

THE DAILY NEWS.

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NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
DOUGLAS H. SMITH,
Managing Editor.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1889.

Citizens, Take Notice.

Section 2098. Selling liquors on Sunday, etc.
150.—Whoever shall sell, barter or give away to
be drunk as a beverage, any spirituous, vinous,
malic or other intoxicating liquor, upon Sun-
day, the fourth day of July, the first day of Janu-
ary, the twenty-fifth day of December, or on any
day, or upon the day of any election, or between
the hours of eleven o'clock p. m. and five o'clock
a. m., shall be fined in any sum not more than
fifty dollars nor less than ten dollars, to which may
be added imprisonment in the county jail not more
than sixty days nor less than ten days.—Revised
Statutes of Indiana.

At a council meeting held on Novem-
ber 5, the following resolution was offered
and adopted:

Resolved, That the City Marshal and Chief of
Police be and they are hereby instructed to en-
force the laws relating to the closing of saloons
and known as the eleven o'clock and Sunday
closing laws.

In the statutes of Indiana, page 18, sec-
tion 17, defining the duties of Mayor, is the
following:
It shall be the duty of the Mayor to see that
the laws of the state and the by-laws and ordi-
nances of the common council be faithfully ex-
ecuted within this city.

In the revised City Charter, page 306,
section 6, defining the duties of police-
men, is the following:

It shall be the duty of all members of the
police force to enforce all penal laws of the state
of Indiana and all ordinances of said city.

The news of an epidemic of influenza
in London has set all New York to
sneezing. It's English, you know.

In these days of electric wires no man
knows what hour his time may come.
He is likely at any moment to have his
own death wired to him.

The holidays are likely to be a week
of fasting and prayer with the members
of Congress. They have not yet suc-
ceeded in their attempted raid upon the
treasury.

Mr. Reynolds thinks the reason the
Diavol does not flow more freely is
because it is stuck up with thick oil.
There is nothing stuck up about the
rest of us who struck water.

Before ordering any more streets
opened, will the council please ap-
propriate some of that money which
they haven't got, toward opening a pas-
sage through the mud on Main street?

We ask the indulgence of our readers
for consuming most of our editorial
space in discussing city affairs. There is
much general news that is worthy of at-
tention but the people of Terre Haute
are, at this moment, most vitally inter-
ested in the city government. We want
our people to understand the situation
and place the responsibility where it be-
longs. We hope as many as possible
will attend the council meeting to-mor-
row night.

We regret to announce that there will
be another meeting of the Council to-
morrow night. These meetings are an
expense and a burden to the tax payers.
They are not worth the gas and coal it
takes to make the room comfortable. The
citizens should, however, congratulate
themselves that some thirsty member
always moves an early adjournment and
seven others equally thirsty vote in the
affirmative. They then adjourn to their
favorite saloon to take a "smile" over
the way they play it on the dear people.

When the News said Councilman Hy-
barger had no visible means of support
it meant no means visible to plain eye-
day vision. Of course it may be policy
not to have it everybody's business. He
may have a bank. He may have cards
of credit. He may be a ticket scalper.
Perhaps he is a diver. He may have
chances that we know not of. He may
draw a regular income. The wheel
of fortune may always turn in his favor.
Perhaps he finds luck in the number
thirteen. Or he may have influence that
is good as gold. Or he may live on his
salary as member of the city council.
All we said was that the means were not
visible.

The headlines of the saloons on Main
street last night rivaled the electric
lights. All day yesterday their doors
swung to and fro without any attempt at
concealment. Shame on a respectable,
church-going community that will per-
mit such work without protest! Shame
on our citizens who will allow this beau-
tiful city to be controlled by corrupt
officials and defiant liquor-sellers! A re-
action has already commenced which will
swell to a revolution by the time of the
spring elections. We have among us
just as good and capable men as can be
found in any city. Let every ward be
represented by such a man.

