a mouse." A mouse did not  
appear on the floor at that moment, and  
Mrs. Cheney was permitted to get away  
with this magnificent bluff. Otherwise  
we would have been obliged to draw a  
certain on the scene.

The Emporia Globe is still lancing  
into Senator Plumb, but he doesn't seem  
to mind it any more than China does  
when Kansas bores a new salt hole.—  
Kansas City Star.

## STENOGRAPHIC BULLS.

Some That Are Up to the Standard of  
Printing-Office Blunders.

Since the mistakes of Moses no class of  
people has made such peculiar and ludu-  
crous errors as the stenographers, when  
you take into consideration their general  
brightness and cleverness. A prominent  
Treasury official gives the "Talking Ma-  
chine" of the Washington Post the benefit  
of several which have been of recent occur-  
rence in his office.

Being in a hurry for certain special plans  
he dictated a letter to the lithographer,  
he dictated a letter to the lithographer,  
requesting him to rush the work as speedily  
as possible and forward it to the Treasury  
in a Knox wagon.

The stenographer brought in his type-  
written letter in a few minutes, and the  
chief glanced it over.

"You have this wrong," said he. "I told  
you to write that the plans were to be sent  
up in a Knox wagon."

"That is what I understood you to say,  
sir. I have written that they were to be de-  
livered in an ox wagon."

"But I said 'a Knox wagon,'" replied  
the puzzled short-hand writer. "I—I  
don't see clearly what you find fault  
with, sir. I am quite sure I took you ac-  
curately."

"Perhaps I might have made myself bet-  
ter understood," responded the chief, "if I  
had said that the plans were to be forward-  
ed to the Treasury by one of Mr. Knox's  
express wagons."

The unfortunate young man blushed to  
the roots of his hair, but his experience  
did not save him from falling into a second  
phonetic pitfall within a fortnight. A certain  
young naval officer was seeking preferment,  
and as a step toward the goal of his desires  
was filling strong indorsements from vari-  
ous quarters. Among others to whom he  
applied was the Treasury official. The lat-  
ter knew the young officer as a diligent,  
studious gentleman of fine abilities and at-  
tention to detail.

He resolved to give him as warm com-  
mendations as possible. Turning  
to the stenographer the official dictated a  
eulogistic letter to the proper direction, and  
mentioned his subject as having been on in-  
imate footing at the house of the com-  
mandant of one of the Federal navy-yards.

When the letter was handed in for his  
signature, judge of the official's horror  
when he read in the midst of an otherwise  
cordial and satisfactory letter the following  
startling sentence:

"He is on intimate footing at the common  
dance-house, where I have met him fre-  
quently."

That letter was revised in a hurry.

The same succession of confusable words  
placed a Washington lady of high social  
standing in an embarrassing position. She  
was visiting the family of the commandant  
of the Charleston navy-yard in Boston  
harbor. She went shopping one day with  
the Commandant's daughter. After mak-  
ing her purchase at one of the big dry-goods  
stores on Washington street she directed  
the clerk to have them sent to her address,  
the commandant's house, Charleston navy-  
yard.

"Where?" asked the clerk.

"Commandant's house, Charleston navy-  
yard."

"They look like ladies," muttered the  
clerk under his breath. "Did I understand  
you to say common dance-house, Charleston  
navy-yard?"

"Yes," answered the lady, impatiently.  
"Have them sent at once."

The purchases came, and the driver of  
the delivery wagon succeeded in placing  
them without much trouble, but they were  
addressed to Mrs. Blank, Common Dance-  
House, Charleston, Navy-Yard. She still  
preserves the box lid with the address on  
it, and shows it to a select few of her  
lady friends.

The same official is responsible for still  
another story.

When a few months ago a few machines  
were sent to the navy-yard, the official  
found a place to pause, then turned on him  
with an interrogation point in each eye.  
He took his foot out of his hat and said:

"I've come to take a place."

"What place?"

"Take a place as light-house keeper. I've  
never kept a light-house, but that'll just  
about suit me, so I've come to tell you I'd  
take one. It don't make much difference  
what. I see your advertisement, and came  
right to headquarters 'stid of goin' to your  
agents."

"H'm! Have you the advertisement with  
you?"

"Sartin'."

The visitor reached into his pocket and  
pulled out a copy of that morning's Post.  
Pointing to a certain spot he said:

"There 'tis."

