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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1890.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first edition of *The News*, which consists of 734 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 11 a. m.

SUPERINTENDENT DAVIS is "catching on" to the police business. He has issued an order to policemen that they must compel corner loafers to move on. This is an excellent step and the instructions of the superintendent should be enforced. In a number of places loungers have been in the habit of congregating. They have been an annoyance to pedestrians, and their conduct often has not been of the most gentlemanly character. Complaints have been frequently made, but heretofore no superintendent of police has attempted to break up the loafers. Superintendent Davis, if he will enforce his order, will have the thanks of the community.

There has been much misrepresentation about the threatened Indian outbreak. Conflicting and contradictory reports have been sent out and there has been any quantity of Munchausenism apparent in the sensational statements. The true inwardness of the trouble is disclosed an effort on the part of the whites to secure possession of the Sioux reservation. It is not improper to remark that the reports published in *The News* have been the most reliable and accurate of any appearing in other papers. The Press News reports have been reliable and accurate. Readers can depend on *The News* for trustworthy information.

REV. FATHER SCHNELL, of St. Patrick's church, yesterday, during services, took occasion to speak of the American flag. He declared that the stars and stripes building on Thanksgiving day and all other national holidays, saying that notwithstanding the nationality, he should honor the flag of his country. The flag has a warm place in the father's heart. He saw it in the smoke of battle as one of those who gave his services to the defense of his country. He was a gallant soldier, and respects the flag he helped to save. Too much patriotic sentiment cannot be taught the coming generations. Father Schnell is right in his desire to have the flag float. It should be displayed from every school house in the country, and it is not out of place on churches.

HERE AND THERE.

"Breathe it not in Asakalon; tell it not in Gath," but fact is that a certain young gentleman who lives down in the Third ward went home Saturday night, found his way into the house—how he could not say—got into the bath room instead of his own sleeping apartment, fell over into the empty bath-tub, slept there all night and told his brother, who happened to find him in that position early yesterday morning that he had had a "severe case of vertigo" and "couldn't make the other members of the family hear him when he called for assistance."

At the very top of "Vinegar Hill" that three-story conglomeration of brick and mortar at the corner of First and Main, is a little room, barren of every comfort and occupied by a whoegee-faced, opium eating, haggish old woman, known generally about the slums of the Gallatin district as "Gilly Ann." If Meg Merries, the witch of Endor, the hags who dance about the cauldron in *McBath*, or the blinkies, who tore out by the roots the tail from Tam O'Shanter's good mare, were not beautiful as the rosette down compared with Gilly Ann, then *The News* writer, who visited this skite in her sky parlor, must acknowledge herself a poor judge of beauty. This woman, already past the half-century post of life's highway, when seen at the dead hours of night, was stretched on a rickety bedstead, only partially covered with a ragged and filthy quilt. On a board at the head of her bed was a little old lamp without chimney, and with a jet of flame that gave off a noxious gas which made the atmosphere of the apartment altogether stifling. Almost pressed against her corpse-like face, and as several of the denizens of the West division claim, spends four-fifths of her time reading 5-cent novels.

"Oh, please come home, John. You can scarcely walk now. Let us go home. Please come." If ever pathos, agony and earnest longing were all blended in one heartbroken prayer, it was Saturday night at nearly the midnight hour, when this wail came from the lips of a wife who had come up town in search of her criminally neglectful husband, found him, had succeeded in getting him to go home, and was endeavoring to prevent his entrance to a certain Main street saloon "to get just one more drink" before he went back to the fireside he had so shamefully abandoned. The man is a mechanic—a skilled artisan, well known and ordinarily well liked by those who know him best. For several years he has been the abject slave to his abnormal appetite for drink. His family, while they have never been known to lack the necessities of life or to have been otherwise abused, have for months not known what it was to enjoy the sober presence of the husband and father during the evening hours. He will visit the saloons, and Saturday night his wife, a patient, forbearing creature, was compelled to go out into the chilly night searching for him for the reason that her oldest child, a boy of 6 years, was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and after the physician had called and the boy had somewhat improved he would not go to sleep "if he didn't see papa," and so he had been left with a kind neighbor while the mother went on her pitiful search. When the mother returned with the recreant parent he couldn't appreciate how much good his presence during the evening would have done, and when the sick child turned unexpectably, parted his fevered lips and said, "come here, papa," the father did not hear him and could not move, for he lay in a drunken stupor on a sofa just across the room from where the little sick boy was tossing uneasily and trying to go to sleep. It was late enough for the man to flee from his home and absent himself from those who loved him, but it was that last midnight drink that perhaps did the final work of transforming the father into a besotted thing at his own fireside. It was purchased after 11 o'clock.

