

## THE DAILY NEWS.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1890.

OUT with the unnecessary fire plugs.

Mr. Mount, rise and explain your vote.

COUNCIL meets to-night. It can do nothing better than order the unnecessary fire plugs taken out.

WHAT has become of the committee that was to investigate the fire department records? The mayor should make answer.

The Republican organ is silent on the vote of Mr. Mount against the repeal of a bill which made it possible to send workingmen to the penitentiary for threatening to interfere with the operations of a railway or other company.

Mr. Mount declared that he would mount all obstacles in the way of his election to Congress. The greatest obstacle yet presented is his vote on house bill No. 128. Will he succeed in mounting his vote to the satisfaction of the wage earners of this district?

LABOR made for itself a grand holiday, yesterday. The immense crowd was a fine body of men and their conduct was most excellent. Labor days in the future will be grander affairs than ever before. The success of yesterday's celebration means increased efforts on future occasions.

BEAUTIFUL rainbows were formed by the refraction of the sun's rays during the water works test yesterday afternoon. The rainbow should not be a sign of peace. The water company should be made fulfill its contract to the letter and in the fight which has been inaugurated by the committees there should be no cessation.

The publication in last night's News of James A. Mount's vote on the measure to repeal the conspiracy act was the greatest political surprise of the campaign. The vote was not known by politicians with but one or two exceptions. Mr. Mount has been posing as the friend of the laboring man. He has a good soldier record and his success as a tiller of the soil was unquestioned. He was regarded as an especially strong candidate among the laboring classes, but the discovery that he voted against the repeal of an obnoxious law, when laboring organizations throughout the state demanded it, shatters the glass vase which encased the pretenses of the congressional aspirant. The law was outrageous; the vote on its repeal a serious matter. Mr. Mount had reasons for voting as he did; he explained them on the floor of the Senate and the laboring people of this district will await an explanation from him regarding his action.

The water works test yesterday was fair and proved conclusively that the company is not capable of complying with the terms of its contract. The six streams that were thrown yesterday were not more than sixty-five feet high, while the contract requires as many streams 100 feet high. Excuses can not be made that the company was taken unawares. A fire is likely to break out at any moment and the water pressure is supposed to be equal to an emergency when one exists. The company should be made comply with its contract. The city council owes it to the people that their rights should be maintained. There is ample room for the fire and water committees to distinguish themselves. Reforms are needed and needed badly.

There is no excuse for delaying action. Already fire plugs to the number of over seventy-five have been located which are unnecessary and which were not put in in compliance with contract. There should be no faltering but one thing can be done and that is to order the service from those plugs discontinued. The question has been tackled and it should be settled as soon as possible.

## HERE AND THERE.

The social world, so called, is a peculiar one. It is worse; it is a cruel, inconsistent, unjust world. If a man or a woman robs a bakery or a butchers' shop, even though the act is but to stay the coming of famine and disease, just so soon does the unfortunate become a common thief, the strong grasp of the law is fastened upon him or her, before the court they go and perhaps thence behind the grated bars of the county jail or the state's prison. Their reputation blasted, the mildew of social apostasy settled upon their children and their name corroded by a shame that social law will never permit to be effaced. Such is the punishment of the thief. Yet there is within society's pale a class of criminals, morally so much blacker than the common thief, that in comparison the social world is but a pale shadow of the real thief.

An American officer in Alaska has rescued a bright Indian boy from torture, and proposes to take the lad to San Francisco, and there make of him either a lawyer or a missionary. This shows a very level head. If the boy turns out to be of the poor and ploughs not to make him a missionary, but if he shows a desire to be the first native born Alaskan to go to congress educate him for the bar.—Detroit Free Press.

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Do you want anything? Read our Want column.

## TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

What consternation there would have been if Barnstall had come to the ears of this little card party had come to the ears of the gossips of that quiet town! for these men were the "solid men" of the place—the wealthy merchants, lawyers and bankers; and one of the number (I regret to betray it) was a vestryman of St. Ann's and took up the collection every Sunday. This worthy man was indignant that John Hurlstone should be paying court to the rector's daughter. "The young scamp!" he muttered behind his sanctimonious smooth shaven lip; "I should like to tell Dr. Bayliss of his wickedness." But, much as he would have liked to expose the young man, he hesitated, for fear the young man might in turn expose him.

The more John Hurlstone thought of marrying Amy Bayliss the more his conscience pricked him, not only on account of the error of his present way, but also on account of the past. To blunt the points that pricked, he had recourse to his favorite liquor, but kept the knowledge of his dissipation from his family, for they never asked when he came home. His bedroom was on the ground floor, and he could admit himself through the French window if there was any reason to suppose his entrance by the door would be heard.

To our wailing or our wrathful groans,

One night the card party held a very long session, and the vestryman, who had had an unusual run of luck, insisted upon "whooping it up and letting the devil take the consequences." This sentiment thoroughly harmonized with John's mood, and he brewed a bowl of punch that was as seductive as it was treacherous. The vestryman smacked his lips and slapped John on the back with brotherly affection. "Never tasted anything so good in my life. What d'yer call it, Jack, old fellow?" he said, helping himself to a fifth of laudanum.

"I don't know what the right name is," answered Jack, "but in the army they called it hell broth."

"The devil they did!" exclaimed the vestryman; "they're a wicked lot in the army."

Finally, it was proposed that the party should break up, and, as the night was breaking up too, and the punch was all drunk, the motion was adopted, and the vestryman and the lawyer, the banker and the merchants, linked arms and took the middle of the road until their paths diverged. Then they parted, after repeated vows of undying friendship.

John had the farthest to go, and the punch was well down in his legs before he got half way home. His head swam, and he put up his listless hands to wipe away the cobwebs away from his face.

"Please on our fight! Believe we'll win it by

To stand up wealth—ananas a nation's treasure,

Then plausibly fold his hands and say, 'tis will of Heaven."

Then followed his days in idleness and pleasure,

While others wear in mines, their lives out,

The grass below,

Right on, our brothers rise now in their might,

Nothin' on us to us be given"—with many voices:

"We ask but ours, free-born man's God given

This day should make our weary hearts rejoice,

For 'tis the dawning! Out the jeweled haze the

Bright shines! In Labor's life, the door-step of May.

And see the fallen man sink into the tomb,

Now 'gins he rear his head—round him look,

To read the Portents flaming in the sky,

Begins to turn the world upside down,

And finds all men to be condemned to the dock,

And finds no one man that right was ever given.

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