The official looked and read among the  
small ads: "Light housekeepers wanted.  
Apply," etc. It was an advertisement for  
families who wanted to do light housekeep-  
ing.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

What the Poetess of Passion Would Do If  
She Were a Man.

Were I a man, writes Ella Wheeler Wil-  
cox, in the Chicago Tribune, I would never  
speak or write one disparaging or disre-  
spectful word of any woman whom I did  
not know beyond the cavil of a doubt to be  
utterly unworthy. Even then I would only  
speak such words to warn others from her  
example.

I would aim to make my life worthy one  
good woman's admiration and respect.

I would be more gallant and kind to my  
wife than to any other woman.

I would make the happiness of my home  
the chief ambition of my life.

I would deny myself some pleasures and  
luxuries in youth that I might not be de-  
pendent upon others for the necessities of  
life in old age.

I would give every man a helping hand as  
I went along the journey of life, and expect  
no reward save in the increase of my own  
self-respect and satisfaction.

I would take a great pride in controlling  
and mastering my passions and appetites,  
as I would in the control of my horses or  
my dogs. And I would look well to it that  
none gained mastery of me.

I would feel it a greater honor to be  
called a faithful husband and a wise father  
than to be known as "a sly dog" or "a great  
mascher" by my fellow-men.

If I inherited wealth I would endeavor  
to make myself in the matter of good manners  
and good morals the equal of many who la-  
bor for a livelihood.

I would never imagine that the possession  
of a first-class tailor and an eyeglass could  
excuse a vile breath or an insolent air.

I would write no letters to any woman,  
save my wife, which all the world might  
not read.

If in the employ of others I would not  
double the duties imposed upon me that I  
might the sooner have others in my em-  
ploy.

I would rule in my business affairs and in  
my own household—not by force of physical  
strength, but by force of character.

And in my general association with wom-  
en I would treat them as nearly as possible  
as I would like other men to treat my sister  
or my wife.

Why not subscribe for the Daily News and get the  
news for 10c per week?

## INDIAN STATISTICS.

As a Whole the Red Men Are In-  
creasing in Number.

An Interesting Resume by General How-  
ard—How the Indians Are Counted—  
—Figures Based on the Latest  
Official Documents.

Are the Indians, as some say, diminish-  
ing year by year? And will the time  
speedily come when the whole land will be  
as free of them as Massachusetts is to-day?

Two years ago, says General O. O. Howard,  
in Wide Awake, the writer made this an-  
swer to similar inquiries: "It is pleasant for  
their friends and the friends of humanity  
not to diminish." True, like certain Dan-  
ish and Celtic clans that once migrated  
from place to place on British soil,  
and then vanished from history, many  
Indian tribes have disappeared; others,  
like the Anglo-American humu-  
lities, have diminished, but few scat-  
tered names remain to mark the strange  
ways of strange people. Cochise, the  
Apache chief, shortly before his death  
said: "The whites began a war with me  
years ago. I have slain long for every In-  
dian. I want peace." A few such warlike  
tribes, as above intimated, have been alto-  
gether or nearly exterminated, but other  
large tribes have increased; some greatly  
and some but little.

With few exceptions, the Indians of the  
United States have been gathered upon  
portions of the public lands. These por-  
tions, called Indian reservations, dot the  
United States maps with their little  
squares—uniformly representing land  
possessions. Energetic shepherds want to cross  
these with their flocks, and the Indians  
within them, and ever regard it as a great  
hardship to be kept outside. Many white  
people who live neighbors to the Indians  
regard the land of these Indians with a  
very different feeling from that they  
would have if white men owned it. Each  
reservation has an agent, a white man, ap-  
pointed by the President. This agent is  
virtually a king of a small kingdom. He  
has white employees, such as the farmer,  
teacher, blacksmith, doctor; and the other  
side he has counselors of state. Some-  
times he adds to his governing force three  
Indian judges and ten or twelve Indian  
policemen.

Thus we see that with so many white  
men among them it is not so formerly  
for us to number the Indians. Not many  
years ago the counting was done by army  
officers and other Government officials;  
they simply estimated the number of tribes  
and individuals; it was when the nations  
were more nomadic than at present, when  
tribes were ever changing their habita-  
tions; when they had to move great dis-  
tances to supply their wants; when the  
buffalo, a thousand or more in a herd,  
roamed over our vast prairies. Writers  
for papers or magazines  
guessed at the population and estimated  
the correct census has been taken and the re-  
sults put down. From a careful study of  
these reports it is evident that now the In-  
dians, as a whole, like the negroes of the  
South, are increasing.

