

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. I NO. 293.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday,

BY THE

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

TELEPHONE CALL 181-68

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POSTOFFICE AS

SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE YEAR \$5.00

PER WEEK, BY CARRIER 10 CTS

All correspondence should be addressed to THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1890.

DOCKSTADER had evidently been reading THE NEWS, judging from his local hits last night. Everybody reads it.

Is the old world they are forever talking war. In the new there is not much talk, but fighting when it becomes necessary.

COLONEL LILLY has withdrawn from the Republican legislative ticket at Indianapolis. It looks very much as if Lilly had taken water.

The board of health is making an unavoidable record for itself, by permitting vault cleaning during the hot weather. Chestnut street is a favorite avenue from the East Side and residents along the street are complaining. Little or no attention has been paid to the frequent protests that have been entered. For sanitary reasons if for no other considerations the practice should be stopped. The time for such work is late in the Fall. The use of disinfectants will afford temporary relief. If the health board wishes to devote its energies to a good work, there are acres of weeds it the city that should be cut down.

President HARRISON yesterday transmitted to Congress a message on the lottery question. He advocated the passage of a law prohibiting the sending of lottery circulars or remittances through the mails. The President has taken an advanced stand, and it is to be hoped will succeed in overthrowing a company so powerful that it bribed an entire state. The lottery has been a blight on the country's enlightenment and federal interference is necessary to accomplish its suppression. The president has the almost universal endorsement of the country in his endeavor to defeat the most gigantic swindle the country has known.

THERE is no use denying the fact that the police department is in a deplorable state of demoralization. The organ of the administration says the force is "getting into good shape." It is true that a number of men who have disgraced themselves have been relieved from duty. The effect has been good on the department. It has demonstrated that police officers must be respectable and obey the law as well as to enforce it. The trouble arises out of the loose manner of conducting affairs at headquarters. There is no system apparently, and in consequence officers go stumbling on their beats. What the department needs is competent and efficient management. Until this is secured it can be depended on that the force will not work harmoniously together and to the best advantage. There is much in the character of the men on the force, but more in the management. The way to bring about a reform is to begin with the officer in highest authority. He it is who is responsible for the demoralization.

WHEN Congress adjourns and the members return to meet their constituents they will be confronted by many demands for an explanation of certain votes. They will discover that while caucus has been king at the capital and that while the party lash has been more powerful than the ties which have bound them to their constituency, the voters will not be placated by any such explanations. The subservience of principle to party has been exemplified most strikingly in the present Congress. The people have beheld their Congress blustering over legislation on party lines instead of considering the wish of the people of paramount importance. The result of the approaching congressional elections will be awaited with marked attention. Voters will consider, in many instances, whether it is desirable to return to Congress men who were part and parcel of the machine which has been controlling legislation. The wilful disregard of the needs of the people will and should be rebuked. A lesson should be taught politicians that the caucus is not supreme and the voters have at least a few rights which should be respected. Senator Carlisle was asked to explain his vote on the silver bill. Others have been impudent to explain their votes, and the campaign is not fairly on. Congressman Struble yesterday denounced on the floor the rule of Reed and refused to submit to it longer. Had he displayed the courage, the manhood, the honesty of his convictions previously, it might have secured him the renomination. But his defeat was occasioned and he rebelled, when the insurrection could have no possible effect. Struble has paid the penalty of having been manipulated by the party machine. Democrats and Republicans alike will be caught in the same maelstrom.

Stanley's Brother-in-Law.

New York, July 30.—One of the first passengers to land from the Canadian steamer, Umbria, when she reached her pier was Charles Tennant, brother-in-law of Henry M. Stanley. He came, he said,

for pleasure and to see the country and to make arrangements for the reception of Henry M. Stanley himself, who will arrive some time in November to fill his engagement for a lecture tour in the United States.

VOORHEES DEFENDS NEW YORK.

HIS Reply to Gorman Yesterday in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Mr. Voorhees congratulated Mr. Gorman on his victory in breaking the pre-determined silence on the Republican side of the chamber. As to the speech of the Senator from New York, which had been extorted under the lash, it was the same old tirade of calumny and abuse against the Democratic party. If that was all there was of it, he (Mr. Voorhees) would let it go. But he said that there was no one to speak fairly for the great Democratic city of New York. He arraigned that Senator for his slander on that city—simply because it was political. The Senator had spoken of the vice and crime and iniquity of the city of New York; but he (Mr. Voorhees) asserted that the very Gibraltar of the Republican party in that city, the only district in which it had increased its majority of late, was the Eighth assembly district where Johnny O'Brien had been leading the worst elements of society, and where immorality, vice and crime of all description were so ripe that a man's life was not safe there after sundown. The Senator (Mr. Hinscock) owed an apology to the great metropolis on Manhattan island. He had heard no such stigma attempted to be cast on New York before; but it ill became one of his sons to retell that old time slander in the senate.

