

THE DAILY NEWS.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1890.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first edition of THE NEWS, which consists of nearly 500 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 11 a. m.

The latest gyrations of the Morning Misinformed is its defense of the conspiracy act. For all time the Express has taken a position opposed to the best interests of organized labor, and because of one man, Mr. Mount, candidate for Congress.

The News said that Mr. Mount's vote against the repeal of the conspiracy law was absolutely defenseless, yet the Express says Mr. Mount was right. A partisan paper that is so under the party lash that it is compelled to defend an unworthy man is to be pitied.

This city extends a hearty welcome to the gallant old boys who wore the blue. The Wabash veteran is proud of her veterans. No better men ever faced a foe and as they meet in this city to renew their friendships every courtesy is extended to them. All honor to the soldier.

The poem published in this issue of THE NEWS is a fitting tribute to the volunteer. It is written by Dr. Spotswood and possesses rare merit. It will find a place in the hearts of the volunteers. It is the first poem written on the subject and worthy of rank among the best war poems.

PRESIDENT LEVY, of the Federation of Trade and Labor Unions, said in his annual address at Indianapolis that it was a fact that organized labor had brought about the repeal of the infamous intimidation laws. But James H. Mount turned his back on organized labor. He voted against the repeal of the conspiracy law and maintains that he was justified in so doing, thus proving himself antagonistic to the best interests of labor. He believes that if a working-man threatens to interfere with the operations of any company, he should be sent to the penitentiary.

VETERANS of the war have a kindred feeling for each other. Those who touched shoulders on the field of battle stand side by side to-day. That fraternal feeling which was fostered by the conflict for a common cause, is manifest to-day. The simple statement that a man faced death in the 60's stirs a responsive and sympathetic chord in the breast of all who wore the blue. The soldier who stood by his country will stand by his friend. It is not amiss in this connection to state that the congressman from this district has made a good record for his promptness and diligence in serving the soldier at the national capital. He is remembered kindly for the work which he has accomplished, and which is appreciated.

REDUCE the water rates to private consumers. There is no reason why the patrons of the Water Works company should be compelled to pay an exorbitant tariff to an overfed monopoly that has grown rich by its extortions. There is a crying need of a reduction. If the council stops at compelling compliance with the contract for furnishing water for fire protection, the public will not be satisfied. It is demanded that rates shall be reduced. No compromise measure by securing to the city its rights, to the neglect of private consumers, should be tolerated. There is no reason why the octopus should not be compelled to charge reasonable rates. The city council has it in its power to reduce rates and knifing should take place.

Tax city is filling up with old soldiers men who faced death in order that the nation might be preserved. The gray hairs which mark most of their heads but command deeper respect and reverence for the incalculable service which they performed in defense of their country. The sight of the veterans should inspire the younger generations to pay homage to the heroes of the war. Their services cannot be estimated and the pension list many of them receive is but slight recognition of their magnificent sacrifices for an undivided union.

But there is one paper in Terre Haute which cannot join in praise of the soldier. It is the Gazette, a publication that said only last July that the soldiers perjure themselves in order to obtain pensions. In speaking of the pension bill, just then passed, it said that it "cost a hundred million dollar tribute to thousands of men to debase themselves penance, and doubtless question of credit will perjure themselves." Mack complained that "this money, the association is antagonistic to the interests of his own race."

Against the Trust. NASHVILLE, September 26.—Action has been brought against the Tennessee mining trust which the federal authorities have been ordered to break up.

them if the money was burned up or sunk in the bottom of the sea." It will not be surprising that THE NEWS contemporary, with its characteristic hypocrisy and contemptible practices, will forego its feelings to belittles the pensioner, belie its sentiments and attempt to make peace with the soldier while he is the city's guest. Its record is clear on the question. It vilified General Grant, the grandest soldier of the war, and even heaped its maledictions upon the chiefest as he lay pallid in his shroud. Such insults to the old soldier cannot and should not be overlooked and forgotten.

HERE AND THERE.

"Do you know?" The weary scribbler took it to be the Private Secretary chestnut, and was ready to smite the speaker hip and thigh when the latter raised his hand. "Sincerely," said he, "do you know that I am being made the object of a tirade of nonsensical letters purporting to be from all manner of improbable sources?"

