

## THE DAILY NEWS.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1889.

One reason why the Express editorialists have whiskers is because they are written by a MAN.

Just one year ago to-day the Republicans concluded they owned the earth and now they find the other party has a clear title to several very important states.

The council are distressingly economical when the people ask for light, water, and street improvements. They evidently believe in saving at the spigot.

We have given space to the council proceedings to the exclusion of other editorial comment because we feel that the action of this body comes very near to our people and has a personal interest. It only happens once in two weeks.

They ought to make a two days' session out of their election in Virginia. When men stand for five or six hours at the polls waiting for a chance to vote and then do not get it, it looks suspicious to say the least. The southern brethren are slow and behind the times but hardly to the extent indicated by the reports of Virginia elections.

There was a wild rumor upon the streets yesterday that Walsh, the councilman from the first ward, would vote for the \$250 license. He voted last night in a very low tone of voice, so low it was almost a whisper, and yet it was distinctly heard in his ward in the northwestern corner of the city. He voted "no," and now his constituents are wondering what has become of those pledges he made to vote for a high license if elected.

The passage of one ordinance by the council generally means that it will be necessary to pass a second ordering that the first shall be enforced. This has been the case with the cow ordinance, but Mayor Danaldson has taken this matter entirely out of the hands of the council and made himself responsible for the enforcement of the law. If the cows continue to run at large the long suffering people must go to Superintendent Stout and see what orders he has received from Mayor Danaldson. These are at the head of the cow trust.

Walsh. The officers shall not enforce the law: Hertwig, Hybarger, Storz and Welde. We call the attention of the citizens of Terre Haute to the fact that four members of the council voted that the law of the state shall not be enforced.

It has been a long time since so quiet and orderly elections as those of yesterday have been held in this country. In Massachusetts the Australian system proved a signal success, the usual demoralizing scenes at the polls being entirely abolished. In Ohio, even in the large cities of Cincinnati and Cleveland, things were much more orderly than at a camp meeting. No ticket peddlers were allowed within a hundred feet of the polls, voters were permitted to deposit a secret ballot unobserved and the usual drunken, boisterous, bummer element was held entirely at bay. It looks very much as if when the time arrives for women to come to the polls with their little ballots they will find the path swept and garnished and a conspicuous absence of all the harrowing scenes that have been held before them like a bugbear these many years. The weak-kneed pessimists and cowardly stay-at-homes who take a melancholy satisfaction in predicting that the country is going to the dogs, may read these results of the new election laws and take courage, if they know the meaning of the word. It is characteristic of the American people that they permit abuses to go just so far and then they apply a heroic remedy. Politics has reached the lowest depths and hereafter there will be a vigorous and persistent effort to get the political control out of the unworthy hands into which it has been allowed to descend.

From the German

OLD THINGS AND DEAR.

There is no song like an old song.

The old songs are dear to us;

Each simple note appears to throb

With shapes that swim in tears.

It may have been a cheerful strain,

But 'twas so long ago.

That glad, grown old, has turned to pain,

And mirth has turned to woe.

There is no friend like an old friend,

Whose life-path marks our own,

Whose dawn and noon, whose eves and morn,

Have known what we have known.

It may be when we read his face

We note a trace of care.

Tis well that friends in life's last grace

Share sighs as smiles they share.

There is no love like an old love;

A lost, may be, or dead;

Whose place, since she has gone above,

No more to love or be loved.

I do not we'll nor love anew,

For life were drear if so.

But that first love has roots that grew

Where others can not grow.

There are no days like old days,

When all life's rays were golden rays

And wrong had never stung.

Dear heart! If now our steps could pass

Through paths of childhood's morn,

And the dew of youth lie on the grass

Which time's fell scythe has shorn.

Old song, old friend, old love, old days;

Old things, yet never old;

A stream that's dark till sunrise plays

And changes it to gold;

Through all winds memory's river on,

But a gleam on the peaks of long alone

That softens sadness yet.

From the German

A BLESSED BLUNDER.

How a Problem Was Unexpectedly Solved for Toddes.

Mr. Toddes awoke one morning in a very melancholy mood. It was his forty-fifth birthday, and he was still a bachelor.

"Time is flying," he said. "Youth has gone. I have nothing to look forward to but a miserable single life at a boarding-house. Why have I never married? It is too late now."

"Toddes, you in?" cried a voice at the door. "I want to consult you."

