

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. 8, NO. 185.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

—BY THE—

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1878

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

ONE YEAR, BY CARRIER, \$5.00

PER WEEK, BY CARRIER, 10 CTS.

All correspondence should be addressed to THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1891.

THE NEWS' PLATFORM.

High license, law and order, the improvement of Main street, economical city government.

The state geologist will in future be the custodian of the war flags of Indiana.

Among the prominent republicans who retired from congress are McKinley, Butterworth and Cannon.

Another McKinley bill pulverizer: An exceedingly rich tin mine has been discovered; this time in Mexico.

The fee and salary bill is in great jeopardy. The house and senate are at loggerheads and may not agree.

The house bill amending the election law so as to permit the use of pasters on ballots was passed by the senate.

HEREAFTER pension claim agents will be entitled to charge and receive only \$2 for prosecuting a claim for increase.

All live stock insurance companies doing business in Indiana are required under a new law to have a capital stock of \$100,000.

It is likely that to-day will end the senatorial contest in Illinois by the election of Streeter, F. M. B. A. candidate, if not to-day, then to-morrow.

The famous Gutenberg bible was bought by J. W. Ellsworth, Chicago, for \$7,400. Now it will only profit by becoming acquainted with its contents.

GOVERNOR HOVEY vetoed both the legislative and congressional apportionment bills yesterday, assigning among other reasons for the veto, that they were unconstitutional. Subsequently, however, both bills were passed over the executive protest. Of course.

It is quite probable that N. T. De Pauw, of New Albany, will be appointed United States treasurer in place of Houston, as Mr. Lemcke will probably decline it. Mr. De Pauw's appointment would give eminent satisfaction to Indiana, as would also that of Mr. Lemcke.

How does the Express and Gazette stand on the city liquor license question? Do you favor maintaining the present high saloon license, or do you favor reducing the license? Does the Express and Gazette dare give an unequivocal answer, and without evasion? We pause for reply.

The state senate was the victim of a practical joke yesterday. It was informed by a bogus telegram that General Palmer had been elected senator. The hilarity thereat is reported boundless and action was had in conformity with the good news. Later, when the fact dawned on the jolly crowd that they had been sold out, a reconsideration of the action had been taken.

The row between the commissioners and the circuit court judge over the running of the elevator at the court house, has become very tiresome. It is a pity that such a small matter should kindle such a flame among great minds. The News suggests a board of arbitration, or that the legislature enact a law placing the running of the elevator in the hands of the state officers.

OUTSIDE of laws which actually appropriated money, one of the best acts of congress was the law squeezing the life out of the Louisiana lottery by shutting the bloodsucking vampire out of the mails. Great credit is due the postmaster general whose indefatigable energies and untiring work secured the enactment of the legal guillotine by which the many headed monster was decapitated.

THE people of Muncie are tired of the wide open saloon, and an ordinance has been introduced in council to regulate the business. It provides a penalty for being in a saloon between the hours of 11 p. m. and 5 a. m. and at any time on Sunday or on legal holidays. It also requires that all curtains, screens, colored or painted glass doors shall be removed during the hours of closing. It is on the line of the King ordinance and the same as required by the Shelbyville authorities.

THE Canadian parliamentary election yesterday resulted in an infinitesimal victory for the conservatives. Sir John Macdonald pulled them through by the skin of their teeth. The conservative parliamentary majority over the liberals is so small that the result is more of a defeat than a victory. The conservative loss in members is about fifty and reduces their working majority to a dozen or less. The liberals declare that Macdonald cannot carry on government with his meager majority.

NOTWITHSTANDING the state treasury is empty and that a loan must be made to meet interest and current expenses, and

the further fact that the state tax levy is increased from twelve to eighteen cents on the \$100. We say, notwithstanding these facts, the lower house of the legislature increased the pay of its doorkeepers from \$4 to \$5 a day, which has the retroactive feature. That is, the increase dates back to the beginning of the session. If this is reform and economy, THE NEWS does not know what extravagance is. It is simply an outrage on the tax-payers and no honest excuse can be offered for it. It is a mere grab from an already bankrupt treasury.