In our zeal toward abolishing a hun-
dred or so of the gambling establishments
that thrive in this moral city, let us not
forget the main point which is to get con-
trol of the liquor traffic. Here is the root

of all evil. Nine-tenths of the saloons in
town have a gambling annex. The two
are inseparably connected. If the
gambling is not carried on under the
same roof it is in such close proximity
that the drinks can be obtained easily
and often. Here is one of the chief ar-
guments for abolishing the all night sal-
oon. As a rule men will not gamble all
night unless they can stimulate freely.
As a rule they will not spend the night
in the saloon unless they have the attrac-
tion of the card table. The very first
step toward reform is to abolish the all
night saloon. The Police Board will not
do this. Here again our only hope lies
in Mayor Danaldson.

If the News fails to reach its sub-
scribers some of these evenings they may
know that Councilman Sam Hybarger
has carried out his threat to wipe the pa-
per from the face of the earth. If the
News has ever misrepresented this hon-
orable city father he is at liberty to use
our columns to correct the mistake. We
make our attacks with the pen and he
may come back in the same manner, if
he knows how to write. But he prefers
to use pistols or fists. They are more in
his line. The fact is this political boss is
getting into close quarters and begins to
show his teeth. The ventilation of his
character has just commenced. It will
be so full of holes before the winter is
over that the Society of Organized Char-
ity will recommend him as deserving of
assistance.

When the police want to make a showing
of enforcing the law, or rather want to make
a show, they pick out one or two of the Main street
gamblers and charge them before the Mayor
with gambling. The gamblers plead guilty,
pay the fine and costs and return to their
saloons, crack a joke or two about it and resume
business. The police and officials divide the
evils and that is all that is said or done until it
is time for another haul.—Morning Express.

What has the Mayor to say to this?
Here is an arraignment by a Republican
paper of a Republican Mayor, presumably
elected by Republican voters, although it
is intimated that his support did not
come entirely from this side. As has been
stated before in this paper the Police Board
has no reputation to lose. If Mayor Danaldson wishes to clear him-
self of this charge he will at once order
the closing of every gambling house in
the city. The police will have no trouble
in finding them. If he has any doubt of
his authority let him consult the statutes
at the head of this column. The hope of
the city rests in the Mayor. Is he equal
to the occasion?

Session after session of our council
takes place and the order of business is
the same: to vote down the ordinance for
high license, to screen the police board,
to order certain street improvements and
to adjourn. This is getting monotonous.
The present council can neither add to
nor take away from their record on the
liquor question. They have not the
shadow of a right to order any street im-
provements. The city is nearly a hun-
dred thousand dollars in debt beyond the
legal allowance, which is 2 per cent of
the city's taxable property. Just think
of it! In debt already almost to the full value
of our taxable property! If this were
true of a man in business there would be
but one thing for him to do and that
would be to make an assignment. Our
people are bending beneath the weight
of taxes which go through the city treas-
ury like water through a sieve. And yet
the council proceeds calmly to order
the opening of new streets at a cost of
several thousands of dollars. The contractor
who undertakes this work does it at his
own risk. Any citizen can enjoin the
city against paying these bills. The
finance committee seem to have very pecu-
liar ideas of business which might be
appropriately compiled into a volume
that should be entitled Progress to Poverty.

The announcement that twenty-three
hundred people heard or attempted to
hear Elder Brandt's sermon at the
Opera House last night is most gratifying
to all good citizens. People love to go to
the Opera House. It is a comfortable,
pleasant place to spend the evening.
The News would like to have religious
services there every Sunday night in the
year, the different ministers taking turns
and those from neighboring cities com-
ing in to lend a hand. Mr. Brandt is
doing good work in the city and deserves
encouragement. He has some faults pecu-
liar to young ministers which will dis-
appear with age, among them a posi-
tive way of asserting his opinions
as if there were no appeal from his
decisions and an underrating of the
great good that has been accomplished
in the world outside of the narrow lines
of church work. For instance, he makes the
sweeping assertion that all the distin-
guished scientists, the noted atheists, the
ancient religions have been a woeful fail-
ure in casting out the evil of the world and
substituting good, a charge that cannot be
substantiated. In referring to Spiritualism
he declares: "All who practice these
arts are deceivers that which is abominable
in the sight of God and are on the road
to ruin. These are the works of wicked
and bad men and women, who subvert
all iniquity and immorality, men who
are under the influence of Satan. . . . As
to the fate of these wicked people, unless
they repent of their wickedness they will
perish, they will be tormented, they will
be cast into outer darkness and con-
sumed by the wrath of God."

