

CARPETS AND FURNITURE.

FITS,

OUTFITS.

HOUSEKEEPING OUTFITS

Carpets, Furniture,
Decorated

HANGING LAMPS.

Bed-Room

Toilet Sets!

You can buy all of these at one store by purchasing from us. By so doing you can unquestionably save money, in all these lines of goods, we are showing the most desirable goods to be found in Terre Haute. We have always been the leading house in low prices for good goods. We are in better shape to serve you now than ever before. We don't have half a dozen prices for the same goods. Each and every person purchases at the lowest possible cent at which we could sell an article rather than have a customer go out of the store without buying.

We invite your patronage by reason of having the largest assortment, the prettiest and best goods and the lowest prices.

Foster's
Carpet and Furniture House,

NOS. 422, 424 and 426 WABASH AVENUE.

Terre Haute, Indiana.

ALSO, FORT WAYNE AND LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.

HERE AND THERE.

A gentleman on Main street this morning told a story about a friend of his who had a penchant for wearing old-fashioned boots with sharp, high heels. "He wouldn't wear any other kind of boots," said the spokesman, "and one day, his body being naturally inclined forward by the extreme height of his boot-heels, he tripped slightly at the top of a flight of stairs and made a hasty descent, in which, besides numberless bruises he received a broken arm.

"Why in the world do you persist in wearing such boots?" I asked him.

"Nothing ails the boots," said he.

"Why, I insisted, 'they make you take a header right regular?'

"It's better to fall forwards and break your arm than to fall backwards and break your neck," he replied philosophically.

The agent of an eastern nursery firm has just completed his fall delivery of fruit trees in this city. It is his duty, upon delivering trees, to collect the full amount due for them, and in conversation with a news man he gave the following little history of his experience: "I tell you," said he, "the poor man pays his debts while, as a general thing, the rich man stands you off. I have heard this said before, but I never appreciated the fact so fully until I had had a little actual experience in making collections myself. In delivering trees, vines, flowers, etc., whenever I would enter a fine house whose occupant, to judge from appearance, should be able to settle a bill ten times as great as mine was I was almost sure to be asked to call at some future date for a sum no larger than \$2.50! And, on the other hand, when I would deliver an order to a miserable suburban shanty, where my call was answered by a half-working woman in a calico dress, but few times did I report without my money."

In the halcyon days of yore "Chestnuts" had a great run in this country. Everybody said "Chestnuts" from the urchin on the street to the heiress in the oriental parlor. But now, alas! the expressive exclamation languishes in innocuous desuetude. Sometimes a seedy, solemn-eyed man says "Chestnuts" wearily, as if he wanted to die; and sometimes one sees the word in the newspapers; but whenever it is heard it sounds like an echo from ages dead, and whenever it is seen in print it reminds one of things weird and uncanny. To be "in the swim" at this present day, one must know how to recite, with as much frequency and euphony as possible, the beautiful line, "In the soup." What a beautiful spectacle it suggests! Imagine a man literally in the soup!

"Rather a remarkable incident occurred on the Vandalia line a few months ago," remarked a railroad man this morning. Proceeding to the narration of his story, he said: "I was going over to Indianapolis on Wash. Johnston's train. When we reached Glendale, just east of this city, a lady got on the train and she was followed into the coach by a small dog. The brakeman objected to the dog's riding and fired him out at a window. The train pulled out and continued on its journey for many miles, making its regular stops, and the woman and her dog were quite forgotten by the passengers. Suddenly the whistle blew for a stop, and the woman, who I do not remember, and the woman began to gather her chattels together for the purpose of alighting. When the train stopped she got off and to the amazement of everybody her little dog sprang from under the train and began to hop and skip about her. The canine had performed the marvellous feat of riding all the way from Glendale on the trucks."

Colored Notes.

