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L. A. HARPER, Managing Editor.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1890.

NOW IS THE TIME TO WORK.

The enumeration just completed gives 7,627 voters in this city. There was a total of 4,556 votes cast in Terre Haute at the township election, considerably less than two-thirds of the whole vote. A two-thirds vote at a township election, however, ought to mean almost a full vote at a municipal election. It has been a number of years since as much interest was manifested in the spring elections as is at present indicated. From appearances nothing will prevent a full vote but two poor tickets. Whether we have such tickets or not depends largely upon the people themselves. Each ward has several men who have by common consent or otherwise assumed the leadership of that ward. Let these men understand that candidates must not be put upon the ticket for political purposes only. The people have reached a point where they do not propose to be sold out. They are tired of paying the fiddler for somebody else to dance. To quote the language of the Chicago News, "The citizens have learned an important lesson from the ill success of undrilled and unofficerized decency in assailing vice's well ordered battalions." Our people seem to be fully determined to act together in the interests of good government provided suitable candidates are presented for their suffrages.

The political parties seemed so thoroughly alive to the demand for clean, capable tickets that the independent, movement, which was assuming large proportions, was abandoned. It is fully believed that one or both of the two parties will present a list of candidates that will be as acceptable as any which could have been selected by the large element which is determined upon municipal reform. The News has been urged by the most substantial business men in the city to advocate an independent ticket but we have considered that to do this would be simply to divide the respectable vote and leave a clear field to the disreputable element. The two parties certainly understand the feeling of the tax payers and business men upon this subject. There is little doubt but that one of the two parties will give us an acceptable ticket. Should there be an attempt to ring in one or two "trustees," it may be possible to substitute a candidate on the other ticket for these names.

The News is not ready to attribute the present financial muddle entirely to one party. It is true that the enforced purchase of the aerial truck, from its conception to its conclusion, has been a Democratic measure. It is also equally true that the passage of a liquor license, which would have afforded great financial relief, could have been secured if the two Republican members, Storz and Thomas, had voted with the Big Four in the council. The fact is that both parties have allowed an unprincipled gang to control the nominations for several years, and neither ticket, with a few notable exceptions, has been worthy of the votes of honest men. There is evidence that our first-class business men are going to take a hand in this election and exert a very decided influence in the nominations. The News believes that it will have a large following in its determination to support the candidates who will give us the best administration, regardless of the politics of the party which names them. The first primaries, the Republican, will be held next Monday night. There are only a few days left for effective work. Let them be fully employed in every ward. After Monday night it will be too late to enter any protest.

This President is said to be appalled at the number of bills for public buildings that have been presented for his signature. He has sent a clerk to the Capital to find out how many of these bills are still pending in the two houses of Congress and will probably be referred to him for approval, as it seems to be understood that every one is to be passed that is introduced. He does not exactly want to illustrate the statement made by his predecessor that "there will be an Allentown for every Sowden," but he realizes, as do all sensible people, that there must be a half on this reckless expenditure of money. If the people of a district can not be made "solid" for the party without being bought up by a public building they can not be trusted after they have got their building. Congressmen should remember that there are several ways of reducing a surplus and government buildings are only one of the methods. They should also assure themselves that the surplus needs reducing. Just now there is considerable talk of a deficit in several departments.

Mrs. L. M. BARRY, one of the most talented speakers who ever took the platform in be-

half of the labor question, was married a few days ago to O. R. Lake, Master Workman of the District Assembly of the Knights of Labor at St. Louis, which will be their home. A few years ago Mrs. Barry was left a widow with two children to support which she tried to do by working in a factory. Becoming greatly interested in the labor problems which are agitating the country she finally took the platform and has since been in full charge of the woman's branch of the Knights of Labor, organizing lodges and speaking throughout the country. At the great National Council of Women held in Washington two years ago, which was addressed by the most talented speakers of this and other countries, Mrs. Barry's speech was one of the most popular delivered and attracted the attention of the country. If she follows the example of most women who marry the world will hear of her no more.

It may be remarked casually that the eight hour heaven that is about to open to a portion of the world's toilers will not include farmers nor the women who do their own housework. These two classes will work nineteen hours a day, as heretofore. The slaves who get out the morning newspapers will do the same.—Indianapolis Journal.

