

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS NOTES.

Paris, Ill.

Miss Mame Sutherland is the guest of friends in St. Louis this week.—J. E. Dyer, D. G. Burr, George F. Howard, Hon. and R. L. McKinlay are attending the session of the Grand Lodge of A. F. and A. M. at Chicago.—Mr. and Mrs. John W. Clark, of Indianapolis, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Teyning a part of the week.—Miss Clara Parrish is attending a W. C. T. U. convention at Rockford, Ill.—W. E. McMillan, of Seymour, Ind., arrived in the city Sunday for a short visit with relatives.—Mrs. Stephen Thompson, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mrs. Booth, of Wheeling, West Virginia, were guests in the family of Colonel Terrence Clark a part of this week.—H. S. Tanner was called to Marion, Ohio, a few days ago, by the serious illness of his brother.—A local board of the Equitable Loan and Investment Association of Bloomington, Illinois, was recently organized in this city, with the following officers: president, Z. E. Powell, secretary, W. O. Roach, directors, J. M. Proff, W. A. Woodbridge, C. H. Lamb and H. D. Nelson.—W. J. Hunter, Jacob M. Bell, John Hunter, Geo. W. Roberts, A. J. Sovern and Colonel J. M. Sheets attended a reunion of their old regiment at Decatur, Illinois, Tuesday.—J. B. Brennan, formerly of this city, now of Sherman, Texas, is the guest of relatives here.—At the meeting of the city council Monday night, the city subscribed \$500 to assist in sinking the gas well to a depth of 2,000 feet.—Mrs. H. E. Rives is the guest of Indianapolis friends.—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Shaw are visiting in Chicago.—Dr. Musselman is attending the meeting of the Mississippi Valley Medical society at Louisville, Ky.—Sidney S. Clark and Miss Anna M. Moore, both of Chrisman, were married in the city yesterday by "Squire Geo. M. Jeter."—A switch engine ran into an omnibus in the T. H. & P. yards last evening, throwing the occupants all in a heap, but fortunately injuring none of them seriously.—Mrs. J. C. Tenbrook received a severe cut on the forehead, and Z. T. Dabney, of Peoria, had his back badly sprained. The accident was due to carelessness on the part of the driver.—Hon. W. G. Cochran, of Farrington, Ill., ex-speaker of the lower house of the Legislature, was in the city and addressed the County Veterans Association yesterday.—Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Miller and daughter, Miss Lizzie, are visiting relatives in Indianapolis.—Frank Clark, of Chicago, and Mrs. Amos E. Clark, of Onarga, Ill., are visiting in the city.

Coal City.

Mr. Smith, trustee of Jefferson township, was here Friday on business.—Rev. W. R. Shell, of Franklin college, and prohibition candidate for congress, addressed the people at this place on Wednesday evening on the evils of politics.—The Coal City News, Bert Coffey editor, has ceased publication at this place and the office moved to Spencer, Ind.—A Mr. Wright, of Indianapolis, was here to sell the wood working machinery for the saw factory.—J. W. Hamilton was in Terre Haute Thursday.—Mrs. Nettie Cusley is at Terre Haute attending the Nat. nat. convention of the W. C. T. U.—Mrs. J. R. Vanhorn is on the sick list this week.—Our schools are now running in good order with F. B. Williams as principal and Miss Mitten as assistant.—The coal mine at this place will be in full operation in about ten days.—J. F. Hyatt is erecting two new brick dwellings in the south part of town.—Ed. Fryer has bought the Seige property and expects to enter into the mercantile business.—J. W. Jarvis, formerly the Christian minister at this place, is now editor of the Owen County Democrat.—Mrs. H. A. Baker, of Illinois, is here visiting her mother and brothers, the "Smiths."—Mrs. Belinda Griffith is improving her dwelling with a new veranda.

Fontanet.