Who is this Elder Brandt that he
should thus assume to dispose eternally
of God's creatures? There are many
cultured, intelligent and conscientious
people among the believers in Spiritualism.
There are also many who are
ignorant, superstitious and immoral. The
same is true of the churches. The divine
Master, whom Mr. Brandt claims to
represent, would never have uttered so
sweeping a condemnation. Liberty
toward all denominations and a charitable
tolerance for those whose belief is differ-
ent from our own, should be cardinal
principles of Christianity.

NOW.

When you shall walk in pensive mood
The happy paths we used to know,
And sweet and gentle thoughts intrude,
And tender dreams of Long Ago,
How will your wakened spirit bear
This bitter pang, its bleak despair?

When in your heart, as now in mine,
Shall throb the pulse of sleepless grief—
Some soothing earthly or divine
In that dark hour can bring relief—
How will you mourn o'er wasted bliss
That wild moment long for this!

The echo of a silent word,
An exhalation of the dew,
A lonely sigh at midnight heard
In depth of some funeral yew—
These shall be more, in that black day,
Than your true love lost past away.

Then scorn no more the present hour,
Nor crush the roses while they bloom!
The best of time has only power
To hang a garland on a tomb;
And all that lasts when years are sped
Is hopeless memory of the dead.

—William Winter, in Harper's Weekly.

THAT DREADFUL TRAMP.

How Miss Penn Tried to Put Him on the Right Pathway.

When Laura Penn found herself friend-
less in the world, all her possessions
bounded by the four sides of a Saratoga
trunk, and with a purse in her pocket
holding exactly nineteen dollars and
twenty-five cents, she felt it necessary
to think of something besides her
troubles, unless she desired to become
dependent on charity. She was now
paying a visit to a friend, but she was
aware that visits should never be too
long.

The details of the causes that had
combined to throw her on her own re-
sources at nineteen years of age are not
necessary. Death, as you may suppose,
had been very busy, and there had been
the old story of a name signed for a
friend, bankruptcy, a home sold at auc-
tion, and a broken heart.

Laura had nothing to do with all this
but to look on and wonder: to weep first
for her mother, and then for her father,
and to find herself dressed in black and
quite alone on earth.

One thing she had, however, that the
auctioneer's hammer could not rob her
of—a good education. She could cer-
tainly teach. The thought came into
her mind one morning as she opened her
eyes, and with it the question: "How
shall I get a class or a school?" Adver-
tisement seemed to be the usual way, so
the girl advertised. If she had not
been very ignorant of the ways of the
world, she would certainly have given
initials or the number of a post-office
box; but as she was a mere baby in all
that pertained to the working world,
the advertisement ended with: "Ad-
dress Miss Laura Penn, No. — street."

Happily her friends did not read the
advertisements, so she was spared advice
and lecture and information as to the
impropriety of her conduct; and the ad-
vertisement resulted in a single call.

About nine o'clock the bell rang. A
portly man inquired for Miss Laura
Penn, and the girl hurried down stairs,
expecting to see the principal of a very
important seminary for young girls
anxious to secure her services. In the
shadow of the curtained parlor she
could see only a figure of large dimen-
sions, which arose and advanced toward
her.

"You don't know me," said a soft,
kindly old woman's voice, "but I've
known you from a babe. I served your
pa and ma with milk when you took it
from a bottle. I used to ride in with
my old man when first we were mar-
ried; later, when I was a widow, I served
myself. But all along I've seen my boy
frequent, and if your pa failed, he paid
up noble. And when I see that you
needed to teach, and wanted a school, I
said, 'The poor child!'—here the old
lady was forced to hunt for her handker-
chief to wipe away her tears—"The
poor child! when she'd been brought up,
so to speak, on cream, to come to earn-
ing her own bread. But since she's in
want of a school to teach, thank fortune
I've got one to give her, if she'll take
it."

