

Voorhees' Speech.

Our Representative's speech last night was, what our Representative's speeches always are, long, loud, and gusty. He talked much of what others had done to which he was opposed—but referred to nothing accomplished by himself, which met public favor, or advanced the interests of his constituents. He was opposed to almost everything which had been done by the Government since the war—but did not refer to his opposition to every measure adopted by the Government, in prosecuting the war. He assailed Congress in the most violent manner—but forgot to refer to one measure that he ever introduced into that body, going to correct the abuses of which he spoke. He sneered at President Grant and his administration—but neglected to say how, for four long years, he sneered at Mr. Lincoln and his administration. He dwelt loudly on the magnitude of the public debt—but failed to show how the war was prolonged, and the debt increased, by such treason-loving Democrats as himself and others giving aid and comfort to the enemy. He boldly announced the falsehood, that the Government debt had not been diminished since President Grant's administration—but did not refer to the fact, or did not know it, that within the last few days, under a law passed by the Congress of which he is a member, over \$100,000,000 of this very debt has been cancelled, and forever destroyed. He attacked certain measures of Congress with vehemence—but forgot to say whether he was present when those measures passed; whether he was *somewhere else*, or whether he shirked and was absent. He ridiculed the Funding bill, by endeavoring to show that it increased the public debt rather than diminished it—but he neglected to make it appear that the one bill which he introduced during the last session of Congress, was intended as a substitute for this measure. He stated he had voted to pay the soldiers the highest sums proposed in the House, of which he was a member during the war—but he omitted to say that he did so at the time, because he knew the Government was wholly unable to pay such sums, and he, and his Democratic co-conspirators, hoped thereby to make the Government bankrupt, and thus sustain and assist the rebels. He asserted that he voted, during the war, to pay the soldiers in coin—but forebore to state that he did this because he knew that the government was entirely unable to do any such thing. He attacked Senator Morton and some of the measures advocated by him—but did not tell the people, that he had also attacked this distinguished man, during all the time he was Governor of this State and was laboring as no other civilian in the whole government labored, to preserve the Union, and defeat and scatter the rebel hordes. He asserted that Senator Morton was inconsistent, favoring a certain policy to-day and the opposite to-morrow—but neglected to demonstrate to the people that he, Daniel W. Voorhees, had been consistent in his efforts to overthrow the government, from the beginning to the end of the rebellion. He referred to Republicans who were leaving the party, and intend to support the Democratic ticket—but omitted to refer to the time, when he left his country and crossed over the Canadian border, to support his rebel friends there assembled. He said that the salvation of the country rested now on the triumph of the Democratic party, and unless it was successful the Government would be destroyed—but he forgot to refer to the time when, amid the darkest hours in the life of the Republic—when treason was about to gain the ascendancy, and the old flag of his country was falling, seemingly to be trailed in the dust—when the heroic armies of the North were pushed back almost to the confines of the Northern States—when every patriotic man, woman and boy throughout the whole land was rallying to the defence of the common cause and in support of that old flag, he, in his place, in the Congress of the United States, with uplifted hands, and palpitating rebel heart, loudly and exultantly proclaimed, that "the Republic was dying! dying! dying!" He incidentally referred to his love for the soldier during the war, and his support of the Government during that time—but he did not incidentally refer to the time, when the rebel armies were first being organized, and Federal forts, and Federal arms and ammunition were being seized on by rebel hands—when the star spangled banner had been torn from the custom house at New Orleans, and the rebel batteries opened on Fort Sumter—when treason swarmed all over the South, and boldly showed its hideous face even in the North—when the President of the United States asked for men and means to defend the institutions of our fathers—he, Daniel W. Voorhees, as one of the Representatives in the National Congress, proclaimed, with clenched fists and grinning teeth, that, "So help me God, he would never vote to give one dollar, or one man, to help subjugate his Southern brethren."

Upon all those many points, Mr. Voorhees' memory seemed to be very obtuse, in his speech, last evening. He adroitly dodged them, and it is but charitable to say, has forgotten them. But the people have not. They have a lively recollection of those things. They and their children will never forget them. The soldiers do not forget them, and all the sophistries of the orator, and the demagogism of the speaker cannot bring any of these men to his support.

A GENTLEMAN, in our office this morning, who had heard all of Mr. Voorhees' speech was asked what he thought of it. "I feel ashamed that American politics will admit of making such a speech," was the reply.

G. R. McKee, of Kentucky, has just been married to his first wife, and in time they were divorced twenty-five years ago.

A Chicago man has been sent up six months on account of an abortive attempt to steal Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." The sentence should have been to a lunatic asylum.

THE joint discussion business between Messrs. Voorhees and Dunn has not yet been made public.—*Journal.*

Nor it never will be made public. Mr. Voorhees does not intend to make a joint discussion with Mr. Dunn. It does not advance Mr. Voorhees' interests to do so, and he will not. Dayless Hanna is a first class political diplomatist, and knows exactly how to make a show of doing a thing, without doing it. Our P. M. must keep both his eyes open or he will be so badly bamboozled in the voluminous correspondence which we understand is now passing between them, that he will never find his way out.