Work is picking up a little and the Monon people are obtaining a great many new cars, which have so far, partially relieved the scarcity.—Mr. Webster's milling plant is doing a business that tries its capacity to the utmost.—Col. Harrah delivered a very able address to a large audience in Cummings hall Wednesday.—Fred High, a 12-year-old boy, while swinging on a tree limb during afternoon recess yesterday, fell, badly bruising himself and fracturing his arm.—Dr. Stark has the lad in charge and says his injuries are not dangerous.—Mrs. Dalton, who opened a millinery establishment here this summer has just laid in an invoice of \$250 worth of laces, ribbons, hats, etc.—There is an influx of foreign workmen to this place from Chicago, shipped here by the company as laborers in the Hercules shaft. A noticeable fact is that none, so far, are English speaking, being chiefly Swedes and Germans.

Cory.

Road Supervisor Jasper Staggs, has been improving our streets.—The Rev. D. W. Denney preached quite an interesting sermon at this place Sunday morning. He and family left Tuesday for Fredericksburg, where he will preach the coming year.—Our M. E. Minister for the coming year, Rev. J. B. Likely, preached his first sermon Sunday night. Rev. Moore and family left Friday morning for his new field of labor at Fort Branch, Gibson Co.—Sergeant Staggs and T. P. Hartly moved from their farms to town recently. Chas. Long has moved to the Staggs farm and Foster Miller to the Hartley farm.—Jordan Doyle moved to his farm north of here, last week.—The following ladies from here are attending the state W. C. T. U. convention at Terre Haute: Mesdames Modestit, James and Donham, and Misses Ella Buck, Anna Hartley, Rose and Ella Wyatt.—A. E. Bell, real estate agent of Casey, Ill., was here one day last week.

Carbon.

All of our people are taking advantage of the low rates to come to Terre Haute. Among the number are V. Troussell, Carl Giersberg, Mrs. Tom Stevenson, Mrs. Dave Marshall, Mrs. J. H. Kerr, Mrs. George Rell and Mrs. J. Blower.—A new railroad to be built through our town will be known as the Fort Wayne, Terre Haute & Southwest.—Mrs. James H. Throop has returned from a visit to Montezuma.—Miss Jennie Throop, of Greencastle, is visiting relatives here.—Miss Kate Bennett, of Fontanet, is making our town a visit.

Lena.—John L. Stevens will spend Sunday in Greencastle.

SOME OLD-TIMERS.

Government Officials Who Know and Love the Game of Base-Ball Because They Were Once Exponents of It.

Washington is a perfect hot-bed of base-ball enthusiasm, and in the ranks are men who owe their present positions in the Government service to the fact that once upon a time they were identified with professional ball playing at the Nation's Capital.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, is probably the most conspicuous retired ball player in existence to-day. His salary as a United States Senator is five thousand dollars per annum. In the closing days of the sixties Senator Gorman guarded left field for the old Nationals and played first base. He was a general utility man, and could play in almost any position from pitcher to right field.

George Fox was one of the Senator's associates on the old National team, and it was he who had the reputation of swinging the longest bat and being the strongest hitter in the United States. For his skillful play at third base he was rewarded with a position in the Treasury Department, and subsequently became an inspector of customs, with headquarters at the suspension bridge across Niagara Falls.

Another base-ball colleague of Senator Gorman's was Harry Berthong, who is now a successful artist in Boston. He makes a specialty of portrait painting. For several years he was an employee in the Treasury Department while playing behind the bat for the Nationals. He was the champion base-runner of his day, and his tour of the bases has never been equalled. Clerical life, however, has no charms for Berthong, and he resigned a \$1,400 position to go back to his home in Boston.

When the Nationals made their famous tour of the United States in 1887 the task of guarding first base was assigned to W. H. Hodges, a fast-running, heavy-batting New Jerseyman. After leaving the ball field Hodges became a clerk in the Quartermaster-General's office in Washington, and is still drawing a salary of \$1,600 per year.

It would be like a play of "Hamlet," minus the central figure, to write of the Nationals of 1887 and neglect Billy Williams, the famous pitcher, who first astonished the base-ball world with his remarkably swift pitching. His only rival in those days was Dick McBride, of the Philadelphia Athletics. Owing to a peculiar style of delivery, Billy injured himself in such a manner as to prevent his playing ball after 1889, and he went into the Treasury Department. He is now assistant teller in the cash room, which is the United States bank, and his salary is placed in the Blue Book at \$2,250 per annum. He is one of the best story-tellers in America, and he has an inexhaustible stock of base-ball anecdotes.

