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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1890.

Out with the unnecessary fire plugs.

Mr. Mount, rise and explain your vote.

Council meets tonight. 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 a
workingman 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 butcher's 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 grates
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 law shines as brightly as the fixed stars.
It is the scandal mongers and anonymous
slanders to whom reference is made—
those worse than thieves—because, almost
without exception, their attacks
from behind an invisible bulwark, are
made upon the innocent and unsuspecting.
In a pleasant north side home in
this city, for a long time, has lived in
unhappily a father,mother and two loving little children.
They are a family—father, mother and
children—who have shown unmistakably
that they have always been in
love with each other. The father
is a railroad man, whose
duties require his frequent absence from
home. Not long since he received at the
terminus of his run—remote from this
city—a letter postmarked "Terre Haute"
and bearing a fictitious signature, in
which his wife was charged with receiving
visits from strange men in his ab-
sence; that she left a light in an upper
window as a signal that she had left
home, etc. He was indignant, not that
he believed a word of the vile scandal,
but that his wife—the mother of his children—should be made the subject of
so venomous an attack. On his
return home he showed the letter to
his wife. She is a sensitive woman—
tenacious of her character as a fond wife,
a faithful mother and a good woman—
and she broke down completely. All her
husband could say to reassure her was
of no avail, and since she was first told
of the awful falsehood against her she has
been the victim of uninterrupted hysteria.
The authorship of the letter has
been traced down and found to be that
of a woman in the neighborhood who
had failed to receive an invitation to an
evening party recently given by the ob-
ject of her outrageous attack.

R. P. O'Neil's Poem.

Following is the poem read by R. P.
O'Neil at the fair grounds yesterday at
the labor picnic. It was written by him-
self.
OUR DAY.
We now unto our rulers crave one word to
say.
We want no tally-forgers in our public hall,
No men like Woods or Clarkson, Baum or
Quay.
Or W. Dudley with his floating "blocks of
five."
They need not hold their ears, quite to the
ground
To hear our walling or our wrathful groans—
One word far they'll take 'twill then be
found
Our walling's ended—our wrath is thunder-
tuned.
Then will they find the party very short of
breath.
That to thugdom by a Pinkerton gives birth
Lies marauding like Scott starve little babes to
death.
Or a traitorous Webb crush labor to the earth.
These wrongs we have not silently endured.
Our prayers to these smoke upward to our
God.
Starved! Murdered! In prison cells immured,
How many of our best by these sleep 'neath
the sod!
Relentless time, year after year rolls its doom.
While some wisdom garner as the ages fly.
And see his fellow man sink into the tomb.
Now 'tis he rear his head to 'round him look.
To read the Portents flaming in the sky.
Begins to turn the pages of great nature's book
And finds all men to be condemned to die.
He finds to no one man the right was ever
given.
To heap up wealth—amass a nation's treasure.
Then plough fold hands and say, 'tis will of
Heaven.
Then pass his days in idleness and pleasure.
While others, in dire need and poverty, strive
and toil.
Ending their days in bitter pain and want
and woe.
Tolling till the sun of life in factory, shop
or soil.
While others wear in mines, their lives out,
Righteously, our tollers rise now in their might.
"What is ours to us be given"—with manly
voice.
"We ask but ours, free-born man's God given
This day should make our weary hearts re-
joice.
For 'tis the dawning! Out the jeweled haze the
morn'
Bright shines! In Labor's life, the door-step
Oh! ye fellow tollers, no more look downcast or
forlorn
How Labor bath for Labor gained a legal
honor.
Up! all! Clear throats! Send the hat high to
ward the
And cheer till wide rolling echoes shake the
solid ground.
Force of our fight! Believe we'll win it by
Pleasure for all men be, and laughter girdle
earth around.
Rouse up, Oh Labor, to the scene of all freedom
climb!
Till like great Edward Bellamy we backward
look.
Vile all men happy, calm, God-like and sub-
lime.
"And read Life's pages backward like a He-
brew book."
Then comes the golden time! Then each and
every man
Seeing clearly backward! Looking o'er the
field of fray,
Shall lay hand to an equal task, do the best he
can.
And all men shall all dawn, as glorious
September 1, 1890.

