DAILY NEWS

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1880.

Railroad Time Table.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

[Carefully corrected to date.]

Union Depot—Tenth and Chestnut Sts., to all trains except I. & St. L., T. H. & S. E. (to Worthington), and freights. Time five minutes faster than Terre Haute time.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.

Every day. All other trains daily except Sunday. *Parlor cars daily, except Sundays. s Sleeping cars. c Reclining chair car. Union Depot time, which is five minutes faster than city time.

VANDALIA LINE.

(Leave going East.)

*Fast Line	1:40 a m
Mail and Acc	3:40 p m
*+Day Ex	2:55 p m
Mail and Acc	7:00 a m

(Arrive from East.)

*Pacific Ex	1:25 a m
Mail Train	9:55 a m
*+Fast Ex	2:30 p m
Indianapolis Acc	7:00 p m

(Leave going West.)

*Pacific Ex	1:32 a m
Mail Train	10:03 a m
*+Fast Ex	2:35 p m

(Arrive from West.)

*Fast Line	1:32 a m
Mail and Acc	8:50 a m
*Day Ex	2:35 p m

TERRE HAUTE & LOGANSPORT.

Logansport Div. of Vandalia.

(Leave for Northeast.)

Mail Train	6:30 a m
Mixed Train	4:00 p m

(Arrive from Northeast.)

Mail Train	1:15 p m
Mixed Train	5:00 p m

TERREHAUTE & EVANSVILLE.

(Leave for South.)

*Nashville Ex	4:20 a m
+Express	2:40 p m
Freight and Acc	5:00 a m

(Afrive from South.)

+Eastern Ex	2:40 p m
*Chicago Ex	10:45 p m
Freight and Acc	4:45 p m

CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS.

(Leave for North.)

T H and Chicago Ex	7:35 a m
Danville Acc	3:10 p m
*Nashville and Chicago Ex	10:50 p m

(Arrive from North.)

Terre Haute Acc	11:10 a m
Chicago and Terre Haute Ex	5:35 p m
*Chicago and Nashville Ex	4:20 a m

ILLINOIS MIDLAND RAILWAY.

[Leave for Northwes.]

Peoria Mail and Ex	6:37 a m
Decatur Passenger	4:07 p m

[Arrive from Northwest.]

Peoria Mail and Ex	9:20 p m
Indianapolis Passenger	1:10 p m

T. H. & SOUTHEASTERN, [to Worthington.]

[Depot, Main and First Sts.]

[Leave for Southeast.]

Accommodation	7:00 a m

[Arrive from Southeast.]

Accommodation	3:00 p m

DANVILLE ROUTE.

Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad.

NORTH.		
Leave. Terre Haute	7.35 a.m.	10.50 p.m
Arrive. Danville	10.30 "	1.20 a.m
" Hoopeston	11.38 "	2.44 "
" Watseka	12.40 p.m.	3.40 "
" Peoria	3.30 "	7.40 "
" Burlington	7.50 "	12.05 M
" Keokuk	7.45 "	11.20 a.m
" Chicago	4.00 "	7.00 "
" Milwaukee	12.00 night	12.45 p.m
" St. Paul	1.35 p. m.	6.00 a.m
SOUTH.		
Arrive. Terre Haute	4.20 a.m	5.35 p.m
Leave. Danville	1.10 "	2.30 "
" Hoopeston	11.56 p.m	1.25 "
" Watseka	11.00 "	12.35 "
" Peoria	7.35 "	8.55 a. m
" Burlington	2.30 "	3.35 "
" Keokuk	3.55 "	4.00 "
" Chicago	7.50 "	9.00 "
" Milwaukee	1.00 "	3.15 "
" St. Paul	8.05 "	12.35 "

Chicago & Northwestern R. R.

California Line.

Lv. Chicago	12.30 p.m	Ar. C. Bluffs	9.30 a.m
" "	9.15 "	" "	7.25 p.m

Milwaukee, Green Bay & Lake Superior Line.

Lv. Chicago	8.00 a.m	Ar. Milwaukee	11.15 a.m
" "	10.00 "	" "	12.45 p.m
" "	10.00 "	Ar. Green Bay	8.00 "
" "	9.00 p.m	" Milwaukee	11.55 a.m
" "	9.00 "	" Green Bay	5.40 "
" "	9.00 "	" Escanaba	10.54 p.m

St. Paul & Minneapolis Line.