Upstairs, in the same building with Williams, is the office of the director of United States mints, the presiding genius of which is Edward O. Leech, another famous ball player. He was pitcher of the Olympics of Washington, and there was a great rivalry between that organization and the Nationals, especially in 1889, when excitement was at fever heat in local base-ball circles. As director of the mint bureau Mr. Leech is in receipt of an annual stipend of \$4,500, besides his traveling expenses.

In the Olympic ranks at the same time with Pitcher Leech was the president of the National League, W. E. Young, who was short-stop and outfielder. Nick was a base-runner of no mean proportion, and it is said that he was second only to Harry Berthong on the base lines. It is for this reason that Mr. Young takes such an interest in base-running, and does so much to make that one of the conspicuous features of the game to-day. President Young draws annually from Uncle Sam's cash-box \$1,600 as a clerk in the Second Auditor's office of the Treasury Department, having been appointed from the great State of New York in 1889.

Lewis G. Martin, now a special agent of the Treasury Department stationed at Baltimore, was for several years left fielder of the Olympics, and his connection with that organization led to his appointment under the Government at a compensation of eight dollars per day. Lew was a heavy batsman and an active base-runner, and a model ball-player from a temperance standpoint.

Visitors to the White lot south of the President's house, in the early days of base-ball in that vicinity, will not forget Harry McLean, who used to look after center-field and play change catcher for the Nationals. He has a knack of capturing long hits close to the ground while on a dead run, and to his agility the Nationals owe many a victory. Life is pretty easy for Harry in these days as chief clerk of the office of the supervising architect of the Treasury at a salary of \$2,500. In addition to being a good ball-player, McLean enjoys the distinction of being the best amateur billiard-player among the ball-players of his day.

When the first professional ball team made its tour of the United States in 1889, the star catcher of that period was Douglass Allison, of the Cincinnati Red Stockings. A year or two later he was tempted to come to Washington along with Asa Brainard, Fred Waterman, Sam Swasey, Andy Leonard, Charlie Gould and others. Since that time "Doug" has made Washington his home, and for awhile he was employed in the Government printing office. Now he keeps a chair warm at the National Museum, watching the curiosities, for which he receives seven hundred and twenty dollars per annum.

Another old-timer is George W. Joyce, who was for many years the leading spirit of the Jefferson Club, whose grounds were in the White lot. Joyce has never been in public office, but he conducts a cigar and news stand in the vicinity of the War, Navy and State departments, which brings him in a handsome income.

Crooks, who finished third in the Erie-Buffalo road race, has withdrawn the protest entered against McDaniel.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! God speed thee on thy way
Across the waste of waters blue;
From dangers guard thee night and day,
And keep thee gentle, kind and true.

Farewell! Though weary leagues apart,
On foreign land or alien sea,
We'll draw together heart to heart
In closest bonds of sympathy.

God keep thee in his tender care
Where'er on earth thy footsteps roam,
And under skies serene and fair
Return the wanderer to his home.
—Philadelphia Telephone.

THE UNLUCKY STONE.

From my earliest recollection we had traveled, traveled the world over, it seemed, my mother and I. We had no kith nor kin but one another, so can the world wonder that we were all in all to each other? My mother's face, although the sweetest and gentlest of faces, was always sad, even gloomy at times. She always wore the deepest of mourning for my father, although I could never get her to mention him. And after several inquiries I ceased to trouble her, for such a look of pain and agony would come over the dear features at the mention of Robert Radcliff. The only jewelry she ever wore consisted of two rings, a plain gold wedding ring and a beautiful opal set in a heavy band of gold. Through Asia, Europe, America, and even to Africa and Australia, we had made our way. And whenever in a crowd or conversing with a stranger I would notice my mother looking at her opal ring, which she wore on the third finger of the right hand.