NEWSLETS.

Harvard defeated Yale in an exciting football game Saturday.

Secretary Windom has revoked his order to the treasurer at San Francisco to receive New York deposits.

Mary Ryan's libel suit against the *Inter-Ocean* fizzled.

Prof. Koch has received the grand cross of the Red Eagle, presented by the emperor.

A one and a half-pound baby of Mrs. Frank Stone, Wabash, Indiana, died Saturday.

Cleveland says of Ohio that it is "in the best of hands," and it is gratified at the progress tariff reform has made there.

Governor Campbell is not pleased with the Cincinnati investigation. He says the committee is endeavoring to whitewash the board.

Julia Marlowe is improving.

A Wilkesdare man hasn't eaten anything for two weeks. He insists that he is dead.

Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, is dead.

Two tin plate factories will start up in Pittsburg.

General Batchelor, minister to Portugal, has sailed.

Murphy, the jockey, will probably never ride again. He is sick.

Toledo, Syracuse and Rochester will be frozen out of the American Association, if the other clubs have their way.

Goddard punched Peter Jackson at Melbourne. Jackson got the worst of the fight, although it was declared a draw.

Spillivan, John L., got drunk in Taunton, and nearly broke his neck.

The non-partisan W. C. T. U. declared, Saturday, that cider and gingerale are intoxicants. Both have to go.

Wanamaker has been asked to stop Sunday mails. Wanny won't do it.

A hundred thousand Americans have petitioned the *Car* for clemency to Siberian exiles.

Ingalls may yet be senator by the skin of his teeth.

Pleas are still being made for Oscar Nebe's pardon.

New Hampshire legislature will be called in special session December 2.

Prominent Republicans say they won't retreat. They will carry out their plans of last session.

Mrs. Sarah F. Hemmiller, of Harlem, shot herself yesterday. She was ill. She was worth considerable money.

St. Louis compounders and wholesalers will build a plant to fight the whisky trust.

Reports reach Albuquerque that during a hailstorm four herdmen were killed.

The Force of Dynamite.

Shooting a candle through a two-inch solid plank without disturbing it is the least being outdone by dynamite, which is so quick in its action that a tender green leaf can be compressed into the hardest steel before it has time to flatten. One of the experiments of the United States Torpedo Works was to place some leaves between two heavy pieces of iron, set them on a firm foundation and see what gun-cotton would do in forcing the iron pieces together. The reaction was so great from just being exploded in the open air that one of the iron pieces was driven down upon the other quick enough to catch an exact and complete impression of the leaves before they could escape. It is also a singular fact that the gun-cotton itself should sink deep into the iron when it explodes, showing the points of the letters stamped into the cartridges. This powerful method of engraving by gunpowder is one of the wonders of this century.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

The Color of Trout.

The color of a trout's back depends on the color of the bottom of the river, according to the American Angler, but the trout which grow rapidly during the summer months and color from which grow slowly and thrive badly, and a middle-aged trout differs in color from an aged trout. Speaking generally, the young, healthy, fast-growing fish will have silvery sides, white belly and plenty of well-defined spots. The poorly-fed fish will have few or no spots, a drab belly and muddy-yellow sides. The old trout will be much the same in appearance, only more so, and will be particularly lank and large headed. This accounts for those trout which have access to salt water being brighter and more beautiful than those which do not. The variety and abundance of their food make them so.

He Might Have Guessed.

"Pa," asked Baby Algeon of Boothby, "what makes your head so bald?" "You're too young to understand, my child. You will know, perhaps, when you grow up to be a man."

"But I want to know now, pa."

"Sh-h-h! My child, I hear your dear mamma coming!"—*Chicago Times*.

Union Thanksgiving Services.

The union Thanksgiving services will be held Thursday morning at Central Presbyterian church and the sermon is to be delivered by Rev. Outlets, the new pastor at Centenary church.

DARNING SOCKS.

