

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 181-78

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 of 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 rapid 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 Channey 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 cowardly 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 bade 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, the lights at corners illumined a face half light 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 signorina'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 as 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 animal 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 seemed 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 scene of terrors, which goaded the young man to a pitch of frenzy akin to madness, his noble horse passed and seemed exercised by nothing but a restlessness occasioned by the remarkable conduct of the driver. Just as Lost 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 gasp he dropped the reins and fell fainting on the seat.

When the young man arrived 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 Hymen'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 leads 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 effusive epistle from her proscribed Louie couched in language something similar to the following:

DARLING ANNA: How I long for another meeting and how happy was I when I received your loving, though brief, communication 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,

LOUIE.

It may be unnecessary to explain that this sweet little billet d'aux was left by mistake and by the 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 charms for him and he was ready to die. He went, but he did not go. Oh, no. He simply took a train, went to Indianapolis and remained just 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 sneezed 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 "catties" 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 coil, 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 bass.

For good fishing always select a "slough" away from the creek, and anchor your line firmly. Fish might bite at the bait and destroy it if it were submerged in the Brandywine.

Never go "fishin'."—West Chester News.

A New Occupation.

The latest occupation open to women is that of lamp carrier. I don't know if that's what the ladies who take care of lamps call themselves, but that's what they really are. There are two in the city now, or there will be two during the winter. They are "reduced gentlemen," and each morning they visit a number of houses and clean, fill and "fix" the various fine lamps set before them. The average servant can do nothing with a lamp but spoil it; but these ladies don their aprons and rubber gloves, clean the outside and inside of the lamps, see that the wicks are in good order, fill the lamps and leave them so that even the stupidest servant cannot prevent them from burning well.

They have studied lamps, know the right kinds and sizes of wicks, know whether colza oil is needed in one kind of lamps and "starlight" in another, and altogether they take away from the owners a great deal of the care which the management of the rediscovered and much multiplied lamps brings upon them.—Chatter.

Dutch Training at Sea.

When the Prinz Frederik collided with the English ship Marpesa on June 25 the commander of a detachment of Dutch colonial forces which happened to be on board immediately ordered the assembly sounded, and the men fell in on the deck like clockwork in the face of certain loss to the ship. Their conduct was an invaluable example to the passengers and crew, for, although the entire company were then transferred to the boats with perfect quiet and dispatch, the Prinz Frederik went down as the last boat left her side. She carried with her six Dutch privates and an officer, who doubtless had been overwhelmed by the waters rushing in at the point of collision.—Chicago Herald.

The Red Cross Society.

Senator Sherman has introduced in the senate a bill to incorporate the Red Cross society, with Clara Barton, George Kennan and other well known persons as incorporators. The purpose of this society, briefly stated, is to mitigate distress in the emergencies of war and peace. This mission of humanity and charity has been amply justified on many occasions, and nowhere more notably than in the appalling calamity at Johnstown, in this state. Valuable as the Red Cross society has proven in the past as a volunteer auxiliary of the governmental departments its future in an incorporated form should show an increased measure of usefulness.—Philadelphia Record.

Killed by a Performing Leopard.

At the palace of Bangkok the other day a performing leopard was brought in for the amusement of one of the young Siamese princes. In one prince's retinue was a young girl of about 14 years of age. The leopard jumped on her breast. It was merely in play, said the animal's care taker, who begged her not to be frightened, but in another moment the leopard had seized the girl by the throat, and she died in sight of the

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 this, 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 I lived 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 infamy. Good-by!"

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.

I recognized the name at once—it was the detective from the bank! At all costs he must not see Cynthia! I was unmoved 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 state to discuss this business."

"I shan'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 the brandy."

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. 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, very quietly, 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 it 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 wash to any one else?"

"I don't see that there could be any harm in that," he said, in a tone that was impressively cautious.

"Harm! I should think not! How could there be any harm in your letting me know before any one else? Would you take fifty pounds, and oblige me?"

Benson looked at me for a few moments as though he would read my very soul, and I met his glance unflinchingly.

"I believe you mean square," he said, at the end of his scrutiny; "and, if you'll pass me your word as a gentleman that this is no trick to catch me tripping, why, I'll oblige you."

I held out my hand to him.

"I give you my word that this is a purely personal matter, only interesting to myself," I said, with quiet emphasis; and I saw he believed me.

After I had given him a few facts in connection with the matter in hand—carefully withholding all those likely to be of any value in the event of his refusing the offer I was going to make presently—I brought the conversation back again to what was really my main purpose, by asking what was the biggest price he had ever received for carrying a job of this kind through to a successful finish.

"This class of job doesn't pay so well as some others," he told me. "We don't look to make much out of a forger's business. Our best chances come in when we've got family hatreds to work on."

