

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. 3. NO. 14.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday,

BY THE

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

TELEPHONE CALL 151.

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POSTOFFICE 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, AUGUST 20, 1890.

WILL the afternoon personal organ hang the banner on the outer wall?

WILL someone kindly suggest to Mr. Webb that his attempt to imitate Depew is a most dismal failure.

The finance committee of the council last night recommended an investigation of the books of ex-City Treasurer Fitzpatrick. Such a step is absolutely necessary in order to determine the extent of Fitzpatrick's defalcation. Expert accountants will be employed. But the resolution of the committee is not sufficiently broad. There has been negligent conduct of business in the city clerk's and treasurer's offices, it would seem. Let the investigation go further than ascertaining the amount of shortage. A better system should be put into service than has characterized both offices. In the general overhauling the clerk's office should come in for its share.

GRAND MASTER SARGENT, in his interview with Vice President Webb disclosed the character of the two men. Mr. Sargent remained silent and listened to the fulsome compliments that the railroad manager paid the order. But Mr. Sargent was not to be wheedled into any expression by such vapid tactics. Flattery was not one of the factors of the situation and Mr. Sargent is far too experienced to be taken in by such transparent strategy. Vice President Webb discloses his lack of judgment by constantly appearing in the newspapers in interviews and as a card writer. He has blundered with his tongue. In his rash endeavor to imitate the great and only Chauncey he has made a deplorable failure. He should learn a few points in generalship from Mr. Sargent.

DEMOCRACY in Terre Haute is without an organ. When *The News*' evening contemporary published an editorial declaring that it was "the personal organ of its owners and proprietors and of nobody else" it read itself out of the party. Since that time it has been training in with the politicians in the hopes of again confounding the party out of official patronage. It is a fact that the personal organ refuses to publish the Democratic ticket in its columns. The morning Republican organ has its ticket at the head of its editorial columns, but the evening personal organ refuses to print the ticket. Is it because it repudiates the ticket? Is it for the reason that it is a personal and not a party organ? Or, rather, is not the secret that it is cowardice which withholds the flaunting of the Democratic banner?

HERE AND THERE.

It was a bad night, but one of our promising young men had a date with a charming country lass and his heart beat him to face the elements, that he might pass a few delicious hours in her company. Accordingly, he harnessed his father's spirited filly to his father's newly washed rig and pushed out into the driving storm, fully determined that night to embrace the divinity of his soul at all hazards. His buggy rolled swiftly away over the gravelled streets to the north and the electric lights at corners illuminated a face half hid within the vehicle—a face a little pale, perhaps, but on which was written the determination mentioned. To be brief, the young man reached his signoria's home betimes and there dreamed away the happy moments until midnight. It was still raining when he emerged from the dim light of that country parlor and a soft halo of his sweetheart's smile, and as the door closed between him and that irresistible Elysium there crept into his being a gloom so deep and oppressive as the black night itself. Wearily he untied the restless filly from the hitching post in front of the house where the poor and meek had stood through the drenching downpour, and languidly climbing into the buggy wheeled the horse about and vanished in the direction of the city. There was such impenetrable darkness and such profound silence—save the ceaseless murmur of the rain—all around the city-bred adventurer, that almost before he was aware of it an uneasiness or fear had taken possession of him. Huge black objects assumed grotesque shapes at the roadside and seemed to crouch there in waiting for him to come up. He closed his eyes and brought the whip savagely down on the filly. Away like a flash was she, only to be suddenly reined in by her driver, whose deranged fancy pictured some awful apparition rising up in the roadway and threatening his utter annihilation. Through all this turmoil, this distracting siege of terrors, which goaded the young man to a pitch of frenzy akin to madness, his poor horse passed and seemed exhausted by nothing but a restlessness occasioned by the unmerciful conduct of the driver. Just as Los Creek bridge was approached, however, the filly suddenly stopped, dead still, snorted and reared. The heart of the young man literally sank into his shoes and respiration became labored and slow. His blood seemed to thicken and grow cold in his veins, and with a groan he dropped the lines and fell fainting on the seat.