"No, I did not know it," answered the reporter. "Well, I am. I get letters from everywhere—from all the fools alive on this side of the Atlantic. I don't know who writes 'em, but I suspect it is a certain notarial nobs who hangs up right here in this city, and whose blooming whippersnappers I propose to trim if he doesn't let up. Here's the latest production from the mental malformation," and the emphatic speaker handed a letter to the newsgatherer, which read as follows:

"You are respectability invited to attend a dance gathering at 100 South Fifth street to-morrow evening. There will be Chinese lanterns hanging in the trees, refreshments in abundance, pretty girls, coffee and cake, wit and humor."

The reporter read thus far and had enough. He handed the senseless epistle back to its owner. "Do you think," said the latter, "that there would be much wit and humor in an assemblage of which the writer of this note was a representative member?"

"I'd like to get him out in the woods and spend the day beating him up with a peach bludge."

County Auditor Frank Armstrong was standing on Main street the other afternoon and was dawdling a dollar in his right hand. Presently Harry Russell stepped up and as he did so Mr. Armstrong feigned to take a dollar from the outside pocket of his saccos coat. Mr. Russell saw the maneuver but said nothing. The two gentlemen walked off down the street. Mr. Armstrong turned south on Third street, Mr. Russell turned west on Ohio street. Mr. Russell staid by his side. Everywhere that Mr. Armstrong went Mr. Russell was sure to go. Finally the two men paused and looked at each other. Mr. Armstrong began to wonder at the extreme attentiveness of Mr. Russell. Finally the latter smilingly remarked:

"Didn't you forget something, Frank?" "Forgot something?" repeated the auditor, wonderingly. "Yes; aren't you going to treat with that?"

Frank's countenance, all mystification, suddenly grew sober. A hint of the true situation flashed through his mind and extending a shining bit of silver, he said:

"Do you really think I got that dollar out of your pocket?" "Why, yes—yes," said Russell, alertly; "didn't you?" and the candidate for sheriff drew out a handful of silver dollars from the same pocket.

"No," said the auditor; "I had that dollar in my hand when you came up." And then they both looked non-plussed and confused.

"I supposed," said Russell, at length, "that you really got the dollar out of my pocket, intending to treat with it and give me the change."

THE FALL RACES.

The Finest Programme Ever Presented in the State of Indiana. The Fall meeting of the Terre Haute Trotting Association begins October 7th and continues until October 10th. The entries, including those in the four stakes, number 143—the largest list ever presented at one race meeting in the West. The horses that are entered are flyers from the old school and with fair weather Terre Haute's Fall races this year will eclipse everything in her history. On the opening day, Tuesday, there will occur a 2:18 pace, purse \$1,500, in which there are fourteen great entries. On the second day occurs a 2:34 trot, purse \$1,500, nine entries; and a 2:34 class, purse \$1,000, twenty entries. The third day has a free-for-all pace, purse \$1,000, seven entries; and a 2:18 class, purse \$1,000, fifteen entries. The fourth and closing day is the banner one. There will be a 2:16 class, purse \$1,000, nine entries; a 2:23 class, purse \$1,500, fifteen entries; and a 2:25 pacing class, purse \$1,000, eighteen entries. This programme stands peerless in the annals of race meetings in the West.

Labor Notes.

In Baltimore, Maryland, about 350 boys and helpers in glass factories struck, closing two establishments. The recent elections of the New York Central Labor Union were conducted on the Australian ballot plan. The St. Louis Typographical Union, No. 9, is waging war against the Star-Bayings, the only rat paper in St. Louis.

The Labor Congress in session at Liverpool, England, passed a resolution requesting parliament to make it a penal offense to work more than eight hours a day. So far nineteen firms have granted the scale of the Amalgamated Association of Steel and Ironworkers in the Eastern states, and there are about fifty firms to be heard from.

A paper issued by David T. Day, chief of the mining division of the census bureau, shows that Pennsylvania produces one-half of the coal mined in the United States. The same paper shows that there are 301,850 men employed in the industry, of which number 103,000 are employed in this state.

The Pennsylvania railroad company has posted a notice in its machine shops at Pittsburgh making a day's work nine hours instead of ten, with a corresponding reduction in pay. The men had asked for shorter hours and the same pay and intended to strike, but will not do so now. The company says that it was necessary to reduce expenses, and this means a cut in pay. The men are angry, but in reality by a discharge of fifteen pounds of giant powder. The fireworks will be discharged from the fort. The entire display will be the grandest ever made in Terre Haute.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCOIS BRET HARTE. (Copyright. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER 1.—Rose Mallory, while being driven through a great wheat field in the Santa Clara valley, is delayed by the breaking of a wheel. A ranchman named Dawson comes to her assistance. While waiting for him to arrange matters so that she can proceed, she talks with an interesting young man who is on his way to turn and whose name is Thomas Bent. She is on her way to visit an old friend of her father, Maj. Randolph.

