

## THE DAILY NEWS.

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1891.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first edition of The News, which consists of over 800 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 10 a.m.

Mr. BRUSH, of Crawfordsville, evidently aspires to become a little tin Wm. Wade Dudley.

JAY GOULD may not have the entire country but there is pretty good evidence that he has tied down the western part of it.

AND NOW comes the announcement that an oat meal combine will curtail production, yet prices will remain the same. This is the same old trust paradox.

NEW ORLEANS, the sleepy old southern city, is again attracting attention. In this instance two gentlemen of muscle are to batter each other's heads in the prize ring. New Orleans only becomes famous by ring encounters, or the assassination of such a man as Chief Hennessy. But the greatest knock out that ever occurred in New Orleans was the death blow to the lottery.

Mr. BRUSH, member of the republican state committee from this district, quotes his speech delivered at Indianapolis Tuesday as follows:

The fact is there are more democrats than republicans in Indiana, and a larger proportion of them voted last fall. Any poll of the state made within the last twenty years will show it to be anything but democratic. That being the case, no body can see that we have either the republicans or the democrats to our fair or in due time to vote our ticket. Heretofore when the right kind of inducements were used we succeeded, and when not we got lost; we always will. The means of conversion and the inducements held out in the last campaign, it seems, were not sufficient. When asked for the story the gentleman said: "Well, Langle and Baker, not so very long ago, had, each, a short leave of absence. They concluded to devote at least one day of the time to a regular old fashioned hickory-nutting. So they borrowed from old man Conroy, the Vandals section boss, a hand car. Now that car is a holy terror to every section hand who ever put foot on it. It has one of these up-in-the-spring-down-in-the-winter lever movements that gives one the ricketts to even see it worked. Well, the boys with elaborate lunches all prepared mounted on the car and started up toward Rosedale. They landed they were in fact, compelled to land about four miles this side of their destination. They were done for—they were literally knocked silly. Each was suffering the tortures of the damned with hands raw as a fresh beefsteak. They couldn't go hunting after that. That was a sure thing. Conroy's ancient car had ruined them. Now what do you suppose they did? They went down in their pockets and pooled stakes. They had just \$7 between them. With this they hired a farmer to haul that cursed hand car back to Terre Haute and they walked. I tell you, Lew, your little tramp in front Ellsworth the other morning isn't a circumstance to that hickory nutting expedition!"

## HERE AND THERE.

Recently a News reporter who happened to be in a Main street store where lottery tickets are sold, met a rather queer character in the person of an old lady, of probably 50 years, who was engaged in selecting a ticket to the next drawing of the Mexican lottery. When questioned as to the frequency of such purchases, she said that she had been a regular purchaser of a one dollar ticket for a number of years. As a parting salve she ejaculated: "Well, I hope I shall draw the capital prize this time; I have never yet drawn a prize, and I'd like to catch up once."

What may prove a lesson to some of the young men who smoke the cigarette is herewith presented. A certain young man, very well known about town, for he comes of well known wealthy parents, has long been addicted to these brain destroyers. Up to yesterday afternoon it had shown no serious results. While walking out Main street at that time smoking a cigarette, he suddenly felt a very strange and painful sensation in his head, especially in the nasal passages, accompanied by a rushing of blood to the head. Slipping into a physician's office he explained his symptoms to the doctor, who, after stopping the flow of blood, made an examination of the fellow's mouth and nose. He found the blood vessels there, from inhalation of cigarette smoke, to be much dilated and several of them were broken, thus causing the flow of blood. When consulted as to the seriousness of the injury, the physician stated that, if continued, the cigarette smoking would in a short time cause the sudden death of the young man, but if he should quit entirely he could recover.

"Never you mind Lew; don't you let that little joke of your being left by your train in Ellsworth and being obliged to walk in, worry you. I know a better one than that on John Langle and Jim Baker." This remark was recently addressed to Lew Ballew the popular C. & E. I. conductor by a railroad friend.

The John Langle and Jim Baker to whom he referred have been for many years connected with railway service and are now running out of Terre Haute. The physician stated that, if continued, the cigarette smoking would in a short time cause the sudden death of the young man, but if he should quit entirely he could recover.

