

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. 3. NO. 55.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

BY THE

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

TELEPHONE CALL 1818

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POSTOFFICE AS

SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE YEAR \$5.00

PER WEEK, BY CARRIER. 10 CTS

All correspondence should be addressed to THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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 within 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 program was short and circumstances were peculiarly unfortunate, yet the event will be a spontaneous outpouring of the citizens 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 doubly so because he is an Indianian. 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 consequence 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 obliges 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 popular 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 association 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 reverie, "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 then 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 young rider's appear to be."

Indeed!

"Indeed. Did you ever notice the expression on the face of a bicycle rider? It is anything but happy. He or she looks as life had but one object, and that was to keep from breaking his or her neck."

The eyes are glued to the track, the lips are brought together in a firm, determined line, the features all have a set strained look that is perfectly typical of the rigid back that has the appearance of having caught the balance in some maddening way, and a variation of an instant 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 unhappy, 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 dignified 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 his umbrella that was folded into a walking stick and brought it down with all force across the face of the horse. The umbrella came down the man's feet came up, and he caressed that slimy, slippery 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 fair bicyclist, and ex-professional associate of Francis Wilson and Marie Jansen is the bright particular star. Pauline has just been filling an engagement by informing them by letter that they (the girls) were both lovely and lovable, and that this was being the case, they would not object to a trip around town after the performance. It happened that, put by inadvertence, a couple of these misses 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 master 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 guiltless 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 instantaneously. In vain they wept and pleaded innocence, and in vain did some of the principals protest in their behalf. Manager Stern admitted 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 management. The girls concerned are known professionally as Madeleine Dalby, Evangeline West, Nina Bertolini and Lucile Degrado. The matter has caused considerable of 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 reports were presented, were Deputy Grand Master Charles B. Wilson, of New Orleans, P. D. Bowen, grand secretary of Philadelphia, W. H. Curtis, grand treasurer of Brooklyn, and the grand directors, J. W. Grant, of Nashville, J. W. Anderson, of Pittsburgh, W. S. Cooper, of Montgomery, Alabama, and J. S. Tupins, 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 Westminster 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 magnificent display of the order. The structure will be of the finest of its 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 cabinet it is said decided not to meet Emperor William in order to save Premier Tafae from a difficult position. The North German Gazette declares this reason is absurd, the Emperor's visit being purely a personal matter and Premier Tafae's domain in politics being exclusively domestic with which Germany would never dream of interfering.

Pays Cash.
Merchant—I wish to insert an advertisement in The Morning Bugle.

Cook—Yes, sir.

“Come with 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 Blad.

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 engaged, but I'm sure your noble generous heart—

Lilie Brother—Sis, the baby's got your tag of engagement rings.—Street & Smith's Good 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.”—Washington Post.

My Heart's Delight.

By LOUISE STOCKTON.

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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 Woolstine had carried them off while Hale and I talked to an eminent rose culturist.

All at once I heard a little cry, and Miss Woolstine appeared at the door opening into her room. Her face was white as snow, 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. “It is 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 horror 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, he was not so poor!” Fate had left me a possession—vague, not in my grasp, but still a possession, for it was to be my child I had meant to know—Jack who was yet to be my son and to inherit my fortune. And so I in turn looked at her.

“How do you know it?” I asked.

She pointed to the paper still in her hand. And there it was—all in headlines. A mob, an attack on The Hill Beacon, 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 not look at Margaret. But in a moment she was kneeling by me, and she was telling me that he was not dead—no, no, not dead! “If he was dead they would not carry him away. He is alive—oh, you may be sure he is alive, and we must go at once to him. He is alive—oh, we will find him, for he must be sorely hurt, and we will have to nurse him. Come!” she said.

The tears shone in her dark eyes, but she did not weep. She looked at me with a ghastly smile.

“What would Jack say if you came without me? He would never believe me—ever! And I—oh, do you think I could stay here? I should go mad, mad!”

“Margaret, you do not know what you say. You never knew my nephew, dear child.”