Queer Place for a Tree.

"One of the most unique sights I have
ever seen on my travels," said Arthur
Thomas, of New York, "is the old court
house in Greencastle, Ind. I was in the
town the other day, and my attention
was called to a full grown tree. Now,
the curious thing about this tree was
that it didn't grow on terra firma, but
on the tower of the court house. The
tree sprouted years ago from a crevice
in the bricks of the tower, and it devel-
oped, year after year, until now it is a
foot or more in circumference at the
trunk. It is one of the most curious
tree growths I have seen anywhere. It
will have to go soon, however, for the
county is going to construct a new court
house. It seems a pity that it cannot be
preserved, for it is a fine specimen of
erratic tree growth.—Cincinnati Com-
mercial Gazette.

A Dog That Devours Hard Cash.

Have you ever gone across the inlet
with a yachting party and seen Mr. J.
D. Smith's shaggy haired dog? He is the
most extraordinary shaggy haired dog
that you will ever see.
He eats hard cash.
"Billy, Billy, now then."
That is what you say, and you flip him
a five cent piece, and he gulps it down
like a morsel of meat. Of course every-
body who goes over there in a sailing
party flips him five cents for the fun of
seeing him swallow it, and they swear to
me that on Wednesday he ate \$5.30, all
nickels.—Atlantic City Letter.

An Instrument of Torture.

At a picnic of the Union choir at
Deacon Curtis' farm, an old piano which
stood in the parlor attracted much at-
tention from its antiquity, having been
manufactured in 1740—150 years ago.
It has six legs, with drawers in front, and
is the property of one of Mr. Curtis'
brothers, Mr. Frank Putnam. As it was
played upon by several of the young
ladies, peals of laughter greeted its dulcet
(?) tones, and it was unanimously de-
cided that even Mr. Charles Jennings—
good musician that he is—could hardly
keep in tune with its variable harmony.
—Marlboro (Mass.) Enterprise.

That Alaska Find.

An American officer in Alaska has re-
sued 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 pious sort 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.—De-
troit Free Press.Do you want anything? Read our
Want column.

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experi-
ences in New York.Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa., and Published by
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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

What consternation there would have
been in Farmstead if knowledge 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
scoundrel!" he muttered behind his
sanctimonious, smooth shaven lip; "I
should like to tell Dr. Bayless 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 Bayless the more his con-
science 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 knowl-
edge 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.One night the card party held a very
late 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 senti-
ment 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 liddell."I don't know what the right name
is," answered Jack, "but in the army
they call it hell broth.""The devil it hell broth!" 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 of
repeated vows of undying friendship.
John and the farthest to go, and the
punch was well down in his legs before
he put up the cobwebs away from his face.
How sleepy he felt! He wanted to lie down
along the road; but something impelled
him to keep on, and on he went, his un-
certain footsteps taking him within an
inch of ditches, heaps of stone, and the
rows of trees that flanked the paths. At
last he reached the homestead gate. What
was the matter with the latch? It seemed
possessed of a devil. (John never for a
moment suspected that he was the one
so possessed.) But finally it yielded to
his fumbling, and swung back with a
bang against the fence.His mother, always a light sleeper,
heard the unusual noise, and came to the
window to see what was the matter.
"Some stray horse or cow must have
pushed the gate open," she thought. "I
must see that a better latch is put on."Thus musing, she looked down upon
the path, and saw the figure of a man
staggering up the walk.What is it that puts so fine an edge
upon a mother's intuitions? Mrs. Hur-
stone had never seen a son of hers intox-
icated, yet her heart sank within her,
and she knew in a moment whose figure
that was, and the cause of its unsteady-
ness. Hastily thrusting her feet into her
slippers and wrapping her dressing gown
about her, she ran noiselessly down
stairs, fearful lest she should be heard,
and John's disgrace made known to the
family. With trembling fingers she
turned the heavy key in the lock and
stepped out upon the wide piazza.

Where was John?