"Come in, come in," replied Toddes, and the door opened to admit a tall gentleman, with a head like the popular portraits of Shakespeare and a beard which he trimmed in the way best calculated to impress the likeness on all beholders.

He wore a very showy little smoking-jacket and a cap to match, and carried in his hand a roll of manuscript and a stylographic pen. He looked what he was—a literary man. His serials, which were of the most romantic sort, were read with avidity by all the young ladies who subscribed for the Weekly Gusher or who bought it at the stands or stationers' stores or borrowed it of their neighbors. His heroes were never more than twenty-two; resembled, according to description, the wax figures with which hair-dressers decorated their windows; smoked constantly, rolled up their eyes continually, and all possessed silk night-gowns and slept on silken pillows and put rare perfumes on their handkerchiefs and decorated their button-holes with hot-house plants and had only to double their fists and shake them at any other man in order to make him fall as flat as the walls of Jericho. In fact they were even mixtures of the Apollo Belvedere and the dandy of the time of the Spectator, with some of the stuff that goes to make the likeness of the hero of the modern prigging. However, the girls liked them, and many a maid and dame sighed over the romances and wished that her prosyle John was more of that pattern.

"Good morning, Toddes, old fellow," said Mr. Sparkle genially. "Here I am again to give you advice! Whenever I want genuine advice I come to you. You have literary taste. It's a confounded pity that you are rich, Toddes—you'd have made your mark with your pen else. Well, you'll advise me!"

"I shall be delighted, I am sure," said Toddes, "delighted! But you flatter me." "Not at all," responded Mr. Sparkle.

"Breakfast is not ready yet. I'll just read this to you, if you don't mind. I've taken a new departure in this serial—I've introduced an old fellow."

"How old?" asked Sparkle; "almost thirty."

"Now, I call that young," said Toddes.

"Of course it is in real life," said Sparkle. "Forty is young to all intents and purposes. But literary age is very different. It would blast an author's reputation to make a heroine out of her tens or a hero out of his twenties. This thirty-year-old is an old bachelor who has long adored a certain young lady, and remains unmarried for her sake. She is going down into the vale of years—five and twenty of 'em—a spinster for love of him. Neither guesses the love of the other—a good point, eh?"

"Very," said Toddes.

"Now, the question is," said Sparkle, "whether to unite them or to have her confess her love for him beside his death-bed?"

"The latter!" cried Toddes, enthusiastically. "But have him recover, after all, and then marry 'em."

Sparkle started up and grasped Toddes' hand.

"Magnificent!" he said. "You always have original ideas."

He sat down at Toddes' desk and began to lance his stylographic pen into the air in a fierce manner highly suggestive of delirium tremens. However, Toddes was not alarmed; he knew that he was only getting his pen into working order.

"Ah!" he said, as a drop of ink appeared at the point of the instrument, "here we are at last." He jotted down a memorandum and then wheeled about. "Let me read you this," he said. "I think you will like it. My hero is soliloquizing—imagining that he is declaring his love—ahem! and Mr. Sparkle pushed his smoking-cap to the back of his head, smoothed his Shakespearean beard with his hand and began:

"Beloved one—nay, start not; long have I called thee so in my soul—

"Is he a Quaker?" inquired Mr. Toddes.

"No, no. I always use 'thee' and 'thou' for strong love passages," replied Sparkle. "See!"

"Oh, yes," replied Toddes. "How stupid of me!"

"Not at all," said Sparkle. "Let me see."

"Beloved one—nay, start not; long have I called thee so in secret. Have not my eyes revealed to thee the tale my tongue refused to utter. Hast thou not guessed that my heart lay at thy feet? Nay, cruel one, thou turnest from me. Should I ask thee to name score would be my portion. And yet how can I live without thee! Alas! alas!"

"What do you think of it?"

"It's a very touching," said Toddes. "Do you know, I should like to confide in you?"

"I do, I do, it's my dear friend," said Mr. Sparkle.

"Sparkle, has it ever come into your mind that I have a secret woe?" said Toddes.

"Well, it has," replied Sparkle. "I've heard you groan."

"The woe," said Toddes, "is connected with a lady."

"I thought so," said Sparkle. "Is she another?"

"No," said Toddes, "no; but there is something in her manner that has prevented me from speaking. I have known her twenty-five years; she is about my age—but I have never dared to address her; never shall."

"Courage!" said Sparkle.

OLD INDUSTRY.

Dorseth Doretti Maria

Evergreen town of Toddes.

"Do you celebrate for 'Sparkle.'

