

THE DAILY NEWS.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 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.

Will the police board overlook gambling? Superintendent Davis has utterly failed to suppress it. He has violated his instructions. What action will the police commissioners take?

The difference between the old election law and the new is that it required "stamps" of the boodle variety to carry an election under the former and stamps on the ticket now to elect men to office.

EX-POSTMASTER General Clarkson says the man does not live who would refuse the presidential nomination, and that if Mr. Blaine were tendered it he would undoubtedly accept. I, Mr. Clarkson, would not refuse.

Will the Express join The News in a fight for the suppression of gambling? The Express morning contemporary is presumably against gambling. The present affords an opportunity for the demonstration of its sincerity in advocating the closing of gaming rooms.

Congress has adjourned at last. The crowning act was the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, a measure unjust in many particulars, one that offers protection where it is not needed. The rushing through of the measure in the closing hours was characteristic of the session's work. The tariff bill had to be passed and passed it was. The country will now be relieved, at least for a short time of the work of congress.

There is a purpose on the part of some of the members of the council to change the contract with the water works, whereby the council may change the rates at any time. In other words it is proposed that the company be made the victim of the caprice, or worse, of the crank or corruptionist once a year.—Morning Miners.

Will The News contemporary advocate the binding of the city under a thirty-one years' contract with the water works monopoly? Will it uphold the extortionate charges which have been made? That the company is desirous of continuing under the present contract is not to be wondered at. It realizes that some sacrifices can be made in order to obligate the city as a patron for the next third of a century. The fact of the matter is, the contract is a valuable one—valuable because it places the city in the grip of the company for the next thirty-one years. It is absolutely necessary that readjustment of rates should take place every few years. A schedule that would be considered just today would not be equitable five years hence. There is no occasion for the establishment of a tariff that will continue over a period of thirty-one years. Annul the contract.

THE ADVANCE IN COAL.

The coal barons have advanced the price of coal. When patrons apply for a ton they are now informed that the price has advanced 10 cents per ton. When asked the reason, the dealer simply says that the operators put up the price and that the retailer was forced into making a corresponding advance. The retail dealer is not to blame for the advance—the operator is responsible. But has any increase in wages been granted to the miner? None whatever. He receives the same for his work as before. He receives no benefit from the advance. The increase goes into the pockets of the coal baron, and of nobody else. He does not share his profits with his workmen unless he is compelled to do so. It is just such combinations for the purpose of forcing the consumer to pay extortionate prices that are a fruitful source of labor troubles. When a miner sees the product advanced and no increase in wages it causes discontent. It is natural for him to demand better compensation for his labor. When there is no disposition shown on the part of the operator to share his profits with his men, there is just cause for a grievance. The employee objects to the employer enriching himself out of the fruits of the former's toil. The consumer rebels against paying exorbitant prices because he is well aware that the man who digs the coal is not to be benefited financially. There would be little complaint if the increase in price went into the pockets of the miners. The public is weary of paying tribute to corporations that form a combine and put up the price of commodities for their own individual benefit and the impoverishment of labor. The system is pernicious and should be checked.

What a Discrepancy.

BROOKLYN, October 2.—Deputy Health Commissioner Young estimated the population of the city yesterday from records of his office and placed the number of inhabitants at 880,225. The result

HERE AND THERE.

"If everybody followed my example," remarked an enthusiastic local temperance advocate, "every saloon would be closed before the end of the month."

"How's that?" asked a West Side lawyer with rubicund face.

"They would close from lack of patronage, sir. I never drink."

"I see. I can go you one better, though. If everybody followed my example every saloon in the city would close before next Saturday night."

"How's that?" asked the temperance advocate, eagerly.

"They would run out of 'stock'."

Joseph Blake, proprietor of the street car line running from the limits to the fair grounds, says that he is in a measure misrepresented by the statement recently published wherein he was declared to be constitutionally opposed to policemen.

