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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to be in the method of passing a measure of the News, which is sent over 800 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 10 a.m.

REPRESENTATIVE John Beasley, of Sullivan, is making desperate strides to assume the leadership of the democracy in the lower house of the legislature. He has forced his slender form to the front in various ways. He has gathered a number of reform measures. Perhaps he is attempting to fulfill his promises to the farmers of his district when he referred to them as poor laboring men. John is ambitious if not great.

The following is from the press report of the prize fight at New Orleans last night:

In the amphitheater of the great Olympic club to-night assembled 4,000 leading citizens with a large sprinkling of the finest spring men ever seen in New Orleans. The times of within the great generation, with the weight diminishes of Australia and America between Jack Dempsey, the world reputed "Nonpareil," and Robert Fitzsimmons, the biggest middleweight on record.

If the "leading citizens" of New Orleans were present at the disgraceful mill, it shows a strange condition of society, strikingly in contrast with that which exists in the North. Leading citizens would refuse to admit that they had ever lent their presence to such an assemblage.

The speech of John J. Ingalls in the senate yesterday possessed many of the elements of greatness. Coming as it does at the time when the Kansas senator stands upon the eve of his retirement from public life, it is a striking effort. It was even masterly at times. When referring to the positions of capital and labor he painted a picture which the public should carefully consider. The Kansas cyclone made a forcible plea for labor. How much of the speech was sincerity need not be questioned, in forming an estimation of the case. Mr. Ingalls may have charged the Kansas farmers 18 per cent interest but he nevertheless made a vigorous plea for the common cause of humanity.

TERRE HAUTE is pushing rapidly forward. It is advancing in commercial and industrial lines with marvelous and substantial rapidity. The city now has gas for illuminating and fuel purposes at 35 cents per thousand feet, which is less than the price in any other city in the country. The electric street car line is unsurpassed. Besides these there are various other advances. But notwithstanding the forward strides in a commercial line, the city is stationary in the line of good government. One thing can be safely counted on; if the city does not obey the law it will be an everlasting shame to the city and will be a permanent hindrance to the future greatness of Terre Haute. Reform is needed. There is no doubt that public sentiment is in favor of the enforcement of the law. The only question is securing officials who will uphold the law and maintain good order. It will therefore be necessary to elect good men in the spring and overthrow the men who are now granting exemptions to the lawless.

HERE AND THERE.

It was a dute—a delicate, fragile darling and as it danced blithely into an east bound motor car at Sixth street last evening, it really seemed too utterly ethereal—to superlatively spiritual to long withstand the rude jolting of life upon this rough plain of existence. From the pomatum crown of its lovely head to the skin-fitting patent leather bine it was a supernatural allegory in exquisite costuming. It hadn't physical strength necessary to open for its delicate self the car door or so the bold, rude conductor shoved it out of the way and passed aside the door, directing it to pass through the opening. It entered; spread the caudal appendages of its outer garment and sank, nestling, upon the upholstered seat. Ah, but that dudel was a picture; it seemed fit for naught but to be lifted gently with sugar tongs in the lily fingers of some soft-hearted dame, dropped upon a rose leaf and fed for the balance of its little life on nectar and ambrosia. The occupant of the car—ever the ladies—looked at it and smiled as it drew from an inner secret place a cigarette which captured a paper, inclosed in it a small delicate pinches of tobacco, gave it a graceful roll between the thumbs and fingers and then placed the production of its brainy (I) skill before its patrician lips. It lit the cigarette and blew the smoke in little puffs into the car. Suddenly a great, big man seated opposite said: "You must stop smoking sir. The little dudel merely threw upon the man a withering stare, but the rude man wouldn't wither worth a son marqué.

"You are not allowed to smoke in these cars, sir," again asseverated the bold, big, bad man.

This time his dudels smoked on without paying the slightest attention. Suddenly the man with an alarming reach snatched the dainty cigarette from the poor thing's mouth, opened the door and

threw it (the cigarette) over the dashboard. "You stop this car right away, you mean thing. I'll not ride another time on your old street cars; see if I do."

The signal was immediately given, the car stopped, and that poor, little, harmless thing actually had to get out in the dark, pick its dainty way to the sidewalk and seek a safe haven in the Terre Haute house lobby where it could suck cigarettes to its heart's content. The man who was so very, very rude was Mike Burke, superintendent of the street car lines.

A UNIVERSAL PANACEA.

A French Savant Proposes to Cure All His by Using the Mirror.

A French contemporary, according to the London Globe gives an account of a cure for all sorts and conditions of ailments, of which the cure, (not the ailments) M. le Docteur Luyt, member of the academy of medicine, is the inventor. The patient, epileptic, paralytic, nervous, or what not, is introduced to a mirror which is suddenly set going so rapidly as to seem to the astonished sufferer to be a single ray of light. The rays, composed of passing a measure of the sun's rays through a series of special lenses, are of such brightness as to quickly that he seems to have been struck by lightning, and from this stage no comes to himself—cured. It seems also that the treatment may be employed as an anesthetic, in case of operations; and in short, there appears to be no limit to the extent of the last new medical-co-surgical miracle.

