

## THE DAILY NEWS.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1890.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first

edition of THE NEWS, which consists of

600 copies and reaches every town with-

in a distance of forty miles, must be in by

11 a. m.

A DIVINE at Gap, Pa., preaches while

he sleeps. No doubt the name of the

place has something to do with it. But

the strange circumstance is that the

rule is reversed. It is customary for the

audience to sleep while the pulpit orator

preaches.

WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT.

President Harrison will be given a

royal reception in this city this afternoon.

The time in which to arrange the pro-

gram was short and circumstances were

peculiarly unfortunate, yet the event will

be a spontaneous outpouring of the citi-

zens of Terre Haute to welcome the chief

executive. When he arrives he will be

greeted by the people of Terre Haute and

vicinity. President Harrison is welcome

by reason of his occupancy of the highest

office within the gift of the people, and

doubtless because he is an Indian.

In his elevation to the presidency the

state of Indiana was honored, and it is

with pleasure that Terre Haute does

President Harrison honor.

The council meets to-night to consider

the water works question and take final

action on the matter of great conse-

quence to the city and taxpayers. The

news has advocated the annulling of the

charter because it does not believe in

long agreements. If the city continues

under the present agreement with the

Water Works company it obligates itself

to the company for a period of thirty-one

years, which in this progressive

age is too long a period

of years. A majority of the

city council has signed the

resolution introduced in council annulling

the charter. To them the people look

for relief. They should not recede from

the position which they have taken. It

is in popular favor, and, in fact, the popu-

lar demand is for a cancellation of the

present contract. Let the councilmen

stand to their guns.

TERRE HAUTE has the greatest race

track on earth. It is not surpassed by

any in the country and the liberality of

the association is not exceeded by that of

any other city. The race meetings in

this city are a source of pride, and the

men who have devoted their time and

energies to building up the name, fame

and reputation of the city, are deserving

of the highest praise. To them belong

the honor of placing the city's name

among the foremost in the land.

Everyone should attend the races. The

greatest horses in the country are here

and perhaps the most interesting race

events that ever took place on this track

will be witnessed. Thousands of visitors

will be here from various places. Home

people should turn out en masse and

give the encouragement to the associa-

tion of which it is so richly deserving.

HERE AND THERE.

An old man, whose face wore a look of

philosophical cogitation, leaned on his

cane at the corner of Sixth and Ohio

streets one afternoon last week and gazed

after the fleeting figure of a young man

who had just glided by on a bicycle.

"I guess," said a reporter, venturing to

interrupt the venerable gentleman's re-

verie, "that the day when you might have

rode a bicycle with satisfaction to your-

self vanished long years ago."

The old man turned his wrinkled face

to the speaker and there was the faintest

twinkle of merriment in his eyes.

"You are right," he answered, "but I

hardly think I should take kindly to the

sport, even though my limbs were lithe

as yonder rider's appear to be."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed. Did you ever notice the ex-

pression on the face of a bicycle rider?

It is anything but happy. He or she

looks as if life had but one object, and that

to keep from breaking his or her neck.

The eyes are glued to the track, the lips

are brought together in a firm, deter-

mined line, the features all have a set

strained look that is in perfect sym-

metry with the rigid back, that has the ap-

pearance of having caught the balance

in some miraculous way, and a variation

of an inch would mean destruction to

action and bones. I wonder what the

real charm is of bicycle riding. Is the

fascination in not going over the edge of

the tumble or is the sensation one of

spinning lightly and freely through the

air? If the latter, how many years of

practice does it take to get over that un-

happy, agonized expression?"