"I am not unfavorably disposed toward members of the police force," said he to a News reporter, "nor do I object to their riding on my cars free of charge, provided they have business where they are going. If they have not I fail to see why I should consider it my duty to permit their gratuitous transportation. Furthermore, if an officer is riding on my car, I am not going to quarrel with him. I believe he should attempt to quell any disturbance that may arise. This gentleman to whom I objected did not do. I think as much of any policeman as of any other individual, but submit that he should do his duty."

Judge Eggleston probably never devoted himself particularly to a study of the natural history of the animal kingdom—his profession would scarcely have permitted that—but he does pretend to possess an exceedingly profound knowledge of, and intimate acquaintance with, the goose.

"Do you know," said he to a fellow lawyer yesterday, "that one goose may be readily distinguished from another?"

"I know that I can tell a goose from a gander," responded the student of Blackstone, "but I do not know equally well that ordinarily I could not distinguish one gander from another or one goose from another."

"It can be done," said the judge, decidedly.

"Can you do it?"

"I can do it," said a boy that I learned the secret—learned that an acquaintance may be formed, so to speak, with every goose in a flock. During my early days I was in the habit of playing among the geese and of observing their 'faces' very minutely. I learned that there was the same difference of expression there as is found in human countenances. So marked was this phenomenon that I soon became able to readily distinguish any goose in the flock. I could have named them all, and meeting any one separate from the others, could have immediately addressed him by name."

STABBED IN EARNEST.

The Loss of a Trick Knife Nearly Causes Margaret Mather's Death.

PETERBORO, Ontario, October 2.—The theatrical season was opened here on Friday night by Margaret Mather in "Romeo and Juliet." In the closing scene Miss Mather stabbed herself with a dagger which closed up when she pulled it out, but it had been lost and a genuine dagger substituted. Miss Mather forgot about the change made and plunged the weapon into her side. She uttered a suppressed scream and fell, but finished her part and dragged herself over as the curtain fell. An examination revealed the fact that she had a narrow escape from serious if not fatal injury. The blade penetrated the clothing and coat, and struck the sixth rib about an inch below the heart, making a slight flesh wound.

Eyrand Drawing Up Memoirs.

PARIS, October 2.—M. Eyrand, who was arrested in Havana for the murder of M. Gouffe, is spending his time in prison prior to his trial in drawing up his memoirs. One of the warden's, who is an artist in his way, is illustrating the text. Eyrand has made a rough sketch indicating the relative positions of the victims of himself and of Gabrielle Bonnard, his accomplice and mistress. The latter is playfully putting the nose around Gouffe's neck, while Eyrand is in the rear. Gabrielle is living high in prison. Her meals, which are sent in from a restaurant in the Place St. Michael, by order of M. Garonger who brought her back from America, costing twenty francs a day. This includes a bottle of champagne for her dinner, the prison rules allowing any kind of wine, and Mademoiselle Bonnard finds that champagne takes away her low spirits. Eyrand's food consists mostly of boiled beef and vegetables with half a pint of red wine with each meal. The trial of the couple has been fixed for the first week in November.

Beginning of Banquets.

New York, October 2.—The first of the round of grand banquets, which is a part of the programme of the visit of the English and German iron and steel manufacturers to this country, will take place at Delmonico's to-night, and will be one of the most elaborate affairs of the kind ever seen in the metropolis. The British Iron and Steel Association will be the hosts of the evening, and the Americans the guests. The invitations were engraved in England and are very English. They are printed on large cards in seven different colors and look like American chromos. The portrait of Stephenson occupies the center and in the four corners are cuts of a locomotive and other products of the iron and steel makers art.

Harrison Is Coming.

GALESBURG, Ill., October 2.—Arrangements are being made for a hearty welcome to President Harrison and his party on their arrival here next Wednesday. The town will be in holiday attire, and special trains will bring the country folks from hundreds of miles around to greet the chief executive. A popular reception will be tendered him, and it is possible that he may be prevailed upon to make a speech. The reception committee will accompany the party on Thursday to the Ottumwa coal palace; from thence the President goes to Topeka and then returns to Washington.

The Undertakers' Convention.

