

THE SIGHTS AT ST. JOSEPH.

THE VANDALIA NORTHERN TRAMWAY A DELIGHTFUL RESORT.

The News Correspondent Writes Entertainingly of the New Resort—It is destined to become Immensely Popular.

ST. JOSEPH, Mich., August 2.—The season so well known to all of us in the central and southern portions of Indiana—the heated term—is now upon us with its full vigor. It is a time when one wishes to take off his flesh and sit in his bones in a cool, shady nook where a refreshing breeze could frolic under and over his ribs and squalls occasionally chase each other up and down his vertebrae. If one could only take out the brain, fill the brain box with ice, at fifty cents a hundred, sit under the drip of an overhead rill flowing from a cool spring and lose himself entirely in the full rapture of the situation there would be no further use for summer resorts. But for such can not be the case. Man was born to suffer and as mortals can only forbear the vicissitudes of life to a certain greater or lesser degree, it becomes necessary at least annually to hie ourselves to cooler parts. St. Joseph is one of those places where health and pleasure abound and where, after a few hours' stay, man begins to feel that after all life is not an unbearable burden and is really worth the living.

It is the northern terminus of the Vandalia line, and is beautifully situated on high bluffs on the east side of Lake Michigan 220 miles north of Terre Haute. It is in the heart of the very finest fruit and berry country in the Northwest. Until the present week there have been only two roads entering St. Joe but the completion of the Indiana and Lake Michigan road from South Bend to St. Joe has awakened a lively interest among the fruit and berry growers and the place is all life and activity now. The opening of the new line on Monday has been anticipated with pleasure by the fruiters living along it, the merchants of St. Joe and the shippers everywhere throughout the central and southern parts of the state. It gives the latter a direct outlet to the great lakes and St. Joe itself furnishes a valuable market for almost every kind of merchandise.

But very little wheat, corn or other cereals are raised north of South Bend, the country being devoted almost exclusively to the raising of fruit, berries and vegetables. The bulk of the delicious Michigan apples, which fruit dealers all over the country make a specialty of, are grown just outside the gates of St. Joe. Every morning and evening great trains of fruit and berry wagons may be seen slowly winding their way across the country enroute to the wharves and freight houses laden with box upon box of the choicest, juiciest and most delicious fruit to be found anywhere in the country, with the probable exception of the notes California fruit belt. We are now in the midst of the blackberry season, and no greater treat could possibly be afforded a Hoosier than to invite him into one of the numerous cafes to partake of a dish of the fine, luscious berries that are set before him. These berries are about twice as large as those grown around Terre Haute or Indianapolis.

It was the largest ever known in this section and acres upon acres of fine, large berries went to waste simply for want of a market. The shipping facilities up to the present time were so limited that the growers were left with large crops on their hands with no way to dispose of them. The prices at Chicago ran down to such a low figure that it did not pay to pick, pack and ship the berries and consequently whole acres were left to rot upon the vines. The growers calculated upon the Indiana & Lake Michigan road being completed in season to allow them to ship their product to Terre Haute and Indianapolis markets and the failure to complete the line occasioned great loss of money and labor.

This is the natural outlet to the Northwest and is the gateway to the great lakes for the entire central and southern portions of Indiana. There is but little doubt of its commercial prosperity, as with its lumber, fruits and berries, throughout three seasons of the year, and its resources for a mammoth ice crop every winter, it will never be inactive. It is, in the opinion of not only residents but also of a party of big Chicago capitalists who are here for the purpose of making investments, the coming summer resort of this section. It is only eighty miles distant from Chicago, and excursions run both ways daily, making the trip in three and a half hours. Immense crowds come and go on every boat and a livelier place would be hard to find. The Graham & Morton Transportation Company runs two elegantly equipped boats—the "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," the former of which can not be surpassed for elegance, comfort and convenience anywhere. It is a new side-wheel steamer, makes excellent time. One thing however, that is likely to injure the place is the sharp advance that has been made this season in real estate, the prices having been stiffened fully 35 per cent. within the last three months.

From a commercial point of view St. Joe is looked upon as one of the very best stations along the Vandalia line north and one which will grow rapidly in importance as a shipping center. Great boat loads of lumber land at her wharves every hour and this vast trade will certainly increase now that the place has a direct line south through South Bend, Terre Haute, Evansville and other manufacturing cities of the state. The great wagon factories at South Bend have long desired a direct line to St. Joseph and Benton harbor and the opening of the new line will vastly benefit them. They are now no longer entirely dependant upon the Chicago lines for their supply and already concessions in rates are said to have been made. With a direct line to the cities in the south and center of the state St. Joe is already a competitor with Chicago for the lumber traffic. The Vandalia is putting in fine dock facilities along the St. Joe river and a connection has been made with the Chicago and West Michigan for Grand Rapids and points north.

