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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

All advertisements to get in the first edition of THE NEWS, which consists of 606 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 11 a.m.

Will the Express countenance gambling? Yes or No.

One fact has been demonstrated repeatedly. As long as the all-night saloon exists gambling will be carried on.

The free trade editor of the Follower evidently believes in free trade in news matter. He appropriated a News special and republished it as editorial.

The Morning Misinformed is silent on the subject of gambling. Is this another instance of cowardice in maintaining its principles (if it has any) at all times.

The News calls attention to the theft of one of its special regarding the defalcation of Celman, which its evening contemporary stole bodily and reproduced just a week later as editorial. This is not amazing. A publication that would refuse to honor a written contract made in good faith would have no compunctions of journalistic conscience in stealing news matter. It is a parallel which is especially deadly to the "personal organ," the means by which the local Democracy for years has been confounded out of its advertising patronage.

RETURN THAT \$50,000.
It is stated upon authority, which is presumably reliable that when the water works was sold to the Chicago parties that an indemnifying bond was given to secure the purchasers of the property against the payment of the \$50,000 which was originally borrowed from the city with which to build the plant and which amount was not returned to the city either in stock or money. The company is to-day indebted to the city in the sum of \$50,000 and it should be returned to the source from which it came. If the indemnifying bond was given there would be more justice in forcing the company to return the \$50,000. It is due to the tax payers of Terre Haute that the debt should be paid, and the people are expecting the city council to take action. If there is a possibility of recovering the amount, litigation should at once be commenced. The present company purchased the stock, no doubt, with full knowledge of the state of affairs. That the company should be held responsible is no more than right. The purchase was made in view of the fact that the contract and circumstances of the original agreement were a matter of public record. Not only should the contract be annulled, but the city treasury should be replenished by the \$50,000 which is due from the water monopoly.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.
In the present condition of affairs in Terre Haute, the conduct of gambling, the all-night saloon and the Sunday saloon, history has repeated itself. It is the same old story of cowardly action on the part of authorities of the city and pandering to violators of the law. The fact of the matter is simply, that there never was in Terre Haute a wholesome sentiment among city officials to enforce the law. Even with public sentiment demanding the enforcement of the statutes, there has been no determined action. What has been done has been accomplished with a weak hand and profuse apologies. The experiment of a compromise has been attempted, only to result in miserable failure. A succinct review of the present city council's action on the question is not out of place.

First of all, the councilmen took the oath to carry out the law. They hesitated but finally passed the \$250 saloon license, for which great credit is due them. The police board ordered gambling suppressed. Then Councilman King offered a resolution to enforce the law. It was referred and when finally pressed to a vote in council was beaten. Next the police board decided that saloons should put up blinds at 11 o'clock and keep beer kegs from the sidewalk on Sunday, an ineffectual compromise. Every one knows the result. Gambling was soon after resumed and lawlessness reigned as supreme as before.

Spasmodic virtue is of no avail. It leads to hypocrisy. No good can ever be accomplished as long as the lawless element is subserved for its political influence. Sincerity has always been lacking in efforts to reform the city government. There is no denying the fact that the present city council has violated its pledges to the people, neglected to perform its sworn duties and failed to fulfill the great purpose for which it was elected—good government.

President Wright, of the Cambridge City council, while returning from a

HERE AND THERE.

"What think you of the rumor which comes floating from the East that bustles are to be worn again?" asked a reporter of a local modiste.

"Don't you believe it," she replied. "There are at least two things that the maker of this universe never intended a woman should wear."

"They are?"

"Bustles and hoopskirts. The individual who conceived the idea of changing the contour of the human form divine by the addition of either one of these monstrosities should have been throttled the instant his idea took the form of utterance."

"Very true," said the scribe; "but do you not fear that fashion will insist upon their being worn again just the same?"

"I hardly think so. The present styles are too unique, graceful and elegant for the wearers to willingly release their hold upon them. Enterprising manufacturers and inventors who have received patents just about the time the fashion died out are energetic in their efforts to revive the dead fashion, but sensible women will not be made into 'cat's-paws' at present. If at some future time it is decided that the dress is not as it should be without this hump on the back, called a bustle, the drapery can be so arranged that the absence of a bustle will not be noticeable."

A party of reporters sauntered leisurely down Ohio street Wednesday night, following Mr. Barnes, of New York, when they ran across two soft looking young men with a couple of very spoony young women, habored in a dark corner under the shade on the Ohio street side of Joseph Strong's block. The members of the party were paired and were clasped in each other's fond embrace when the newspaper men with a sound heart and a sound brain. They allow themselves to be burdened with the old yoke which they bore at home; nay, they themselves invite their taskmasters, the Lutheran Parsons, to come after them and put a ring through their noses and lead them by the straight and narrow path of Lutheran orthodoxy where, after having worked all their lives for the Parsons, they are to work no more. What folly! what monstrous stupidity! Work no more! If work were a curse instead of being the greatest blessing that God has given to man.