CHAPTER 2.—Rose arrives at the ranch of Maj. Randolph. He is the second husband of a French woman who had, when he married her, two children. The girl is named Adele and her brother, now a young man, Emilie. The domestic atmosphere of the Randolphs is not always unclouded. Mme. Randolph suggests, much to the major's disgust, that a match between Emilie and Rose would not be injudicious.

CHAPTER 3.—Rose is somewhat dazzled by the dignified French manners of Mme. Randolph and her children. Emilie is on the brink of a proposal when an earthquake shakes the house. He runs away, leaving Rose to take care of her mother. She is unharmed. Fearing another shock the family improve a shelter, rather than spend the night in the house.

CHAPTER 4.—Rose wanders away on a stroll and accidentally meets Bent. She learns that the drought in the arid region, on which the welfare of the major's plantation depends, has been stopped by the earthquake. When night comes she is unable to sleep and goes for a walk. She unintentionally hears Mme. Randolph talking to the major about the earthquake. She learns that the major is not at all displeased with her and Emilie. The major protests, whereupon Mme. Randolph asserts that Rose has voluntarily placed herself in a compromising situation with Emilie.

CHAPTER 5.—The sun, an hour high, but only just topping the greenish crests of the wheat, was streaming like the morning breeze through the open length of Tom Bent's workshop. An exaggerated and prolonged shadow of the young inventor himself at work beside his bench was stretching itself far into the broken down ranks of stalls toward the invisible road, and falling at the very feet of Rose Mallory as she emerged from them.

She was very pale, very quiet and very determined. The traveling mantle thrown over her shoulders was dusty; the ribbons that tied her hat under her round chin had become unloosed. She advanced, walking down the line of shadow directly toward him.

"I am afraid I will have to trouble you once more," she said, with a faint smile, which did not, however, prevent her perplexed eyes. "Could you give me any kind of a conveyance that would take me to San Jose at once?"

The young man had started at the rustling of her dress in the shavings and turned eagerly. The faintest indication of a loss of interest was visible for an instant in his face, but it quickly passed into a smile of recognition. Yet she felt that he had neither noticed any change in her appearance nor experienced any wonder at seeing her there at that hour.

"I did not take a buggy from the house," she went on quickly, "and I left early and did not want to disturb them. I know that I am gone. I was worried as not hearing news from my father in San Francisco since the earthquake, and I thought I would run down to San Jose to inquire without putting them to any trouble. Anything will do that you have ready if I can take it at once."

Still, without exhibiting the least surprise, Bent nodded affirmatively, put down his tools, begged her to wait a moment and ran off in the direction of the cabin. As he disappeared behind the work bench, but recovered herself a moment after, leaning with her back against it, her hands grasping it on either side and her knit brows and determined little face turned toward the road. Then she stood erect again, shook the dust out of her skirts, lifted her veil, wiped her cheeks and brow with the corner of a small handkerchief and began walking up and down the length of the shed as Bent reappeared.

He was accompanied by the man who had first led her through the wheat. He gazed upon her with apparently all the curiosity and concern that the other had lacked. "You want to get to San Jose as quick as you can?" he said interrogatively. "Yes," she said quickly, "if you can help me."

"You walked all the way from the major's here?" he went on, without taking his eyes from her face. "Yes," she answered, with an affectionate carelessness she had not shown to Bent. "But I started very early—it was cool and pleasant—and didn't seem far."

"I'll put you down in San Jose inside the hour. You shall have my horse and my driving sulky and I'll drive you myself. Will that do?" She looked at him wonderingly. She had not forgotten his previous restraint and gravity, but now his face seemed to have relaxed with some humorous satisfaction. She felt herself coloring slightly, but whether with shame or relief she could not tell.

"I shall be so much obliged to you," she replied hesitatingly, "and so will my father, I know."

"I reckon," said the man, with the same look of amused conjecture. Then, with a quick reassurance, he turned away and drove into the wheat again. "You're all right now, Miss Mallory," said Bent complacently. "Dawson will fix it. He's got a good horse, and he's a good driver, too." He paused, and then added pleasantly, "I suppose they're all well up at the house?"

It was so evident that his remark carried no personal meaning to herself that she was obliged to answer carelessly, "Oh, yes."