Mrs. Samuel Gipson is again able to be out...Augustus Yancey is expecting to leave the city soon...M. L. Smith will soon go south...Simon Smith is at his post at the depot barber shop again...Mr. and Mrs. Preston Jackson, of south 13th street, have both been on the sick list this week...The Halloween social at the A. M. E. church last Thursday was a success...The Union Literary Journal is a fine little paper, and much to the credit of P. B. Townsend. The colored people ought to take an interest in it...Rev. Richard Bassett was called home last week on account of the sickness of his aunt...Henry Harris, of Rockville, was in the city this week...Mrs. Paris Thomas, of Paris, Ill., and Mrs. Jane Bass, of Danville, Ill., have been visiting Mrs. W. G. Jackson, of south Fourteenth street, this week...Filmore Smith is improving slowly...Lute Mitchell is able to be out again...The little child of Willis Edwards fell out of the baby carriage Friday, and was badly injured about the head...The members of the Baptist Church will meet Monday night to transact business...Henry Jones is visiting in Chicago, Ill.

Chrysanthemum Show.

The third annual chrysanthemum show of the Society of Indiana Florists occurs at Indianapolis November 5, 6, 7, and 8, 1889, in Tomlinson Hall. Special attention in the official programme of the affair is called to the fact that the seedlings for Mrs. Benjamin Harrison's silver cup will be shown on Tuesday evening, November 5th. The register commenced at the last year's exhibition will be kept open, and all those interested are desired to register their names and choice of flower for a national emblem. Golden rod and sunflower so far have the lead. The rate on the railroads during the period of the show will be one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Arrested for Theft.

Mrs. William Creal, of North Tenth, yesterday caused the arrest of Mrs. Jane Hughes, of South Ninth, on the charge of having stolen \$16.50 while at her house soliciting alms. The money was in the drawer of a table and Mrs. Creal went to the cellar after potatoes and when Mrs. Hughes departed the money was missed.

Building Permits.

Building permits have been granted to the Centenary M. E. Church to build a one-story frame building on the southeast corner of Fifth and Locust street, valued at \$2,000, and to Patrick J. King to build a one-story frame addition to his residence on the corner of Third and Sycamore streets, valued at \$300.

Married.

Albert Myers and Miss Flora Letarte, of Muskegon, Mich., who were married at the latter place last Wednesday, came

to this city yesterday. They will live in the new residence recently built by Mr. Myers, 317 North Ninth street, and will remain here until the next baseball season begins.

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND

Just now the happy butterflies are dancing in the sun. Without a thought that by and by with pleasure they'll come back and flower and they flirt with every breeze. Their whole existence one brief hour of happiness and ease.

The while the wise, industrious ant is working with a will. As day by day her winter's store she strives to amply fill; And it is no wisdom from this lesson as profound. Well regret it when the weather's cold and snow is on the ground.

EPISTOLIZED STATE NEWS.

Vincennes is to have an egg-box factory.

A 14-year-old child of Joseph Barr, of Plymouth, was yesterday burned to death by its clothes catching on fire from a stove.

Franklin's got a go-host that togs out in dazzling white and walks about without regard to the "witching hour of night." Just waits till it gets dark.

Bartholomew Cusick fell down a 40-foot coal shaft near Clay City yesterday and was instantly killed. He was at one time a Republican candidate for State Senator.

Levi Fink arrested at Covington, Ky., for robbing John Wiesse's house at Muncie. Wiesse and officer taking him to Muncie, went to sleep and Fink escaped at Cambridge City.

Postoffice persimmons were knocked Thursday by John H. Sullivan, Bene, Adams county; Egbert Curtis, Cleveland, Clay county, and Joseph C. Ray, Eminence, Morgan county.

National convention of the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity in session at Bloomington. The fraternity is the oldest of ladies' college Greek orders, having been organized at DePauw in 1878.

The Marsh-Doherty conspiracy case which has caused considerable tongue wagging, has ended at Crawfordsville by the court holding that there was no demand on the part of the Doherty's to defraud the creditors.

In the tax cases in Clay county, where the board of equalization raised the valuation of the capital stock of banks and coal companies, the court virtually holds that the board has no such power and decides in favor of complainants.

The Terre Haute Daily News will be enlarged to a seven column folio, commencing next week. The News is a lively paper, and it is pushing its way into public favor with rapid strides. Success to the News.—Clay City Reporter.