Taciturn as his chief usually was, Gunnar prepared himself for an hour's discourse when he by chance stumbled upon the Parsons. Unjust he was, no doubt, and one-sided, as persons of his temperament are apt to be; but for all that Gunnar could not help being influenced by what he said, which with all its exaggerations contained not a little truth. Strive as he might he could not suppress a sneaking kindness for the man whom he persistently regarded as his enemy. What sort of heart must a man have to ignore the bonds of blood, desert wife and child and trouble himself no more about the woman who loved him and grieved for him than if she had never existed? Mr. Norman's absorption in machinery and his enthusiasm on the marvels of nature filled the young man at times with savage wrath which he could with difficulty repress. For what were steel and iron compared with flesh and blood? What were pitiless screws and levers compared to bleeding hearts and weeping eyes? It was not easy, indeed, to maintain in Mr. Norman's presence this hostile attitude. And had Gunnar had sufficient insight to know what a possession, what an imperious mania genius may be, he would have pardoned his father and loved him instead of persuading himself that he heartily laugh.

Eddie Jones and John Wilson, two rollicking sports of this city, recently took a wide swing through the West on a pleasure seeking expedition. To say that every moment of that extended jaunt was laden with "delights delectable," would be to promulgate an untruth—something that THE NEWS would not wilfully do. Plain truth spoken, these young men, before their journey was ended, encountered not a few bitter experiences. Of these latter it is well that nothing be said. Sad memories should be forgotten. An amusing circumstance occurred to the boys down in Arkansas, however, which may as well be related. It was a dismal night and as dark as pitch. The lads were walking side by side on the iron Mountain railroad. They were approaching a station when each suddenly grasped the other's arm with a gasp of horror. In the middle of the track, distant but a few feet, was the luminous outline of a man. The figure was dazzlingly distinct, every lineament of the face and curve of the form standing out in bold relief. For a moment the two from Terre Haute gazed at the phenomenon in trembling silence.

"I'll shew what it is," said Wilson, nervously himself as if for an encounter.

He approached the luminous shadow and stretched out his hand. A flash!—the apparition was gone, Eddie and John stood very close to each other in mute astonishment. Finally they started to move on. One step only did they take. The luminous shadow appeared again, and this time it was that of two men in mortal conflict, the one clutching the other's throat.

Let us not attempt to describe the agony of terror that the young men suffered. One apparition vanished only to be supplanted by another. They were ready to break away through the darkness in a frenzy of despair, when a female's voice from the telegraph office near by stayed them. She invited them inside, and they were glad to go. There the winsome lady operator showed the boys the magic lantern device with which she had thrown on the darkness the objects of their fright.

Republican Central Committee.
Chicago, October 3.—The members of the Republican state central committee are gathering at the Grand Pacific hotel this morning for the purpose of selecting a member of the national committee to succeed Colonel George R. Davis, director general of the World's Columbian exposition, who has resigned from the committee in order that there may be no ground for the claim that the enterprise or any of those prominently connected with it, are taking too much interest in politics. A good many names have been mentioned for the position, among them is the Hon. W. J. Campbell, General McNulta and Colonel W. W. Berry, both past commanders of the department of Illinois of the Grand Army; William Penn Nixon, the present chairman of the state committee, the fact is recognized that the man wanted is a worker. The Republican State Committee meets in December of next year to fix the time and place of the next National Republican Convention, Chicago, as usual, will be in the field and some body is needed on the committee who will be able and willing to do a good share toward getting it here. It is possible that, owing to the number of candidates, and the claims advanced in the behalf of each, the matter may be postponed.

Young People's Society Meeting.

Chicago, October 3.—The fourth annual state convention of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor was called to order in the First Methodist church this morning by P. T. Ochace. There is a large attendance. Among those on the platform is Rev. Weyland Hoyt, of Minneapolis, who will deliver an oration to-night. To-morrow there will be a contest for missionary prizes between Miss Cornelie B. Adams, Miss Anna Towle, Miss Anna McConnell and C. B. Barrows.

Do you want anything? Read our

A BREACH OF FAITH

BY ALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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CHAPTER VIII.

eyes and made him rise abruptly and pace the floor.

"How long is it since you left your wife and son?" asked Gunnar with a mighty effort not to betray his emotion.

"Eighteen years, my boy," answered Norman huskily. "Eighteen years."

He continued to walk up and down on the floor, with his head bent.