OMAHA, Neb., October 2.—The national convention of the International Funeral Directors' Association, which opened here yesterday afternoon, was resumed this morning. The principal delegates are from New York, New Jersey, Florida, Kentucky and Canada. The question of prices and the different goods entering into the business will be considered today.

A BREACH OF FAITH.

BY WALMAR HJORTH BOYESSEN.

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CHAPTER VII.

Two years passed rapidly and Gunnar became proficient in English. He took a lesson of one hour every evening from his landlady's daughter, the charming Mathilda, who, when the student with the beer had taken French leave (neglecting to settle his board bill), pitied the solitary young man from the backwoods, and taught him a variety of things besides English grammar. She was a curious mixture, this fascinating Mathilda, and Gunnar, though not lacking in common sense, found himself unable to judge her. Two attributes, however, he learned to distinguish in her. He took her to be adorably simple and kind hearted and full of good impulses. But he could not deny that she was an outrageous flirt. He imagined, too, that she pitied his loneliness, and at other times for want of anybody more desirable. When you can't get tobacco to smoke, they say in Norway, moss is a fair substitute. Anything of the masculine gender was fair game for Mathilda, and her time hung heavily on her hands when no masculine creature was about. Her mother affirmed that a flirtatious disposition was so deeply ingrained in her nature that it was useless to blame her for it. She had, the same authority asserted, winked at the doctor when she was born.

One would have supposed that Gunnar, armed with this knowledge, would have been proof against her blandishments. But no knowledge is a protection against that kind of assaults. There was to him a delicious thrill of danger in the situation which to her was entirely absent. She had seen more of the world than he, and sometimes, in order to tease him, gave him grandmotherly advice. She wormed his innocent secrets out of him, and obtained finally a confession of all his misdeeds. He felt so desperately wicked in having won the love of Ingerid, and then spurned it, that it was a great relief to him to be able to call himself hard names in the presence of a sympathetic listener. He did not fail to perceive that Mathilda, while condemning his faithlessness, looked upon him with a livelier interest after this confidence, and he could not help feeling darily heroic in the midst of all his wickedness.

What a lovely character, he argued, this gentle maiden must have to forgive all his past, and treat him with such kindness and sweet consideration. Why, knowing how disinterested she was, should he hold back from her his other and far more important secret? He had repeatedly hinted at it in her presence, and though her curiosity had been vaguely piqued she had failed to rise to the occasion. She treated his mysterious allusions as if she only half believed them, and replied to his dark observations with an absent minded vacancy which tried him sorely. He felt at last that his self respect compelled him to reveal the plot of which he was both victim and author. He was irritated beyond all endurance, and anticipated with a morbid satisfaction the sensation he would make when he should explode his bomb. But here he was again destined to disappointment. The shrewd Mathilda betrayed no great astonishment. He saw by the glance she gave him from under her long lashes that she thought he was romancing, but was too considerate to tell him so. He had then no choice but to produce his proof, and when Mathilda finally had no choice but to believe him he could no longer charge her with indifference.

She betrayed an alacrity and an indignation on his behalf which were extremely flattering. He felt with gratified vanity how immensely he had risen in her esteem. Unsophisticated though he was he observed that she dressed with more care for their lessons and exerted all her arts to please in a way which formerly would never have occurred to her. It was an intoxication of bliss to sit at her side on her sofa, while her hair grazed his cheek and her hand sometimes by some vagrant impulse stole into his, and her dark blue eyes suddenly flashed upon him a glance full of tender meaning. She could put on a look of such appealing innocence that Gunnar had to exert all his self restraint to keep himself within bounds. A wild desire seized him more than once to clasp her in his arms and cover her face with kisses, but at such moments his fancy would conjure up the sweet face of Ingerid with tearful eyes and lips quivering in infantine distress, and the sense of his own baseness would overwhelm him and sober his passion.