I like to watch her sitting there,
The lamplight on her jetty hair,
Her eyes down bent upon the socks
While she so slowly, slowly rocks.

The wooden chair seems quite a throne,
And she upon it all my own;
Ah! Dear May, you look so sweet,
In plain home dress that's always neat.

Her slippers peep out just below,
On feet that sure forgot to grow;
Her hands are dimpled, warm and white,
And always busy still at night.

I like to watch her darning socks,
While slow the old arm-chair rocks,
For she's a picture sitting there,
The lamplight on her jetty hair.

—Harvey N. Bloomer, in *Jury*.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Lady Adrene and the Fruit Vendor's Daughter.

Young Count Telos, who lived at Florence, had inherited all of the pride and cruelty of his father's nature, but as yet it had wanted occasion to call it forth. His beauty, intellect, position and wealth made him a general favorite, and he was fond of study and of art. His library was full of choice books and manuscripts, and his gallery was hung with rare and beautiful paintings. Conspicuous among his portraits were women whose eyes were the most beautiful that had ever been painted. Telos had a passion for lovely eyes. He said that when he married he would marry the most beautiful pair of eyes in all Italy.

For years after reaching manhood his heart was free, because among the many lovely women whom he met none had eyes even so fair as the portraits in his gallery. At last the Lady Adrene, of Rome, came with her father to live in Florence.

When Telos first saw Adrene his heart was lost; it had drifted into the abyss of her beautiful eyes, and his fate was sealed, for never had he seen such eyes before. His attention was well received, and before a month her portrait, with the eyes imitated as well as the great artist, Carretto, of Naples, could copy them, hung in his gallery, and the original had consented to be his wife.

The happiest man in Italy was Telos, and he was proud of the beauty of his Adrene. And Adrene was happy, because through Telos' wealth she hoped to repair her father's broken fortune, the poverty of which she had well concealed from all in Florence, for none there knew that his wealth had gone through the reckless gambling habit of himself and his daughter, and that with barely enough to keep up appearances for a few months he had left Rome and settled down in Florence with the hope that his daughter's beauty would win her a wealthy husband.

The day for the wedding was fixed, and Telos sent invitations to all his friends, and he invited his schoolmate, Baenis, of Naples, to spend the three weeks before his marriage with him. When Baenis arrived Telos was impatient for him to see the beautiful Adrene, and after the meeting he was just as impatient to hear his friend praise her.

"Isn't she beautiful, and isn't she?" "She is, indeed," answered Baenis, "and I hope she is as good as she is beautiful, and as noble as she is grand." "She is," said Telos, with delight. "And her eyes! There are no eyes so beautiful among all the glorious eyes of Italy."

Before Baenis could reply to this there was an interruption by a servant, who announced that the artist Carretto was waiting to show a new and beautiful portrait to Telos.

"I will see him presently," said Telos. "Now, Baenis, tell me did you ever before see eyes so beautiful as those of Adrene?"

"Yes, I believe that I have," answered his friend, frankly. "Even more beautiful."

"No, don't say so," exclaimed Telos. "Where?"

"At Naples," answered Baenis. "Not in Italy. Impossible!" said Telos. "Don't say so, Baenis. Tell me that you are only joking, to plague your friend a little."

"But it is the truth," quietly replied Baenis.

"Then it shall not be," quickly replied Telos, and a fateful look marred the beauty of his features. He continued: "Who is she?"

"Her name is Donarel. She is a daughter to Mother Camilla, the fruit vendor," said his friend.

"The daughter of a low fruit vendor with eyes more beautiful than those of Adrene?" cried Telos. "No! not you make me mad. Leave me. Have Carretto come with his picture to change my thoughts."

He was left to himself, and walked the floor with closed teeth and clinched hands. When Carretto was shown in with the picture Telos, in an impatient voice, asked: "What have you?"

"A new portrait for your inspection," answered the artist. "The eyes will give you joy."

"What! have you again painted my Adrene?" inquired Telos.

"No. It is of another, whom I was fortunate to meet. The eyes are more beautiful than those of Lady Adrene. Let me show you," replied Carretto.

"No!" said Telos. "Cover it from my sight. I shall never see eyes more beautiful than those of my love. Where is it? Who is it?"

The artist paused a moment in astonishment before answering: "Naples. Her name is Donarel."

