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Managing Editor.

TELEPHONE NO. 181.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1889.

Citizens Take Notice.

Section 208. Selling liquors on Sunday, etc. Whoever shall sell, barter or give away to be drunk as a beverage, any spirituous, vinous, malt, or other intoxicating liquor, upon Sunday, the fourth day of July, the first day of January, the twenty-fourth day of December, Thanksgiving day, or upon the day of any election, or between the hours of eleven o'clock p. m. and five o'clock a. m.—shall be fined in any sum not more than fifty dollars nor less than ten dollars, to which may be added imprisonment in the county jail not more than sixty days nor less than ten days.—Revised Statutes of Indiana.

At a council meeting held on November 5 the following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the City Marshal and Chief of Police be and they are hereby instructed to enforce the laws relating to the closing of saloons and known as the eleven o'clock and Sunday closing laws.

In the statutes of Indiana, page 18, section 17, defining the duties of Mayor, is the following:

It shall be the duty of the Mayor to see that the laws of the state and the by-laws and ordinances of the common council be faithfully executed within this city.

In the revised City Charter, page 396, section 6, defining the duties of policeman, is the following:

It shall be the duty of all members of the police force to enforce all penal laws of the state of Indiana and all ordinances of said city.

At its session Tuesday evening the council adjourned with such incident haste to avoid taking up the early closing resolution that they had to call a special meeting last night to finish up the regular business. It was just a little meet-

A force of men have been at work for several days with search warrants and hoses hunting for the street crossings. This is about all that can be done, as the street commissioner has no money and the council have not any for him and do not know where they can get any unless they levy a saloon tax and this they do not dare to do.

The county commissioners should exercise a large amount of discretion in disposing of the old court house. They should not let it pass out of their control until they know for what purpose it is to be used. There are already a sufficient number of disreputable places in that locality and it will be much easier to prevent the establishment of any more than to regulate them after they obtain a foothold.

St. Louis is pressing her claims for the World's Fair and this week sent a huge bundle of circulars over here for distribution. Each one contained a printed map showing the towns of note. Indianapolis and Evansville loomed up as big black spots but Terre Haute was not represented by so much as a fly speck. Considering that all eastern visitors to St. Louis must pass through here and that the Vandalia and the Big Four are among the best railroads in the country, the monumental gall of these circulars can be appreciated. The bills made very good kindling and that is what they were used for.

The News still offers its columns to Mayor Danaldson to explain to the people who elected him why he does not direct the Superintendent of Police to enforce the Sunday and eleven o'clock law. The constituents to whom he owes his position are a class of citizens who are in favor of law and order. They elected Mr. Danaldson because they believed they could depend upon him. He has not in every instance met their expectations. We have no desire whatever to draw Mayor Danaldson into a controversy but as he has charged the News with having done him an injustice we wish to afford him every opportunity to explain his position.

SOME wild cat dispatches in yesterday's papers announced that President Harrison had appointed Mrs. Goodloe, of Lexington, Ky., to fill out the unexpired term of her husband as revenue collector. They were, however, quickly corrected. It was Mrs. Goodloe's daughter's husband who secured the position. The offices are distributed as a reward of merit to voters and party workers. A few years ago a lady in this city went to see a prominent politician in regard to securing a position in the revenue office. This was his reply to her application: "Your qualifications are all first-class and you are well fitted for the position, but the fact is we are not giving offices to women, we are keeping them for voters." Notwithstanding this declaration a woman did secure the place and

Collector Throop respected the precedent by appointing another lady to the same position. But there is nothing which fills the soul of the average politician with such deep disgust as to see an office go to a woman who can not repay the obligation by so much as a single vote.

The Express tries to intimate in its feeble way that The News is under the influence of the smaller saloonkeepers who favor early closing. But according to the Express these smaller dealers are bitterly opposed to high license. The News has advocated high license to the very best of its ability. Can a man or a newspaper serve two masters? The wealthier saloonkeepers are willing to pay a license but they are very much opposed to early closing. The Express advocates high license only. As stated in these columns a few days ago, we have information that the Main street saloon influence has been brought to bear upon the Express and that paper has its orders not to advocate Sunday and eleven o'clock closing and that it will not do it.

The people of Terre Haute are fully aware of the consistency and persistence of the Express course in respect of legislation for the liquor traffic.—Morning Express.