"I suppose you see a good deal of Miss Randolph—Miss Adele, I think you call her?" he remarked tentatively, and with a certain boyish enthusiasm which she had never conceived possible to his nature. "Yes," she replied a little dryly. "She is the only young lady there." She stopped, remembering Adele's naive description of the man before her, and said abruptly, "You know her then?" "A little," replied the young man modestly. "I see her pretty often when I am passing the upper end of the rancho. She's very well brought up, and her manners are very refined—don't you think so?—and yet she's just as simple and natural as a country girl. There's a great deal in education after all, isn't there?" he went on confidentially; "and although" he lowered his voice and looked cautiously around him—"I believe that some of us here don't fancy her much, there's no doubt that she knows how to bring it off."

With the color of her face pale and she was running away from him, and the shameful disclosure of her heart last night, the recollection of Adele's scandalous interpretation of her most innocent actions and her sudden and complete revulsion against all that she had previously admired in that household—to hear this man, who had seemed to her a living protest against their ideas and principles, now expressing them and holding them up for emulation, almost took her breath away.

"I suppose that means that you intend to look after Maj. Randolph's well for him?" she said dryly. "Yes," he returned, without noticing her manner, "and I think I can find that water again. I've been studying it up all night. And do you know what I'm going to do? I am going to make the earthquake that lost it help me to find it again." He paused and looked at her with a smile and a return of his former enthusiasm. "Do you remember the crack in the adobe field that stopped you yesterday?"

"Yes," said the girl, with a slight shiver. "I told you then that the same crack was a split in the rock outcrop further up the plain and was deeper. I am satisfied now from what I have seen that it is really a rupture of the whole strata all the way down. That's the one weak point that the imprisoned water is sure to find, and that's where the borer will tap it in that new well that the earthquake itself has sunk."

It seemed to her now that she understood his explanation perfectly, and she wondered the more that he had been so mistaken in his estimate of Adele. She turned away a little impatiently and looked anxiously toward the point where Dawson had disappeared. Bent followed her eyes.

"He'll be here in a moment, Miss Mallory. He has to drive slowly through the grain, but I hear the wheels. He stopped, and his voice took up its previous note of boyish hesitation. "By the way, I'll be going up to the rancho this afternoon to see the major. Have you any message for Mrs. Randolph—or for Miss Adele?"

"No," said Rose hesitatingly, "and"— "I see," interrupted Bent carelessly. "You don't want anything said about your coming here, I won't." It struck her that he had no ulterior meaning in the suggestion. But before she could make any reply Dawson reappeared, driving a handsome mare harness to a light spider like vehicle. He had also assumed, evidently in great haste, a black frock coat, buttoned over his waistcoat and cravatless shirt, and a tall black hat that already seemed to be cracking in the sunlight. He drove up, at once assisted her to the narrow perch beside him and with a nod to Bent drove off. His breathless expedition revealed the leisure taking of these young people of any ceremony.

"I suppose," said Mr. Dawson, giving a half glance over his shoulder as they struck into the dusty highway—"I suppose you don't care to see anybody before you get to San Jose?" "No—o—o," said Rose timidly. "And I reckon you wouldn't mind my racin' a bit if anybody kern up?"

"No." "The mare's sort of fastidious about takin' anybody's dust." "Is she?" said Rose, with a faint smile. "Awful," replied Bent with compassion. "And the queerest thing of all, she can't bear to have any one behind her either."

He leaned forward with his expression of humorous enjoyment of some latent joke and did something with the reins—Rose never could clearly understand what, though it seemed to her that he simply lifted them with ostentatious lightness—but the mare suddenly appeared to lengthen herself and lose her height, and the stalks of wheat on either side of the dusty track began to melt into each other, and then slipped like a flash into one long, continuous, shimmering green hedge. So perfect was the mare's action that the girl was scarcely conscious of any increased effort; so harmonious the whole movement that the light skeleton wagon seemed only a prolonged process of that long, slim body and free, collarless neck, both straight as the thin shafts on each side, and straighter than the delicate ribbonlike traces which, in what seemed a mere affectation of conscious power, hung at times almost limp between the whiffletree and the narrow breast band, that was all that confined the animal's powerful forequarters. So perfect was the result of its long, easy stride that Rose could scarcely see any undulation in the brown shining back, on which she could have placed her foot, nor felt the soft beat of the delicate hoofs that took the dust so firmly and yet so lightly.