Thirty years ago there were several  
tribes which carried off the Indians; among  
these were contagious diseases which un-  
intentionally the white people brought among  
them. Sad indeed were the ravages of the  
small-pox and the measles. The dreadful  
Whitman massacre, not to speak of the  
Pompey massacre, which a band of missionaries  
were savagely murdered, doubtless resulted  
from the simultaneous incoming of missions  
and measles. The measles was then a new  
disease to the Indians.

The sudden cold bath after the heat of a  
sweat-house was followed by death. Herbs  
and extracts, hitherto efficacious in sick-  
ness, gave no relief. So, like white people,  
under yellow fever and cholera, being un-  
able to stay the hand of the destroyer, mul-  
titudes of the race miserably perished. Who,  
under such harassing distress, wonders at  
their superstitious folly and horrid resent-  
ment? But now Indians have more knowl-  
edge. There are good reservation doctors  
or army surgeons near at hand. Contagion  
and epidemic are met at the threshold and  
frustrated. There is no more sweeping of  
men, women and children from these causes  
into unimproved graves.

Another devastating scourge has ceased.  
There are no longer Indian wars. Those  
ferce tribal conflicts, merciless and long  
continuing, have at last passed away. Once  
the Chippewa was taught to hate the Dako-  
ta and the Dakota to return the feeling with  
interest. The Nez Percés detested the Snake,  
and the Snake gave the hunters of the  
Nez Percés no rest. Thus, like France and  
England in olden times, each nation had its  
hereditary enemy. Tribes combined to fight  
other tribes and often fought to extermina-  
tion.

Making a careful computation from the  
latest reports, which embrace all the States  
and Territories, excepting Alaska, we count  
262,630. The accompanying table shows us  
how they are distributed:

Arizona.....21,153 North Carolina.....2,100  
California.....11,409 Oregon.....5,035  
Dakota.....31,409 Texas.....387  
Idaho.....4,276 Utah.....2,020  
Indian Territory.....83,234 Washington Ter.....10,996  
Iowa.....84,718 Wisconsin.....2,838  
Kansas.....670 Wyoming Ter.....1,855  
Michigan.....9,717 Florida and Seminoles.....892  
Minnesota.....5,226 and Indian Ter.....892  
Montana.....14,775 Maine (Old Town  
Schocks).....3,992 Indians.....410  
New Mexico.....30,003 Nevada.....8,316  
New York.....5,007  
Total.....262,630

Chauncey Depew as Stoker.

With great gusto Chauncey M. Depew re-  
lated a short story to a New York Morning  
Journal reporter: "A couple of years ago,"  
he said, "soon after I was made president  
of the New York Central railroad, I was at  
Poughkeepsie one night on my way to New  
York, when I got on board an accommoda-  
tion train. There was some delay in start-  
ing and I went forward to see what caused  
it. I found that the fireman had become  
very ill and would not be able to proceed  
further. There was nobody to take his  
place, and for the fun of the thing I agreed  
to help the engineer out. I put on a pair of  
blue overalls, grabbed a shovel and began  
firing. Ten minutes of the work almost  
laid me up, but the engineer insisted upon  
me keeping it up until we reached Tarry-  
town, where we got a new fireman. My  
hands were sore for a week after. I under-  
stand the engineer tells the story as a good  
joke on me."

Sensations in an Accident.

When asked what the sensation was when  
in an accident on a railroad train Mr.  
Ingalls said it was hard to describe. "You  
have no time to pray. After the first shock  
the nerve is strung to the highest ten-  
sion, and you wait and listen with breath-  
less anxiety and with heart standing still  
for what seems an age, but is in fact al-  
most the shortest possible space of time, to  
learn if all the damage has been done or  
more is to follow."

Learn by Experience.

The accident at Irwin, Pa., in which  
five men were crushed while playing  
cards, under a freight car, last Sunday,  
should serve as a horrible example to  
Sunday card-players. If any of them  
recover they will probably remember it  
for life, and always play inside the car  
hereafter.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Constant Struggle.