This sentence is somewhat obscure. "In respect of legislation for the liquor traffic" may mean something or nothing, and should be accompanied by a translation. But we will let that pass. The News has always given the Express credit for being in favor of a saloon license. But what we charge is that the Express is not in favor of the enforcement of the eleven o'clock and Sunday closing law. It can disprove this assertion at any time by simply stating in language that can be understood that it is in favor of this law. If it will publish just one editorial paragraph saying that it desires the enforcement of this law The News will cheerfully acknowledge that it has been mistaken in its belief. We do not wish to misrepresent the Express. If it is in favor of Sunday and 11 o'clock closing let it say so and that will end the controversy.

READERS of last night's Gazette will be surprised at the editorial information that it has "two contemporaries who are quarreling as to which is the original advocate of a city saloon license." The Gazette has broken a resolution, made when this paper was started, to "utterly ignore The News and never allow it mentioned in its columns." But as usual the Gazette is mistaken in its assertion. There is no quarrel between The News and Express as to which is the original advocate of high license. The News simply declares that neither the Express nor Gazette is in favor of enforcing the eleven o'clock and Sunday closing law.

The Gazette, with its usual adroitness, dodges this issue. It has never used its editorial influence to the extent of one line in advocating the enforcement of the law. The Gazette through its columns and personally with the councilmen did its best to secure the passage of a license ordinance. When did it do this? During all the weeks in the early fall when both The News and Express were making daily appeals to the council for a high license, and after the ordinance was defeated when both of these papers were denouncing the council, the editorial columns of the Gazette were absolutely silent. If there was a single exception The News will make the correction. If ever there was a time when the Gazette should have advocated high license, surely it was when this question was under consideration by the council and the Gazette did not do it.

Gen. Raum Changes Secretaries.

When Commissioner Tanner went into the pension office he made his daughter Ada his private secretary, and she has remained there ever since. For many reasons Commissioner Raum desired to put a person of his own selection in this confidential position, and was a good deal puzzled how to arrange it. Mr. Huston, the treasurer of the United States, happened to be in the pension office the other day, and knowing that he was an intimate friend of Tanner's, General Raum consulted him about it. Mr. Huston said that R. A. Durnan, of Indiana, who was serving as his private secretary, had been for several months an applicant for chief of a division in the pension office, and if General Raum would appoint him to such a division he would take Miss Tanner to the treasury and make her his private secretary. Raum agreed and the change was made to-day.

How to Avoid Strikes.

The London Gas Light Company of England has given 700 of its employees a share of the company's profits through the medium of a co-operative system, the condition imposed upon the men being that they shall agree, in writing, in consideration of their participation in the profits, that they shall have nothing to do with strikes or labor organizations.

This at first sight seems a radical blow at all organizations of labor. In reality it is merely an evidence of the trend of capital and labor to come together on a friendly basis of mutual good feeling and co-operation. It is claimed that the employees of the London Gas Light Company heartily approve the scheme and have willingly signed the conditions.—Chicago News.

Travel Between Two Cities.

During the month of October 3,507,608 passengers crossed the East River Bridge between New York and Brooklyn. This was an average of 113,148 per day, which would give an annual traffic of more than 40,000,000.

It Covered the Ground.

Spiritualist—I have related my wonderful experience; upon what theory can you explain it?

Skeptic—Upon the theory that you are a liar.—New York Sun.

A Method in It.

Customer—Why is it you always cut me?

Barber—Quite the thing to do, sir. It gives you the appearance of just having had a fresh shave.—Boston Herald.

THE CRICKET.

Dainty Aliss, here's a cricket.

Trill and nimble, brave and bold,

Caught a chirping in the thicket,

When the year was growing old.

He's a patient little hummer,

Though he only knows one song;

He's been practicing all summer,

And he never sings it wrong.

He was piping under hedges

After all the birds had flown;

Trilling loud from stony hedges,

Making merry, all alone.

If the bearded grasses waved

Underneath the lightest foot,

His sharp murmur sudden quavered

Into silence at the root.

Now the cricket comes to bring you

Cheery thoughts in time of frosts;

And a summer song he'll sing you

When the summer sunshine's lost.

You'll be listening till you're guessing

Pleasant meanings in the sound,

May the cricket's good-night blessing

Bring the happy dreams around!

Many and many a year hereafter

You will hear the same blithe tune,

For though you should outlive laughter,

Crickets still will chirp in June.

If some future summer passes

Homesick, in a foreign land,

There'll be speech among the grasses,

That your heart will understand.

As you listen in the wild wood

To that merry old cricket,

It will bring you back your childhood

When you are a woman grown.

—Helen Thayer Hutcheson, in St. Nicholas.

A GOSSIPING OLD MAID.

She Didn't Do a Great Deal of Harm However.