Terre Haute mud is a very slippery

mud, and consequently a man's footing

on our streets for the past few days has

not been infallibly sure. A well dressed

individual was crossing the street at the

corner of Seventh and Main. A horse

was trying to cross also, urged on by his

driver. The nose of the horse and the

man's nose came in close proximity. The

horse objected to it as much as did the

man, and elevated his head in a digni-

fied manner, but the man lost his head

entirely. It may have been through the

excitement and confusion of people, street cars, horses and policemen, or it may have been through the contact with that one particular horse. Anyway, he drew up his umbrella that was folded in a walking stick and brought it down with all force across the face of the horse. As the umbrella came down the man's feet came up, and he creased that slimy, slippery, greasy mud in the most violent manner. His hat went one way, his umbrella another. His hands grasped the mud not taken by his clothing. He gathered himself together, and in an instant more life in a great city was moving on, and horse and man and umbrella and appropriated mud were lost in the whirl.

## UNION LEAGUE SHOCKED.

Several Members Get Letters From Opera Singers.

PHILADELPHIA, October 7.—Trouble is brewing for the management of the Pauline Hall Opera Co., and of which the fairbairn, and ex-professional associate of Francis Wilson and Marie Jansen is the bright particular star. Pauline has just been filling an engagement in this city. In her chorus were a number of decidedly pretty and unusually vivacious young girls. Three or four of these, so it is charged, committed the very heinous offense of shocking the morals of several staid members of the very aristocratic Union League Club, by informing them by letter that they (the girls) were both lovely and loveable, and that, this being the case, they would not object to a trip around town after the performance. It happened that, purely by inadvertence, a couple of these missives found their way to as many members of the old Calvinistic school, and, after they had recovered from the shock, they lost no time in communicating with the manager of the show. At first efforts were quietly made to fasten the responsibility upon the chorus girls directly concerned, but, through some blundering, the matter became noised about and, as a consequence, everybody connected with the company was willing to swear by the Koran and the great horn spoon that they were guilty of all complicity in the affair. Thereupon the manager adopted heroic measures. The chorus girls were summoned to the theater in the afternoon, and after they had been marshalled upon the stage, the manager selected four of the prettiest and most vivacious, and discharged them instantly. In vain they wept and pleaded innocence, and in vain did some of the principals protest in their behalf. Manager Stern admitted that he had no positive proof that they were the guilty ones, but took the position that somebody had to be made an example of as a warning to the rest, and the girls will have to go. They have now consulted counsel, and suits for \$5,000 each are to be brought against the manager. The girls concerned are known professionally as Madeleine Dalby, Eveline Degroix. The matter has caused considerable of a commotion among the auxiliary forces of the attractions here and in New York city, and sympathy is entirely with the girls.

## Colored Odd Fellows in Session.

ATLANTA, Georgia, October 7.—The

Biennial Session of the Grand United

Order of Colored Odd Fellows in America

opened here to-day, with William T.

Forrester, of Richmond, Virginia, grand

master, presiding. The attendance of

delegates was very large. Among those

upon the platform and from whom re-

ports were presented, were Deputy

Grand Master Charles B. Wilson, of New

Orleans, P. D. Bowen, grand secretary of

Philadelphia, W. H. Curtis, grand treas-

urer of Brooklyn, and the grand direc-

tors, J. W. Grant, of Nashville, J. W.

Anderson, of Pittsburg, W. S. Cooper,

of Montgomery, Alabama, and J. S. Tapp-

ins, of Cadville, Ohio. Their reports

will show that the order has materially

increased numerically and financially

during the past year. The convention

will be in session one week.

## Westminster Confession of Faith.

PITTSBURG, October 7.—The special

committee appointed by the Presbyterian

General Assembly which met a few

months ago at Saratoga, and which is

charged with the revision of the West-

minster Confession of Faith, opened its

sessions here to-day. Its report which

will decide the theological policy of the

church for many years to come, must be

completed and submitted to the general

assembly of May next. The task is one

of great difficulty, inasmuch as the

restriction is imposed upon the committee

that while revising the creed it must not

impair the integrity of the Calvinistic

faith.