One summer we had wandered through Russia, had spent some time on the Rhine, and finally brought up in a little town among the mountains of Switzerland. Here my mother was taken ill with a general decline of the heart, as the village doctor called it. I was very much frightened and wanted to telegraph for a celebrated man from Paris, but she said: "No, Carl, do nothing whatsoever. My time has come, and I must have you to myself for the few hours left me."

I would not believe it. It did not seem possible that God could take her from me.

"Mother," I said, controlling my emotions for fear of making her worse, "you imagine that you are much worse than you are. You are looking better than I have seen you for some time. Your cheeks are bright red."

Ah, what a fool I was! Death's very sign I took to be the hue of returning health.

"Carl, I have no time to waste in useless words," she said. "Come and sit by my side and learn why your mother's sad face has darkened your young life. No, do not interrupt, my boy. I know how much you think of your mother. Sixteen years ago, when you were a child of 4, we lived in a beautiful country home in the north of Ireland. Your father was of that country, you know." I did not know, for she had never told me anything about him; but I did not interrupt, and she continued: "Well, one night I waited and waited for Robert to return. He had gone to the neighboring village to buy new carriage horses. The wind blew a gale, and the rain fell in torrents. I walked the floor in an agony of fear till 12 o'clock, then called a faithful old servant and told him to harness and to go with me to look for his master. He thought me crazy, but did as I told him. Put another pillow under my head, Carl. There, now I can breathe easier."

"We found him, my son; found him all bloody and beaten to death. Foully murdered."

Her face was ghastly, and although shaking in every limb I managed to give her some drops the doctor had left so that she was able to continue. "I cannot tell you more of that dreadful time except that there never was the slightest clew to the assassin. We never knew that he had an enemy in the world. It was not robbery, for his watch and a large amount of money were not touched. You will find papers telling you all of that. My part is what I wish to tell you now. I lived with you alone in the old home for one year. One night I fell asleep in a chair by the hearth, and had the strangest of dreams. I dreamt a voice said to me:

"Take thy child and the opal ring and travel the world over, and when thou dost find thy opal turned a blood red then thou wilt be in the presence of thine enemy and thine husband's murderer."

"When I awoke I pondered on it for a while, but came to the conclusion that it was the result of a fevered brain. The next night I had the same dream, and again the next. I then took it as my mission in life to find the man who had foully killed my Robert. I awoke from my apathy, sold the place, and taking you with me started on my pilgrimage. You know the result. Never has my ring changed color. Now, Carl, I am dying, and into your hands I consign this ring, and I ask you by the memory of your murdered father to find the person and bring his crime home to him."

Saying this she placed the opal, with its fine red lines, upon my finger and then lay back exhausted.

"I promise, mother, never to give up the search while there is breath in my body," I said, intending to find the assassin by modern means instead of superstitions, but I would not pain her by doubting her dream.

Three days she lingered, during which time she told me of her financial straits, and that she did not know of a relative in the world. The third night she passed away, leaving me alone in my life with a terrible void in my life and an unutterable grief. I saw her buried in the little Swiss burial ground, and then returned to the inn and looked my future in the face. I had £3,000, no friends and a veritable vendetta. A week later I started for Paris, started my trouble, and had the best detectives to work up a hopeless case. In London I did the same, and then crossed the ocean and followed the same course in New York. The opal ring I wore, turned a blood red as it is. I made no

traveling acquaintances, and had a number of invitations to visit in Washington, Baltimore and other cities in the States. I refused them all, and went west to San Francisco, staying there until Jan. 1, when I returned to Washington, where I ran across one of my traveling friends, Ray Carrington.

I refused all overtures to go into society or to visit Carrington, but when I was taken ill and threatened with pneumonia my friend had me removed, against my wishes, to his home, where a tall, stately lady smiled graciously upon me, and where I had all the care and devotion possible during a serious illness. This lady, who was Ray's mother, was an angel of mercy to me, a homeless wanderer. One day I was lying on the sofa deluged with shawls, wraps, etc., reading any correspondence from the foreign police offices. Nothing had really been done, although a man had been sent to Ireland. So many years had passed they could hold out little hope to me.