Yes, and those who get out an evening paper and myriads of clerks in stores and offices and poor sewing women and a very large majority of the laboring people will continue to toil from ten to eighteen hours a day and glad and thankful to get the work to do. This is a hard world but perhaps it will grow easier after awhile. And surely all these toilers will rejoice that the light is breaking for some of their number. Even those to whom an eight hour day seems a hope never to be realized will be glad to know that it seems very near to others of their fellow workers, and when the principle is once established and the heaven begins to work, emancipation will dawn for a class which knows much more of the darkness than the light of life.

The Chicago News says under the head of "Ratier Reticient":

Yesterday several of the ministers at the ministers' meeting were asked to express their views on gambling. They did not apparently feel enough interest in the matter to venture opinions. The pulpit of Chicago was also silent on Sunday upon the gambling question. The newspapers have much to complain of in this respect. The ministers will call privately at their offices and congratulate them on the great good they are accomplishing and bid them God speed, but they neglect to supplement this work by sermons on this line from the pulpit. It is a rare thing to hear a discourse on Sunday that touches any of the great questions that are of vital interest to the welfare of the community. Either the ministers have gotten into a rut and cannot get out or they lack the necessary knowledge of public affairs or they have not the courage to speak boldly, or else there is some other reason. Must the people look to the newspapers only for guidance upon the practical questions of the day?

The News said a few days ago that Attorney Taylor would not accept a fee on both sides of a case but that he was drawing a salary from the city as the defense and representing the Babcock company as the plaintiff in the truck case. It seems we were mistaken as a pretty well defined rumor has it that Mr. Taylor has demanded a fee from Hyabgar. The latter draws his salary to represent the city and acts as the agent of the Babcock company against the city. Here are a pair of them who catch the dollars a coin and catch them a gain.

An old bachelor who died in Connecticut a few days ago said he would be perfectly happy if he could swallow every dollar of the \$100,000 he had accumulated in his lifetime. This is not singular. We know men who swallow every dollar as fast as they make it and seem to find a great deal of pleasure in the process.

MAYOR DANALSON'S heroic attitude in the aerial truck case reminds one of the old maid who declared there was only one rope in the house and that was on the bureau. "Nothing will make me sign that warrant but a mandamus and you will find one in the Superior Court."

It is said Mrs. Cleveland is looking very pale of late. Almost any woman would turn pale to see her husband gaining ten pounds of flesh a week.

THE PEOPLES COLUMN.

TERRE HAUTE, April 23d, 1890.

To the Editor of The News:

In guessing on the attendance of the opening game of ball with Evansville, must the guess be handed in before the game or not? Please answer in to-day's paper. Respectfully,
T.

[We intended making this so plain that no one could misunderstand, but it seems our meaning is somewhat clouded. We meant to say that all guesses must be in our possession prior to the opening of the game next Tuesday. Another thing that seems misty to quite a number, ANYONE can make these guesses, it is not limited to the subscribers of THE NEWS, but is open to the public. You can make just as many guesses as you may desire, provided they are made upon the blank cut from THE NEWS.—ED.]

THE BALL GUESSES.
To the Editor of The News:
Suppose I should purchase fifty copies of THE NEWS and cut out the blanks to be used in guessing on the attendance at the opening base ball game of the Inter State League, am I entitled to fifty guesses.
BASS BALL CHANCE.

[You are entitled to as many guesses as you have blanks. Each subscriber of THE NEWS may each day cut out the blank, and on the last day of the guessing contest send them all in to THE NEWS with one guess on each blank. Anyone purchasing extra copies of THE NEWS may make a guess on each blank.
The season ticket costs THE NEWS \$10. Read THE NEWS and send in your guesses.—ED.]

TRY THE NEWS one month. The carrier will collect for it every Saturday. Only 10 cents.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

The lights are dim and the fire burns low,
The flickering shadows come and go;
My furrow'd cheek is bedew'd with tears,
As memory travels back through the years.

Scenes that are past come gliding along,
Bringing with them sweetest matches of song;
Tender low tones of voice now still,
Pierce through my soul with a joyous thrill.

Flashes of light, gleaming red,
That a fair tress on a graceful head;
Beautiful eyes, so fond and so true,
Look into mine as they used to do.

Kisses so lightly yet fervently given,
Reveal unto me a glimpse of heaven;
Dear little hands I was wont to bless
Gently fondle and sweetly caress.