The sun shone through the window in great golden bars across the yellow-painted floor. The old white cat was sunning himself on the settee, the narrow slits of eyes blinking lazily, and his claws softly working in and out, as he purred his enjoyment of the sunny morning.

The kitchen was a low, wide room, and fairly shone with cleanliness; there was a fire in the stove, and on one of the covers a kettle of hot fat fizzled and spluttered and smoked.

Presently the door of the cook-room opened and the housewife entered the kitchen, her hands full of uncooked doughnuts. She deposited them in the fat and turned for a moment to look out of the window. Her brows contracted into a frown as she said aloud:

"Oh, dear! if there isn't Dorcas Jones. Come to spend the day, of course, just when I'm busiest. I do wish she could contrive to come some other time than when I'm cooking; but I s'pose there's no help for it, and I'll have to be civil to her. She's got her budget of news full, I know by the looks of her face. Well, I shall have to listen. I s'pose, if I do put pepper in the bread and saleratus in the soup; it can't be helped—good mornin', Dorcas," as the lady in question entered the door, a gossiping spinster, with a face like a wintered apple.

Dorcas laid down her capacious bonnet and reached and threw herself into a stuffed chair, saying, as she untied her bonnet strings:

"Waal, good mornin', Mis' Davis; hasn't it pleasant? Think I to myself: 'God is good to us poor mortals to give us such sunny days, all pleasant and bright.' I met Parson Green on my way, and Dorcas, 'Good mornin', Parson,' sez I, 'Dorcas,' sez he, 'you always look just so pleasant.' 'Yes, Parson,' sez I, 'an' I feel pleasant. I've tasted o' the tree o' life, an' I could no more tell a lie or do a wrong thing ter-day than nothin'.' An' 'twas the livin' truth, Mis' Davis. I feel just like a new person since I was baptized. Them doughnuts do look mighty temptin'; guess I'll take one. Yes, 'tis a lovely day, hasn't it?"

Dorcas took from her bag a half-finished stocking, and while the needles dived in and out like tongues of steel, she rocked and talked.

"I must say, Mis' Davis," said she, "that your Polly did act shameful last Sunday night in meetin'. She an' that Susan Harris were gigglin' all the evenin'; an' 'twas at me, I know. I came in late an' sot right down in front o' 'em, an' there they giggled, an' tee-heed all the evenin'." "Twas somethin' about my back hair or bunnet—I dunno which. I got real mad; but seein' as I am a church member I don't look well in me to bear 'em any malice—an' I don't, but 'twas aggravatin', to say the least, an' I was mad when you and I hope Polly's ashamed of herself. If she hadn't shed o' her."

Mrs. Davis' face flushed a bit as she said: "I was ashamed myself of Polly; but she's young and as frolicsome as a young colt, so make some allowance for her, Dorcas."

"Oh, yes, Mis' Davis," said Dorcas, her needles clicking faster than ever. "I'm charitable toward her—she's young an' I was once, so I know she don't think. Once was the time, though, when I'd a paid her up for this, but my heart is filled with brotherly love now, an' I feel nothin' but pity toward the wayward of the world."

"Polly does not think," said Mrs. Davis, anxious to vindicate her only child in the eyes of the greatest gossip in the town.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Dorcas, picking up a dropped stitch, sagely nodding her head. "I know, Oh, Mis' Davis, how you heard the news?"

Just here the door opened and Polly Davis stood at the threshold, a merry little with saucy black eyes and flying curls.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," said she, pleasantly. "Isn't it a fine morning? What is the news?"

"Oh," said Dorcas, pursing up her lips. "You might want to hear it."

"Oh, yes, I do," said Polly.

"I don't like to make a buddy feel bad, Polly, so I guess I won't tell you."

"Please do, Mis' Jones," said Polly, her woman's curiosity fully roused.

"Waal, if I must, I must, I s'pose—John Darrows is married."

"Married!" cried Polly, turning pale. "I don't believe it."

"Phaps you don't," said Dorcas; "I heard so, anyway."

"Who told you?" asked Mrs. Davis, in a sharp tone.

"Never mind who told me," answered Dorcas, wisely. "I ain't a tale bearer."

"It's a lie, Dorcas Jones," cried Polly, hotly. "I don't believe it."

"It's the fact time I was ever accused o' lyin'," said the worthy spinster, sardoniously. "But, then, seen, as I'm a professor an' you ain't, I'm charitable toward you. You don't like to believe it, I know, fer you'n John wuz en-

"Dorcas Jones!" cried Polly: "don't you dare say that outside these walls. John Darrows was no more to me than the wind that blows."

