

## THE DAILY NEWS.

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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.

If the fight is continued, the law and

order advocates will insist upon the re-

moval of screens.

The king of the Hawaiian islands is in

this country. Here is an opportunity for

the "plumed knight" to make political

capital out of the visit.

Dana's candidacy for the senate will

meet with opposition, because he is a

jibboose, distasteful to the rank and file

of New York Democracy.

Quay is the Parnell of the Republican

party. He is equally as ambitious as the

Irish leader. He refuses to retire from

the leadership of his party, although

openly charged with the embezzlement

of the funds of the state of Pennsylvania.

Can the party carry such a burden?

The Morning Misinformation in its dis-

tressing attempt to escape censure for its

position on the question of enforcement

of the law seeks refuge behind the words

of Col. R. W. Thompson. The desperation

of the Express is such that it is de-

serving of making a scapegoat of even the

"old man eloquent."

The city is just at present receiving

more advertisement, the decision of F.

Donaldson, mayor of the city, having

been heralded far and wide. The out-

side world regards the decision as a vic-

tory for the saloon men. In reality it is

only the conclusion of a weakling mayor,

one who is governed by his political as-

pirations rather than by his judgment

of law and justice.

HENRY VILLARD refused to talk to a

newspaper reporter at Chicago because

the latter "was not a big enough man to

talk to." From the president of the

country to men in all situations in life,

reporters are given audience, yet the ti-

tular deity of the railroad world, sets him-

self above them all. Villard fails to re-

cognize the fact that the press has the

power to make men as well as unmake

them.

The comment on all sides, in the city and by

the press elsewhere, is that a mistake was made

in the passage of the saloon closing ordinance.

It is generally conceded to be unnecessary if

not invalid and an obstruction to the enforce-

ment of the law. It is a waste of time in

trying to enforce it when there is ample law

on the state statutes.—Express.

The comment referred to above is from the

saloon element, with which the Ex-

press has been conniving to defeat the

enforcement of the law. Of course from

such sources nothing else but condemna-

tion of the King ordinance was to be ex-

pected. A deaf ear is turned to the opi-

nions of decent, law-abiding citizens in

Terre Haute. They have not pronounced

the passage of the ordinance a mistake.

They are outspoken in the de-

fense of it, yet the unscrupulously un-

fair organ of the lawless attempts

to mislead the public by promulgating

a false statement. No alarm need be

felt by the law-abiding citizens. The

Misinformation has long since lost its in-

fluence and is always on the wrong side.

The King ordinance has not been pro-

nounced invalid by a functionary capa-

ble of passing judgement from an un-

man mails, received a bill from the agent in Bremen, one of the items of which was a package which weighs fifty grains, or about one-and-one-fifth pounds, con-

signed to Dr. Abraham Jacob, New York, and sent by the steamship Sanle,

which arrived this port Sunday. This package contains the precious lymph.

Another package of the same weight and make up is mentioned in the bill as con-

signed to Dr. Billings, of the surgeon general's staff, at Washington. This is

also supposed to contain a sample of the lymph.

HERE AND THERE.

Yesterday evening about 6 o'clock an

east-bound street car pulled by a tired

team of mules came joggling along Main

street, behind time and loaded with a

crowd of passengers, weary and anxious

to get to their homes. At Ninth and

Main there was an interminable wait for

a union depot car—not in sight—in order

to transfer a nervous old woman, a carpet

bag, two band boxes and a slatted box

containing a measly Scotch terrier to the

depot car aforementioned. The passen-

gers were impatient, anxious and mad.

One bright-faced little woman, whose

countenance was the only pleasing object

in the car finally ejaculated, "What is

the matter with that driver? Why don't

he go on?"

An old man, with a shaggy head of

hair and a shaggy beard, buried in the

capacious depths of the shaggy collar of

a big shaggy overcoat, and who had thus

far evidently sat "nursing his wrath to

keep it warm," growled out a reply, that

he would "nurse the portals of his lips in

chunks." "Matter with driver? Matter

enough. Damn fool ran over a cow up

the road. Gone back to skin the corpse."

A hush fell on the crowd and the car

was soon on its way.

Said an old traveling representative of

an eastern tobacco house last night:

"Not one man in fifty who thinks he

knows a good cigar from a poor one can

actually tell the difference, and not one

man in 100 who smokes, but who will

frequently pronounce a cigar a poor one

and throw it away when it is really his

own fault; simply that alone.

Now of course the trade

is glutted with inferior cigars unfit for

use; but I want to tell you that if the

smoker before lighting his weed will

properly prepare it he will note a marked

difference, for the most part enjoy a sat-

isfactory smoke and many a nickle and

dime literally thrown away will be saved.