There—that limp and lifeless body
lying at the foot of the steps—that was
John—her first-born, her beautiful boy,
covered with mud, his hair tumbled
about and matted on his forehead, his
face pale and bloated, breathing long,
heavy breaths. That was John.Once, years ago, she had seen a misera-
ble tramp lying drunk in the gutter, and
had pitied him that he could be so base
a thing. And here was her own son in
the same condition. She knew at a
glance what was the matter with him,
and when she stooped down to put her
hands upon his brow she smelt the stale,
foul liquor that puffed up from his half
open mouth."John! John!" she cried, in an agony;
"wake up, my son; come into the house
and let me put you to bed. It is your
mother, John, who is speaking to you."
No answer but John's heavy snores.
She got down on the gravel, and held
his head in her lap, and tried every
means in her power to wake him; but
he slept on. She thought he must be
dying, and her hot tears rained upon his
face. Still he slept. The gray dawn was
breaking over the wooded east. Streaks
of silver and gold shot through the pine
trees. In a short time the family would
be up, or a neighbor passing by would
stop to ask what was the matter. She
must get him into the house, into his
own room, and there try to revive him.Just as she was about to exert all her
strength to lift him, she heard footsteps
on the gravel, and saw old Pete, the col-
ored man of all work, coming around a
corner of the house. Old Pete was an
early riser, and liked to have his chores
done "before the day got ahead of him,"
so he said. The old man stood for a mo-
ment and surveyed the scene. He took
in the situation at a glance, and from
his coolness in the matter one might
have inferred that it was not the first
time that he had seen his young master"Oh, Pete, Pete, what shall we do?
Mr. John is very ill and I can't wake
him," sobbed Mrs. Hurlstone.
"Jes' you go in the house and leave
him to me, Miss Kitty; I'll soon bring
him to," said Pete, laying down the
bucket he was carrying to the well.
"What are you going to do to him?"
anxiously inquired the mother, kissing
her son's damp forehead."This ain't no place for you, Miss
Kitty; you go inside, out of the cold.
Jes' leave him to me. I'll rub his eyes;
that'll bring him round." And he suited
the action to the word, rubbing the
young man's ears with his horny palms
till the mother begged him to stop. But
Pete knew what he was about, for in a
minute or two John opened his eyes in a
lull, listless way, stared at his mother
and closed them again. Then Pete re-
sumed his rubbing, and he opened his
eyes wider and tried to get up."Go into the house, please, Miss Kitty;
this ain't no sight for you to see. Leave
him to me. I'll get him to bed." And
he gently pushed his mistress inside the
door, and then he helped his master to
his feet."What's the matter, Pete?" said John,
rubbing his eyes."Nothin' uncommon," answered Pete,
laconically. "Jes' take my arm, and I'll
help yer to bed."John took the arm of the faithful
negro, and staggering slightly, got to his
room, where the old man undressed him
and put him in his soft white bed. There
he soon fell fast asleep, but not so heav-
ily this time. While he was sleep-
ing in his room, the mother was lying
on her couch upstairs, racked by a grief
too deep for tears. But she knew that
she must get up and put on a cheerful
face before her children and be ready to
answer any questions they might ask her
about John.Fortunately, John was never an early
riser, so their suspicions were not very
much excited. They asked why he didn't
come to breakfast, and their mother re-
plied that he had a bad headache—per-
haps a truer statement than she had
thought. About 11 o'clock John ap-
peared upon the scene, and except for a
slight pallor in his cheeks and a faint
tinge of gray under his eyes, he looked
as fresh as a rose. He had had a cold
bath, a good rubbing down, and a cup
of hot coffee, and he felt pretty bright. His
hands trembled a little as he held the
morning paper up to read, and he had no
appetite for the nice little breakfast his
mother brought him; otherwise he was
in fine condition. He had forgotten all
about the night before, and he wondered
if it could have been a tear he saw in his
mother's eye when he kissed him good
morning. The mail had just been fetched
up from the postoffice, and Mrs. Hur-
stone handed John a large, business like
envelope, addressed to him in a rough
hand. An elaborate stamp on the out-
side bore the name of "The Grand
Mutual Dividend Mining company."John ripped open the envelope nerv-
ously, and his eyes glistened as they
ran down the page.
"Mother, this is from Col. Mortimer,
of Ours; he has organized a mining com-
pany on a new plan and he wants me for
secretary. He offers a good salary and
little work, and I am to go to New York
at once. I'm sorry to leave you, mother
dear, but this is an opportunity not to be
lost. Mortimer has a great head for
schemes. If he goes into one you may
be sure there's money in it—at least for
him," added John, with a laugh.
Mrs. Hurlstone did not join in the
laugh; for if there was a man in the
world whom she feared and disliked it
was Col. Andrew Mortimer. He was a
brave soldier, but corrupt and hardened
man, and she knew that his influence
over John was anything but good."You don't congratulate me, mother,"
said John, gayly, putting his arm around
her waist and kissing her. Indeed she
did not. How could she, knowing all
she knew?