"You think I am much to blame; and you are right. I wish I could explain it to you; but I can't. I was miserable in the Norse settlement, utterly, incomparably miserable; because there was something in me which no one understood, and myself least of all. I told in my innocence the Norwegian Parsons of it, and he said it was the devil tempting me. I thought for a while he was right. My wife agreed with the Parsons; I was of no use to her and gave her many a bitter hour. I had no choice but to break away. She herself consented to it. Hard and toilsome, but not unhappy years followed. I found my work in good part, Chinese cheap labor; they have taken a long journey overland, and have grown riper on the way, but they are tremendously good all the same. Just buy one and try it."

And this contribution to New York's comfort from California is a godsend.

"Young man, it may seem foolish to you if I say that I never had the time," said Gunnar, flinging himself again into the arm chair, "but for all that it is the fact. My work has possessed me like a first love which kept me awake at night. I postponed and again postponed doing my duty, because I dreaded to see the Norwegian Parsons in my house until I should feel strong enough to fight them on their own ground. I assumed the name Norman simply to escape the same influence in my life. I wanted to be wholly an American and take the place to which my identity entitled me in the American community. I could never have done that if I had assumed again the spiritual yoke which I had cast off. They are doing it elsewhere. Why can't we do it here?"

"Then it is as a burden you take back wife and child?" asked Gunnar, with a serious glance.

"Oh, no, I love them; I have longed after them. I want them!" cried his father, starting up again and resuming his restless walk.

"But I know I can never make it plain to you how you can love a person and yet deplore certain phases of his character. Once my wife came near subjugating me, and from the best of motives crushing out that which was noblest and most precious in me. As long as I feared that I favored her. Now I fear it no longer and I can afford to let her know that I love her."

They talked on for about an hour, and Gunnar without undistinguishing himself assumed the proposed mission. He began dimly to comprehend that his father, driven and impelled by his genius, was an overwhelming force in his life, could not be judged by the same standard as lesser men. But just as he had risen to receive Mr. Norman's thanks something touched him with a cold horror and sent a shudder down his back. His revenge! His wretched revenge! He was about to denounce his father just as he was shown himself most honorable.

But perhaps there was yet time. It was 10 o'clock, and the papers scarcely went to press until 1 or 2 in the morning. With his head in a whirl he rushed out of the front door, hired a horse at a neighboring stable and drove to Vicker Park. There he had a stormy interview with Mathilda, in which a dainty little cloven hoof of mercenary interest peeped forth all too plainly from under the embroidered skirts. She had a check for \$50 in her pocket which she had received from The Daily Tribune for the spicy revelations regarding Mr. Norman's wickedness, and she was naturally reluctant to part with it. But in return he gave her a promise note for \$150 which she finally released her tight little clutch and gave it up; but like a great many people who are too clever for their own good, Mathilda had really outwitted herself. She had made \$100, but she had lost a lover. She had a dim presentiment when her excitement had cooled that Gunnar's love for her had received a mortal wound; and in this presentiment she was right.

The return of the check, the declaration of the falsity of the alleged revelations and the threat of a suit for libel sufficed, after considerable discussion, to make the Tribune renounce the promising sensation. Gunnar, to make surety doubly sure, remained to see the manuscript and proof destroyed and the type redistributed. As he caught glimpses of such monstrous head lines, "A Double Life," "A Villain Unmasked," "A Rich Man's Crime," etc., he realized what a narrow escape he had had from committing a cruel and dastardly deed.

A week after this episode Gunnar led a tall and yet stately woman of 40 into Norman's library. The manufacturer was standing with his hands in his pockets and his back to the fire. There was a vague anxiety in his face and an occasional twitching of the muscles about the mouth, as if he were trying to master a strong emotion. He started forward with both hands outstretched when the door opened, but paused in the middle of the floor, gazing with a strange uncertainty at the two persons who entered. The handsome matron became conscious of a slight embarrassment as she noted his expression, and the joyous eagerness which had animated her features gave way to an anxious confusion. He was so different from what she had expected. Eighteen long years lay between them with the slow transformation they had wrought. They had taken her husband from her and substituted another who was he and yet not he.

This good looking middle aged gentleman, with a full beard and clad in city attire, how could he ever be to her what the shabby, restless, discontented Norse peasant, Hans Matson, had been? And yet, as he pressed her hands and welcomed her, though not with the free and joyous ring she had expected, she caught a glimpse in his look and manner of the man she had loved. And the cadence of his voice rang with clear vibrations through the depth of boy's soul.

"But the boy, 'will you do me a favor?'

"Well, you are right in not making rash promises. But when I tell you that my peace of mind, my happiness depends upon your doing this for me I think you'll not refuse."

"Finn," began Mr. Norman, blowing a slender column of smoke toward the fireplace, "will you do me a favor?"

"I shall have to know first what it is."

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