TEA AND SILVER.

Effect of the Passage of the Bill on China's Great Commodity.

CHICAGO, July 30.—Ernest Theodore, a prominent tea importer from Han Row, China, arrived in this city yesterday. Speaking of the tea commerce, Mr. Theodore said: "The recent passage of the silver bill has raised the price of tea ten per cent. We make all our payments in silver over there, little gold being used. The payment of \$400,000 ounces of silver a month by your government is equivalent to taking out of the market just so much that was hitherto available. East Indian markets have felt this influence and silver in London has risen in price."

Faces and Character.

"I am beginning more and more to doubt the truth of the statement that our faces are living indexes to our characters," said an elderly gentleman, as he had been reading an account of some peculiarly atrocious murder. "Here is a case," he went on, "in which a man was proved guilty of the most fiendish murder that has a face that is anything but that of a murderer's in appearance. I cannot even believe that this is an exception to the rule. In short, I do not believe that there is any rule on this subject; for when I see around me people who are living noble lives, with no distinguishing mark thereof in their countenances; when I see about me people who are deep in defilements, but upon whose visages there is absolutely no token thereof, I am forced to the unhappy conclusion that the human face is an enigma whose secrets none can solve with the positive assurance that comes either by rule or by experience. Character may, in a broad way, leave its reflex on the human face, but it is my belief that a man may or may not have character, despite the beauty or blemish of his countenance. In other words, the one factor is in no wise the necessary complement of the other."

"What is the practical significance of what I have been saying? Do not be overzealous in defining the virtues or shortcomings of those about you. To know a man's character you must know the man. The ancients were accustomed to sum up all knowledge in the now trite phrase 'Know thyself.' On mature thought they found the realization of this assertion to be a mere poet's dream. No man can know himself absolutely. How then can he know his friend, whom he knows but imperfectly and at best through a distorted medium? The world is neither good nor bad. It is both together—just as a summer season approaches the fulfillment of the law by the blending of sunshine and shadow, sunlight and rain."—Detroit Free Press.

Billiard Cue Tips.

"Few people," said Harry Davis the other day to a reporter, "understand anything about the tip to a billiard cue. I dare say there are hundreds of the best players in Pittsburgh who know only that the tip is made of leather. As to where it comes from, how it is made, or what it costs, they are totally ignorant. There are several grades of tips costing from \$1.50 to \$3 per 100. The \$1.50 kind are very inferior and are not used in first-class rooms. It is economy in the best billiard rooms to use first-class tips. Take a room having from fifteen to twenty tables, and the item of tips is a big one. In a year it will reach at least \$250 to \$300."

"Ordinary leather is not used in the manufacture of billiard tips. A very choice quality has to be used, and it is tanned and otherwise prepared by a special process. There are no billiard tips made from Paris, where much care is used in preparing them. Paris turns out the best tips in the world. There is a loss, however, to the purchaser in the very best tips of about 10 per cent. because of imperfect ones. A flaw is generally the result. It is found in the pasted section holding the leather tip proper to its base. A tip with a flaw in it makes a very unsatisfactory cue."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Niagara River Canal.

The Niagara River canal is expected to cost \$3,000,000 and furnish 119,000 horse power. With coal at \$4 or \$5 a ton, the cost of one horse power is placed at from \$89 to \$46 a year, or, roughly, ten tons of coal per year per horse power.

This canal, if it gives the estimated horse power, will furnish a power about equal to 1,200,000 tons a year. This will cost, taking a capitalized value of four per cent, on the investment, \$140,000 as the first outlay, and at least as much more for maintenance and repairs. The horse power will therefore be about as cheap as coal at twenty cents a ton, and it appears capable of almost indefinite expansion unless the falls are considered of more value than horse power.—New York Telegram.

Do you want anything? Read our Want column.

TWO DOROTHYS.

A little maid with downcast eyes,
And folded hands, and serious face,
Who walks sedately down the street,
Her dainty dress all smooth and neat,
Each curl and ribbon in its place.A dovelike maid with brow demure
Beneath her bonnet's shady brim,
Who quiet sits within the pew,
And gravely reads the service through,
And joins in every hymn.The sweetest maid that could be found
From Cuba to the Bay of Fundy;
A flower, the loveliest of them all,
A saint, an angel without wings—
That's Dorothy on Sunday.A little maid, in breathless haste,
With glowing cheeks and tangled hair,
Who races down the street,
And with her skipping, tripping feet
Is here and there and everywhere.The merriest maid that ever shone
The service slaves of Mrs. Grundy;
A bird, a spark of dawning light,
A romp, a rogue, a witch, a sprite—
That's Dorothy on Monday.