"O, I remember you very well now,
Mrs. Cliff," said Laura, who was in tears
herself. "And the milk was always so
good, and how kind of you to tell me
about a school. I suppose you serve it
with milk."

"No, Miss Penn, I don't," said Mrs.
Cliff. "It's only a day school, but I
board the teacher and I make her drink
all she can, for I believe milk to be
wholesome, and the way some of 'em
fatten up is astonishing. I don't say it
because I have a dairy, but the truth is
the truth. It's the district school at our
place, and Miss Chester, who taught last
year, is married, and I can get it for you
if you like. Twenty-five dollars a month
and board in. I'll arrange it shall be
with me, as I did last year. There's no
great distance to walk and my family is
only me and my boy and my husband's
sister, and you'll be quite quiet, as folks
like to be after affliction. I know that
myself."

"A country school. I love the country
so much; I shall be very glad, indeed,"
said Laura. "And I am so much obliged,
Mrs. Cliff."

So it was settled, and after a certain
delay, and a curious ceremony, supposed
to be a strict examination of the new
teacher, had been performed, Laura
found herself and her trunk in Mrs.
Cliff's front, up-stairs bedroom and mis-
tress of a little barn-like school-house in
the midst of the woods.

The scholars were all young and there
were not many of them. The books were
not the best of their sort; the black-board
was gray with age, and there was a map
of the United States on the wall which, had
it been studied by the scholars, would have
misled them as to the number of territories.
However, most of the babies were still
in their A. B. C.'s, or words of one syl-
lable; and Laura hoped to influence the
economical board to greater generosity
in time. She had suffered so much that
she could not expect happiness until
time had come to her aid, and rude sur-
roundings or inelegant appointments
made little matter. The children were
good enough; the little girls caressing
flowers and big apples were on her desk
every morning. Little mouths were
lifted to her own in good-bye kisses.
Any boy of them all was ready to do
escort duty; but the wood-path, though
long and lonely, only delighted her; and
Mrs. Cliff was kind and motherly. On
the whole, her lines had not fallen in
unpleasant places.

For a month after Laura Penn began
to teach the school the weather was

clear and bright, as September often is;
but with October came a Monday with a
great storm. The roads were sodden,
the trees dripped; people kept their lit-
tle girls at home. The boys came
splashing in under waterproof coats, and
with rubber boots to their knees, and
boasted of their bravery; and the
teacher's lighted a little fire in the big
wood stove that they might dry them-
selves. That was fun for all. Mean-
while, not to lose time, she set the
multiplication table.
Suddenly a big voice joined in the
chorus—"Twice ten are twenty; twice
eleven are twenty-two; twice twelve are
twenty-four;" and turning with a start,
Laura saw a figure, soaked in mud—mud
on his hair, mud on his nose, mud to his
waist—standing in the door. A tramp,
certainly. She had heard such dreadful
things of tramps that she turned pale.
Still, in such a rain she could have
bolted the door in his face, if it had
been in her power.

"A fire!" said the tramp, advancing. "I
expected nothing as good as that. May
I come nearer, or am I too muddy?"

"Bring a chair, Johnny," said the
teacher. "It is dreadful weather. He
must have been sleeping out of doors,"
she said to herself.

The tramp confirmed her suspicions
by remarking, as he took the chair:
"This is weather, and I've been in the
woods all night. I presume I need wash-
ing the worst way."

"The teacher" saw an opportunity for
efforts in the sanitary line.

"Johnny," she said, "show the young
man where the wash basin and water
bucket are, and you may give him a
clean towel from the shelf."

Johnny obeyed. He led the way; the
tramp followed him, and returned much
improved in appearance—quite clean, in
fact—having been, as he said, "broomed
down" by the useful Johnny.

