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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 Munchausen's ap- parent 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 were building on Thanksgiving day and all other national holidays, saying that notwithstanding one's nationality, he should honor the flag of his country.

The flag has a warm place in Father Schnell'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 Askalon; tell it not in Gath," but fact it 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--into the bath room instead of his own sleeping apartment, fell over into the empty bathtab, 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 bear 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, full of every comfort and occupied by a wheeved-faced, opium eating, haggish old woman, known generally about the slums of the Gallantine district as "Gilly Ann." If Meg Meriles, the witch of Endor, the hags who dance about the cauldron in McBeth, or the blinkies, who tore out by the roots the tail from Tan O'Shanter's good mare, were not beautiful as the roses down compared with Gilly Ann, then THE NEWS writes, who visited this skite in her skin, perforce must acknowledge himself a paragon beauty. This woman, already past the half-century post of life's highway, when seen at the last hours of night, was stretched on a rickety bed, stead, 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 corse-like face, the woman held in her horby, claw-like fingers one of the trashy, blood-curdling 5 cent publications of fiction and so completely engrossed in the novel was she that the reporter and his companion had been in the room some minutes and had spoken to her twice before she recognized their presence. When informed that the reporter would like to listen to a story of her past life she turned on the intruders with savage ferocity and ordered them to leave the room, rousing after them mattock and epithets so vile that in comparison the coarsest jargon of a French fife-wife would be a broken down creature, the victim of excesses 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 known him to be in the possession 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 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 uneasily, panted 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. He came 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.

Secrets: Winona has revoked his order to the treasurer at San Francisco to receive New York deposits.

May 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.

Clarendon says of Ohio that it is "in the best of hands," and 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 Wilkesbarre 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 Pittsburgh.

General Battellor, minister to Portugal, has sailed.

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

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