—Margaret Johnson in St. Nicholas.

OUTLAWED BY INDIANS.

In the fall of 1866, while I was attached to Fort Hays as a government scout and dispatch rider, the Sioux and Cheyennes were consolidating for the war which opened in the spring. Bands of stragglers were riding about the country, stealing and murdering whenever opportunity offered, and one day in October, while returning to the fort from a long ride to the north after some missing horses, I encountered one of these predatory bands. It numbered twelve men, and a son of the Cheyenne chief known as Pawnee Killer was in command. While war had not been declared, and while the Indians did not hesitate to appear at the forts and trading posts, some one was being butchered every day. I had been on the watch for a lone man could be. I had a Winchester and two revolvers, and the only drawback was that I had found two of the horses had them with me.

I was skirting a long, narrow ridge, badly broken by outcroppings of rock, and the time was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. All of a sudden I caught sight of Indians about half a mile away coming up the same side of the ridge. Indeed I heard them yelling before I saw them, and I turned sharp to the left and forced the horses up the ridge among a mass of boulders, and outcropping. The redskins caught sight of me as I went up, but did not immediately approach. I could see that they were confused, and a dozen or more shots were fired, and I was puzzling over the matter when I heard some one clattering over the stony ground, and next moment a white man jumped down beside me and exclaimed:

"Stranger, for God's sake stand 'em off until I can get my wind. They are Cheyennes, and have killed my brother!" Three young bucks, on foot, had been in chase of the fugitive, and they were within 200 feet of me as I rose up. The leveled rifle brought them to a sudden halt, and after gazing at me for a moment they turned and descended the ridge to join the rest of the band. My visitor lay down, and it was five minutes before he could get breath to explain.

"We were out looking for cattle which stampeded from our emigrant camp on the Saline Fork. These brutes killed my brother and took me prisoner. That was yesterday, and about a mile below here they had gone into camp and built a fire to torture me when I made a break. Give me your revolver, for they'll be sure to charge us."

I gave him one of the weapons, and soon after an Indian appeared on the foot of the ridge, made signs of peace and asked for a talk. Those on the level below me drew away about forty rods to convince me that they meant fair, and I left my shelter and advanced a few paces to ask the errand of the young warrior. While I was thus engaged the Indian behind me was rolling the loose rocks together to strengthen the position.

The redskin said he came to demand a prisoner. They had no quarrel with me, but the prisoner had shot one of their number in cold blood and must die. They only asked for justice. I had their word that I might ride away in safety, but the prisoner they would have at any sacrifice. I did not wait an instant before replying that the man would not be given up, and that I was ready for any move on their part to take him. The buck had left his rifle behind him, and I stood them also apparently unarmed. As a matter of fact each of us had a revolver. We were about half a pistol shot apart, and as I gave him my ultimatum he had turned, whipped out a revolver and fired a bullet which passed within an inch of my head. Then he uttered a yell and started to run, but he was too late. My bullet struck him under the right arm and went clear through him, and he fell and curled up by a boulder to die.

The situation was understood by the Indians below me almost instantly, and the entire crowd dismounted and charged up the ridge. It was a very foolish move on their part and proved the extensibility of young bucks. We had them dead under our fire, and we killed three of them with as many bullets. I got a bead on Pawnee Killer's son with my revolver as he urged his hesitating band to push up the ridge, and when he went down I thought he had killed him. With his fall the fighting ceased. The survivors made a rush for the east, leaving the four dead ones where they fell. I was puzzled at their conduct, and at first regarded it as a ruse, but when I came to stand up and look around I saw a party of thirteen white men—hunters, trappers, stockmen and adventurers—coming up from the north on their way to the fort.

The name of the young man who so cleverly escaped was Austin Brice, and for the next year he was in government employ at the fort. He had not shot an Indian, as stated by the flag of truce bearer, but the murder of his brother was entirely unprovoked and cold blooded, and the Indians meant to torture him to death.

The bullet which struck the young chief did not kill him, as I at first supposed. It struck him alongside the nose, ran down to the corner of his mouth, followed the line of the lips down to the left hand corner, and passed over the chin. The result was to give him a most horrible looking mouth, making him an

object of ridicule and contempt; and he not only swore to have my life, but Pawnee Killer proclaimed the fact that he would give five ponies and a revolver to any one who would bring him my scalp. Therefore, while actual hostilities had not yet begun, there was a price set upon my head.