Now two years ago I had what threatened to be a divorce court job on. I lived in a house in the country for three months for the purpose of watching the mistress of it. The husband's mother hated her like mad, and I really believe would have given one of her fingers if we could have pulled the business off. Well, she came to me when I had been in the house a week—the mother, you know—a powerful old swell she was, but as cruel as a cat—and offered to pay me five hundred pounds if the case against her daughter-in-law was proved through me. That was the biggest chance I've ever had," and Mr. Benson sighed resignedly.

"You did not 'pull the business off,' then?"

"Bless you, no, sir! The woman was as innocent of any real harm as a babe unborn. A flighty, skittish piece of goods, but as honest a woman as you could wish to meet. The appearances against her turned out all moonshine, as I knew they would. Her husband got ashamed of having listened to his mother's nasty insinuations, and begged his wife's pardon most humbly in my presence; and they're as happy a couple now as you'll find anywhere. But it was a big chance, you know—five hundred pounds!"

Here was my opportunity, and I seized it, dropping my voice to the faintest whisper.

"You shall have the chance again, Benson; but this time you can earn it more easily—by simply holding your tongue."

"Five hundred pounds!" he exclaimed, in a clear, penetrating whisper, which was torture to me, knowing how keen those poor listening ears would be. "Five hundred pounds only for holding my tongue! About this, of course, you mean?"—with his gloved finger on the cheques.

"You must undertake not to try to find out even yourself," I murmured, nodding in assent; "and you must play with the bank people until it is too late to put any one else on the job."

"Is that all?" he asked. "There are no other conditions whatever attached to earning this money? You won't ask me to do half a dozen other tricks and include them in the same bill by and by?"

"I will ask you to do nothing but what I have now stated."

"Then 'm your man!" he said resolutely; and this time it was he who grasped my hand and I was grasped it with a relief and gratitude in my heart far beyond the power of words to express.

After this I got rid of him as quickly as I could, dreading the effect of this enforced silence on poor Cynthia in her present nervous state. I bustled through the arrangements for paying the money, at the same time being careful to avoid arousing his suspicion, and hurried him off under the pretense of having another appointment.

He turned, on his way out, as though a sudden thought had occurred to him, and pledged me to secrecy as a brother Mason. I answered his sign at once, and I fancy we both separated all the more satisfied with each other for the discovery that we were fellow craftsmen.

"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, stripped off her gloves and undid the dress buttons at her throat.

"Don't try to speak a word," I said sharply, when her lips began to move again; "sit still and rest. Don't worry now! You'll be better presently."

I bathed her temples with the brandy and water and chafed her poor cold hands vigorously; then as I knelt before her a sudden overwhelming feeling of compassion seized me, and I bent forward and kissed her white lips impulsively.

"Oh, Cynthia, my dear," I cried heart brokenly, "why did I give in to you? Why was I fool enough to let you come to this lonely life in London? I should have refused to stay in company with you!"

Chyllin in a state of subject



"Oh, Cynthia, my dear," I cried heart brokenly.

"Kind old Gerald," she said presently putting up her finger and touching my cheek gently; "good, kind old Gerald!"

I smiled at her, though I felt more like weeping.

"What are your two charming little women doing without you this morning?" I asked, anxious to ease the painful strain on her nerves by a change of subject.

"You forget it is holiday time. We do not begin lessons again until Monday."

"You will never begin lessons again, Cynthia," I answered, quietly, but very decisively. "I gave in to your whim last September, and you see what has come of it. This time I mean to have my own way, and nothing you can say or do will induce me to make the least alteration in my plans. I am going to marry you this day week and carry you off to Italy for a long honeymoon of three months. We'll dispense for once with wedding breakfast, tressou and all the rest of the usual absurdities, and do just as we like, without any reference to the opinions of our acquaintances."

"You mustn't do it, Gerald," she cried, trying to withdraw herself from my embrace—"you must not even think of such a thing! Have you considered what it would mean for yourself? This shameful crime of mine cannot be kept secret—it will leak out some day, try as we will to keep it quiet; and how would you feel when you found people spoke of your wife behind your back as a thief and a forger? You don't seem to have realized the enormity of my crime! You don't appear to understand that what I have told you this morning places me outside the pale of respectable society! You don't seem to see!"

I stopped her peremptorily.

"I see a woman who has been tried—ah, so sorry tried, my Cynthia!—beyond her strength. I see a woman whose warm affection has for once overcome her power of judging between right and wrong—whose great love has, in one solitary instance, warped her moral judgment; but I see no criminal, nor a sinner who has sinned beyond forgiveness. I see the woman I love just as I have always loved her, as I always must love her, until heaven sees fit to divide us by death! Cynthia, we will be married this day week, and we will go away for a time and be very, very happy—so happy, my love, that we will forget all about this little wave of sorrow that has swept over us."