Hover about me, touching my brow,
Filling my breast with the old time glow,
Causing my pulses to beat again,
With feelings of mine I joy and pain.

Thou'lt bow'd my form and hair now white,
Memories stir me deeply to-night,
While lights are dim and the fire burns low,
And flickering shadows come and go.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE TRAIN DISPATCHER.

The office clock ticked with a steady swing, the long pendulum oscillated between the ends of the arc with a monotonous regularity that made one sleepy. The air was damp and chilly outside, only to make the grate a dispenser of warmth and comfort. The constant clicking at my desk relieved the loneliness, as I sat with my thumb and two fingers on the key and my eyes on the clock dial sending the trains in security along the various lines of the road.

The comfort and happiness of men, women and children were entrusted to my vigilant care. The responsibility of the position can only be appreciated by one who is, or has been, placed in a similar position. I sat all alone with invisible glances fixed on the network of iron bands, where trains were sweeping over miles of space with lightning speed, while the far reaching throb of electric power came to me from distant stations to locate every movement that guided my unerring judgment.

Every delayed train became an object of concern as it sidetracked for the regular or made up the time between long runs, thus keeping my nerves up to the tension which made life a constant round of duty.

I looked drowsily at the clock, my eyes were heavy with sleep. Oh! for something to rouse me. I walked the narrow space in front of the railing. I opened the door; the cool air blew on my face to bring new life to the sluggish blood that was stealing all my senses. I involuntarily shivered, as the cool breath of night swept through me to make me draw nearer to the fire.

I peered into the glowing bank of coals only to relapse into deeper unconsciousness, when a rap at the door startled me. Glad to escape from the incubus that made me dull, I welcomed the intruder with a bluff:

"Come in."

A rough looking figure stood by my side. The broad brimmed stouch hat half concealed the fierce look that made me feel uncomfortable as his wild looking eyes stared steadily into mine. Was the man a lunatic just escaped from the asylum? Insanity was evidently stamped upon the neglected face.

"Are you the operator?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Here is a note for you. You dare not refuse the request contained in the letter. You recognize the handwriting?"

I hurriedly glanced along the lines to catch the import. My heart stood still.

"Go! I will wait at the appointed place."

"I was instructed to see that you did come. I will show you the way."

I glanced at the face, upon which a frigid, determined look had settled with a savagery that made me tremble. The letter was before me. Without noticing the remark, I read every line that burned into my brain.

"Wait. I will come."

I arose from my seat, glanced sharply at the clock, noted the time, which was propitious, for I could spare an hour without danger; drew on my overcoat and followed the strange man, who seemed entirely oblivious to surroundings as he strode forward with an energy that made walking anything but a pleasure.

I halted and dropped behind a corner; in a moment his clanking, bony fingers were around my throat. I was powerless to resist. A choking sensation made me weak and timid. With a movement that seemed to understand the strong grip on my neck was relaxed. Again we strode forward to turn into byways which were unknown to me.

I was betrayed; what was the terrible danger that made my duty a culpable neglect? Already the moments were flying, a chilly sensation swept through every nerve as I thought of the helpless lives entrusted to my keeping; but onward he strode. I could feel the basilisk charm of the bloodshot eyes that resembled coals of fire as they cast watchful glances behind. We halted at a remote house on the suburbs; with a heavy rap he stood waiting for an entrance, while his inhuman expression was intensified by the sickly gleam of a single tallow dip, whose dull rays struggled through the dingy panes.

A shuffling gait from within and a cautious turn of the key opened the door to reveal the outlines of a bent figure that shaded the candle with one hand, while a suspicious, cunning stare was fixed upon the newcomers.

Without a remonstrance I followed my guide through the rickety passage that ended at a low, wide portal, which was securely closed. Quietly the limping figure drew from the faded cloak a bunch of keys and with extreme deliberation pushed open the door.

The subdued hum of voices reached us faintly as we passed along a narrow, dark stairway that at the further end united a flood of light almost blinded our eyes. We entered the door was closed. The low celled room was filled with rough looking men. Winchester and pistols were the principal ornaments, as they hung from painted pegs or lay carelessly around within easy reach.

A look of astonishment that I could not conceal caused a roar of laughter as they handed my evil genius a flask of brandy and shoved him into one corner, where he was soon lost to the present, as he reclined in a drunken stupor.