In the matter of hotels St. Joe is probably the best equipped Summer resort along the northern lakes. The Hotel Whitcomb is a magnificent four-story building, finely furnished and affording every comfort, convenience and luxury that mortal could wish for. It is situated on the brow of a beautiful bluff and commanding a splendid view of Lake Michigan and the harbor in St. Joseph river. Just across the way is the Lake View, another good hotel, and down on the beach on the right bank of the St. Joe, just across from the city on the Benton Harbor side, is Plank's Tavern, the new \$100,000 hotel just recently completed. At all of these places the rates are remarkably reasonable. Pleasure and health seekers enroute to the North will find St. Joe a pleasant and healthful spot, with good air and excellent water. A number of excursions will probably be run up from Terre Haute while the season lasts.

Some Mean Men.
"Did you have a big Fourth of July here?" asked a new arrival of the clerk at the Bingham house.
"No; it was very quiet," replied the clerk.
"Same way with us up in Montpelier. The rich folks up there are rather stingy, and don't take any interest in Fourth of July celebrations. Why, we've got some rich people in Montpelier so cussed persons that they wouldn't chip in five cents to save the constitution of the United States from dissolution."
"That's queer," suggested the clerk.
"Fact though. Why, we've got a man up there so mean that he had all the hair taken off his head by some chemical process to save the expense of going to a barber."

"You call that a mean man?" asked a gray bearded, stunted individual, who had apparently been inspecting the register, but had taken in the above conversation. "Why, that was a benevolent fellow compared with a man I know up in our town of Duluth."
"Then you have some mean men, too?" queried the late arrival from Montpelier.
"Well, rather. The night before the Fourth a man in our town had his left leg shattered by the premature discharge of a small cannon. He was taken to the hospital, and when the surgeons began examining his wounds he said to one of them: 'Doctor, can you take my leg off?' 'Oh, we can save your leg easy enough,' replied the doctor. 'But I want you to take it off,' continued this mean man. The surgeon was taken aback, and, after recovering, asked the injured man why he wanted the limb amputated. What do you think his reason was?"

"Give it up."
"Why, he said with that leg off he would only have to buy one shoe, and might be able to save something on the price of cloth with only one trouser leg."

The Montpelier man retired, while the little man from Duluth went out front to seek another victim.—Philadelphia North American.
Japan's Lucky Fish.
K. Osoka, a merchant of Tokio, Japan, declares that Japan will experience nothing but prosperity for a year. This declaration is based on a unique and never failing sign, according to the foreigner. "The king of good luck has appeared on our shores," explained Mr. Osoka, "and his capture is worth more than 1,000,000 yens."

A few weeks ago the capture of a strange fish, with a bright red color, with little polka dots scattered about, and it had a long, flowing, golden beard. The beard was two feet in length and as fine as silk. When the fish was landed crowds from all over the country came to Niigata-Ken to view the strange sight. For days it was a mystery, until an old fisherman 80 years of age saw it.
"Praise the Lord," he exclaimed when he first saw the bright colored fish. "It is the fuku-tai, and has not been seen in the waters of our land for fifty years." Fuku-tai when translated means the tail of happiness, and our ancestors called the fish the king of good luck. It is the sign of plentiful catches, increased business and general prosperity throughout the land. Fifty years ago, when the last was seen in Japan, a great feast was held in its honor and prosperity followed. A grand jollification was indulged in this time, and so far the good luck has increased. The fish was purchased by one of the richest men in Japan, and it is on exhibition.—Chicago Tribune.

Sulphur Fumes for Straw Hats.
One economical young wife has found out that sulphur will not clean a white straw hat. Observing that her husband's last year's hat was soiled, she cheerfully informed him that she knew how to clean it so that it would look just as good as a new one. A friend in Brooklyn gave her the receipt. The husband had some misgivings, but, being accustomed to let his wife have her own way, he surrendered his hat, and his wife immediately treated it to a bath in sulphur fumes. The fumes were so strong that they nearly drove four families out of the house, but the economical young woman only smiled confidently as she held a damp sponge to her nostrils. When the hat came out of the bath it was perfectly black. Except that the blackness rubbed off the hat would have been as good as the genuine black straws that are now so popular.—New York Times.