Lv. Chicago	10.00 a.m	Ar. St. Paul	6.00 a.m
" "	9.00 p.m	" "	1.30 p.m

W. H. STENNETT, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Lv. Chicago	10.10 a.m	Ar. Milwaukee	12.55 p.m
"	10.10 "	" Oconom'c	2.43 "
"	10.10 "	" LaCrosse	10.10 "
"	10.10 "	" St. Paul	6.00 a.m
"	9.00 p.m	" Milwaukee	11.55 p.m
"	9.00 "	" Oconom'c	1.23 a.m
"	9.00 "	" LaCrosse	7.03 "
"	9.00 "	" St. Paul	1.25 p.m

A. V. H. CARPENTER,
Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Ag't, Milwaukee.

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Opposite Terre Haute House.

DEAR LOVE, CAN YOU RECALL.

Can you recall, as sitting sad and lone,
The glory of those early autumn nights,
When our bright and glorious star still lured us on,—
Far on, adown the way, 'tween overhanging heights?
A hush was on the earth,—and there came naught
To break the peaceful calm;—save when a pair
Of lovers, slowly passed, but gave no thought
To other ones that gladly lingered there.

We paused beneath the overhanging oak
To feel and drink the glory of the night:
Then leaning close, each heart to other spoke
And claimed its own, beneath the light
That flooded all the world with gold:
The lips so long unknown to lovers kiss
Met in that perfect joy, so new, so old:—
Together met in deep ecstatic bliss.

Content I yielded, then, my king, my priest,
Supreme surrender of my soul to thine,
And said, ah! never more to banquet feast
Alone thy soul will fare, but sup with mine.

Oh royal hour! that held in wait for me
The knowledge of thy love so strong and true,
That heard thy voice low whisper tenderly,—
"Ah this,—ah this is love,—I love but you."
Blest hour! all sanctified and set a-am
Which saw thy kiss in "perfect purple dress,"
Warm on my lips, while folded near thy heart
In thy strong clasping arms, I found my rest.

THE MARKED ARM.

Click! In the dead of the night a sharp sound awakened Mrs. Halifont. The room was dark. Not even a gleam of moon or star light fell through the curtains of the windows. It was a strange sound, indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more. She sat up, leaning on her left elbow, and put out her right hand and touched her husband's shoulder. He lay upon his pillow, fast asleep, and did not awaken at her touch. "It must have been a dream," said Mrs. Halifont; and her young head—she was only a bride of one year—nestled down again closer to her husband's arm, and she slept again.

Click! This time the sound did not arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her husband who awakened. He did not pause to listen, but grasped the revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the next room stood a safe which contained valuables. It was not one of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long while. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening this safe.

A man of courage, a man who never hesitated in the face of danger; one, too, who had a warm regard for his worldly possessions, Mr. Halifont strode at once into the room where he knew housebreakers were at work, and, running in the dark against a powerful man, tackled him at once.

The light of a lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men. Three against one.

The sound of blows, struggling, and the report of a pistol, aroused the young wife once more. Amid her terror she had the good sense to light the gas. It shone upon a spectacle of horror. Her husband weltering in his blood, wrestling with a gigantic man, whose features were concealed by a mask of black crape; a man, the upper part of whose body was clothed only in a knitted woolen shirt of some dark color, with sleeves that left his great arm bare. On the right one, the one which clutched Mr. Halifont's throat, was a red mark or brand, a scar, a birthmark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifont, even in a calmer moment, to tell what it was; but it indelibly impressed itself upon her mind, as she bravely cast herself into the struggle, and fought with all her might to drag the horrible hand from her husband's throat, screaming all the while for aid.

A blow, a kick would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that, but there are very bad men who could not use violence toward a woman to save their own lives. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty; and help might arrived at any moment. With a great effort he wrenched himself from the clutch of his victim and let go his throat, and sped away. It was not too soon. Assistance arrived, now that it was too late; but Mr. Halifont did not live to tell the story. He was mortally wounded. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last, then dropped beside the bed senseless.

For weeks she raved in wild delirium of the murderous hand, of the great muscular arm with the scar upon it, and called upon them all to save her husband's life; but she was young, and had a fine constitution. After a while her health returned, and at last her mind regained its consciousness.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in a country place, with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who had loved their husbands do at first, to remain a widow forever. And, indeed, though many men would gladly have tempted one so young, beautiful and wealthy to change her mind on this point, she seemed to care less for any of them than for the kitten which purred upon her knee or the little black-and-tan terrier which ran by her side along the garden paths. She was nineteen when her husband was murdered; at thirty-two she was still true to his memory.