Leading Grocer, Jeff Morris, 28 south 6th and 30 south 5th. Telephone 146.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, get in stock, and it is a large one, of well selected goods at prices that cannot be touched. That's all I have to say.

SCHLÜTER, the Hatter,

Everything fresh at Jeff Morris' Grocery, 28 south 6th and 30 south 5th. Telephone 146.

Prof. Bukowitz has opened rooms at 23 South Sixth street, where he will receive pupils in voice culture, instrumental music, harmony and classes in modern languages.

All kinds of Sewing Machines repaired at the Singer Office, 673 Wabash avenue.

EXCURSIONS TO CHICAGO.

For trains arriving in Chicago, November 5th, 7th, 14th, 16th, 18th and 20th, the C. & E. I. R. will sell tickets Terre Haute to Chicago and return at \$7.15, good returning until the fifth day after the day of sale, on account of the American Horse show and American Fat Stock show.

R. A. CAMPBELL,
General Agent.

T. J. PATTON,
FOURTH AND OHIO STREETS,
CLEAN MEAT MARKET.

Pork Tenderloins, Spareribs—every-

thing fresh and the best that can be ob-

tained. Send in your order for Choice Meats.

If you want the best 25-cent scarf in town come to us.

If you want the best 50-cent scarf in the state come to us.

If you want the best furnishing goods in America for the money come to us.

We can show more new goods than any three houses in the city. You will be

waited on by salesmen who understand their business and not be unduly pressed to purchase.

JAMES HUNTER & CO.

Telephone Jeff Morris for Fresh Groceries. No. 146.

OLD DOMINION COFFEE.

GILT-EDGE COFFEE
In one pound tin-foil packages, delicious drink. Try it.

OLD DOMINION COFFEE.

Rubber Stamps at 10 S. 5th St.

Fresh Oysters, Pure Sweet Cider, Home-made Sorghum, the finest you ever tasted, at Geo. C. Foulkes'.

The Frazier cart is the only cart in the city that gives perfect satisfaction. Try it. Carico agent.

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ODDS OF THE TURF.

Some Peculiar Superstitions Which Prevail Among Racing Men.

"Say, Mickey, dere's a man wid a cross eye. I'm a goin' ter fly der coop. See!" To the average reader the above remark may be a trifle obscure and enigmatical, says the Sporting World. To the traditional race-track habitue, however, robbed of its illegitimacy, it embraces a world of meaning. In fact, no occupation or walk of life can be truthfully said to be more susceptible to superstitious influences than the turf of to-day.

The man whose eyes are cut on the bias, and who appears to be looking around the corner for Sunday, leads the category of individuals whom the spectator dreads to encounter on his way to the track. If he happens to meet a pair of eyes which should exchange positions with each other, and hasn't the moral courage to reverse his steps like Cully did, he invariably expectorates three times, crosses his fingers, does a *ta-m-fam* or two to offset the hooches, and proceeds with a nervous mind upon his way.

Contraries rule to a certain extent upon the turf, and where one poor afflicted mortal is abhorred another is petted fondly. Not only figuratively, but literally. The individual referred to during his youthful days had the misfortune to fall off an eight-story tenement house, which overlooked the Lick "in the land where I was born." The fall did him no harm. Never does, but his efforts to bore a hole in the earth culminated in a fracture of the rectangular tissue, which, as the child grew older, forced him into a bone. This resulted in an enlargement and a perfect hump was formed. He was too youthful to appreciate how this misfortune would be beneficial to him, nor was he fully alive to it until those punishing slaps on the back, followed by a "big pardon, old fellow; thought you were a friend. Big joke, eh? Ha! Ha! Good day," became too frequent. He was commenting upon the singularity of the day when an obliging friend whispered in his ear: "Begorra, they touch you for a hump because they think it 'gives you a hump'." This, with a significant wink and a leer, from that moment the hunchback became an object of envy among his peers.

He first loaned his hump to be used for a consideration.

Now he has a schedule of prices. Stick a dollar down and get a winner.

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