He was steaming beautifully shortly,
and continued to join in the exercises of
the school, adding wood to the fire oc-
casional, until noon-time came. As yet
he had done nothing desperate, but, as
he eyed the cans and baskets, he re-
marked:

"I wish I had my lunch with me. I
assure you, I missed my supper and
had no breakfast. I am conscious of a
vacuum."

"Now, perhaps," thought Laura, "the
time has come."

She flew to her desk.
"I have some lunch here," she said,
offering a flask filled by good Mrs.
Cliff with short-cake, cheese and mince
pie, and a bottle of milk.

The tramp looked at it.
"The spirit is unwilling," he said, "but
the flesh is weak. I'll take half."

And accordingly Laura made a fair
division, thinking that this was a very
amiable tramp, indeed, intended for bet-
ter things. Indeed, he was handsome
even in the case of dry mud he wore.

She wished she were of the order of
people who can give advice gratis. She
wanted to reform him. But she could
not bring herself to preaching. Only
when he arose to leave, the rain falling
no longer in torrents, but having sub-
sided into a drizzle, she went to the door
with him.

"Take this little path," she said. "It
will lead you straight to the village. I
am sure you must be tired of such hard-
ships as you experienced last night, and
if you will go to the parsonage, Mr. Par-
son will put you in the way of—of find-
ing your way into a better path."

And then she slipped twenty-five cents into
his hand.

He looked at her curiously.
"You are very kind," he said. "I
hope you will never need half of any-
body's luncheon."

He was gone. His voice trembled,
she was sure; but later she heard some-
body laughing at a distance. It could
not have been that tramp.

She went home when school was over
and told the tale to Mrs. Cliff.

"A tramp!" cried that good woman.
"It's a mercy you are alive. They've
got the souls of gorillas, and I expect if
you hadn't had so many boys about you,
you'd not be here to tell of it. This
region isn't often tramped, either. It's
off the track. I hope there's no more
in the woods."

Miss Penn sat down to her supper.
Half a luncheon had left her hungry,
but while she ate the pork and beans
with a will there came a knock at the
door. At it stood a servant in a sort of
livery. "Master's compliments," he
said, and handed her a bouquet of hot-
house flowers, from the stems of which
depended a little note.

She opened the note at once. Within
was a silver quarter of a dollar and
these words:

"MY DEAR MISS PENN: I return the twenty-
five-cent piece, or rather another in its place.
You were so good to the tramp that I hated
to undeceive you. I went out shooting yester-
day, and was what you saw when I reached the
school-house at nine o'clock. I never was so
hungry before. The half of your luncheon was
delicious. Will you permit me to call to make
my apologies? Mrs. Cliff knows who I am, and
can introduce us."

Yours thankfully and sincerely,
ANDREW BELLAIRE.

Laura Penn read the note, through
twice.

"He was not a tramp, then, after all,"
she said. "What an idiot he must think
me!" and she handed the note to Mrs.
Cliff.

"He is a son of old General Bellaire,
the richest man in the place: just home
from traveling in Europe," cried the old
lady, "and it's just as plain as a pike-
staff that he is smitten, and wants to
come a courting you."

Events proved that she was right. The
little teacher who shared her luncheon
with the tramp in the old school-house
in the wood is now Mrs. Bellaire.—N. Y.
Ledger.

The Thinker.
The best thinker is he who gladly wel-
comes every aid, who is hospitable to
every thought, who weighs every opin-
ion, respects every honest conviction,
and thankfully adopts such ideas as ap-
prove themselves to his judgment, yet at
the same time so works over all he re-
ceives in the crucible of his own mind
that the gold is purified and the dross ex-
pelled. When he gives it to others by
lip or pen, it is not less but more his
very own than if he had not enriched his
mind from so many sources.—New York
Ledger.