When the young man survived he was

His father was at his side and was handling the lines.
"You'll know better after this," remarked the old gentleman presently, "than to leave home on such a night and without telling any one where you are going."

The young man's face was scarlet. He simply muttered "yes."

There are two ladies in Terre Haute whose first names are identical; simply, Anna. One of these is married, the other still free from Hyman's bonds but having a young gentleman friend who is not much admired by her family. The husband of the married Anna, happens to be of an intensely jealous disposition and this led to a family spat recently which resulted in a separation of at least 48 hours duration. It appears that the "single" Anna had received a tender and affectionate epistle from her proscribed lover, couched in language something similar to the following:

DAEING ANNA: How I long for another meeting and when I was I will not tell you, though he has communicated telling me to meet you at the—street. Of course it would be foolish to see you there if Mr. was to be at home. So be sure of his absence so as to avoid complications. I will be there Wednesday night.

Lovingly, as ever.

It may be unnecessary to explain that this sweet little billet du x was left by a mischievous lady for whom it was intended at the residence of the lady for whom it was in no way intended and was found by the husband of the latter when he returned home from his daily toil. He swore, he fumed, and tore his hair and expressed himself as ready to tear out the hair from the head of his devoted wife to whose explanation he would not give ear. It all ended in his putting on his hat and coat, banging the outer door and leaving his wife with the assertion that the world had lost its charm for him and he was ready to die. He went, but he did not suicide. Oh, no. He simply took a train, went to Indianapolis and remained there long enough to realize that his wife was a first-class cook and that possibly he might have made a most colossal fool of himself. At all events he came home and sneaked into the house. His wife received him smilingly and vouchsafed him the explanation he no way deserved. He cried, and it is presumed will never again jump at conclusions.

Hints to Fishermen.

The most symmetrical pole doesn't always catch the most fish.

Always fish in muddy water. Turtles and small "catfish" are sure to bite at such a time.

When fly fishing carry in your hat no less than one dozen flies. This is always an indication of being an experienced angler.

Never use a net when using a fly pole. When a bass is hooked attempt to haul him out as though he were a small sunfish. If you use a net you might possibly catch him and destroy the tale of the big one you hooked, but which escaped.

Fish with a pole as thick as a man's arm, use a mason's cord, the largest hook manufactured and tie a ten pound weight to the end of the line. The weight makes a big "splash" when cast into the water and may attract the attention of the card.

I recognized the name at once—it was the detective from the bank! At all costs must not see Cynthia! I was uninsured and almost incapable of clear argument, but I saw that much.

"In ten minutes," I said to the clerk, with a glance at the timepiece.

The moment the door was closed again I turned to Cynthia.

"You must not stop to ask questions nor make objections," I said, "but do as I tell you. There is no way out of this room except through the outer office, where this person is waiting, and I don't wish him to see you—never mind why.

You must go into this large cupboard, which Mrs. Richards has had fixed up as a wardrobe for me, and remain there quietly until my interview with this man is over. See—I'll move the coats, and then there will be room for a chair. Do you think you can keep quiet?"

She nodded in acquiescence. I saw a new fear in her face, and fancied she had guessed who my visitor was. Without another word I mixed a half tumbler of strong brandy and water, and told her authoritatively to drink it up; then I kissed her forehead and closed the door without latching it.

I tried hard to recover something of my every day manner before the detective came in, but failed utterly. The moment Mr. Benson's keen glance fell upon me, I knew he saw the traces of my recent disturbance, so I made a virtue of necessity at once.

"Good morning," I said. "Sorry to have kept you waiting; gentlemen of your calling are always busy, I know. The fact is, I have received some news this morning which has upset me thoroughly, and I've been trying to pull myself together a bit before seeing you, but I'm afraid I have failed. I'm not in a fit state to discuss this business."