"The plague take you all!" cried the infuriated Telos, as he drew his sword and tore the canvas into shreds. "Are you all in league against me? Away! before I take your life."

Three days after this sorrow came to the heart of Mother Camilla, at Naples. Her beautiful daughter, Donarel, was found wandering in the streets, blind, and with all color from her eyes. What did it mean?

The girl said that early that morning two men had met her on the street, and, stifling her with a cloak, had carried her to a room, she knew not where, and there they had poured something into her eyes, and that she couldn't see afterward. And that she was taken into the street again and left to wander. Who had done this horrible thing only the guilty could tell, but the artist Carretto thought that he knew. His heart was filled with pity for the poor blind girl, and he took her and her mother into his own house and cared for them.

He told that wretched mother, who was bowed in grief, what his suspicions were. When he spoke them, she cried

out and said: "It is he! It is he! I see it. Telos is the wretch. I know it. I know it. It is in letters of fire before my eyes. I see his name as though written by the lightning of heaven on a blackened sky. May the curse of heaven, earth and hell fall upon him. It will, for he shall marry a blind woman. He will look but once upon her sightless eyes, and then fall into an eternity of torment."

She rushed from the house into the crowded streets with the curse upon her lips, and she cried it aloud. When taken to her home, she waited for the first opportunity to escape, and again rushing upon the streets she screamed the name of Telos, and continued to cry the curse. Carretto, no one, could restrain her. At every opportunity she would go on the streets, or call from her window, and again and again cry out the curse against Telos.

Telos, in Florence, heard of this. One morning Camilla was found dead in her bed with a dagger through her heart. The door of the house had been broken open. Now her voice was quiet forever. The day of the grand wedding in Florence arrived, and Telos looked into the most beautiful eyes in Italy and was happy. He had forgotten about Camilla and Donarel. In those days crimes were soon forgotten.

Heaven did not forget, for all day heavy clouds hung over the city, and, though it was hoped that they would go with the setting sun, and leave a night fitting the occasion, yet they staid, and mutterings of deep thunder were heard along with the dense shadow was now and then relieved by the lightning's flash.

The grand hall of the palace was brilliantly lighted, and Telos and Adrene stood beside a bronze statue of the Holy Mother, while the robed priest was reading the marriage service. The voice of the thunder was mingled with that of the priest and bright flashes of lightning pale the brilliant lamps.

As real after peal of thunder followed each other in quick succession, and shook the building to its foundations, fear was seen in many faces, and hands grasped hands as though reaching for help in the dread of peril. A vivid flash of lightning, more terrible than the others, came, and all there closed their eyes; but the priest continued to repeat the service without reading the words. Adrene leaned her hand on the bronze statue to support herself, and then came another flash, like unto the last, as the priest spoke the words that made the twain one. The flash appeared to fill the room with flame, and the accompanying thunder rocked the walls. When the scattered senses of the people were gathered Adrene was seen lying on the floor.

The priest raised her; she was alive, but a black line was burned on the hand that had touched the bronze statue, and along her arm, over her fair cheek, and across her eyes the flesh was seared. She was blind.

Telos gave his bride one look, and then fled from the room. He was found in his chamber dead, with a dagger through his heart; and it was his own dagger, driven to the hilt by his own hand. He died as she had, blind woman. He will look but once upon her sightless eyes, and then fall into an eternity of torment!—*Harry C. Felton, in Chicago News*.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Within a Few Years the Trip Can Be Made in Thirty Days.

It is nearly eight thousand miles from here to Japan, by the shortest of all Western routes to the Orient; and with fair weather, I shall see Yokohama in about three weeks. Most of us can remember a time—not so very long ago—when such a journey would have been a journey of many weary months. Nevertheless what we now think rapid traveling will certainly within a few years seem very slow. Faster steamers and swifter trains will make the circuit of the world in thirty days a possible feat in the present generation. Only the completion of the Russian trans-Asiatic road to Vladivostok is needed to create the possibility. Taking London, the world's commercial capital, for a starting-point, the following rates of time predicted will be found easily realizable:

	Days.	Hours.
London to Liverpool, by rail,.....	9	0
Liverpool to Quebec, by fast steamer.....	9	0
Quebec to Vancouver, by rail, at 804.....	0	0
Vancouver to Vladivostok, by fast steamer, making 18 knots.....	10	18
Vladivostok to St. Petersburg, by rail, at 82 miles an hour.....	11	11
St. Petersburg to London,.....	2	20
	35	6

A total of thirty-five days, six hours! But these calculations include slow stages of travel. Forty miles an hour on the two great trans-continental roads will reduce the time by more than five days; and such time will certainly be made in answer to commercial necessities. Already steamers swift as the great Atlantic vessels are being constructed for the great Pacific run.