The first attempt was made about two weeks after the fight on the ridge. A Sioux Indian, who claimed to have been outlawed from his tribe because he favored peace with the whites, came into Fort Hays, ostensibly for protection. He had no weapons, seemed to be honest and straightforward, and all the men had a good word for him. On the third day he came to me and asked my assistance to recover his rifle, blanket, a lot of powder and lead and various other articles, which he said he had cached at a spot about twelve miles down the Smoky Hill Fork in a grove. When he described the spot I remembered it very well, and next morning, having permission of the commandant, we set out. I was on horseback and the Indian afoot. I had my usual weapons, while he had an army musket. He gave us his name as Little Smoke, and was a typical warrior in build and demeanor. Before we left the fort an old hunter called me aside and said:

"Do you believe that is a cache?"

"Why not?"

"Because an Indian says that is Allus to 'em contrary to what they say. Is your scalp nailed on?"

"Do you mistrust the man?"

"Never saw one yet that I didn't. I'm going to bet my rifle again a keg of powder that you don't come back."

As soon as we were out of sight of the fort I motioned for the Indian to take the lead. He seemed to take it as a matter of course, and he led off with a lop and led it for six or seven miles without a halt. I had not only to keep an eye on him, but scan the country as well. He appeared to be on the lookout, as well he might be if his story was true, and about 11 o'clock we approached the spot where he claimed to have hidden his property. I had kept him in the lead all the time, and we had more or less shelter along the bank of the stream. Half a mile from the grove I drew rein and said:

"I will wait here while by brother is forward after his property." Is the Swift Rider tired with his ride?" he sarcastically answered.

"One must keep watch for danger. I will do that, for you will be busy."

"If my white brother is afraid he need not go."

"If my red brother has a cache in the ground let him look for it. If not we will return to the fort."

He hesitated a moment, and then, satisfied that I was on my guard, he walked away and soon disappeared. I had every confidence that the trees sheltered a band of redskins, and that would not have surprised me in the least to have seen a body of them dash out. I was therefore taken aback, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, to see Little Smoke reappear with a backlog of stuff from his cache. He came straight toward me, but very slowly, and halted every few yards to adjust his burden. I was carefully watching him when I heard a horse snuff the air uneasily, and all at once it came to me that I was being stalked. I left the shelter of the cottonwoods for the open ground, and as I rode away two bullets zipped close to my head, having been fired from the opposite bank of the stream. At the same moment Little Smoke dropped his goods and fired on me with his musket. While half a dozen Indians in my rear were yelling and shooting I rode down to within 200 feet of the smooth tongued triton and dropped him dead in his tracks. There were five Indians in the ambuscade, and they mounted their ponies and pursued me for three or four miles, but I got safely away.

The second attempt was made in December. A half breed Cheyenne—an old man with a very honest face—came into the fort and reported that a white man, a trapper, was in camp on the river above us with a broken leg, and he had volunteered to come in and report the case. The distance was not over five miles, but the snow lay deep on the ground and it was very sharp weather. The old man probably reasoned that I would be sent out to guide the relief party. He was asked to do so, but refused, even under promise of a gallon of whisky. This refusal aroused my suspicions, and instead of going out as a relief corps a dozen men were sent armed to the post. Lookout station, twenty miles beyond Fort Hays, was more exposed to attack than any other on the route. The hut for the shelter of the men was half wood, half mud. Two stables filled with hay and oats flanked it and stood dangerously near. While at every other station the men had made dugouts for their protection, this precept had been neglected at Lookout. Small bands of Indians had appeared and were stood off by the well armed men, and they had come to believe that they could defeat any force likely to appear. The first, crushed by the snow, was followed by the second, and if invited to the house the call is more imperative and must be made soon after the wedding. But if a young couple do not send their future address, but only invite one to a church wedding, there is often a serious difficulty in knowing when to call, and the first visit must be indefinitely postponed until they send their cards notifying their friends of their whereabouts.

Wedding invitations require no answer; but people living at a distance who cannot attend the wedding should send their cards by mail to assure the hosts that the invitation has been received.

It is admissible where a marriage takes place during a season of family mourning or of a misfortune to issue cards simply bearing the names of the married party, with new address, and another card inscribed upon which is engraved the maiden name of the bride.

Systematic Entertainment.

Most people are made miserable by what some clever writer on etiquette has dubbed "systematic entertainment." "It is imperative," this authority reminds us, "to respect the wishes and peculiarities of the visitor. It is not infrequently the case that a visitor in the family is not allowed to have a moment's rest, but is passed from one to the other to be talked to or to be amused as their fancy may suggest. Under these circumstances a person often goes to bed at night worn out in body and mind, instead of feeling that the day has been one of peace and rest. This constant effort at entertaining is sometimes the cause of the shortening of visits. The room which is set aside in every well regulated home for the guests should be, when occupied, a quiet intrusion, and the privacy of its closed doors should be respected.

If the visitor should see fit to spend a portion of the time in seclusion the entertainer should not regard it as a sign that the companionship of the family has been found unpleasant and unprofitable.

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THE DANTLESS.

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