The rapidity of motion which kept them both with heads bent forward, and seemed to force back any utterance that rose to their lips, spared Rose the obligation of conversation, and her companion was equally reticent. But it was evident to her that he had suspected she was running away from the Randolphs, and that she wished to avoid the embarrassing question of being overtaken even in persuasive pursuit. It was not possible that he knew the cause of her flight, and yet she could not account for his evident desire to befriend her, nor above all for his apparently humorous enjoyment of the situation.

Had he taken it gravely she might have been tempted to partly confide in him and ask his advice. Was she doing right, after all? Ought she not to have stayed long enough to speak her mind to Mrs. Randolph and demand to be sent home? No! She had not only shrunk from repeating the infamous slander she had overheard, but she had a terrible fear that if she had done so Mrs. Randolph was capable of denying it, or even changing her with being still under the influence of the earthquake shock and of walking in her sleep. Not She could not trust her—she could trust no one there. Had not even the major listened to those infamous lies? Had she not seen that he was helpless in the hands of this cabal in his own household—a cabal that she herself had thoughtlessly joined against him?

They had reached the first slight ascent. The attention drew out his watch. In the sun of September, satisfaction and demands judgment lay hands on the watch for \$10,000. His suit detect the Superior court by Kellogg toward a half mile.

Fill in a Fit. Some people think of Morgan, a painter, fell in a fit at the corner of Fifteenth and Liberty avenue Wednesday and was taken to jail. J. R. Crapo was summoned to attend him to the morgue.

Marriage License. Adam Lambert and Laura—but I do! Adam Lambert and Laura Lambert, both of them, were married in the city of Terre Haute, Ind., on the 23rd inst. by Rev. J. R. Crapo.

So soon! In half an hour she would be there, and then! She remembered suddenly she had not yet determined what to do. Should she go on at once to San Francisco, or telegraph to her father and await him at San Jose. In either case a new fear of the precipitancy of her action and the inadequacy of her reasons had sprung up in her mind. Would her father understand her? Would he underrate the cause and be mortified at the insult she had given the family of his old friend, or, more dreadful still, would he exaggerate her wrongs and seek a personal quarrel with the major. He was a man of quick temper and had the western ideas of redress. Perhaps even now she was precipitating a duel between them! Her cheeks grew wan again, her breath came quickly; tears gathered in her eyes. Oh, she was a dreadful girl, she knew it! She was an utterly miserable one, and she knew that too!

The reins were tightened, the pace lessened and at last fell to a walk. Conscious of her telltale eyes and troubled face she dared not turn to her companion to ask him why, but glanced across the fields.

"When you first came I didn't get to know your name, Miss Mallory, but I reckon I know your father." Her father! What made him say that? She wanted to speak but she felt she could not. In another moment, if he went on, she must do something—she would cry!

"I reckon you'll be wanting to go to the hotel first anyway?" There! she knew it! He would keep on! And now she had burst into tears. The mare was still walking slowly; the man was still bending over the shafts as if nothing had occurred. Then suddenly, illogically, and without a moment's warning, the pride that had sustained her crumbled, and became as the dust in the road. She burst out and left him—this stranger! This man she had disliked—all and everything. How she had felt, how she had been deceived, and what she had overheard.

"I thought as much," said her companion quietly, "and that's why I sent for your father." "You sent for my father? When—where?" said Rose in astonishment. "Yesterday. He was to come today, and if we don't find him at the hotel it will be because he has already started to come here by the upper and longer road. But you leave it to me, and don't you say anything to him of this now. If he's at the hotel I'll say I drove you down to show off the mare. Sabe? If he isn't I'll leave you there and come back here to find him. I've got something to tell him that will set you all right." He smiled grimly, lifted the reins, the mare started forward again, and the vehicle and its occupants disappeared in a vanishing dust cloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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St. Louis Expedition. Every Monday and Thursday, 7:25 for the round trip, 6:00 October 16th. St. Louis Fair—October 4 to 11, \$6.25 for round trip. Velled Prophets—St. Louis, October 7, \$6.25 round trip.

GOING EAST No. 10 N. Y. and Boston Express \$ 1.10 a. m. No. 2 Indianapolis and Cleveland 8:02 a. m. No. 15 New York Limited 1:07 p. m. No. 8 Day Express and Mail 3:45 p. m.

GOING WEST No. 7 Southwestern Express 5:50 a. m. No. 4 Day Express and Mail 10:00 a. m. No. 17 Southwestern Limited 1:02 p. m. No. 3 Mattson Express 7:35 p. m. Tickets on sale at Sixth street depot and 718 Wabash avenue.

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