

THE STANDARD.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

Even old cock-eyed Ben Butler now admits that he thinks Foster will carry Ohio, and Cornell New York; and furthermore, he thinks if they do it will everlasting cook Tilden's goose. "Them's our principles," exactly.

Denis Kearney did not burn General Grant in effigy to any alarming extent. Circumstances over which he had no control combined to prevent the execution of his plans. The 200,000 people that turned out in San Francisco to welcome the ex-President back to his native soil, was one great obstacle in Denis' way.

The Cincinnati Gazette says: "When

Tilden and Field dissolved partnership the former had the cash and the latter the experience". That is better than the old man came out of the Presidential struggle. When the electoral commission decided the contest in favor of Hayes, the hero of Gramercy Park discovered that he was out a barrel of money and had on hand about a barrel of experience.

Li-ten to what the Chicago Times says of the hero of Gramercy Park for President: Sam Tilden will never be President. The Tilden ring may pass a nominating convention, as they did in 1876, and undoubtedly they will do so should they elect Tilden's man for governor; but, should their programme be carried to that stage, they will never carry it further. President, Mr. Tilden can never be.

The new board of directors of the Northern prison, Messrs. Lee, Hoover and Wile, met in Michigan City on the evening of the 23rd instant, and elected the following officers: President, John Lee, of Crawfordsville; Clerk, M. Siderer, of Crawfordsville. The board made the following appointments: Warden, James Murdoch; of Lafayette, Deputy Warden, Baker of Boone; Steward, Major Burke, of Lafayette; Physician, Dr. J. F. McNutt of Jefferson, Clinton county; Moral Instructor, Rev. Hope, B. Miller, of Jasper county. Murdoch, the new Warden, is now in the city, where he will remain until October 1st, when the keys of the prison will be delivered up to him by ex-Warden Mayne.

The return of Ex-President Grant to this country, after an absence of two and a half years elicits the greatest enthusiasm from members of all political parties. His arrival in San Francisco Saturday evening last was heralded by the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, blowing of steam whistles, music of bands, etc., and such a reception as was given him by the citizens of the Golden Gate was never accorded to any public man upon returning to his native country after a prolonged absence. The General's tour around the world has been one continued ovation from the time of his departure from Philadelphia up to the time of his arrival at San Francisco, and the welcome that is now being extended him by the people of his own country is a fitting testimonial of the merits of the man both as a chieftain and a ruler. The pulse of the nation throb with gratitude for the man who saved it from destruction, and the hearts of his countrymen leap with joy at the very mention of his name. Welcome, thrice welcome to the hero of the war of the rebellion! Long may the flag for which he fought float "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The Chicago Tribune speaks right out in meetin', as the saying is, about Ben Butler. Hear what it says: "General Butler is the most postiferous demagogue who has ever appeared in American politics. He has been a member of all parties, and has never been true to one. He has been kicked out of the front door of every party, and kicked out of the back door again when he tried to sneak in by the rear. He was ejected from the Democratic party and turned up in the republican; kicked out of the republican, he appeared in the rag baby crowd; and when even these lunatics began to distrust him, he went over to the Communists and consorted with Dennis Kearney until even this blatherskite quit him in disgust. He is now at the head of a personal following of the rag ends and refuse of all parties, and seeks to be elected by a rabble of sore-headed republicans, disgruntled democrats, crazy rag babyites, disorganizing communists, who represent nothing but Ben Butler's ambition to be in office. It is a party without organization, without principles, without a church, without a school-house, without common respectability, headed by a demagogue without political affiliation, without political honesty, without moral principle, and without personal responsibility. He is a social bully and political blackguard, whose election as Governor of the ancient commonwealth of Massachusetts would be as great a calamity to that state as the election of Blackburn has been to Kentucky."

Through the courtesy of the Indianapolis Journal we are enabled to lay before our readers, this week, a two-page supplement, one page of which embraces a complete reprint of six columns of the editorial page of that notorious rebel sheet, The Southern States, which was published at Okolona, Mississippi, on the 10th instant. On the other page will be found the speech of President Hayes at the reunion of the survivors of his old regiment, at Youngstown, Ohio, on Wednesday, of last week, and the one delivered by him at Detroit the following day. Also the letter of General W. T. Sherman declining to accept the invitation to be present at the reunion of the Confederate and Federal armies to take place at Salisbury, N. C., on the 3rd of October. It will be found a very interesting document, and should be preserved for future reference.

The democratic board of directors of the Northern Prison, in their recent appointment of Rev. Hope B. Miller, Moral Instructor, inadvertently, we presume, acted upon the principle which prompted the boy to kick the dead dog, just to demonstrate that there is a punishment after death. Truly, the poor prisoners can adopt the language of Cain: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." But then why should we waste our sympathy? It will only be an example of a democratic preacher, exhorting a democratic congregation to seek salvation before it is everlasting too late.

John Chinaman is emigrating from California eastward. He "no like" San Francisco Kearneyism.

DEATH OF A JOURNALIST.