"Come, young chap, you see we decyphered you; take a hand just for luck."

"I have no money."

"Here is a pile of chips, blue, red and white. You see we sorter thought you how you was lonesome up there and sent

Dick to find you. We will treat you right if you behave yourself. Come make your ante, you keep the game waiting."

I was fond of poker, but the game was as far from my thoughts as the stars from my present position. I played mechanically; luck smiled in every jack pot. I could not lose. I grew immensely in the estimation of my captors. Every moment was an agony, for I could see what the result of neglected duty would be. I continued to play, the stakes were in my hands.

Rough applause followed every lucky turn of the game. I called for four cards, my opponent did likewise; their hot whisky breaths were on my face. I threw down my hand, four aces, and ended the game.

"Young chap, the money is yours by right, you cleaned us all out; but we will make a haul to-night that will be worth something."

I sat upright, the whole truth flashed upon me—a train robbery. I located the very spot; what a fearful sacrifice of life; oh, what horror numbed me!

"Young chap, you can find your way back the best you can; for the damage has been done at this time." As he spoke he drew a watch from his pocket and stared fixedly at the face. I stole a glance, his time was fast. I scarcely breathed; it might not be too late.

I stood alone in the deserted street, a hack moved slowly by, I sprang to the seat and thrust a five dollar bill into the driver's hand. "Drive for your life to the depot." He cast one glance at the money, the horses were in a mad gallop as we whirled by corners with a recklessness that was dangerous. The hack drew up at the entrance. I sprang from the seat and flew to my room.

The fire had gone down; the room was chilly; I awoke with a start, and with a horror stricken face I noted the time, twenty minutes to 12; cold beads of perspiration stood upon my forehead. Just twenty minutes to avert a disastrous accident.

I staggered to the instrument; but one station between mangled limbs and safety. If I can hold No. 4—I can hold No. 4. I sounded the call with an eagerness that was startling; with my eyes on the clock I pressed the button down with a hopeless despair, and yet no answer. The time was almost up, five minutes more and it would be too late.

I closed my eyes to see visions of two trains that were masses of torn and shattered splinters. I could even hear the groans of the wounded and dying. My heart gave a fierce beat of joy—"Hello, what is the matter?" "Side track No. 4 quick, for God's sake," and none too soon, as the lightning express swept by like a whirlwind.

I looked into the glass, my hair was as white as a snow bank.

I never touched the key again.—Junius L. Hempstead in New Orleans Picayune.

Was It Murder?

Precedent in China is followed so strictly that a provincial governor was put in a desperate quandary recently because he could find no previous authority for judging a case which came before him. A young man who had been brutally treated by his uncle and aunt determined to kill the latter, as the more cruel of the two. However, in shooting at the wife he killed the husband by accident. The governor studied all the law books with in reach, and he then informed the Peking government that he could find no account of the proper way to deal with a case of murdering one's elder relative by mistake for another. While awaiting further instructions, accordingly, he sentenced the criminal to undergo the penalty for murdering an uncle—death by slow degrees.—London Graphic.

He Was Very Tender.

At a gathering of ministers in London one speaker told an anecdote which admits of large and varied application. It was the story of a minister who said some strong things about horse racing. He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members at a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him."

In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said:

"I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself," said the man. "It is a very poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."—London Tit Bits.

Fancy the Reflections of the Watch Maker.

"It is not generally known, even among shoe dealers," said a shoe manufacturer, "that the hooks which serve in place of eyes for the laces of men's shoes were invented by a little old watch maker in Aurora Springs, Mo. His name is Klinger, and he still lives there, working at his trade. He sold his patent for the hooks to a Boston man who was out there looking for health, the price paid being \$500. Last year the royalties on these hooks yielded the present owner of the patent the neat income of \$300,000."—New York Sun.

A Job for Solomon.

A question such as might have been brought before Solomon recently came up in Waterville. A party bought from another that portion of a building which lay above the level of the lower side of the sills. The granite doorstep proved to be half above and half below the dividing line. The seller of the property claimed the stone, the purchaser resisted the claim, and the matter finally had to be left to the decision of a lawyer.—Leveiston Journal.

Reasons for Keeping Awake.

The sermon was fearfully dry and half the congregation was dozing.