INDIANAPOLIS is the happiest city in the country, and it has cause to be. The new city charter has released it from the death grip of a band of looters. On the other hand, Terre Haute home rule has been abolished by Senator Grimes and a set of local stragglers and we are to be governed by the state officers at the capital. But the public voice will not be throttled long. It is for war, and the last ditch fight will be made to throw off the rule of the stragglers and rippers, and the people will win. There is a higher court than the legislature, including Senator Grimes and the local stragglers to which law and order and the home rule people will appeal with confidence in the result.

A SHAMEFUL PROPOSITION. The state senate passed an appropriation of \$100,000 for the expense of an exhibit of the state at the World's Fair, but this was reduced to \$45,000 by the house, and the bill has been hung up in conference. The Terre Haute Gazette declares that \$50,000 should be the limit of such an appropriation. An appropriation of that amount will be a shame and a disgrace to a great state like Indiana. The very least sum should be \$100,000. No less sum will enable the state to make a creditable exhibit—including the cost of a building. Other states have appropriated a sum ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and in the face of this an appropriation of the pauper sum of \$50,000 will make Indiana appear small and contemptible. It is better that no pretense of an exhibit be made rather than it should prove a failure as it will under a \$50,000 appropriation. Indiana should be made to stand alone side of Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin, and other great states, at the fair. But it must take a back seat if only \$50,000 is to be expended for the purpose. Hoosiers attending the fair will be so ashamed at a comparison with the exhibit of Indiana with that of the states named, that they will take greater pride in concealing their identity as citizens of Indiana, than in making it public. Indiana cannot afford to be thus niggardly with itself. The prime object of a state exhibit is to show and demonstrate its growth, development, products, both natural and artificial, its soil and our possibilities in all respects; the inducements it offers to citizenship, land culture, its mining and manufacturing interests and the long line of its industries of every character; its inducements to capital to seek investment within its borders; its institutions of every character for the betterment of its 2,000,000 inhabitants. These and many other matters are to be brought to the attention of the world, and should be done in such a substantial manner as will attract and command the favorable attention of civilization. It is difficult to understand from what standpoint the Gazette views these matters when it declares that \$50,000 should be the limit. It is hoped that such narrow minds and sordid views will not prevail, for the honor and good of the state forbid it. The Gazette's proposition should mantle it with shame, if it indeed, has any sense of shame.

Her Rectification. "Miss Emersonia Osgoodson will now favor the company with a recitation," announced the teacher to the friends that had assembled in the school-room to enjoy the regular Friday afternoon exercises.

Little Miss Emersonia stood forth and recited as follows: "Coruscate, coruscate, diminutive stellar orb! flow inexhaustible to me seems the stupendous vastness of thy existence!" Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terra-aqueous planet we occupy! Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence a crystallized carbon gem of surpassing brilliancy and impenetrability glittering in the ethereal vault whose boundless immensity we endeavor to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!"

When the dear little Boston girl had finished reciting these touching lines in her rapt, soulful, Bostonian way and sat down there was a dry spectacle in the school-room.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Excuse. Biddy—There's a couple o' ladies called, Missus De Vere.

Mrs. De Vere—Oh, dear, I can't see any one now. Excuse me, Biddy. Tell them I'm asleep.

Biddy—Missus De Vere presents her compliments, an' sez she's very sorry, but she's asleep.—Texas Sittings.

Crematorial Streets. Mr. Suburb—I understand you came near being buried alive. Were you in a trance?

Friend—No; I attempted to walk through the streets of New York City.—Judge.

Very Proper. Genevieve (the knowing)—Did he ever press you to marry him?

Laura (the innocent)—Oh, dear, no! I shouldn't permit him to until we were engaged.—Munsey's Weekly.

Fine Parts. Winks—That old friend of yours seems like a man of fine parts.

Jinks—Yes, he's all broke up.—N. Y. Weekly.

Chairman J. F. Goddard, of the Trunk Line Association, has called the lake and rail interests to meet in New York on March 18, to consider tariffs for the coming season of lake navigation.