"Pat Lancy was a jolly Irishman, employed by the first circus that I belonged to, and his business was to represent the erection and removal of the seats. But Pat was ambitious to become a performer, and several times went into training, but succeeded only in making his companions laugh at his repeated failures. He began too late in life to train his muscles for the accomplishment of difficult feats, and, though he tried tumbling, riding, leaping, turning, and almost everything that he could think of, the result was only lameness, which occasionally kept him idle for a few days. After many disappointments Pat had a bright idea, and, providing himself with a dozen dagger-like knives, he bashed himself in throwing them at a wooden target about twenty feet distant. He had discovered his talent at last, for the success that followed his practice was really remarkable, and astonished even himself. After he was able to plant the knives in his wooden target at about the points he desired to hit, he drew the form of a man on it, and took delight in seeing how near he could come to the human outline without touching it. For several months he kept up the practice, and at length could follow the lines and fill it with bristling knives. Then a difficulty appeared, for Pat knew that his performance would be of no interest unless he had a living man to stand before the target and run the risk of being killed, and he could find no one in the troupe willing to play the part. One day, after considerable coaxing, one of the hostlers agreed to go into practice with Pat and took his position with his back against the target. Pat made ready to show how very close he could fix the knife without injuring the man, but just as the knife left Pat's hand his assistant jumped away from the target, and nothing could induce him to return.

"Then the advertisement was published, and several weeks passed without anything being heard from it. One day while we were in western Illinois it was announced in person by one of the oddest-looking men I ever saw—a tall, pale, sunken-cheeked, bright-eyed, nervous man, who said that his name was Juan. He at once accepted the offer of our manager, and appeared anxious to begin to play the part of a human target. "I was present at the first trial, and I never saw a man look so happy as Juan did when he stood before the target and faced Pat, who had his hands full of the murderous-looking knives. When the first steel blade went whizzing through the air Juan smiled slightly, but otherwise did not move a muscle. The blade struck just over his head, and carried some of his hair with it into the board. Then came two more knives, one striking on each side of his neck, so close that light could not be seen between them and the steel. Knife after knife Pat threw until Juan was literally fenced in with them and could not move until they were withdrawn.

"Then Pat Lancy became Palanc, the great Roman knife thrower, and was billed to appear for the first time in America at Peoria. He did appear, proud and delighted, but no more so than Juan, who stood looking him in the face as each shining blade glinted in the air, and entered the board within a hair's-breadth of the human mark. Though the audience was perceptibly affected as each knife was making its journey, Juan never winced. This would have been remarkable in any one, but was particularly so in a man who appeared nervous at all other times. The knife-throwing act was a novelty then, and proved to be a good card for the show. Pat continued to improve in skill, and Juan was always perfectly willing that he should attempt any newfeat, no matter how dangerous it might be. In fact, the more dangerous the better. Juan appeared to enjoy it. He was always anxious for a performance, and the only time that he ever looked sad was when one had closed.

"After the knife-throwing act had been going on for a couple of weeks, and we had crossed the river into Iowa, Juan came to me, and said: 'Do you know that Pat will kill me some day?' I hardly knew what to answer, for I had been fearing that a terrible accident might happen; yet I did not want to frighten Juan. So I evaded a direct answer by saying: 'As Pat has not harmed you yet, and seems so sure of his aim, there may be no great danger.'

"Will you take my place the day that we perform in Mount Pleasant?" he asked.

"I have my own work," I answered, "and would rather not interfere with the parts of other performers."

"He gave me a queer look as he said: 'Now you have answered my first question.'

"That was the only time that Juan ever spoke to me on the subject, and I then feared that he would not perform again; but he did, and twice each day was ready and apparently anxious to play his part. Yet I noticed a great change in him, and an extreme restlessness that left him only when he was in the ring, and that when he was in the ring and the combinations and traps under the an-

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary spirit seeks repose in Time.  
Father forgive my trespasses, and keep  
And forgive this little life of mine.

With loving kindness, curtain thou my bed;  
And, cool in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head.  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord and Thee,  
Not losing my soul's unwavering faith can shake;

All's well, whichever side the grave for me The morning light may break.

## AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE HUMAN TARGET.

I like to examine the old showman's scrap-book, for it contains many curious clippings. Here is one of them:

"Wanted—A man of nerve, to stand as a target for an expert knife thrower, Robinson's circus."

When I asked my old friend why he had preserved the advertisement, he told the story which I am about to repeat.

Pat Lancy was a jolly Irishman, employed by the first circus that I belonged to, and his business was to represent the erection and removal of the seats. But Pat was ambitious to become a performer, and several times went into training, but succeeded only in making his companions laugh at his repeated failures. He began too late in life to train his muscles for the accomplishment of difficult feats, and, though he tried tumbling, riding, leaping, turning, and almost everything that he could think of, the result was only lameness, which occasionally kept him idle for a few days. After many disappointments Pat had a bright idea, and, providing himself with a dozen dagger-like knives, he bashed himself in throwing them at a wooden target about twenty feet distant. He had discovered his talent at last, for the success that followed his practice was really remarkable, and astonished even himself. After he was able to plant the knives in his wooden target at about the points he desired to hit, he drew the form of a man on it, and took delight in seeing how near he could come to the human outline without touching it. For several months he kept up the practice, and at length could follow the lines and fill it with bristling knives. Then a difficulty appeared, for Pat knew that his performance would be of no interest unless he had a living man to stand before the target and run the risk of being killed, and he could find no one in the troupe willing to play the part.