## The New Pythian Temple.

CHICAGO, October 7.—The corner stone

of the new Pythian temple on North

Clark street will be laid this afternoon

and the event will be marked by a mag-

nificent display of the order. The struc-

ture will be the finest of the kind that

is controlled by Pythians in any part

of the country. It will include a theater

with a seating capacity of two thousand,

a large drill hall and two score castle

halls for the use of the various lodges.

## Will Not Meet William.

BERLIN, October 7.—The Austrian cabi-

net it is said decided not to meet Em-

peror William in order to save Premier

Taube from a difficult position. The

North German Gazette declares this

reason is absurd, the Emperor's visit be-

ing purely a personal matter and Em-

peror Taube's domain in politics being

exclusively domestic with which Germany

would never dream of interfering.

## Fits Cash.

Merchant—I wish to insert an advertise-

ment in The Morning Bugle.

Clerk—Yes, sir.

"Commence it in this way: Pay cash, and

put those words in large letters."

"Yes, sir."

"And I wish you'd trust me for the

amount for a month or so."—Yankee

Blade.

## How It Sounded.

"No, I haven't," shouted Mr. Ardup

angrily, sitting up in bed.

"Haven't what, dear?" asked Mrs. Ardup,

only half awake. "What are you talking

about?"

"I am answering that blamed katydid.

It keeps on saying: 'Got your coal? Got

your coal? Got your coal?'"—Chicagoan.

## Accidents Will Happen.

Miss Gushington—I admit, Arthur, that

this is not the first time I have been en-

gaged, but I'm sure your noble, generous

heart is not.

Little Brother—Sir, the baby's got your

bag of engagement rings.—Street &amp; Smith's

Bag of News.

## And Long Terms.

"Dear me," said the philanthropic lady

who was visiting the jail, "I can't believe

that you are entirely devoid of principle."

"Believe me, madam," was the reply, "I

often had very strong convictions."—Wash-

ington Post.

## My Heart's Delight.

By LOUISE STOKTON.

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

But of Jack we did speak, and to the

purpose before the day was over. The

evening papers had come in, and Miss

Woolstone had carried them off while

Hale and I talked to an eminent rose

cultivist.

All at once I heard a little cry, and

Miss Woolstone appeared at the door

opening into her room. Her face was

white, her eyes filled with horror.

I did not wait for her to speak, but

at once arose and went into her little

office. For a moment she stood, still

looking at me.

"I cannot tell you," she whispered.

"Is it bad news—bad news for me?"

She nodded her head like a dumb

person.

Now, as my wife was dead and I had

no child and I knew my office was safe,

my heart beat still steadily as I took her

hand in mine.

"Nothing dreadful can happen to me,

my child. I am so poor that Hale has

little to take from me. But you—do not

be afraid to tell me—my poor girl."

She looked at me still with great hor-

ror in her eyes. She turned her head

back and gasped for breath; her voice

was choked and she could not speak.

"Do not distress yourself so," I held

her hand firmly in my own. "If the

trouble is mine do not so increase it; if

it is yours, let me help you bear it."

"It is Jack!" she gasped. "Jack! They

have killed him! They have raided the

office—they have killed him!"

Ah, I was not so poor! Fate had left

me a possession—vague, not in my

grasp, but still a possession, for it was

Jack I had meant to know—Jack who

was yet to be my son and to inherit my

fortune. And so I in turn looked in

horror at her.

"How do you know it?" I asked.

She pointed to the paper still in her

hand. And there it was—all in head-

lines. A mob, an attack on The Hill

House, a defense, pistol shots, a dash

into the office and a tearing out of all

that was in it. Jack's body had been

carried off by the mob.

And he was dead—the handsome,

gay fellow who found life with me too

slow even to try for a little! And he

was my wife's nephew, and I had not

tried to make the career I offered him

pleasant and inviting! I sat down

crushed and guilty, for at least I should

have forced him to leave the miners, or

cease his rating of the strikers. I could&lt;/