She turned her head away as if in appeal. “Ask him that question. Why, he loved me. He told me that his love would be his death—and I laughed at that—yes, I did. I thought my fate far the hardest. But I could not tell him so. You see, the very wedding day was fixed, and I could not tell him that I loved him better than the man I was going to marry. Could I? You are his uncle, but you know I could not. Sometimes women have to listen when they cannot answer.”

“I do not understand you, but you must sit down. Hale, come to her. I do not know whether she knows what she says.”

“Indeed I know very well. He was desperate. He did not care. He told me he should not care.”

She was standing at the door. Our visitor had vanished, and I looked in mute appeal to my friend, still feeling that the girl was distracted. But Hale understood. He came directly to her, took her in his strong grasp and made her sit down. He gave her a drink of water and sat down in front of her.

“Now,” said he, “we will help you, but first you must control yourself and tell us so we can understand. If Jack is to be helped cool heads, not broken hearts, will have to do it. Crawford, and he turned to me, “sit down.” You are as much upset as she is. Now what is the matter with Jack? It is Jack Lewis, your nephew, I suppose?”

I silently handed him the paper, and he read it without a word of comment. “And you knew him?” he said to Margaret.

She nodded her head. “And you were engaged to him?”

He had been so swept up with her.

“No,” she answered, “I was not engaged to him.” She looked from one to the other.

“I will have to tell you! It was my fault, because I should have come away sooner. I met him in the Adirondacks last summer and we were in the same party because I was visiting the wife of an old college friend of his, and I thought there was no harm in it—seeing him so often, I mean—because every one knew that I was engaged to my cousin. But the night before I left there he begged me to break the engagement, and he told me what was true, that I didn't love my cousin. But I did not know that I could not marry Ned Mason. You see I had been engaged to him ever since I was 18, and I refused to even think of breaking it. Jack said some hard, hard things to me and I was angry with him. After I came home I found out he had left the house. Then I came here.”

James Bowell, of Stilesville, who was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for robbery, nearly two years ago, has been pardoned, on account of having turned state's evidence.

The shadow of a smile passed over Hale's face, but I took her hand in mine.

“Believe me, madam,” was the reply, “I often had very strong convictions.”—Washington Post.

Accidents Will Happen.

Miss Gushington—I admit, Arthur, that this is not the first time I have been engaged, but I'm sure your noble generous heart—

Lilie Brother—Sis, the baby's got your tag of engagement rings.—Street & Smith's Good News.

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was the one to whom you should have come.”

“But I came because I had so often watched you in church and thought there never was so kind a face, and I had heard how good you were to the girls you had here, and of course I had to earn some money; I would not take any from my uncle.”

“Still you knew I was Jack's uncle?”

“Yes,” she said gently.

The very incoherence and simplicity of her little story touched me greatly, and I looked at Hale expecting to read in his eyes pity, sympathy. Instead I saw judgment and disapprobation. I knew he condemned her as a coquette who had not known her own mind. This I greatly resented, and I felt he was narrow and prejudiced. And because he was hard in his thoughts of her I became more tender, and I should have liked to have comforted her as I should my own daughter. But I said to her that I believed in her and I should help her, but I cannot see.” I said, “why now that you are free Jack should keep up his resentment. Had I been your lover at his age I should have flown to you.”

Her eyes flashed at this.

“Do you suppose I would send him word that I was free?”

“Surely you could in some way let him know.”

“No girl would do such a thing as that,” she promptly answered, and then her lips trembled, her eyes filled and she broke into a bitter weeping. We could not stand this, old fellows as we were, and Hale jumped up and walked around the room, and cleared his throat, and blew his nose, and ejaculated all sorts of exclamations, while in broken words, in many foreign to me for many years, I tried to soothe and quiet her. But when she ceased her sobbing it was only to break into a wailing still more pitiful until at last she lay exhausted, her head against my shoulder. Hale brought coats and whatever he could find, and he made her a bed on chairs and persuaded her to drink wine. Then we laid her down and we left her and went into our own room. We closed the door and looked at each other.