"Poverty is no disgrace," said Jinks.  
"In many cases it is something to be  
proud of."

"Yes," replied Jones. "It's a constant  
struggle with me to keep my pride down."  
—Merchant Traveller.

Everyone can afford to subscribe for the Daily  
News.

## BEATING A CLOUD-BURST.

How an Engineer Outstripped a Flood by  
Seventy Seconds.

George Davis is one of the oldest and best  
engineers in Denver, says the News of that  
city. He commenced in 1870 on the Denver  
Pacific, and was firing on the engine for Ed  
Hoskins on old No. 30 when the engine brought  
the first passenger train to Denver in 1870. In  
1873 he was given charge of an engine, and  
continued in active service on that line un-  
til, owing to sickness, he was obliged to lay  
off. He was then employed in the Union  
Depot examining train hands as to their  
knowledge of train rules and duties.

George had the reputation of being one of  
the fastest engineers on the road, and on  
one occasion when pulling President  
Adams' car, a speed indicator in his car in-  
dicated seventy miles an hour for a short  
distance, but George thinks the fastest  
time he ever made was on the afternoon of  
July 12, 1875, when he ran a race with a  
flood in Sand Creek and beat it by just sev-  
enty seconds. George can tell the story best,  
however:

"It was during the time we were having  
so many floods, and the bridge over Sand  
creek had been washed out a few days be-  
fore, and the track ran down over the sand  
in the bottom of the creek, which was al-  
ways dry except when there was a flood.

"We were on our hour late that afternoon,  
and when we reached Eaton, forty-eight  
miles from Denver, we were just taking  
water at the tank when D. B. Keeler, who  
was the agent at that place then, came run-  
ning out to me with a message, which read:  
"Make all possible haste to Denver.  
Water coming down Sand Creek."

"The message was signed by Colonel  
Fisher, the superintendent, and I knew it  
meant get there, and the way I flamed the  
old machine going over the track that after-  
noon was a caution. We had no air brakes  
in those days, and had six stops to make,  
but were only sixty-four minutes from  
Eaton to Sand Creek.

"When we reached the bank of the creek  
it was nearly dusk, but I could see the  
water coming only a few rods above, foam-  
ing and roaring, a solid wall six feet high,  
full of timber and wreckage from the  
Kansas Pacific bridge. A few miles above,  
I thought at first I would not chance it,  
but just as I was about to blow the brakes I  
caught sight of Colonel Fisher on the other  
side, waving his hat to me to come on, so I  
pulled her wide open and we plunged down  
in the hole and wriggled up the other side  
just seventy seconds before the water  
struck the track and wiped it out of exist-  
ence with a roar."

"I stopped as quick as I could after we  
got over, and if you ever saw a delighted  
set of passengers they were there. You  
see they didn't know any thing. I see  
them were down in the creek. I m,  
when they saw the water coming. Scared?  
Well, you can bet they were. They had  
been uneasy all the way from Eaton, and  
had been coaxing Ed Hoskins—he was the  
conductor—to make me stop running as  
fast, but when we swung down into the  
hole, they knew something was up, and  
when they caught sight of that flood they  
saw right away what the matter was. They  
got out on the bank and acted foolishly,  
cheering and throwing their hats in the  
air and shaking hands with me and saying:  
"God bless you, and all that kind of thing.  
O, we had a big time there for awhile, and  
it was days before we could run trains  
across the creek again."

WOMEN BLACKSMITHS.

Hard Lot of the Female Tanners at the  
Anvil in England.

From Birmingham I went on about fif-  
teen miles to Dudley, or what is known as  
the Black Country, and it is rightly named.  
Both in appearance and the conditions of  
life of Lord Dudley. The latter is John-  
stown, of Pennsylvania, did not present a  
more pitiful appearance after its fearful  
disaster than does this landed property of  
a Lord. The country is divided into little  
hamlets bearing such burlesque names as  
Thibbitt's Gardens, Clumber Bank, Pom-  
perry Hill, Netherthorn Ruins (very appropriate),  
Crodley Heath, etc.

A description of one of these places will  
suffice for all. Thibbitt's Gardens is a mis-  
erable, grimy, dirty path, with little hovels  
built along its one foul-smelling street, over  
which all sewage matter from roof and  
kitchen has cut little ditches. At the back  
of every dwelling, and included as a part  
of the rent, is a forge with fire-place suffi-<