Gunnar saw Mr. Norman almost daily during these two years. He had an idea that his chief watched him, and during his constant unexpressed romanticism he took special attention to his work. He saw him frequently speak to the foreman of his division, and twice, after these conferences, Gunnar was promoted and his pay increased. When Mr. Norman addressed him, as he occasionally did, it was usually to ask him how he was getting on with his English. One day, when the bell had rung and all the other hands were hurrying away, Gunnar was so engrossed in a delicate piece of work which had been intrusted to him that he could not tear himself away. Suddenly, as he looked up, he saw the chief standing with his hands on his back gazing at him. As Gunnar passed, Mr. Norman took up the piece of metal as which he had been filing and examined it critically. "Look here, Finn Varsko," he said, "you are not a bad workman." Gunnar blushed with pleasure. He had never heard Mr. Norman praise any one before.

"Have you any brothers?" asked the chief, after a while, as he laid down the metal.

"No, I have neither brothers nor sisters."

"And your parents, are they dead?"

"My mother is alive, but my father—"

"Is dead. Yes, I supposed so. And you had to go out into the world to earn your living. I suppose you send part of your earnings to your mother?"

"Yes, as much as I can spare."

"That's right. I am glad you are a good son. That is what I like to hear."

"Thank you, Mr. Norman."

"You are a good boy. I am glad to hear that."

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Gunnar's bench. "How much do you pay for your board?" he asked.

"Five dollars a week."

"I live alone. If you will take a room in my house you may pay for it by extra work which I will give, mostly copying and mechanical drawing. You'll then be able to send five dollars more every week to your mother."

"But do you think, sir, that I'll be able to do that kind of work?"

"Leave that to me. I know what I am about."

"But, sir, I don't think I can accept it."

"Well, do as you like. You may give me your answer to-morrow."

When he got home that night Gunnar expected to be praised for his self denial in refusing the rich man's invitation, for he hoped Mathilda would divine that it was out of regard for her that he had foregone so great an advantage. But to his surprise the young lady called him a dunce, and told him almost in so many words that in looking out for his own interest he also served hers. She felt apparently so sure of him that she was more than willing to run the risk of separation. It was of herself she was in doubt; but this doubt he could easily dispel by a great stunt of business like the one which he had confided to her.

By getting Mr. Norman in his power (of which he had a far better chance when living in his house) he could make his everlasting fortune, and she hoped sincerely he would show that he had the grit of a man, and would allow no foolish mollicolide sentiment to interfere with his plan. When he had ascertained beyond the shadow of doubt that Mr. Norman was the same as Hans Matson, then was his opportunity. He must then threaten disclosure and make the best terms possible for pledging himself to silence.

He said to the credit of our hero that he rebelled against this project. It was justice he wanted, justice for his deluded, sorrowing mother, who had been cheated out of her life's happiness by this man's duplicity and cruelty. To make money out of such a transaction seemed to him sordid, base, infamous. He came near quarreling outright with Mathilda, with all her cleverness was not clever enough to discover that she had made a fatal mistake in affording him so deep a glimpse into her hard and mercenary little heart. She had to resort to tears and caresses in order to obliterate the impression, whereupon she overwhelmed him with reproaches for having thought her capable of the very scheme which she had a moment ago developed.

He, poor fellow, kissed her and begged her forgiveness for having misunderstood her, and imagined that very likely his intellect was not sufficiently subtle to comprehend the fine gradations of meaning conveyed in this exquisite creature's speech. He was so preposterously happy at the privileges she now granted him that he could not have found it in his heart to blame her if she had proposed to him a systematic transgression of the ten commandments, beginning with the first and ending with the tenth.

After this delightful reconciliation Gunnar accepted Mr. Norman's offer and installed himself in two pleasant rooms overlooking Lake Michigan.

Mathilda, who perhaps overestimated her hold upon his affection, resolved to postpone the execution of her plan until a more favorable moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All Paris Astonished.

A few choice sportsmen in the Parisian fashionable world are wearing flannels, with straw hat and chamouis leather shoes, in town this summer, just as they would at the seaside. The daring innovator who conceived the brilliant idea showed himself for the first time in this guise in the Jardin de Paris two weeks since, and was much complimented by his friends, who immediately made up their small minds to follow his lead. What fun for the street boys! The fin de siecles shame the women with their love for fine clothes. Colored coats have quite taken the place of black for balls and parties with the younger members of the community. The latest fashion in coats is olive green, with crimson facings.