Strange News About Venus.
Signor Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer who has made more wonderful discoveries among the planets than all the other astronomers of our day put together, has just furnished a new surprise, greater even than his recent discovery that Mercury performs only one rotation in the course of a revolution around the sun. He now asserts that Venus, the brightest of all the planets that we see, the twin sister of the earth, which is at present glowing with nightly increasing splendor in the west after sunset, also turns but once on its axis in the course of a revolution around the sun. In other words, there is no alternation of day and night on Venus, as on earth. The planet enjoys perpetual day on one side of its globe, while the other side is plunged in unending night.—New York Sun.

Miss Jennie Hill, the great English Music hall artiste, has about completed arrangements with Tony Pastor to come to this country next Spring.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT IRON WILLED SPEAKER REED.

He Has Lately Tried His Hand at Lawn Tennis—Representative Hitt and His Three Friends—Willard's Tavern—Congressmen and Correspondents.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, July 31.—Speaker Reed is the last man in the world I ever expected to see playing lawn tennis, yet one warm day last week, while passing the handsome residence of Hon. R. R. Hitt, in the center of the fashionable



SPEAKER REED ON THE TENNIS GROUND. quarter, there on the large lawn was the speaker of the house, clad in his now famous summer suit and broad silk sash, with a racquet in his hand and his eye on the little ball. In the opposite court was one of Mr. Hitt's young sons, an accomplished tennis player. It was explained to me that Mr. Reed had not really been playing tennis, but that in a moment of pranks he had left the veranda at the challenge of one of the boys and taken a momentary part in the game. He was a very awkward but a very jolly looking tennis player, Mr. Reed.

And this reminds me that the speaker of the house, who is known throughout the country as the man of iron will and Napoleonic leadership, is after all a good deal of a boy. He is fond of games, such as whist and tennis, and is in himself one of the most humorous and jovial of companions. He is an exceedingly witty man, and every day some one or other of his bright sayings is passed around in the Capitol as "Tom's" latest joke—his friends always speak of him but never to him as "Tom." For one I am glad to know that a man may be great and powerful—be hated and feared—without being a hard sort of man. Mr. Reed fairly bubbles over with fun at times. If anything humorous occurs while he is in the chair he makes no effort to repress his laughter. On the contrary, he shakes his fat sides in such hearty enjoyment of the incident that others, looking on, catch the spirit of the moment and join in. Mr. Reed is like a big boy, furthermore, in that he has not forgotten the floor mentioned him or his course as presiding officer.

Moreover, the speaker of the house is not an unpopular man personally. He may often be seen of late over on the Democratic side when the house is in committee of the whole and another is occupying the chair, talking and laughing right jollily with the very Democrats who a few months ago were shaking their fists at him and denouncing him as a tyrant and despot. Not many days ago, before Mr. Springer, of Illinois, the Democratic war horse, fell sick from overwork and retired to the seashore I saw the speaker and that prince of fighters sipping a lemonade together down in the restaurant. It has always been supposed that Reed and Springer were deadly enemies. Recently the speaker's amiability has been most marked. He had not been able to reach his present eminent position as the leader of his party in congress—for he is a leader both in the house and senate—without walking rather roughly upon the toes of a good many men, and not all of them were Democrats, either.

So his geniality of the present may be ascribed to a desire on his part to soften some of the acerbities of political warfare, and to convince the men who were hating him that he is not so bad after all. There may be more of ambition than of goodness in all this, but as I saw the big speaker awkwardly turning a tennis racquet amid the undisguised amusement of the young folks the involuntary thought was that he is a likable man. One must admire any man who has his way about the affairs of life in which he is engaged, if necessary by running over every one who stands in his way, and who, at the same time, laughs and grows fat.

Mr. Reed is fond of sitting on the veranda of Mr. Hitt's house, and this is



IN FRONT OF WILLARD'S TAVERN. not to be wondered at. Mr. Hitt is widely known as one of the most fascinating conversationalists in congress, while Mrs. Hitt is a woman of remarkable personal and intellectual charms. A few days ago I asked the wife of a cabinet minister who was the most charming woman in Washington. Without a moment's hesitation she replied,

"Mrs. Robert R. Hitt." "And why, pray?" "Well, first, because she is a beautiful woman; second, because she has wit, tact, heart, experience. She speaks a number of languages. She knows human nature, like a book and a great many other things, without pretending to know much. There is no woman in Washington society who has had more attentions paid her by distinguished men than Mrs. Hitt, and yet her head has not been turned in the least. She is the same simple, unaffected woman she was twelve or fifteen years ago when she left her father's home in Lafayette, Ind., to marry Mr. Hitt and go to France."