Now when you buy a cigar, supposing

you select one of a standard brand,

whether of the 5 or 10 cent class, gently

roll the cigar between your hands, then

take the file blade of your pen, knife and

puncture the cigar through and through

right near the point of the cigar; reverse

the weed, place the large end in your

mouth and blow through the cigar until

you can feel the cool air issuing from the

puncture in the other end. You may

then light your cigar and I'll guarantee

that a good 5 cent cigar will smoke better

than the average 10 cent cigar not sub-

jected to the slight treatment I have sub-

scribed."

EPISCOPAL COMMISSION.

AN EPISCOPAL Session at Indianapolis

—Shall Women be Admitted.

INDIANAPOLIS, December 10.—The spe-

cial commission of the Methodist Episco-

pal church in the United States, and the

proceedings of which will be of more than

ordinary interest to the members of that

denomination throughout the country,

opened its sessions to-day in Robert's

park church. The membership of the

mission comprises Bishops Merrill, Fox,

Bueman and Waldron; the Rev. Drs. J.

W. Milley, of Madison, N. J.; Thomas B.

Nesley, Philadelphia; Jacob Todd, Wil-

lington, Delaware; Luke Hitchcock, Chi-

cago; Alpha J. Kynett, Philadelphia; Charles L. Madison, San Antonio, Tex.;

## FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A Desperate Struggle Between Two En-

ragged and Frenzied Matched Cougars.

I have often wondered what hindered

the cougars from being very plentiful,

says a writer in Forest and Stream. They are monarchs of the

woods and are very shy, with plenty

of game and cattle to live on. This

spring I was talking with an old

cruiser—a man who hunts for timber

and good land claims—who had fol-

lowed the business for the last twenty

years in Oregon and this state. He

never takes a gun, but carries only a

blanket and a small ax. He related

that one night when camping in the

head of a ravine about dark he heard

a cougar scream on one of the ridges

and this one was answered by another

on the opposite ridge. They kept

working toward the head, until finally

they came together some three hun-

dred yards above him in some quak-

ing aspens; and such a row and racket

at they made he had never heard be-

fore. They rolled down within one

hundred yards of him and he says he

was pretty well scared, but he kept up

a big fire and stayed behind that.

They quieted down in a couple of

hours and the next morning when it

was light enough he went on to the

battle-ground. He found one of them

lying there dead, all cut and torn to

pieces. It was a very large one.

Four days afterward, as he was

coming back the same way, some 500

yards from where he had found the

first one, he found the other one, also

dead. This, too, was all cut

and torn as the first one had been. At

another time in Oregon, he heard a

big fight going on, but did not go to

see the results. He was stopping one

night with an old Indian, who had

hunted and trapped all his life, and

was telling him about the fight, when

the Indian said that that was the way

when two old males met; one or the

other was killed, and very often both.

And that whenever the male would

find the young ones and the mother

absent he would kill the last one of

them, but if the mother were with

them she would keep him off. That

must be the reason that the mother

goes with the young until they are

nearly two years old. They say that

all the cat kind will kill their young.

We know that this is so with the do-

mestic cat.

Tight Place for a Detective.

"You must sometimes get into

pretty tight places," I said, by way of

drawing him on.

"Yes, I've had my share of close

calls. I was playing poker once with

a man that we were after for murder,

and a man came in that knew me. He

gave the whole thing away, and the

way the pupils came out would have

made your blood run cold. I thought

my goose was cooked that time."

"What did you do?"

"Owned up on the spot that he was

right, and then I told them that I was

kicked out of the service for helping

a man get off. I was never so scared

in all my life, and I believe I was never

so cool. I knew I had to have all my

wits about me if I expected to get my

carcass out whole."

"And they believed you?"

"They swallowed the whole story.

They would have sold out themselves

if they had been in the service so, or

another's charms. I was out of the

army in a hurry, and I believe I was never

so cool. I knew I had to have all my

wits about me if I expected to get my

carcass out whole."

"And they believed you?"

"They swallowed the whole story.

the potatoes, and a layer of corn-

stalks, setting on ends over it. Cover

the stalks with dirt, spading it from

close around the bank, thereby form-

ing a ditch to turn the water from the

potatoes. Be sure to let the top ends

of the boards extend a little above the

top of the bank. Leave the top open

until rain or cold snap comes, then

cover with a piece of plank until the

weather moderates. This hollow

furnishes a channel through which air

can readily reach the potatoes all

around the center, and should be kept

open as much as possible while the