"Perhaps not," said Dorcas, "but don't less quarrel, Polly. I only come to make your mother a visit, an' as a church member it don't look well for me to fight. I was only tellin' what I've heard."

"You're no right, Dorcas Jones," cried Polly, her quick temper now fully roused—"to tell any thing like that if you did hear it. Such an affair as that concerns no one but the actors, and I'd thank gossip tongues to leave my name alone."

Dorcas' face flushed, and it was with twitching fingers that she began to roll up her work.

"Polly Davis," said she, "I'm slow to anger an' usually forgiving; but there is times when even a Christian's feelin's are touched, an' that time hez come to me. I'm jest goin' home an' it'll be a long time afore I darken your doors agin."

"There, Dorcas," expostulated Mrs. Davis; "do be sensible an' stay. You ain't goin' home; never mind Polly."

"Yes, I am," said Dorcas Jones, in her excitement putting on her bonnet now; "she's insulted me enough an' I won't stand it any longer. I'm jest a-goin'."

Polly's voice was very tearful, as she said: "stay, Miss Jones; I'm sorry I spoke so sharply to you and I beg your pardon."

"Beggins' pardons won't do no good when you air called to 'count fer the way you've treated me on the Lord's day," said Dorcas.

"But, Dorcas," interposed Mrs. Davis, "Polly is sorry and so am I for her. Please stay an' I'll give you a can o' currants when you go home; you know you had had luck with yours."

"Yes, Miss Jones," pleaded Polly; "please do; father will be so pleased to see you."

"Waal," said Dorcas, with an injured air, "you've used me bad an' I dunno. But I guess I'll stay. 'Twould serve you jest right, though, if I wouldn't."

So she stayed, gossiping to her heart's content about John Darrows, and no one but Polly herself knew the dull pain that was gnawing at her (Polly's) very soul.

"Yes," said Dorcas, "he's married, sure, but I shan't tell who told me, fer it don't look well for a church member to tell tales. It's a gal nobody knows an' nobody cares. I guess, John wuz alwuz a young scapegoat anyhow. I'm sure I never thought but mighty likely of him fer all his dandified ways an' hansom face."

"What a wretched, never-ending day," Polly thought as she ascended the stairs to her room after Dorcas had gone.

The tears which had been threatening to fall all day now burst their bounds, and the pent-up flood came in full force as she leaned her head on the window-sill, in the privacy of her own room. Through the window came the perfume of apple-blossoms, bringing to mind a May night, a year ago, when John Darrows had asked her to be his wife. She remembered that it was just after sunset, and she had been strolling through her father's orchard alone. She remembered how she had come up to the fence, her hands full of the dainty blossoms, and found John waiting for her; how he had said:

"Then, as I lingered on the gate And she came up like coming fate, I saw a picture in her eyes— Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes, Cheeks like the mountain pink that grows Among white-headed majesties!"

Then he had tucked her unresisting hand under his arm, and led her away. And how her foolish little heart had beat so tumultuously when he whispered his love to her! How truthful his eyes were as he bent their gaze upon her!

Surely the owner of such eyes as those could never be false to any trust—and yet! She remembered with what love in her soul she had promised to be faithful to him unto death, and then he had kissed her. Polly put her finger on her brow; she could almost feel the touch of his lips now; yes—John *did* love her then, she knew.

It was the day before he had gone to Washington, and as they parted at the gate, he had rallied her on the inconsistency of her sex in general, and she had answered gayly that he need never fear; as long as he was true to her so long would she be true to him.

"Then it will be forever!" he had said.

And they had parted with vows of eternal constancy—and now John was false! Oh, could it be true? No, never! But it was.

It was several days later, a day in June, that an airily-clad girlish figure stole out of the back kitchen door and made its way down the path, over the fence, and seated itself in a secluded place beside a little babbling brook behind the orchard.

It was none other than Polly Davis. The south wind blew fleetly, playing rofully with her hair, blowing stray locks about her face in a most aggravating manner. It even sought to snatch her hat from her head in spite of her determined hold upon it.

Poor Polly laid her head upon a rock and gave way to a petulant fit of crying, while the tiny brook babbled over the stones as if laughing at her sorrow.

By and by the wind became bolder and snatched her hat from her head, blowing it away up into the air until it seemed as if the dainty piece of straw and pink ribbons would perform the famous feat of the cow in the nursery rhyme.

Then it sailed gracefully to the ground as chance would have it on the other side of the stream, at the very feet of a young man who had just come into view.