"Once 't James' Ga Tis 't 'I have a farm down attraction I let go to collect the rent, etc; but fall on Miss Evergreen.

She asks me and the tea. I do. I take her hand. We're 't. That is all."

"Do you never write?" asked Sparkle.

"Yes," said Toddes. "She is very charitable.

She holds a fancy fair every summer on her grounds for the benefit of old ladies' home. I send a check. By the way, I have just addressed my envelope containing it. It's there on the desk. I say 'trust you are well, etc.,' no more."

"Say more next time?" said Sparkle.

"Toddes only groaned.

Just then the breakfast bell rang, and Sparkle hastened away. As for Toddes, he gathered up some sheets of paper on his desk, put them into the envelope directed to Miss Henrietta Maria Evergreen, added the usual check for the old ladies' home, and put it in his pocket to post on his way down town. He reached home again in time, before dinner time, and was touching him, seated in his room when Sparkle knocked at the door.

"I'd like to ask you if you saw a sheet of my manuscript on your desk this morning. It is the one I read to you—the soliloquy."

"Yes, yes; I remember. It is not, it is not," said Toddes, rummaging his desk.

"No, nothing here—nothing. Why, what is this?—what is this? What have I done?"

"Great heavens!" roared Sparkle, catching the contagion of horror.

"I've done what must cover me with shame to my dying day!" roared Toddes.

"Here is the letter I wrote to Miss Henrietta Maria Evergreen—I have left it out of the envelope and put your manuscript in instead. Oh, I've done it—I've done it; and she will think I have gone mad. Why, I'd rather have died than send her that mass of stuff and nonsense—teasing and thowing her. Oh, Lord!"

"You said you admired it, Toddes," said the indignant author.

"From a literary point of view I do," said the bachelier. "See here, you explained to me that age was considered differently from a literary point of view to that which it was in life; so is love-making. What is charming, I'm sure, in a story is not suitable for a serious business man in real life. Oh, I'm disgraced forever. She'll think I don't know what—I'll shoot my self!"

"Toddes," said Mr. Sparkle, gravely, "don't do that again. Wait. Fate has helped you out of your dilemma. The fragment is somewhat disjointed. I am aware, but will go to that cold woman's heart. It will win her if she doesn't."

"She will never speak to me again," said Toddes.

"Toddes," said Mr. Sparkle, "You don't know Miss Evergreen."

"Oh, I know women in general," said Sparkle.

Whether he did or not, twenty-four hours of frightful anxiety on Mr. Toddie's part ended in the receipt of a letter from Miss Evergreen in which she expressed her surprise at the depth of his attachment, which she had never even suspected, and confessed that the "touching language" in which he had portrayed it had won her heart; in fact, she accepted him.

They are married, and Sparkle was best man at the wedding. —Fireside Companion.

DOING THE DRUMMERS.

They Played for Harmless Suckers and Caught a Tarantula.

There were five or six of them drummers out of Chicago, said one of them to a New York Sun man, who used to bring up Cairo in a bush on Sunday, and one of the men was a billiard expert. I don't mean that he could have held his own with the big guns, but he was very good at the combination of thirty, forty, and fifty billiards, and everybody things wulphul. He used to cross up as a farmer, steam-boat man or stable boy, enter a billiard parlor, and after fooling around for awhile he would catch a sucker and stick him for the drinks all around. Nearly all the boys in Cairo had got on to his game, when one night we dropped into O'Neil's as a sort of cleaning up. Our man was disguised as a matador, having greasy clothes and grease on his hands, and when a proper opening occurred he put himself forward. No one seemed to suspect him, and he certainly handled his cue like a greenhorn. When he announced his desire to try a game a man who looked like a river pilot was put forward. He clawed off for awhile, and finally said he never played except for money. Our Jim didn't dare give himself away, but four or five of us offered to bank on him to the extent of a hundred dollars.

It was more of a bluff on our part, but we found takers right off and had to put up the green. It was to be the best two out of three, and of course Jim played off on the first. Five was the highest run he made, while the pilot seemed to be doing his best and made one of thirteen. Jim was thirty-five when the stranger went out, and believing we had sized up our victim we put up another hundred. Jim got the first shot on the new game and as our man was up he played for all that was in him. His first run was thirty-seven, and we took the stranger out of the game. Jim then took the next shot on his next shot.

This made a game apiece and the pilot won the bank. He started off very easy, kept the balls well together, and after he had counted up to eighty-seven he halted and asked Jim if he wanted any more