CHAPTER VIII.

YOU may be
sure that
Rush Hur-
stone was
not slow to
accept the
invitation
of Helen
Knowlton to
"drop in" to
see me
evening." As
she had re-
quested, he
took his ban-
jo with him,
and to say
that he en-
joyed his pri-
vacy was
lego is not
doing justice
to his sensa-
tions. There
is no denying
that Rush was
a very attrac-
tive fellow.
He was a gen-
tleman by
birth and in-
stinct; he was
bright, and
could be very
amusing. He
was so much
younger than
Helen that
Rebecca re-
garded him as
"perfectly safe,"
and Helen never
thought of him
as anything
more than an
agreeable boy—
enthusiastic,
and enough of
a musician to
be sympathetic.His ear for music was quite remark-
able. He could play a tune on the
piano after a few hearings. Helen
Knowlton, whose outward life was ne-
cessarily more or less artificial and con-
strained, found this young fellow a pleas-
ant change from the men of fashion and
of the stage, by whom she was usually
surrounded. By the people of the stage
she was surrounded only at the opera
house, to be sure, but she saw enough of
them to have a pretty poor opinion of
their manhood, the tenor's in particular.
Indeed, she quite shared the opinion of a
big voiced bass, once known, who, on
being asked if he didn't think a certain
bass was a prettier fellow, replied:
"Yes, as good a fellow as a man can be,
who sings in that way. No, the average
tenor is not a very noble animal. He is
whimsical as a woman, and a very
whimsical fellow."Eighty miners, scattered
over a wide area, were
employed to-day by an explosion of
fire camp in a mine at Borylave.yond words. I don't say that there are
no exceptions to this rule, but, if there
are, they have not come under my ob-
servation.I am sorry to say that Rush occa-
sionally dropped into song, but he sang very
unprofessionally, and his voice was a
barytone. He was on such friendly re-
lations with Helen and her aunt that one
evening, when he wanted to show them
how a certain Creole song went which
he had picked up from a young Louisi-
anian at college, he played the strange
accompaniment on the piano and sang
the song. Helen was delighted with his
voice as well as with the song, and she
thought his style, uncultivated as it was,
very fascinating. She complimented
him so judiciously that he was led on to
sing often, and she offered to teach him
some Scandinavian love songs she had
brought home from Europe with her.
So it will be seen that their evenings
were passed very pleasantly.Aunt Rebecca did not like her niece to
be dragged too deep into the social whirl-
pool; she thought that her professional
life was exciting enough, and, unless
Helen had some invitation she could
not well refuse, she liked her to
pass a quiet evening at home. She
looked upon Rush as a godsend, for
he was interesting enough to keep
Helen from being bored by herself, and
as he was so young and without fortune
he did not come into line with possible
suitors for her niece's hand. Rush was
very well satisfied with this arrange-
ment, for it put him upon a very friendly
footing. Helen would see him when she
would not see men whom she regarded
with more favor in a certain way, for
she did not feel that she had to put her-
self out to entertain him. When West
Hastings referred to Rush's rather intem-
perate footing in the family, she replied
that he was "only a boy," and seemed to
be very much amused that this man of
the world should regard him with the
slightest feeling of jealousy."Boys are often more dangerous than
they seem to be," he replied, with a
slight smile; for nothing annoyed him
more than to be laughed at, no matter
how gentle the laugh.As for Helen, she soon forgot the con-
versation. She liked Rush as a com-
panion—"a nice young brother," was the
way she put it. Rush did not regard
Helen with so Platonic an affection. He
fell more deeply in love with her every
time he met her, and he was very much
afraid that he would betray himself.
Such a thing as that, he knew, would be
fatal. So he waited as patiently as he
