

## THE DAILY NEWS.

Vol. I. NO. 267.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER,  
Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday,  
BY THE

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

TELEPHONE CALL 181.

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POST OFFICE AS  
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
ONE YEAR.....\$5.00  
PER WEEK, BY CARRIER.....10 CTS.All correspondence should be addressed to the  
NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1890.

The bee which buzzes in the bonnet of an aspirant for political honors too often leaves its sting which produces an aggravated case of "swollen head."

Mr. King intends keeping his eye on his resolution to enforce the law. The public has its eye on Mr. King, a councilman who has the courage of his convictions.

The Express grumbled because a police clerk, who happened to be a Democrat and the best police officer on the force, was retained. Not a word has been said about the fire plug matter, whereby the city can save \$4,000 yearly.

The way of the thumper is hard. Only yesterday it was considered an honor to "shake the hand that shook Sullivan's." Now the hand of the bully is refused by a self-respecting newspaper man. Sullivan was popular once. Then he wanted to run for congress and his glory departed. Political aspirations seems to have knocked him out.

The organ of the present administration has been positively asseverating that the city would put in excellent sanitary condition by the Board of Health. The hot weather is here and no time should be lost. The city is wretchedly dirty and offensive odors arise from refuse and debris scattered in the streets and alleys. Instead of talking about cleaning up why can it not be done quickly? The sanitary force is not large enough to investigate the condition of the entire city. Delays are dangerous to public health. What is to be done should be done as speedily as possible.

The census enumerators' work in Terre Haute has been miserably done. It has come to light that there has been gross negligence. Startling developments are coming to the surface. One of the most prominent citizens has not been called on. He was not at his residence when the enumerator called. His wife was also absent. The information was given by a colored servant. This man is worth in the hundreds of thousands and a servant answered for him. Other instances are known in which help gave information for the entire household. Dozens of men are known who have not yet been called on, and no doubt will not be. The census thus far shows about 32,000 population. Every one knows that there are more people in Terre Haute.

It is a matter of regret that Major McKinley's district was gerrymandered by the Democratic legislature of Ohio. The complexion of the district is now estimated at 2,500 majority against the Republicans. McKinley is an exponent of the high protection idea. He is looked upon as the one great representative of the doctrine, dominant in the Republican ranks. He is the father of the tariff bill, which has proven unpopular with many of his party adherents. McKinley has a man with marked ability, and has ably defended his position on the tariff question. Had not the district been made Democratic the vote this fall would have been a practical test of the popularity of the protection bill which will be passed by the present congress. As it now stands the result will not be significant. Major McKinley will be retired, but the vote will be no barometer to gauge the effect the tariff bill had on the election.

The Vandalia, it seems, has been caught napping in the matter of a new Union depot. It has maintained a rookery for years at Tenth and Chestnut streets and has called it a Union station. The city has been compelled to accept the miserable accommodations. The Vandalia has held the key to the situation but has not been active until recently in consideration of the question. Now the information comes to The News that a combination of the other roads has been formed for the purpose of erecting a Union station at Tenth and Locust streets. The Big Four, C. &amp; E. I. and Mackey lines are into the deal, which leaves the Vandalia and T. H. &amp; P. the only lines outside the combination. Terre Haute demands a new Union depot and the first to be built will be the best appreciated by the public. One thing seems certain, a depot will be built. The Vandalia has made promises and they must be fulfilled or the other roads will listen to the demands of the people of Terre Haute. The new combination purposes to build before snow flies.

The finance committee of the city council did not cover itself with glory when it secretly negotiated for a loan of \$100,000. The new council should be more business like. Municipal government should be conducted on the same plan as private business. A business man does not consider only one proposition if he wishes to add advantageously to his own interests. He investigates and accepts the best terms proposed. The finance committee did not do this, it secretly, probably with

locked doors, considered a proposition and accepted it. Then it was sprung on the council. Negotiations for such an amount should be conducted openly. There is no reason for a star-chamber conference. The public should have been made aware of the fact that \$100,000 was to be borrowed and local financiers given an opportunity of submitting propositions. It is positively asserted that a lower rate could have been obtained. The committee should have investigated thoroughly before concluding negotiations.

The News called attention to the large number of useless fire plugs for which the city has been paying an annual rental of \$40 each. The number of superfluous plugs proved, upon investigation, to be greater than was at first supposed. A schoolboy could calculate the saving to the city by cutting out the unseaworthy plugs. It did not require a master financial mind to perceive wherein the city could save thousands of dollars per year.

The arithmetical problem was of easy solution. The useless expenditure became glaring when attention was directed to it. The fire and water committees of the council appreciated the force of The News' suggestions, and concluded at once that a large saving could be made without impairing the fire protection. One hundred fire plugs will be ordered removed. There are now over 500 plugs the city paying over \$20,000 yearly rental. The number can be reduced one hundred, which will save the city \$4,000. The work of revising the list of plugs is in progress and will be completed in a short time. The News desires to commend the committees for the steps they are taking. They will have the approval of the public in saving the tax payers of Terre Haute \$4,000 per year. The fire committee has inaugurated an economic administration of that department and already has accomplished considerable. Let the good work be maintained.