Have you rooms to rent? Advertise them in our free "want" column.

REILLY'S WHITE SHIRT.

Archaeological Researches Regarding a Popular Song.

Howard Fielding Talks with Several of the Illustrators Dead Who Lay Claim to a Very Bad Tune—Meditations in a Grave-Yard.

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Schiedam, a suburb of New York, boasts of being a very lively town, and of possessing a cemetery containing some of the dearest men in these parts. If seniority of decease counts for anything I have some relatives in Schiedam; two maiden aunts, not quite so old as the cemetery, but very interesting relics for all that. They promised to make a pleasant little party for us if we would come up for an evening.

We, of course, meant Maude and myself. We took a vote on the invitation and decided not to attend the festivities in a body. It was thought more advisable to send a small sub-committee, consisting of myself, to represent our household. As my relatives had intimated that they would have some of the girls at the house, and play games, I did not object to being a sub-committee.

I don't propose to dwell on this party. The "girls" were girls when my aunts were, and they haven't been since, which is a great many years, now. We didn't play Copenhagen or post-office—we amused ourselves more intelligently.

I escorted one of the girls to her home far, far away on the other side of the grave-yard. It was three miles if we went around the cemetery and only a mile and a half if we went through it, but my companion was a timid young thing and insisted on the long road. But after I had seen her to her venerable doorstep I needed something to cheer me up, so I took the short cut.

I speak of the nature of my entertainment on that evening in order to convince the reader that my experience in the Tombs—I should say among the tombs—was not the creation of a mind unbalanced by dissipation. Not a man there was calmer than I. As a proof of this I mention the fact that I whistled a popular song, entitled "Willie Reilly's White Shirt," as I climbed the grave-yard fence. I had caught the tune in New York, and had long waited an opportunity to whistle it in a solitude that would conceal my degradation. For it was such a bad



FIELDING ALONE WITH THE SONG.

tune; so shamelessly suggestive of every other bad tune; so offensive to a sensitive ear; in short such a thoroughly typical popular song that I had felt guilty when I carried the remembrance of it home with me. And yet I couldn't shake it off. It had clung to me for days; my mouth had been perpetually in a pucker with it, and every night the silent whistle in my brain had lulled me to sleep with "Willie Reilly's White Shirt."

"Young man," said a voice at my elbow, "where did you get that tune?" I turned hastily with a cold feeling in my spine, and saw a tall, thin man leaning over his own grave-stone. By the dim moonlight I discerned that it had been erected to the memory of Edgar Smith in 1885.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "If I had any idea it would disturb you—" "Oh! never mind," replied the ghost. "I suppose you intended to be complimentary."

"Complimentary?" "Yes; in life I was reputed to have written that tune. It was a popular war melody and went by the name of 'Johnny Griffin's Retreat.' I had supposed that it was forgotten."

"You must be mistaken," I replied; "this is 'Willie Reilly's White Shirt,' and was perpetuated by C. A. Jenkins. Perhaps I didn't whistle it correctly."

"Oh! yes you did, dear enough," said the ghost. "It went this way," and he finished the air from the point where he had interrupted me.

"That's it," I admitted, "and I consider your claim established. But may I ask—I don't want to be offensive, you know—may I inquire what was done about it when you arrived—that is, did they make it very hot for you on account of this thing?"

"No; my claim to its authorship was not allowed, and I escaped. Between you and me, I didn't compose it; I just hatched it up in a hurry out of one or two old things."

"Well, I wish you'd let it rest, that's all," said I, somewhat harshly. "Perhaps, if you had, it might not have arisen in my day."

"I wish I had," he groaned; "it haunts me even now. Oh, remorse, remorse!"

He ran his fingers wildly through his hair and then beat his head upon the grave-stone.

"Is there any thing I can do for you?" I asked, sympathizing with his distress, though I couldn't help thinking that it was no more than he deserved.

"No, no take it away, that's all."

I took it away. Even after this fearful warning I couldn't keep it out of my head, and before I had gone twenty paces from the spot I was whistling it again.