could."Constant dropping wears away a
stone," he said to himself. "I shall hang
on and keep up my spirits as best I may.
In the meantime I shall work for money
and position as no man ever worked be-
fore, and my time will come." Archie
Tillinghast, who could not but notice
Rush's devotion to Helen, said to him
one day, "Rush, old man, I hate to see
you playing tame cat to a prima donna."
Rush replied with a fierceness that
must have proved to his friend that
there was anything of the cat in his dis-
position it certainly was not of the tame
species. "If another man had said that
to me, I would have made him measure
his length on the sidewalk. But I will
take a good deal from you, Archie. No
more of this, however.""As you like, dear boy," returned
Archie; "but I think you are out for
something better than to stand around
with a hundred other men and burn in-
cense before a public singer.""Your words are no doubt well meant,
Archie, but they are uncalled for. I am
content to be one of a hundred now;
there is no reason I should not be; but I
may outstand the ninety-and-nine, and
be swinging my corner all alone some
day," he said, laughingly; and, putting
his arm through Archie's, they continued
their walk in peace and quietness.Archie made up his mind to say no
more upon the subject, no matter what
he might think. "As well try to sweep
the cobwebs out of the sky with a whisk
broom as to open a man's eyes when he
is in this condition," he said to himself.
Rush was not always content with
himself or with his position. There were
times when he resented being treated as
a boy. One night in particular he was
in a lamentable state of mind. He had
gone to the academy with Helen and her
aunt, and, naturally, expected to take
home; but when West Hastings came he
hind the scene with Uncle Lightfoot
Mrs. Mrs. Dick Griswold and a lot of
other people to congratulate the prima
donna on a brilliant evening's work, and
invited the whole party to supper at Del-
monico's.Helen, who thought that Rush had
brought her to the theatre to accommo-
date her rather than for any pleasure to
himself, believed that he would be glad
of the release, and said, in her politest
tones: "I won't trouble you to take me
home, Mr. Hurlstone. Mr. Hastings
and these good friends have kindly vol-
unteered their services. It was very
good of you to bring me. Good night,"
she added, putting out her hand. He
bowed over it, but said nothing as he
turned to go. "Stay one moment," said
Helen, taking up one of the dozen bou-
quets that had been thrown to her. It
was of red roses; they were not so com-
mon then as they are today. West
Hastings had sent it. He always sent
the same, for he liked to hear people
say, as it fell upon the stage, "That is
from West Hastings; he always sends
those big red roses.""Mr. Hurlstone, don't you want a
rose?" And, choosing the finest one
from the bunch, she fastened it in his
buttonhole."Thank you," he said, rather stiffly, as
he bowed himself out. He would have
felt better in his mind if he had seen the
expression of annoyance that passed
over West Hastings' face as he known the
cause. But he didn't, and he went out
across the dimly lighted stage in a most
unenviable frame of mind."Am I tame cat, after all?" he asked
himself, bitterly. "Shall I allow her to
kick me out of her way, and then come
purring back and be happy again to rub
up against her garments? What an idiot
I am!" This sort of thing will drive all
the manhood out of me. I had better
take to the wilds and chop wood to the
end of my days. That at least would be
a manly vocation. I'll never see her
again. I'll forget all that has been so
pleasant and buckle down to work. I'll
win fame and fortune, and then she will
see what she has lost!"[TO BE CONTINUED.]
Eighty miners, scattered
over a wide area, were
employed to-day by an explosion of
fire camp in a mine at Borylave.THE DAUNTLESS.
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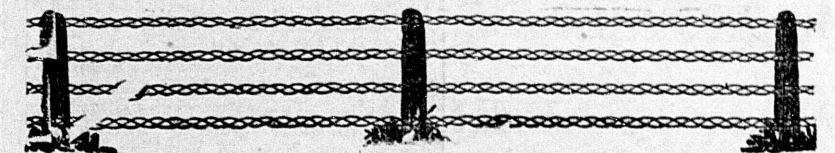
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