Into the details of the process we have not entered very carefully, seeing that it seems connected in some way with the mysteries of hypnotism. Possibly, however, there may be a profounder interest in the matter than has been revealed even to M. Luyt. There has always been something magical about mirrors, ever since their first invention—it is supposed by Eve; and the wizards of the middle ages, though vastly inferior fellows to their nineteenth century successors, turned out articles in the magic mirror line of unquestionable quality. Still, accepting the cases of cure claimed by Dr. Luyt, and without discounting them on the score of their being more or less connected with what professional individuals call "the nerves," one is tempted to think that a good deal may be done by astonishing one's patient, with less scientific apparatus than a rotating mirror.

Suppose, for example, a physician were to suddenly direct, not a pencil of concentrated rays, but his own fist into his patient's eye. Would not the patient consider that further visits to his physician were no longer needed? And might not the typical paralytic be endowed with sufficient strength to return the treatment? If this seems an unfair way of dealing with a serious subject one can very fairly reply that the world has had enough of medical magic which has been from time immemorial a symptom of pernicious medical uncertainty.

A POLISHED BUTLER.

The Intellectual Genius from Abroad

Who Looks After Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey M. Depew has in his employ a butler who is a very superior person, says the New York Press. He is of Swedish birth and ancestry, a college graduate, and he speaks several languages. Coming to this country to conquer fortune, he found it difficult to obtain employment for which his breeding, his education, and his inclinations fitted him. A position in an office which he was offered proved, from its indoor confinement, injurious to his never overstrong constitution, and he finally became attached to Mr. Depew's office at the Grand Central depot. Shortly after his installation there Mr. Depew had one of the few but serious illnesses which have befallen him in his busy life.

The young Swede, coming frequently to his residence on business errands, finally became a stationary fixture there and his entire and untiring devotion to Mr. Depew during his illness won the gratitude and admiration of the great man's family. On his recovery Mr. Depew, like the fairy god-mothers in the story books, asked the Swede to choose what he would and it should be given to him. And he begged to be allowed to remain as butler. After the amazement caused by his request had subsided it was granted, and for many years he has been not only a trusted but an esteemed servant in the house of Depew.

Every few years, when he has accumulated a considerable sum from his wages, he is bitten that bait from a mightier man has found fatal. He starts a newspaper and keeps it going until his savings are exhausted. Then he returns to his allegiance to the son of the man who has the pressure by the big banking houses and his discharge of them is marked by the courtesy and respect to others best shown in those who have much self-respect. The god of his idolatry is Chauncey M. Depew, though he is closely pressed for this distinction by that little edition of himself, Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., aged 10 years.

He Saw Millions in It.

A weak, sickly-looking individual with a shawl and a pair of garters, entered a railroad restaurant and said to the waiter:

"Waiter, bring me a sirloin steak, and omelet and some baked potatoes."

"Yes, sir, that—

"And some baked ham, and—and a small mutton chop, waiter."

"Yes, sir, tea—"

"A couple of bottles of beer and a half a dozen English muffins."

The waiter put down his tray with a knowing smile. Glancing over the counter to see if the proprietor was looking, he leaned over and whispered:

"Say, mister, you don't want a manager, do you?"

Ray Maskell, who during the past season achieved a notable success in Little Lord Fauntleroy, will assume two distinct and opposite characters in "The Little Countess," written for her by John A. Harrington. One of the characters is that of Meg, an untaught street wench, and the other Gladys, the little countess.

GOD'S MUSIC.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water, and air, and soil,
A music of such divers meaning,
Has flowed from the hand of God.

In valley, and gorge, and upland,
On stormy, mountain, headlands,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.

He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
And makes the waves flow—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.

He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams—
A tender song—like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.

But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
Draws from the heart of man!

F. E. WEATHERBY.

THE TATTOOED FOOT.

He had looked for him all day—all night. It was dawn again, and must go home without him—without his little child—his treasure, his most precious thing on earth. He must go home and tell his mother that the boy was all right. All his life he had dreaded

it was the foot of the young burglar. The left shoe was off—the stocking also. The high white instep was uncovered, and on it she saw a little tattooed "W" with a tiny cross beside it. It was her son who lay there.

"Martin!" she screamed again.

"Martin, remember what I told you, He had not us to teach him what was right—remember—remember."

But Martin only moaned.

"He is dead, and I killed him!" He

feels blindly for his pistol. "Forgive me, Agnes, for I cannot live," he said; but at that moment the woman, with her hand upon the breast of the prostrate man screamed out:

"His heart beats, Martin—he lives!"

The next day a strange story flew about the neighborhood. The child those two strange people had lost years ago had returned to them. That very night burglars had entered the house and wounded him. His life was in danger. The doctor had been there all morning, but his mother had no fears.

"God had sent him back, and he would not let him die," she said.

It is never too late for repentance, and the love of those poor parents was very strong. Strange as the beginning was, the end was peace, and the household, so strangely united, was a happy one at last.

young, handsome and pallid as marble.

"Oh, it is terrible!" said the wife. "No older than our poor boy. Oh, Martin, he is dead. I fear. I will loosen his necklace. You take off his shoes and rub his feet. Oh, morning is so far away! This is such a lonely place. Martin, what is it?"

She stared at her husband in horror. His face was as the face of death. He sat gazing and terrible to look upon, holding in his hand one of the feet that he had undressed.

"Dead!" he said wildly. "Dead!

and I shot him—!"

"Martin!" shrieked the wife. She laid the dead man's head down on the rug and crept up to her husband.

"God will forgive you," she said, and then her eyes, dilated, fixed themselves upon the point at which her husband stared.

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