Young Juan went back to the asylum, where he died a natural death soon afterward."

## BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

How Tom Marshall Outwitted a Tricky Opponent at the Bar.

An old but good story is told of Tom Marshall, the brilliant Kentucky lawyer, who flourished in the time of Henry Clay. One day an old friend of Marshall got into some sort of trouble, and he was hauled up before the nearest justice of the peace—an old fellow who knew barely enough to make out a peace warrant. But what he lacked in legal knowledge he made up in dignity and well-carried-out pomposity. Marshall took up the case for his friend and astonished the court with his clear reasoning. He was very young at the time, and the old lawyer who was pitted against him grew indignant at the effrontery of such a youngster.

"Your honor," he said, after Tom had finished his argument, "in Kent, 267, you'll find that the Supreme court has held that the very selfsame evidence which I have offered is thoroughly proper, though this young man from the city assumed to deny it. I have practiced law before he was born, and am thoroughly conversant with the many intricate points involved in the matter at issue. The Supreme court has held, I say, that the evidence I have offered is admissible, and in reference I quote you Kent, 267."

Tom knew the old fellow had no grounds for his citation, and, in fact, there was no such case before the Supreme court. He had not brought his law books with him, nor did the old justice have anything but the statutes. It would not do to advise his adversary without an authority, for the court would not believe him. He could readily see that the court was impressed with the shyster, and that he himself was looked upon as a presumptuous young snot.

After a moment's thought he brightened up, and, rising, he bowed politely to the old lawyer and said to the court:

"My learned old friend is correct in his citation. I know that there was such a case before the Supreme court, for I myself was engaged as council for the defense. But he does not go far enough. The case was appealed, and the Court of Appeals reversed the decision of the Supreme court, holding that the evidence as introduced was clearly inadmissible."

This coup d'état on Tom's part fairly knocked the old legal light out. He knew he had lied in his citation, but had depended on Tom's ignorance to let his legal authority go through. But he was not prepared for Tom's ready wit. He fairly raved as he jumped to his feet and cried out: "It's a lie! There never was such a case before the Supreme court, and I lied when I quoted it, and you lied when you said the Court of Appeals had reversed the decision."

The old justice grew angry at being imposed on, and not only did he decide in Tom Marshall's favor, but he fined the old shyster for contempt.

## FOLDING GUNS NOW IN USE.

The Stiletto No Longer to Be Used By

the Italian Assassin.

The Italian assassin of New Orleans has long since abandoned the stiletto, says the Philadelphia Press.

Occasionally the banana knife, a more effective weapon, is used; but the blunderbuss or sawed-off gun is the favorite.

It is objectionable in this,

that it makes a noise that alarms the police, but it has the merit that never fails.

The assassin takes an old double-barreled gun and files off the barrels, leaving them about fifteen inches in length. The stock is also removed and fitted to it with a hinge.

The weapon, therefore, is like a clasp-knife, three feet or more in length but when closed only fifteen inches.

The Italian using it can easily conceal the gun in his coat or pants, effectively hiding it. When it is ready for use he opens it and has a double-barreled musket, which will shoot further and better than a revolver.

This is loaded to the muzzle with rough slugs, which scatter in firing,

and which tear the victim badly.

Nearly all of the men killed by the Stomachera have been found with

from six to ten fatal wounds.

He Was Honest.

Wife (reading paper)—I always held that Col. Hooker was a honest man. I

I then feared that he would not perform again; but he did, and twice

each day was ready and apparently

anxious to play his part. Yet I

noticed a great change in him, and an extreme restlessness that left him

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was planting the knives around him.

"When we reached the little city of Mount Pleasant, Juan was quite sick and did not leave the tent, and we feared that he would not be able to perform in the afternoon. In the morning a few of us took a walk about the town, and also visited the insane asylum, where the physician in charge kindly received us and showed us through the institution. In the afternoon Juan was out of bed and ready for his performance, looking pleased, as he always did at such times and impatient to begin. After the performance he entered the dressing-tent where I was sitting, and prepared to change his clothing. In a few minutes the superintendent of the asylum entered with our manager.

"That is the man," said the doctor, pointing at Juan.

"Juan appeared to recognize him, and asked: 'Must I go back with you?'

"'Yes,' answered the doctor and turning to our manager, he continued: 'It is a strange case, for that man you call Juan is intelligent and harmless, and has been confined only on account of his belief that when he dies will certainly be lost, unless some one besides himself kills him. I am with a knife, and he is continually beseeching his friends to stab him to the heart. About two months ago he escaped from the asylum, and we could not learn nothing of him, until I saw him in the circus ring a few minutes ago, making a target of himself in the evident hope that one of the knives would kill him.'

"Juan went back to the asylum, where he died a natural death soon afterward."

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