Voorhees does not intend a joint discussion, and has secured the skill and address of Mr. Hanna, to make it appear that he does. The correspondence between him and Mr. Dunn's friend, Mr. Barnett, will be diplomatically ambiguous and carefully uncertain; requiring many more letters to explain the ambiguity, and several more to make certain the uncertainty. During all this epistolary warfare, time will be flying and Mr. Voorhees will be actively caravassing the District. When time enough will have elapsed for Mr. Voorhees to have gone over the entire District alone, then, perhaps, the "vill will be lifted" and a few joint debates will be agreed on—but only at the pleasure of the Democratic candidate.

The Living.

Let us not forget that if honor be for the dead, gratitude is due the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship forever closed, feeling how impotent there is the wild love or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lessons which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest dead descend into the grave, and thought it enough to garland the tombstone, when they had not crowned the brow; and pay the honors to the ashes which they had denied to the life. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy lives, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has kindled and lighted to cheer and guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Sad Nights by Day—Sad Sounds by Night. To the close observer life on the streets daily shows many sad features which strongly appeal to the heart, and which cannot be passed by without awakening emotions in the most indifferent heart. Few, however hardened, or deadened to tender, human impulses, can resist the appeal of innocent childhood, when on the streets they witness incidents, which, like an electric flash, penetrate the mists of sinful years, and reach the days of their innocence and happiness.

Saturday on Fifth street between Green and Walnut, we saw a woman standing under a tree watching the playing of a group of little girls on the opposite side. Her flushed, bloated features, her unsteady mein, her unwomanly, rugged appearance betokened that most wretched of all sights, a woman drunkard. She stood barefooted, soiled, ragged and shameless, under the shading tree, and watching the little children at play. Some half dozen, pretty little girls were posturing and dancing innocently and gracefully on the pavement, unmindful of the eye of any observer, repeating the lessons taught at the dancing class. Their lithe, happy motions, and their graceful actions would have attracted almost any one, and they seemed to fascinate the degraded creature over the way. As she watched them the tears rolled down her purple visage, and wringing her hands, and sobbing, the wretched creature exclaimed: "And I was once a little, happy child! I too danced innocently on the ground, with no stain on me. But now, oh, my God, what am I? My poor heart—my poor heart! O, wretched, wretched me! If I could be but a little child again! But never, oh, heaven, can such days come back! Little children—innocent, happy children—and I so miserable—so wicked."

The poor creature, sobbing in the only tender recollection, probably, of long mis-spent years, went shambling down the street. The hardened heart, unused to kind words or kindly sights, saw in the innocent play of little children the mirrored pictures of days that can come no more to her, and which for her might never return.

Leading by his tiny hand, we last night saw a child of about seven years guiding his drunken father along the streets to his home. The father that had said so low, cursed and fondled alternately the little guide who, hardly able to realize its disgrace and calamity, manfully went forward, silent but sad. As the twain passed a saloon the drunken father turned to enter, but the boy begged, "Come home, do, papa; baby's sick, and mamma wants you!" Suddenly the man followed his little guide—the son training the footsteps of a brutal father—reeling and staggering, cursing and blessing in his muddled condition, attracting the attention of the passers on the street.

At midnight, when the great city was hushed, when all the restless ambition of the multitude was stilled in sleep, when only the bark of the watchful dog, and the step of the stranger is heard on the street, the sound of a child's cry comes through the open window. We listen to the saddest of all sad sounds by night, a wretched mother crouching over the sick child in her arms, thus cries and sobs fitfully as she carries the little sufferer to and fro, past the open window in the dimly lighted chamber. Heavy heart, and sad, sad hours, go past in every sound of her broken voice as it comes out on the still night air. The restless babe crouching the mother hushing it to sleep in her weary arms, the midnight hour, stop the passer-by, who listens, and goes forward with a renewed knowledge of what saddened and heavy hearts speak out when all the great city is hushed and stilled in sleep.

The drunken, heavy sleep of the husband is heard as the mother passes, and knowing whether the child led the drunken father, we hear one chapter of life that sees only a cloud which the sun never shines through. Sad sights by day, sad sounds by night! We meet them every day and night, and all the humanity of our nature is kindled into kind, sad feeling for the unfortunate, wretched and miserable among the people of a great city, who pass us day by day.—*Louisville Commercial.*

INDIANA NEWS.