For many years a fine house upon the neighboring estate had been empty, but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty. A widower with plenty of money and no children; a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with magnificent black hair, and eyes that were like diamonds. Spanish eyes; indeed, he called himself a Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

The dark eyes and the blue ones met, a few neighborly words were exchanged, a call followed soon. Mrs. Halifont felt a new emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by this stranger's admiration. Then she knew he was loved, and rejoiced, and so discovered that she herself loved again.

At first she was angry with herself; then she wept over her inconsistency, but at last she yielded utterly. Since she had loved, she could never pride herself on being faithful again, and so she listened to the sweet words that, despite herself, made her happy, and promised to marry Col. Humphries.

When a widow does marry a second time she generally contrives to make a fool of herself.

Mrs. Halifont had certainly not done as foolishly as some widows do. She had neither chosen a little boy nor a titled Italian without money enough to keep himself in maccaroni. Her future husband was older than herself, and too rich to be suspected of any intention of being a fortune-hunter; but, after all, no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to any one, and whether he won his fortune by trade or came to it by inheritance remained a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders, and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having chosen some one of whom more was known—some retired merchant, some gentleman of fortune, whose father had been known to her friends. Nothing to be sure, could be said against this Spaniard or Cubian with the English name; but who knew anything in his favor?

However, no one said this to Mrs. Halifont, and if any one had, words never changed a woman's fancy yet. Mrs. Halifont believed in Col. Humphries, and meant to marry him.

Indeed, the trousseau was prepared and the wedding day fixed; all was ready, and Ida Halifont believed herself to be a very happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance. She was a girl again.

At last twenty-four hours lay between her and her wedding day. She was busy in her sewing-room on this last day, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing softly to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with cries.

An old man servant, while cutting the grass upon the lawn, had wounded himself seriously. The doctor was sent for at once, but he was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ida Halifont remembered that Col. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call upon one who was soon to be her protector, in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself, that there might be no delay, and siezing her garden hat, she ran along a little path that led from her ground to that of Col. Humphries, climbing a low fence to save time which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and distressed. She felt rather injured that such an unpleasant thing as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding-day. Ten minutes after she thought of herself at that moment as utterly at ease, wondrously happy, for, as she reached those windows, and peeped half timidly through the curtains, a thing happened that all she had ever suffered appeared as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out on a conservatory. She saw Col. Humphries busy with some rare plants he had just set out to the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ida Halifont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him.

Why did she not speak and call him by name? Why did she sink down upon her hands, and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon that arm which she was about to give the right to clasp her in tenderest embrace, she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen once before. She knew its shape, and size, and color. Her eyes had been riveted upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended, grasped her dying husband's throat. She had learned it off by heart; she could not be deceived. Though years had rolled away, that horribly marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Col. Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand, that, small as it was, had the fierce touch of a tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial; he only looked down at the red mark upon his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dared you to make love to me?" she gasped. "You——"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Woman, if I had not fallen in love with you that night, I would have killed you also. It was risking my life to spare you, with your screams calling men to hunt me down——"

"Oh, if you had but killed me then!" she moaned.

"Well, I am at your mercy now," he said.

She answered: "You can kill! I wish you would. I pray you do it. You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice, and I—yesterday, nay, an hour ago—I loved you! O God, pity me! I have loved this man, this thief, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him."

"She remembered saying this. Afterward a strong drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let go her hold upon the world. She faintly recognized the fact that Col. Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours, and strange, wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight and found herself bound fast to a great arm chair, long cords about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Col. Humphries and his two black servants vanished no one knew whither.

The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor—the fact that he had left little behind him, and that he had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ida Halifont lived through it all. She lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever see her smile again; and from her deepest slumbers she often starts in terror, fancying that she sees uplifted menacingly above, that cruel, terrible arm marked with the blood red stain. There is no hope of happiness for her, for she never can forget that this arm has also embraced her.

A ruralist seated himself in a restaurant the other day, and began upon the bill of fare. After keeping three waiters nearly an hour employed in bringing dishes to him, he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh and whispered, as he spread the bill before him and pointed with his finger: "Mister, I've et to that and"—moving his finger down to the bottom of the page—"if it ain't agin the rule, I'd like to skip from thar to thar."

Oatmeal.