Boys and Girls.
An enthusiastic young horse owner in
Maine has several crack colts, also a fine
family of boys, of whom he is justly

proud, but like many other fathers he is
bothered to remember their ages. The
other day he surprised his wife by giving
the exact age of one of the babies to a
lady. "Why, how came you to remember
that?" she asked. "Don't you remem-
ber?" replied the fond father, "he was
born on the same day as our two-year-old
colt."—Lewiston Journal.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE NEWS.—Will confer a
favor if they will report to the office any
failure of the part of the route boys to deliver
the paper.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of
the Church and Society connected with
the First Congregational Church 61 Terre Haute,
will be held in the Church parlors on Tuesday
evening, January 7th, 1890, at 7:30, for the elec-
tion of two trustees, hear reports, and to trans-
act such other business as may properly come
before the meeting.

BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES.

NOTICE.

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
The oldest active Life Insurance Company in
America.

The largest Life Company in existence.
The strongest Financial Institution in the
world.
Assets, over \$120,000,000.
Annual income, \$9,000,000.
Has paid policy holders \$28,000,000.

It is the SAFEST company in which to insure.
All claims paid promptly and in full.
It is the Cheapest, as
It pays larger dividends to policyholders than
any other.

It has no stockholders.
All profits go to the policyholders.
Its ratio of expenses to receipts is less than any
other company.

Its new policy is the most liberal ever offered
by any company.
It is simple and definite—no ambiguities.
It is practically without restriction, non-for-
feitable and irrevocable.

TAKE SO OTHER.
RIDDLE, HAMILTON & CO.,
Agents.

ELECTION NOTICE.
VIGO COUNTY NATIONAL BANK.
Notice is hereby given that the annual meet-
ing of the stockholders of the above bank will
be held at their banking house on Tuesday,
January 1st, 1890, at 10 A. M. for the purpose of
electing nine (9) directors for the ensuing year.
CASH, W. CONN, Cashier.

WANTED.

Persons out of employment and desiring situa-
tions can advertise in this column free of charge.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—House and 36 feet lot, 918 North
Third street, 4 rooms, cellar, cistern, good
outbuilding, price \$800. T. H. RIDDLE,
509 Ohio street.

FOR SALE—House—Elegant seven room
house on corner lot of 36 feet front on
south sixth street, gas, water, cellar, all modern
improvements. Good outbuildings. Price
\$5,000. Small payment down, balance on
as long time as desired, 7 per cent interest. T.
H. Riddle, 509 Ohio street.

FOR SALE—House and lot on south Seventh
street, four blocks from Wabash ave.
Will sell cheap. House and 88 feet of ground near Tool
works, price \$800.

30 acres near city, in north part, a good
chance for speculation.
Vacant lots in all parts of the city on easy
terms.
Call on T. H. RIDDLE,
509 Ohio street.

FOR SALE—Three lots off the Southeast
corner of Fifth and Linton streets, price
\$60 per foot. First buyer gets first choice of
either corner or inside lots at same price per
foot. Terms cash. Call between the hours of
10 and 5 at the McGregor residence, 44 North
Sixth street.

FOR SALE—A neat five room cottage, cen-
trally located, nice woodwork, gas
throughout. Convenient to Hinds and
other mills and can be bought on easy monthly
payments.
RIDDLE, HAMILTON & CO.,
20 south Sixth street.

FOR SALE—Dr. Fimberg's infallible remedy
for chronic rheumatism, diseases of the
kidneys and scrofula, at Geo. Kocher's grocery,
618 South Fourth street.

FOR SALE—Old papers at 50c per hundred,
suitable for housecleaning purposes. In-
quire at Daily News office.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—Any sum, easy terms.
RIDDLE, HAMILTON & CO.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

STATE OF INDIANA, COUNTY OF VIGO,
In the Vigo Circuit Court, November Term,
1889. Marion Balle vs. Willie V. Henderson and
Jacob O. Huckerger, in fore-closure. Number
15,546.

Be it known, that on the 30th day of Novem-
ber, 1889, it was ordered by the court that the
clerk notify by publication said defendants, as
non-resident defendants, of the pendency of this
action against them. Said defendants are
hereby notified of the pendency of said action
against them, and that the same will stand for
trial January 23, 1890, the same being the Novem-
ber term of said court in the year 1890.
JOHN C. WARREN,
Clerk.

T. W. Harper, Attorney.

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