But not content with getting themselves up like gaudy parrots or performing monkeys, they must do the clown also. Their coats are of one color and lined with another, and so made that they can be turned inside out. In the middle of the evening, when the girls may possibly be tired (they think) of admiring their faces or their green get-up, they disappear, turn their coats, and reappear in vieux rose or "Effie!" red—a transformation which earns them the applause of their own clan, and a fresh batch of admiration from their partners—poor dears—who are so simple that they do not notice how much their own toilets lose by not having the usual black background.—Table.

The Robber's Dog Was Tagged.

Chief of Police Speers received a letter from the chief of police at Kokomo, Ind., stating that a daring burglary had recently been committed in that town. The robbers who did the work, the letter stated, had a dog with them, and there was also a dog on the premises of the man whose house was burglarized. The two dogs got to fighting, and the robbers' dog was killed and its owners left its carcass in the yard where it fell.

Around the dead animal's neck was a collar, and fastened to it was a Kansas City dog tag that showed that it had been issued in 1889. Chief Speers turned the letter and the number of the dog tag over to the city clerk, who by looking over the records for 1889 found the name of the man to whom the tag had been issued. His residence was given as East Seventeenth street.

When the city clerk looked in the directory to see if the man still resided on East Seventeenth street he found opposite the name in brackets the words, "Removed to Kokomo, Ind." The authorities at Kokomo have been notified.—Kansas City Times.

The Ear.

No oily substance, poltice or liniment should be put into the ear, because great injury is liable to be done. Warm water is the best possible, and all that is only safe, "wash." Do not use any of these with any metal; pin-points, pins, or anything else should not be put into the ear. If an insect enters the ear, water will drown it, and if it remains, the ear is too liable to injury from a stick or a pin.

Electric Lights in a Theatre.

An electrician who visited the Lyric theatre in London, where a very complete electrical installation has been put in for theatrical purposes, says that the arrangements on the stage are perfect, and he has never seen any theatre in which the light from the battens can be varied both in intensity and color to so great an extent and with such ease. No limelights are used, the necessary effects being produced by portable arc lamps. There is not a single gas jet anywhere on or near the stage, and the plant has run for twenty-one months without the slightest breakdown.—London Letter.

At the Theatre.

Stranger (to doorkeeper)—You pass the profane, don't you?

Doorkeeper—Are you connected with the stage?

"Well, I've held several of them up!"—Munsey's Weekly.

The Wrong Kind.

Boy Customer—I want to look at some of your socks.

Doorkeeper—Fast colors?

"Perhaps I shall be a messenger boy."

Settle an argument.

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WEALTHY BUT INSANE.

Millionaire Lehman's Luxurious Apartments in Bloomingdale Asylum.

Descending to the first floor the locked doors on the right of the parlor open upon the private suite of apartments occupied by the insane Chicago millionaire E. J. Lehman. Mr. Lehman was and is still the proprietor of the biggest retail dry goods store in Chicago.

Mr. Lehman is suffering from a form of paresis, and although he is but 43 years old there is not the slightest hope of his recovery. He lives like a king in his apartments, and his family pay for the luxuries with royal liberality.

He has three apartments, which occupy all the right side of the house on the lower floor. For these rooms and board alone he pays \$150 a week. Then he has three special attendants who keep with him night and day. These cost \$42 a week additional.

He keeps his horses and carriages and rides out once a day. One of the attendants does the driving, while the other two sit on either side of him. For the many other luxuries he enjoys Mr. Lehman pays out in all \$400 a week. He pays more than any other inmate of the asylum.

While at times he is quiet and pleasant Mr. Lehman is one of the wildest men in the asylum when an insane fit strikes him. It is because of this that it is necessary to keep three attendants watching him. He has smashed thousands of dollars' worth of furniture since his incarceration. He is a tall, athletic built man, and is possessed of enormous strength when he becomes wild. Although his three attendants are all trained athletes they have great difficulty in holding him at times.