He was tall and slim, looking extremely "cittified" in a plain suit of gray, with a nosegay of purple pansies in his coat lapel; and the face under his soft felt hat was very handsome, with honest blue eyes, and brown curls waving above his broad forehead.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed, picking up Polly's hat. "What have we here? Surely the owner of this charming hat is not Polly!"

Polly sprang to her feet. Her first impulse was to run, but she felt somehow so faint that she had to grasp a tree for support.

"How do you do, Mr. Darrows?" she said, stiffly. "This is an unexpected surprise. May I have my hat?"

"Oh, Polly, how glad I am to see you once more," he cried, not noticing her cold demeanor.

He crossed the brook with a bound and ran toward her.

She drew back. "Mr. Darrows, I would like my hat."

He stopped short, evidently greatly surprised. "What—what in the name of common sense does this mean?"

"It means," said Polly, her cheeks white, but her eyes blazing; "it means will you be kind enough to give me my hat?"

"Polly Davis, why do you treat me thus? We were such good friends when I went away."

"Is friendship any plea why you keep my hat, sir? I shall get cold without it."

"Take you hat, Polly Davis," he cried, flinging it toward her. "But I demand an explanation of your conduct."

"An explanation, indeed," said she, ironically, fairly eclipsing him with the scornful gaze from her eyes, while her lips curled contemptuously. "As if you did not know. Oh, you are very innocent."

"I swear before God, Polly Davis, that I am innocent of any falsity to you."

"Another proof of your villainy, Mr. Darrows. If I have ever entertained the least doubt of your perfidy my doubts are all dispelled now. Swearing is nothing to a man of your stamp. You ask me to explain; explain, indeed! Perhaps you do not know that I know you are married—"

"Married!" cried John Darrows, in mystification.

"Yes, married. Oh, you can brazen it out, you heartless wretch. I—I hate you. Go, go from my sight, you villain, and don't you ever show your hateful face again to me. Now, la—laugh, you villain; you've broken my heart and I hate you, you—boo-boo."

Polly could stand it no longer, and sinking down, burst into a fit of weeping, while John Darrows, unable to control himself, sprang over beside her and in a trice she was in his arms.

"It's a lie," he whispered; "I am not married, and never will be to any one but you, my love."

"Dorcas Jones sa-said so," sobbed Polly.

"Dorcas Jones is a gossip," was the sole reply.

It was after dark that evening when Mrs. Davis heard the front gate click and the sound of steps coming up the walk.

"Where under the sun has Polly been?" she thought.

As the front door opened she heard a familiar voice say:

"Good-night, Polly; I'll call around to-morrow to see the folks."

"John has come, mother," said Polly as she came in. "He isn't married; I was a lie."

"Waal, there!" was Mrs. Davis' exclamation.

Polly lighted her lamp, and as she watched thoughtfully the match as it burned out, said:

"Mother, you remember that night Dorcas Jones came into church with her false hair on wrong?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think she told that about John to get revenge on me for laughin' at her."

"Of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis, as Polly went up-stairs, laughing to herself. "Dorcas was a church member! Who'd a thought it?"

Who would, indeed.—Old Homestead

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

She Has Bad Health and Protracted Fit of Gloom.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, once the gay and dazzling sovereign lady, toward whom the eyes of all Europe were turned, is said to be more than usually in firm this season, and spends a greater portion of her time in silence and meditation, whether she is lodged in her own home or is visiting at the mansion of her friend. When her fits of gloom come on she is capable of remaining sleepless, speechless, without eating, drinking or noticing any one around her for twenty-four hours at a time. Persuasion and persistent attempts to bring her to a sense of her surroundings only make her case worse.

It is as if she were communing with the dread phantoms of the past, and as if they held her attention to the exclusion of all other things in the universe. When the fit is over it may be succeeded by one of devotion, such as only Spanish women can go through—devotion that leaves the soul prostrate. The remnants of her wardrobe, which she was allowed to remove from Paris in 1876 and 1877, produced much of the fortune on which she lives to-day and the money which she has expended on the splendid imperial mausoleum. Of furs alone, at the time of the empire's downfall, she had \$120,000 worth deposited with the crown fur-keeper, and others worth as much more with intimate friends. It has been estimated that the Empress Eugenie possessed at the time of the empire's greatest grandeur \$500,000 worth of furs.—Paris Letter.

A horse owned in South Shenango was seriously ill for nearly a week, and no cause could be discovered. A doctor was summoned, and, upon examination, found a cob securely fastened crosswise in the back part of the horse's mouth, which prevented him from eating and swallowing.

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