"Why don't you follow their example?" whispered one sister to an unusually wide-awake man next to him.

"You see I can't with any courtesy; I don't belong to this church."—Philadelphia Times.

In the Street Car.

Old Gentlemen (excitedly)—Didn't you know that was a fifty cent piece I gave you that you put in the box?

His Vis-a-Vis (calmly)—Oh, yes! But such a bore to make change.—Buckett.

Since the Extradition Treaty.

Professional Boddler—There's Canada! Bystander—What about her?

Foreigner—She isn't what she used to be.—Chicago Times.

What's the matter with THE NEWS? It's all right. Only 10 cents a week.

AT THE RACES.

Two of the Dear Girls Have a Highly Exciting Time.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Maude, as the horses sped over the course.

"Perfectly divine," replied Mamie, in an ecstatic tone. "Isn't that little fellow on the black horse cute?"

"Yes; but I don't think his clothes are nearly as pretty as the one on the other side of him."

"Well, I don't care; I'll bet on the other one."

"Oh, let's."

"Let's what?"

"Bet."

"All right. I've got two car tickets, and I'll bet them."

"I'll bet my glove buttoner."

"The one with the pearl handle?"

"Yes; I don't care much if I do lose it; it isn't very pretty."

"Then I won't bet."

"I wonder who measures the horses?"

"Nobody, I guess."

"Oh, I'm sure somebody does, because Charley said he made lots of money betting on short horses."

"Well, let's bet."

"All right; I bet."

"So do I."

"Why, they don't act as if they were trying to run."

"Of course not; they're through running."

"Who won?"

"I don't know. You can have the car tickets. It's all over. There comes Will Hastings with the carriage."

"Well, I've had a lovely time."

"So have I; I wouldn't think of going to the races now without betting. It's awfully exciting, isn't it?"—Washington Post.

A Case for Prudence.

"Do you know, darling," he said, "I once read of a young couple like we are, just sitting this same way, as we are, and the girl complained that the gas hurt her eyes. What did he do but go over and blow it out. And when it was more than time for him to go they were both found insensible from its effects."

"What a pity she didn't think of telling him just to turn it down," was the sympathetic comment. "I'm sure you'd never blow it out, would you, George?"

"I couldn't now, dear," he murmured earnestly. "For I see you have been prudent enough not to light it."—Philadelphia Times.

Out Collecting.

Collector—Mr. Hardup in Mrs. Hardup—No; he's out collecting.

C.—That's what you told me the last time I was here.

Mrs. H.—Yes.

C.—At the time before that.

Mrs. H.—Yes.

C. (sarcastically)—He don't seem to have much success.

Mrs. H. (as she slams the door in his face)—Seems to have as much success as you have. —Texas Sittings.

A Fetching Performance.

"Did you ever play Hamlet?" said one young actor to another.

"No; but I played the ghost once in a western town."

"How did you get along?"

"I made a great impression. I did the part so realistically that members of the audience began shooting at me to see whether I was really alive or not."—Washington Post.

He Was Deaf.

Will—They say you are deaf. Is it true, Bill?

Bill—Well, yes, I am deaf to certain sounds. That's a peculiarity of deaf people, you know.

Will—Oh, I see. Can you lend me five dollars?

Bill—What's that? Please speak louder. I can scarcely hear a word you say.—Yankee Blade.

She Kept Most of Them.

"Doesn't that lady keep boarders?" asked a friend as Billy Bliven lifted his hat on the street.

"Well, yes," said Billy. "Some manage to escape once in a while, but in the main she is pretty successful."—Washington Post.

The Fate of a Superannuated Elephant.

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THE DAUNTLESS.

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HULMAN'S Dauntless Coffee.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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DR. COBB'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY SCIENTIFICALLY AND HONESTLY PREPARED.

FOR THE BLOOD!

Is a Highly Concentrated Medicine, NOT A BEVERAGE. Being an Alternative, it is designed to mingle with, vitalize and Purify every drop of blood in the body.

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IMPORTANCE OF THE LIVER.

Few people recognize the importance of a well-regulated liver in the human body. This enormous gland, the largest in the system, weighs in its normal state from three to four pounds. Its function is to separate the biliary secretions from the blood, and if it fails to operate properly Dr. Cobb's Vegetable Compound will restore its tone and bring back lost health.

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