"Say, my friend," said a voice on my right, "did that fellow Smith tell you he composed that song?"

"No, he didn't," said I, confronting this second specter boldly, "he confessed that he stole it."

"Probably he knew that you would meet me," continued the ghost; "I'm the man he stole it from. My name is Cyrus J. Perkins, and I was buried before Smith was born. Look at my date, 1819. I composed that song—"

He was interrupted by a deep groan which proceeded from a somewhat old

portion of the cemetery. The groan was followed by a voice:

"Perkins, why will you pervert the facts in this shameful manner. You know that you stole that song from a revolutionary ballad composed by me and called 'General Clinton's White

Shirt.' My young friend, if you want to go into the archeology of that song, just ascribe its authorship to Levi C. Whitcomb, originally of Connecticut."

"When were you buried, Whitcomb?" inquired a specter whom I perceived looking down at us from a sparsely populated district up near the brow of the hill. The voice had a slightly foreign accent which suggested sunny Italy.

"Seventeen eighty-one," answered Whitcomb, shortly.

"Fifty years before that date," said the voice, "I was assassinated by a mob because I played that tune on a hand organ which I did not know contained any thing calculated to offend. Believe me, sir; I am the Count Beppo Sperrmaceti."

"Go back to your cage, old whale-oil," said Whitcomb, sternly; "you are trying to ruin my reputation."

"And furthermore," continued Count Beppo, "there is a lady of my country in the third walk to the left who was a member of an operatic chorus and died in 1799. She remembers that song in her youth; in her youth, mind you!"

I looked at Whitcomb and he melted away into thin mist, taking his pretensions with him.

"I am gratified to have the Count Beppo Sperrmaceti substantiate my claim."

The words were spoken in Dutch of a somewhat antique pattern, but, on the whole, good enough Dutch for a ghost. The speaker stood looking at me over the gravestone of Peter Yollis, who died in 1829. Of course it was not the original gravestone; it was a comparatively new one erected by the later Yollises. But it was the same old Peter; there was no mistaking his antiquity.

"The late Mynheer Yollis," said I, respectfully, "will pardon me for presuming while still living (and on a small salary at that) to address the distinguished dead, but if the lady to whom the Count Beppo refers heard the song in her youth it must have been passed in Italy, or considering her profession perhaps I should say Latium."

"Exactly, my friend," said Yollis, interrupting; "I composed the song while there, before coming to this country. It was republished here, and I dedicated it to Hendrick Hodson. Of course I didn't care it well, we will say a dike, which means much the same thing. Of course I didn't care a dike for Hen-

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

CANDLES containing bromine and iodine are coming into use for disinfecting sick-rooms.

COLD water may be drunk freely in all fevers except when the fever is connected with lung troubles, as in such a case it might chill the patient.

CONFIDENCE in the nurse is a great point in managing very sick patients, as it is very trying to the sick to feel that they must keep track of the food, medicines, etc.

The nurse must provide for her own health and comfort for meals, sleep and exercise. If required to sit up nights, it is well to provide a midnight meal of nutritious food.

NEVER wear heavy shoes in a sick room. List or felt slippers or shoes should be worn, as they are not only comfortable to the wearer, but a doubly distilled blessing to the sick one.

The manner of presenting the food to very sick patients deserves notice. It should be in an inviting condition and served in a neat manner. The quantity should not be too great nor too small, but just sufficient to stimulate the appetite to a keen relish, rather than offend by the great quantity.

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WATCH

THE NEWS

And cut out

the blank for

guessing on

the vote for

mayor.

MISS BLISS—Your friend, Mr. Parker, has not favored us with his presence this afternoon, Mr. Idlewild.

Idlewild—It is strange that Charlie has not put in appearance. I saw him only last evening strolling down the avenue with a well-known club man.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Long Wait. Dashaway—An amateur performance I attended last evening was delayed an hour because one of the leading actors was ill. They got a fellow from the audience to take his place.

Cleverton—I don't see why getting a fellow from the audience delayed them an hour.

Dashaway—They had to wait for one to come in.—Judge.

DRY GOODS.

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