The population of Richmond—17,000. The population of New Albany is fixed at 15,000. The Plymouth Court House will cost \$75,000. The cattle in Dearborn county, have the black tongue. An artesian well at Keokuk, is near 200 feet deep. Another mad dog has been killed in La Fayette. Chicken cholera rages in southern Indiana. The peach crop in Pike county will be almost a total failure. The health of the prisoners at the prison south is said to be good at present. It is a fixed fact now that the Straight Line Railroad will be built. Work will be commenced on the water works building at Evansville at once. The Evansville Courier is issued in an enlarged form every Sunday. Hon. Moses F. Dunn spoke at Worthington on the 28th ult., to a large audience of people. The Monroe county colored people have a society named "Sons and Daughters of the Morning." The great Acton camp meeting will commence on the 10th, and will probably continue for two weeks. Michigan City exceeds Milwaukee and is second only to Chicago as a lumber mart on Lake Michigan. Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, and Hon. D. W. Voorhees, will address the Democracy at Mt. Vernon on the 10th inst. The Morgan county Republicans have made arrangements for a new paper, to be started in a few days, at Martinsville. Reports from all parts of the State indicate that the corn crop will not be large, but the quality better than for several years past. Numerous instances of persons selling beer and other liquors without the proper stamp, have come to the knowledge of the Government. Mrs. Jno. Sharp was killed by lightning a few days ago at Worthington. She was in the house, which was struck. Her daughter was badly stunned. A young man by the name of Yount, a resident of Kosciusko county, had seven hundred dollars stolen from him last week, by rooming with a stranger. Major M. W. Chollar, late of New Albany, has been reappointed to the Indian agency for the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians. Miss Esther Hedge, a Switzerland county farmer's daughter, reads, writes, and speaks readily, seven different languages. William A. Olmstead and Jesse A. Lair, two boys who were convicts in the State Prison, have had their sentences commuted to incarceration in the House of Refuge. The Bloomington Progress says: "We 'stop the press' to announce the fact that black velvet ribbons tied around the necks of young ladies are no longer fashionable. A double string of black walnuts is now all the rage." There must be a gay set of dandies out at Bloomington. The Worthington Times prints the following: While the base balers were engaged at their game on last Saturday, quarterly meeting was in progress at the M. E. Church, in the immediate vicinity. At the former place there were at least two hundred persons, at the latter about fifty. Comment is unnecessary. The hotel project has been abandoned in Evansville, the merchants of that city not feeling a sufficient interest in the enterprise to subscribe stock. Evansville could build a big Opera House, for which the people have little use, but on the hotel question they are found wanting. The tobacco banquet, in Evansville was a grand success. Seven hundred hogheads were sold, at prices ranging from \$3.90 per hundred, to \$1.25 per pound. Independence, in Vanderburgh county boasts a pedestrian who claims that he can beat Wes' on. Would like to see him make the attempt. The Jeffersonville Democrat says: The cement business in this county is carried on on a large scale, and not only supplies the demand in a large portion of this county, but is also being shipped in large quantities to foreign countries. Its quality is unsurpassed, and ere long millions of dollars will be invested in its manufacture. At a concert in South Bend on Friday night, Vice President Colfax was present. The Register says: Mr. Colfax and wife were present at the concert on Friday night, and near the close of the exercises he was loudly called for and coming forward made a few remarks. He had read with great pleasure that South Bend had been selected as the place to hold the National Normal Musical institute, and expressed his gratification at meeting the representatives of so many States at his own home. He hardly knew what to say to a musical audience, as music was a part of which he knew but little—so little, indeed, that in singing odes in the Odd Fellows' Lodge across the way, he always found himself an octave behind the rest. But whatever he lacked in this respect he came by honestly, as it was noted that his father was fourteen years trying to sing Highland Mary, and then gave up in despair. He complimented the members of the Institute, when he heard, their singing and closed by hoping they would all be pleased with their stay in South Bend.

Sunstroke—A Word in Season. There are certain very simple rules by the careful observance of which sunstroke may be prevented. The use of stimulating liquors should always be avoided, for they serve to weaken rather than induce strength, only very temporarily. Ice water or other drinks cooled with ice should not be used. A little ice water mixed with that from the hydrant or faucet is very good, but no one should drink too much water; but rather suffer a little from thirst than run the great risks of free indulgence, which are many, and include bowel complaints and other affections, which are dangerous. Men exposed to the sun while at work should never forget, when the weather is very hot, to dip handkerchiefs in water and put them in their hats. This will abate thirst and keep the system cool. A bunch of green leaves or grass, where water is not readily at hand, will suit almost as well. Sunstroke, when it does not result in death, leaves the brain always in a highly irritable condition, and renders persons who have been affected peculiarly liable to the recurrence of attacks. As the hot season is at hand we trust these hints may be attended to.

At Nancy, in France, three subscribers to the theatre brought an action a few weeks ago against the director for having only one hundred and eleven representatives instead of one hundred and twelve, the number that he had engaged. The cause was about to be called when it was made known that the defendant had consented to a verdict, and to the payment of damages of the plaintiffs. The damages were assessed by an impartial arbitrator at one franc twenty-five centimes to each injured subscriber.

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