Will. B. Hoover, editor of the Monticello Democrat, died at his father's residence in Burnettsville, White county, Sunday evening, September 21st, after an illness of only a few weeks duration. A short time previous to his death his condition seemed to change for the better, and he sat up, laughed and conversed with members of the family. His sudden death led to an investigation of his case by the physicians, the result of which was published in the Monticello Herald, from which we copy:

"On Monday afternoon at 2¹/₂ P. M. an autopsy was made upon the remains of Wm. Hoover, by Drs. Clark & Tracy, of Monticello, by request of Dr. Hoover, at the doctor's residence in Burnettsville. A thorough examination of all the organs of the thorax and abdomen was made. The heart and lungs were normal and presented a healthy appearance. The right kidney was enormously enlarged, and on cutting into it was found to be soft, and near the pelvis, (or body of kidney) several small abscesses were found containing pus. The left kidney was of nearly normal size; on the surface there were some 60 small ulcerated points, showing the existence of suppurative nephritis. On cutting into the bladder it was found very much denuded of mucous membrane. At the fundus of the bladder was found an enormous stone weighing 2 ounces and 5 drachms, which was lying in a sac formed by the mucous coat of the bladder. Mr. Hoover was possessed of a very sensitive nervous organization, and on Sunday evening had a very severe spasm of pain, after having exerted himself more than his weakened constitution could stand, and died from the shock thus caused."

From the obituary notice published in the same paper we make the following extract:

The deceased was born near Lewistown, Pa., in December, 1851. In 1865 he removed with his father to this State, locating first at Monticello, where his father practiced medicine for a short time, afterward removing to Burnettsville. A few years ago he became connected with the Logansport Journal as reporter and solicitor, in which capacity he labored so faithfully as to win from his employers the highest esteem. About two years ago he came into possession of the Democrat office at this place, which he conducted successfully up to the time of his death. He came to his work at this place with a strong ambition to make the Democrat a success. He was energetic, full of business tact, and indefatigable as a news gatherer. He worked hard, added from time to time to the facilities of his office, and the pages of his paper bore witness to his ambition as a journalist. He took great interest in everything pertaining to his profession and possessed the true spirit of journalistic enterprise."

Mr. Hoover's death will leave a vacancy in the editorial ranks of the newspaper fraternity of White county which will be difficult to fill. He was a writer of considerable ability, and as a news gatherer he had few equals. His sudden and untimely demise is deeply deplored by the community in which he lived and of which he was a worthy member.

Chicago has a genuine female blacksmith. Her name is Mrs. Jacobs—Christine Jacobs. She's a Mecklenburger. Her husband, the lesser man of the two, has a shop at No. 638 North Wells-street, Chicago. She weighs 246 pounds. She has an arm like a fencepost and a leg like an iron column. Her eyes are not larger than two black beads, and not so bright. Her coarse hair runs nearly into her eyebrows. She is "nearly the same height both ways." She is not handsome. She is useful. She was a "helper" to her husband in the Old Country, and here, also, before the fire, when her "ol' man" got burned out. Since that memorable event she has come out strong and stepped to the front. She has been there ever since. All this has in nowise interfered with the duties ordinarily imposed upon her sex; but she doesn't make any fuss about little matters of this kind, and no family event can keep her from the forge more than a day or so. Mr. Jacobs doesn't remark that he is dissatisfied, although he does have quite a tired air about him.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—In the whole history of the world, in the whole romance of the world, there is no career like that of General Grant. Who of crowned monarchs could have made the circuit of civilization with so many distinguished marks of honor? Who of contemporary military men could have excited so much interest in all quarters of the globe? If Molka had made the tour of the world he would have received no such marks of recognition, and yet, next to Grant, Molka is the most illustrious military character of the age. If we pass from generals to statesmen it is obvious that no other contemporary statesmen would have received such universal marks of respectful homage as have been paid to General Grant. We need not allude to monarchs, for it is not the habit of monarchs to make extensive travels; but if Prince Bismarck, for example, the greatest and most successful statesman of the age, had made the tour of the world, who believes that he would have met such a series of brilliant ovations as greeted General Grant? The distinguished American ex-President has made the most remarkable journey in all recorded history, seeing more, honored more, admitted to closer confidences by the rulers of mankind, than any individual who ever before undertook to recreate and instruct himself by extensive journeys through foreign lands. This illustrious soldier, statesman and citizen has now, after long journeys and voyages, again set his foot on the soil of his native land, and it is not surprising that his own admiring countrymen emulate the honors which have been paid to him in foreign lands. The spontaneous demonstrations of respect in the city of San Francisco should be all the more gratifying to General Grant by the fact that they are not intended to have any political significance. They are the free offering of independent citizens, and not a factitious demonstration gotten up for party effect.—[New York Herald.]

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When you have nothing to say stop. Never mind filling out the page.

Paragraph whenever a subject occurs, and in no other place.

Don't attempt fine writing; it is news that is wanted, not style.

Short items and lots of them are what pleases the editor and reader.

Be pointed; don't write all around a subject without hitting it.

When you have nothing to say stop. Never mind filling out the page.

Paragraph whenever a subject occurs, and in no other place.

Don't puff; if an advertisement is worth anything, it is worth paying for.

Eshew preface, plunge into the subject at once. State facts; don't moralize.

Write only on one side of the sheet, as the copy has oftentimes to be divided among several compositors.

Don't say eve for evening, scholar for pup-

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