Mr. Hitt is not a commonplace man. Even his friendships are extraordinary. His three most intimate friends are Secretary Blaine, Speaker Reed and Henry Cabot Lodge. In the house of representatives Hitt and Lodge are like the two Dromios. They are more often seen together than any other pair in congress. They always lunch together in the basement restaurant. Probably Mr. Hitt is nearer to Mr. Blaine than any other man in Washington. Next to him is Mr. Lodge. Speaker Reed's nearest friend is Mr. Lodge and next to him is Mr. Hitt, but between Secretary Blaine and Speaker Reed, as all the world knows, there is no friendship at all.

Some people have wondered why a man like Mr. Hitt should stay in congress and be a neighborhood errand boy. Hitt likes his ease and his freedom as well as any man. He has a stable full of horses, a lovely home, a library rich in all the good things found between covers, wealth, a taste for letters and travel, and yet he gives up his time and his energy to the small drudgery of congress. I know why he does it, and it is because it gives him an opportunity to be of service to his friend Blaine, to whom he is devoted. But this sort of service is not rendered without sacrifice. Fourth of July morning I was in Mr. Hitt's library. "See this pile of letters," said he, pointing to a stack at least three feet thick, tightly wrapped in twine. "This is the task I have given myself for the glorious Fourth. I must answer these letters before dark, for already I am three days behind with my mail."

"Does that represent the accumulation of three days?" I asked. "Yes. And I could never keep anywhere near my correspondents if it were not for the assistance of a graphophone and two secretaries."

Down by Willard's hotel one may often see a characteristic summer evening scene in Washington. For more than half a century this old tavern has been a sort of political headquarters, and in the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun I



A HOT NIGHT AMONG THE CORRESPONDENTS.

suppose the big and ambitious men of the time sat out in splint chairs in the shade. Here sat, one recent evening, a group composed of Ben Butterworth and Gen. Hatch, of Missouri, and a number of others. Oddly enough, this topic of the tediousness of congressional service was up.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ben Butterworth in his eager way, "if some good angel had only stood at the parting of the ways for me years ago, and with warning finger lifted had exclaimed, 'This is the way to congress; take the other road and be saved,' I should now be one of the happiest of men."

"What I cannot make out," said Gen. Hatch, "is why I should remain in congress, live in a Washington hotel and sweat in Washington heat. In my town of Hannibal, Mo., a little ways from St. Louis, on the banks of the Mississippi, I have a lovely old home. There is a large lawn set with shade trees, a carriage drive of gravel, a hammock under the trees, a broad and airy veranda, flowers to delight the eye and a spring of pure cold water. For breakfast in the morning I have eggs that were laid the day before, and there is placed on my table every morning butter that was churned at daylight. For dinner we have big, fat young chickens, with vegetables raised right on the ground. None of your little, scrawny chickens, but broad, liberal fellows, one of which would make a meal for three or four hungry men. And then we have—"

"Stop right there, Hatch!" cried out a number of voices at once. "If you tell us any more of the delights of your place we will be forced to believe one of two things—either you are telling what isn't so about your home or you are a big fool for not leaving congress and staying there."

Right across the street from Willard's tavern is Newspaper row. These hot evenings the correspondents, who work hard in all sorts of weather, do not wear much clothing. They sit about their desks sweltering in a great variety of negligé costumes, writing or dictating dispatches, and too much exhausted even to swear at the tardy messenger or the office boy who persists in going over to Willard's to catch stories dripping from the lips of idle statesmen. In the matter of negligé costumes, by the way, it was Newspaper row that set the example this summer to members of congress. Not till white flannel suits and sashes and blazers were seen in the press galleries did representatives and senators dare indulge in such luxuries, but when they saw the fashion thus properly set they were not slow to follow.

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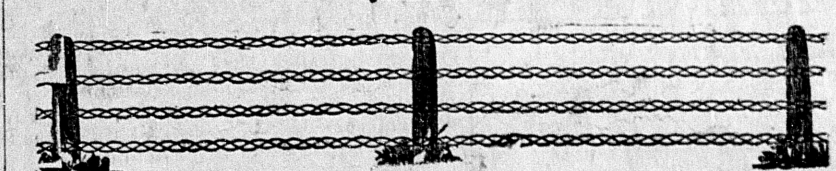
That a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard is an old proverb which the experience of the past winter has proven only too true. Young and old alike have suffered, and it is the duty of all to take proper means to guard against the dangers incident to the spring, at which time the whole system undergoes a change. DR. COBB'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is a simple remedy, but far reaching in its effects. The extraordinary success of this great remedy has been demonstrated in thousands of cases; it acts as an alternative, cleansing the system of all gross humors and impurities, and its effect upon the tone of the sufferer is invariably good. A month's medicine for one dollar, and of such a quality that one or two bottles is sufficient. Dr. Cobb's Vegetable Compound is worthy of your confidence. Give it a trial. \$1.00 at druggists.

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