Thus, by mechanical suppression of time, the planet is ever being made smaller for us.

Fifty years, when it shall have begun to seem too small, man will utter more readily to the study of that vast world within himself—whose depths are yet unsounded and untraveled, whose only horizon is the infinite.—*Lafayette Hearn, in Harper's Magazine*.

HE WAS UNOBTUSIVE.

The Kind of Customer the Average Drug-Store Delights In.

"Have you any objection to telling me whether your clock indicates the exact time?" asked a mild-looking man who stepped into a drug store on the North Side last Saturday afternoon.

"Certainly not," said the proprietor. "The clock is exactly right."

"Thanks. I will set my watch with it."

"All right, sir."

"Now, if you don't mind," he said, after setting his watch, "I will look over this morning's paper lying on your counter. I see nobody is using it."

"That's all right."

He read the paper awhile and laid it aside with the remark: "There doesn't seem to be much in the papers these days. By the way, may I trouble you for that city directory? Thanks. I want to look over it for the address of a friend or two."

He spent five or ten minutes looking through the directory and then rose as if to go.

"Have you an almanac?" he inquired, after standing irresolutely in the door for some moments. "Thanks, yes."

on another kind also, please. Thanks. You don't object to a man smoking a cigar here, I presume?"

"No, sir," said the proprietor, going behind the cigar showcase.

"Thanks." And the mild-looking man took a cigar from his vest-pocket.

"May I ask you for a match? Thanks."

He lit his cigar, smoked it in silence for awhile, and then said:

"If you have no objection I will use your telephone a moment to ask my wife if there is anything she wants me to bring home."

"You may use it."

"Thanks."

He spent the next five minutes at the telephone.

"She says there is nothing she wants," he observed, as he hung up the phone and rang off.

"Can I do any thing else for you?" inquired the druggist.

"Thanks, no."

Then his eye fell upon a stack of advertising cards.

"I'll take a few of these. They are for gratuitous distribution, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. They will please the children."

"Any thing else?"

"Thanks, no. Yes, there is, too. Got my postage stamps?"

"Yes."

"Let me have a two-center."

"Here it is."

"Th—no, I'll pay for this."

He threw down a silver dollar, got his change, and walked away with the proud bearing of a man accustomed to paying his way through this world.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Tonquin Dogs as Sentinels.

Dogs as auxiliaries of the sentinel are coming to the fore, says our Paris correspondent. It appears that a kind has been discovered in Tonquin which has been converted into a vigilant and ferocious sentinel. It is tall and powerfully built. The way it is trained may be expected to elicit the protests of that Animals' Guardian, of which we announced the other day the forthcoming issue. When these dogs are wanted for military service they are tied up and natives are engaged to beat and otherwise ill-use them. The French soldier's duty, on the other hand, is to feed and pet them. If, then, at night they are fastened to a sentry-box, they naturally give the alarm directly an Ananiamite or Tonquinian approaches. They can distinguish the native from the European by the scent, though either should lie concealed. About this method of training there seems to be a good deal of unnecessary and cruel ingenuity. Our English dog-fanciers would probably be willing to undertake the training of sentinel dogs on terms much easier for the dogs themselves.—*London Lancet*.

—At Eureka, Cal., a miner has a pet sheep that follows him all through the mine.

Do you want anything? Read our Wantcolumn.

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The - Daily - News'

PHILOSOPHY OF SUCCESS.

MEN WHO SUCCEED believe in themselves; men who fail believe in fate. We begin by doing one thing well or ill, and all things follow accordingly. Nature abhors a discord, and each life is sung throughout in the key (as to success or failure) on which it is pitched. We are not unaware of the seeming exceptions, but he that states a general truth must be content with a general acknowledgment—unless the truth is mathematical.

Success is a providence, says the priest. Success