## HERE AND THERE.

A reporter was wandering along Wall street at eventide yesterday when he encountered the distinguished Dr. Marlow. "How are you, doctor? What's new?" "Oh," replied the great man, "peace and plenty, good will toward men; got a new pair of britches."

The scribe made a note of this appalling bit of information and passed on.

"Did you ever notice when a lady steps onto a street car how some gentleman will get up, smile a little bit and offer her seat?" He will do it just as though it were the one pleasure of his life to make her comfortable. I have sometimes felt myself an intruder in such cases and knew that beneath the gentleman's smiling countenance there lurked a sullen aching for revenge. I knew that he wished that I was at the bottom of the Red sea, that he had never gotten on the car, and that I had never gotten on the car. I knew that he thought that I was ugly, and the complacency with which he smiled and remained silent when people stepped on his feet as they elbowed their way through the car only made me feel the injustice I had done him."

A young lady residing on the South Side tells a good joke on herself. She has a friend living in a pretty place near the south edge of town who keeps a ferocious big dog, as ugly as sin and as mean as he can stick. He is a shaggy brute, and always makes such vicious attempts to bite one that the young lady was nearly frightened to death every time she went to call on her friend for fear the dog would sneak out on her and bite her.

The last time she called there, she saw the dog in the back part of the yard and made her way cautiously to the front door in hopes that the dog would not hear her. She stepped up onto the porch and reached for the bell but had no sooner rung it than the dog came tearing around the corner of the house with a bow-wow-wow and a deep growl. The young lady drew a long breath, held onto the doorbell and closed her eyes, momentarily expecting to feel the brutes teeth piercing her flesh. Soon, however, she felt some one lay their hand upon her arm and a gentle voice say: "Come in, Jack won't bite; he is old now and hasn't a tooth in his head." Instead of this being a soother, it only made the young lady mad to think what a goose she had been.

A farmer's wagon, loaded with cord wood, broke down on the street car track at the corner of Fourth and Main streets yesterday afternoon. The two "realists" who went down with the wreck were standing at one side contemplating the unfortunate disaster when the shrill notes of a street car driver's whistle startled them almost out of their wits. They were very suddenly aroused to a realization of the fact that the car track was obstructed, yet they made no particular effort to remove the debris in a hurry. They handled the scattered wood very leisurely—evidently thinking they had all day for it. Presently Mike Burke, superintendent of the street railway, happened along in his buggy. He tool in the situation at a glance.

"Don't blockad my cars here," he cried; "get that wood off the track with as possible haste."

The farmers hopped. They looked up.

They gazed. Mike's patience forsook him. He sprang out of his buggy and flew at the pile of wood like a wild man.

The sticks were dashed right and left with a rapidity that caused the passing populace to hait in mite astonishment.

In less than two minutes the wreck was

entirely cleared from the track and cars

were running as usual. Somebody inquired, then, "Where are the farmers?" They were standing side by side in the gutter, open-eyed and open-mouthed, apparently stupefied.

## The Alden Piano Recital.

A large and brilliant audience assembled in Coates College gymnasium last night in attendance upon the piano recital given by Miss Eva Alden and her pupils, the same constituting the closing exercises of the college year. The programme consisted of the highest grade of classical music and, without exception, the numbers were rendered with an excellence which gave conclusive evidence that Miss Alden's supervision of the musical department of Coates college has been productive of the highest good to those pupils who have been under her supervision.

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

## THE DESERTER

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

Author of "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FAITH," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Oh, for the love of God, howl him, some o' ye's! He'll kill him! He's mad, I say!" Shure 'tis I that know him best. Oh, blessed Vargin, save us! Don't let him loose, Misster Foster!" she screamed to the officer of the guard, who at that moment appeared on the full run.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Clancy seems to have been drinking, and wants to talk with me about something, Mr. Foster," said Hayne, quietly. "He belongs to my company, and I will be responsible that he goes home. It is really Mrs. Clancy that is making all the trouble."

"Oh, for the love of God, hear him, now, when the man was tearin' the hair o' me this minute! Oh, howl him, men! Shure 'tis Capt. Rayner wud never let let him go."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Clancy?" spoke a quick, stern voice, and Rayner, with face white as a sheet, suddenly stood in their midst.

"Oh, God be praised, it's here ye are, captain! Shure 'tis Clancy, sir, dhrunk, sir, and runnin' round the garrison, and batin' me, sir."

"Take him to the guard house, Mr. Foster," was the stern, sudden order. "Not a word, Clancy," as the man strove to speak. "Off with him, and if he gives you any trouble, send for me."

And as the poor fellow was led away, silence fell upon the group. Mrs. Clancy began a wail of mingled relief and misery, which the captain ordered her to cease and go home. More men came hurrying to the spot, and presently the officer of the day. "It is all right now," said Rayner to the latter. "One of my men—Clancy—was out here drunk and raising a row. I have sent him to the guard house. Go back to your quarters, men. Come, captain, will you walk over home with me?"

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