She did not attempt to argue the matter any farther—indeed, if I looked at all as I felt, she must have seen how useless all argument would have been in my then state of mind, for I was firmly resolved that Horace should no longer have it in his power to cause, or even threaten to cause, unhappiness between us."

"I shall tell the mother and Jen to-night," I said, when I had put her into the cab and given the man the address. "They will come to see you to-morrow, I expect; and you must arrange with them about a dress for next Wednesday."

She did not answer, but looked at me with a world of meaning in her sad eyes as the cab drove away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Half Warm Enough for Him.

"Warm!" he said, putting on a heavy pair of gloves and buttoning his light overcoat, "you don't call this warm weather, do you?"

"Do I call it warm?" said the other, mopping his brow and trying to fan himself at the same time, while his face grew redder and redder. "I call it gridiron heat."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow; the mercury isn't above ninety-two."

"Ninety-two!"

"And it hasn't been above a hundred more than once this year."

"Shades of all the Icelanders!" cried the red fat man, "what would you like to have it—135 in the shade? Would you like to boil eggs in the public fountains? Do you want fountains to run their furnaces without fire? One hundred! Do you want to sizzle and vanish in steam. One hundred!"

he screamed in shrill agonized tones, and he danced around madly in his wrath until his face was of flaming scarlet. "One hundred! Why, mercy, haven't you got any blood in your veins?"

"Oh, yes," said the other, shivering as a warm breeze touched him, "but I have 400 tons of ice cornered."

And then the little stout man fell in a swoon and an ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was recorded as suffering from prostration by heat, while the ice king went home to order the servants to put more coal on the fire.—New York Tribune.

A Cruel Indignity.

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding upon you at meal time," he said politely, "but may I ask you for a little salt?"

The lady brought him a salt box. He looked at it meditatively and leaned against one of the pillars of the porch.

"It is a foolish habit I have got into," he said, in an apologetic way, "and I dare say you will consider it one of questionable taste, but I always eat salt on my watermelon."

"But you haven't any watermelon," said the lady of the house.

"Thank you kindly for suggesting it," answered the seely looking tourist gratefully. "Shall I eat the melon out here?"

"I don't see how you can. We have no watermelon today."

"No watermelon at all in the house?"

"None."

"Then, madam," said the caller, in the tone of an injured man, "permit me to return the salt. I will not say I am angry, but I am hurt—deeply hurt. You have raised my expectations and cruelly disappointed them. I leave you, madam, to your own reflections."

He made a low bow, handed back the salt box with the air of a king declining a gift, and disappeared.

Chyllin in a state of subject

THE DAUNTLESS.

USE HULMAN'S

Dauntless Coffee

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

REMOVES THAT WEARINESS.

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.

THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE

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.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE AT DRUGGISTS.

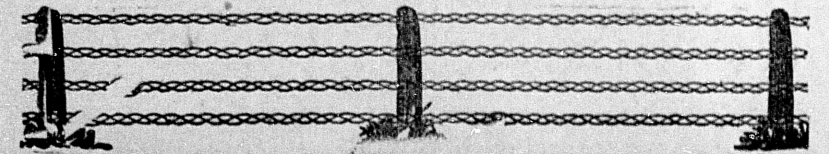
E. R. HIBBARD, SOLE PROPRIETOR, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR SALE BY THE WELL KNOWN DRUGGISTS.

J. & C. BAUR, S. E. corner Seventh and JAMES E. SOMES, N. E. corner Sixth
GULICK & CO., Main and Fourth Sts. J. A. WILLIAMS, 601 North Fourth St.

BRAIDED RAIL FENCE.

Our Best Customers are Those Who Know Most About the Superior Qualities of



"BRAIDED BARBLESS SPRING STEEL RAIL FENCING."

Gives entire satisfaction for Field, Lawn, Park, Poultry, Garden and Ornamental Residence Fencing. Smooth, Very Strong, Elastic, Beautiful, Economical and Everlasting! So great is the strength of these wires that no barbs are needed; they are practically "Pence Rails." Their irrefragable strength and elasticity afford protection without risk of injury, either to man or beast, where barbed wire is used! 2,000 lbs. pull will not break one of these "Braided Rails." 1,300 to 1,500 pounds breaks the strongest barbed wire. 35 pounds of "Braided Wire" will make as much fence as 100 pounds of barbed wire. People in both town and country can build a "Braided Rail Fence" for less than the cost of an old fashioned rail, board or stone fence. Don't allow any dealer in other kind of wire to frighten you by saying "it won't do to the lot