"Ishan't trouble you much, Mr. Quinton," he answered quietly; "I only want a few scraps of information which you can give me. To begin with—"

"Sit down," I said, "and help yourself to a cup of coffee."

He thanked me and took the proffered chair, but he refused the drink.

"I want to keep my head cool, you see, and pick up this trail while it is still fresh. To begin with, when did you first discover that this cheque, No. 9,031, was missing?"

He took the cheque from his pocket-book and smoothed it out on the table as he spoke.

I looked at it eagerly, and saw that it was drawn in favor of Mr. Pettie-Jones for forty pounds. The exact sum, neither more nor less, of Horace's present debts! Poor Cynthia.

"I found it was missing last night."

"And have you any impression of your own as to when it was abstracted?"

I was just going to prevaricate, when I suddenly remembered that Levens knew Horace had had the cheque book in his possession the whole of the night before last. If Benson did not get the information he wanted from me, his first proceeding would be to "pump" and "ferret" cautiously among the clerks, and Levens would be only too glad to tell him all he knew. As a natural result, Benson would wonder why I had kept this very suspicious detail back; so I broke right away from the beaten track, and opened out a new road on my own account.

"Look here, Mr. Benson," I said, "I am quite, getting closer to him, and hoping with all my heart that Cynthia would not hear what I said; "would you mind telling me what you are likely to get for a job of this kind from the bank people?"

Mr. Benson half closed one eye and turned the other upon me with a swift glance of preternatural acuteness.

"That would depend greatly on the amount of work, the time is took up, and so on," he observed, slowly.

"Well, now, suppose you found out this person, what sum would you take to bring the news to me before you had to be any one else?"

He looked at me this time more

CHEQUE NO. 9031.

A FASCINATING ROMANCE OF A LONDON SUBURB.

By the Author of "By Crooked Paths," "Sheathed in Velvet," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

I seized Cynthia's hand and stopped her nervous attempts to set my throat free, with impatience at my own weakness.

"I'm all right!" I said, and then stopped to wonder if it was really I who had spoken, or some one else, for I did not recognize my own voice.

"You really must sit down," I urged, pushing her towards a chair, which she no longer refused, for she saw I was shaking like a man with the palsy.

We sat there in silence for fully a minute, and during that time I remembered Horace's manner on the previous evening, his reluctance when he said he had left the book at home, and that Cynthia had advised him to do so. While I thought thus, a feeling of intense pity flooded my heart as I realized what my poor, proud, honorable Cynthia must have endured before such a course became possible to her—even to save her brother from exposure and shame. I found it impossible for a moment to look at her. I knew what she must be suffering, and I would not willingly add to her distress by one glance in her direction.

Then at last, after what seemed an eternity of silence, she spoke, and, if I had been startled at the change in my own voice, I was shocked at the change in hers.

"I won't waste any more of your time," she said. "I have done what I came to do, and I'll go. One thing first, though—I should like you to know that if anything in this world could have increased my pain and humiliation in this matter it would have been the sight of your suffering under the discovery of my inanity. Good-bye!"

She was moving towards the door, and I was rising with the intention of stopping her, when we were both checked by a knock at the room door and the entrance of the clerk again, this time with a card.

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"Don't interrupt me for a quarter of an hour, Levens," I called out, as I shut the door and went back to Cynthia.

I found her so prostrated that she was unable to rise from the chair; but she looked at me with such pathetic earnestness and she tried so hard to speak that I felt sure she had heard the greater part of my interview with the detective. It was most grievous, but there had been no help for it.

My heart ached for her, as I more than half carried her to the easy chair again, and took off her bonnet and cloak as quickly as my foolish, clumsy fingers would let me do, stripped off her gloves and undid the dress buttons at her throat.

He turned, on his way out, as though a sudden thought had occurred to him, and pledged me to secrecy as a brother.

M. A. LEVENS, Clerk of the Bank of Terre Haute, Indiana.

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