Oatmeal, now found on almost every gentleman's breakfast table, was a few years ago used exclusively by the Scotch and the Irish. Dr. Johnson who in his hatred of the Scotch, lost no opportunity of saying a bitter word against them, defined oats as in Scotland food for Scotchmen, but in England food for horses. "Yes," answered an indignant Scotchman, "where can you find such men as in Scotland, or such horses as in England?" We have heard of a shrewd old Scotch mother, who used to make her family eat oatmeal first, saying, "The bairn who eats the most porritch, will get the most meat after it." But the bairn who gained the prize always found himself too full to enjoy the meat. It is mentioned in a most charming book, the Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, that Carlyle, catching sight of Macaulay's face in repose, remarked, "Well anyone can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal." If oatmeal can "make" such men as Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, and Lord Macaulay, we may well heap high the porritch dish, and bribe our children to eat of it. One thing we do know, that it is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confections, and scores of delicacies, on which many pale little pets are fed by their foolishly fond mothers.

"The Queen's Own," a regiment of almost giants, recruited from the Scotch Highlands, are, as Carlyle said of Macaulay, "made of oatmeal." So boys who want height and breadth and muscle, and girls who want rosy cheeks and physical vigor, should turn from hot bread and other indigestibles, to this "food for Scotchmen and horses."

Custard for Cakes.—One pint milk, four eggs, two cups sugar, and half cup flour; boil the milk, and while it is boiling add sugar, eggs and flour, and flavor it with lemon.

To Clean Marble.—Do not wash it with suds; this destroys the polish in time. They should be dusted; the spots taken off with a nice oiled cloth, and then rubbed dry with a soft rag.

To Clean Pearls.—In order to preserve their beauty, they should be carefully kept from dampness. A piece of paper torn off and rolled up so as to present a soft, ragged edge, is the best thing to cleanse them with.

Sick Headache Cured.—For headache, wet with camphor, a piece of flannel (red), sprinkle with black pepper, and bind it on the head. And I will assure you before it is on long, your headache will be gone, and you will be ready to sing a song.

Muffins.—One and a half pints new milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cake yeast (or, better, half cup home-made yeast), mix the flour until a very stiff batter is formed; leave in a warm place during the night, and bake in the mornings in ring.

Bread Pudding.—Soak the bread in cold water, then squeeze it very dry, take out the lumps, and add boiling milk, about half a pint to one pound of soaked bread, beat up two eggs, sweeten, add a little nutmeg, and bake the pudding slowly until firm. If desired, a few raisins may be added to the pudding. This is a very cheap pudding, and a general favorite in the nursery.

Durable Ink for Marking Linen.—Dissolve a couple of drachms of lunar caustic and half an ounce of gum arabic in a gill of rain water. Dip whatever is to be marked in strong pearlash water. When perfectly dry, iron it very smooth; the pearlash water turns it a dark color, but washing will efface it. After marking the linen, put it near a fire or in the sun to dry. Red ink for marking linen is made by mixing and reducing to a fine powder half an ounce of vermillion, a drachm of the salt of steel, and linseed oil to render it of the consistency of black durable ink.

Wearing Flannel.—Put it on at once. Winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose, red woolen flannel shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and, when that is the case, no one can take a cold; "red," for white flannel fulls up, mats together and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious; "woolen," the product of a sheep and not of a gentleman of color, not of cotton wool, because that merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and, by its nearer exposure to the exterior air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.

We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not strictly proper. Use no profane expression, allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent or profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up, you may find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was used when quite young. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they use the most vile, indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after their restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had caused. They had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood; and, though years had passed since, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, you who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourself or your friends.

John Finnel, of Tenama county, California, owns a ranch containing 10,000 acres. He recently leased a ranch in Colusa county containing 200,000 acres. The two ranches border on the Sacramento river for thirty-two miles.

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

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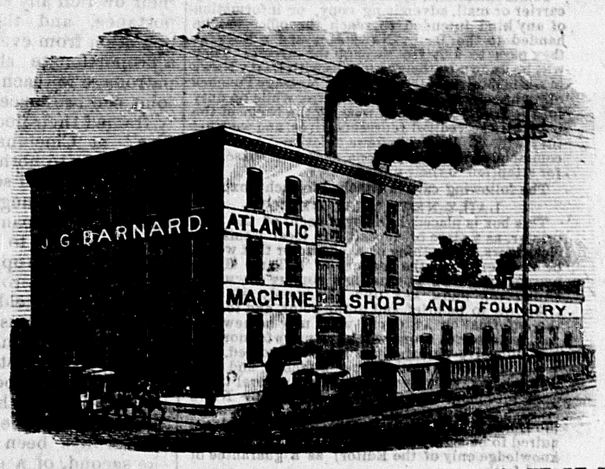

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