A rap at the door, and "May I come in?" from Ray.

"Of course," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have brought you a visitor," he said, as he entered with his arm around a beautiful young girl, whom he introduced as his sister Lillian.

I told her she was very kind to visit an invalid, and wondered what they would think if they knew I was hunting down a murderer of sixteen years ago. Many happy days passed in spite of illness and vendettas. They insisted upon keeping me for a ball in honor of Lillian's twentieth birthday. I found resistance useless, so yielded with as good grace as possible, although I knew such gayeties were not for me, and my mother's death was too recent not to destroy any desire for such pleasures.

However I staid, and on the evening of the ball arrayed myself in my dress suit and descended to the ballroom, which was beautifully decorated with tropical plants and lovely ferns. Lillian was receiving her guests by her mother's side. She was dressed in a gown of silvery fabric, which made her look more than ever like the beautiful fairy she was. I easily mingled unnoticed in the crowd.

As I gazed on that brilliant scene I wondered what the dear mother was thinking as she looked down from her home on high. I thought of the little grave in the far away country, of the vendetta left me as a legacy. Ray broke in upon my meditations, and finding it impossible to persuade me to dance said: "Well, do take Miss Van Dyke into supper and relieve me."

I complied, and upon entering the supper room removed one glove, as my hand was warm. Upon doing so I glanced at the opal ring, and to my horror noticed that it had become a blood red. What could it mean? I glanced around the room and noticed only a dozen people, but these brilliant society people of Washington. What had they to do with my opal turning red? I must be mistaken. No; it was a deep blood red. I noticed Ray's uncle among the crowd—a tall, dark man, conversing with a lady; and I mechanically watched him leave the room, then glanced at my ring and, great heavens! my blood seemed turning to ice, for the ring had resumed its original color. I escorted Miss Van Dyke back to the ballroom and delivered her to a partner. Then I sought an introduction to Ray's uncle. "Mr. Radcliff," he exclaimed, and I saw him start, "where was your home, if I may ask?" "In the north of Ireland," I replied, "and my father was Robert Radcliff." I noticed my ring had again become red, which fact dispelled all doubt from my mind. Notwithstanding how ridiculous it seemed, I continued, "Mr. Carrington, I would like a few words with you privately."

"Not to-night," he stammered, "but to-morrow at 10 a. m." "Very well," I replied, and then sought the smoking room to be able to think. Lillian's uncle. She to whom my heart had gone out was the niece of the murderer of my father, for I had faith that I had found the man. I retired that night to get little or no sleep, to wonder what I should say and do to Howard Carrington, and what motive he could have had for such a deed.

The next morning I called at his residence promptly at 10 o'clock, and was told that the gentleman was not yet up, had not answered when he was called, and must be very tired. A horrible suspicion came over me, and I told the man to come with me, for we must break in the door.

We easily did so, and there, with his head on his arm, leaning on his desk, was Carrington. Then to our horror we saw a stream of blood on the floor and a revolver near it. We went to him and found him dead. The bullet had done its deadly work. On the desk lay an envelope addressed to Carl E. Radcliff. I opened it and read:

"Mr. Radcliff—You have tracked me at last. How I cannot imagine, for I never supposed there was a single clew. Now I know my time has come. I am tired of being hounded by remorse, and should have made way with myself before long anyway. I killed your father nearly seventeen years ago in Ireland. I had fallen passionately in love with your mother long before she knew of your father. She rejected me with scorn because I drank. When she married Radcliff I was wild with jealousy. Still I never should have done him harm if it hadn't been for meeting him that dark night all alone. I was mad with drink, and the deed was done before I realized the crime. I have never since touched a drop of liquor. No one suspected Mr. Carrington, the tourist, of such a deed, and after some time I came here to my friends. Now you know all—H. C."

I never told my friends of this letter or of the crime. They thought it temporary insanity. I now felt free to offer myself to Lillian, and to my joy and astonishment was accepted. Eighteen months from the time of her uncle's death Lillian became my wife. I have always worn the opal ring, which has never changed its color since it showed me my father's murderer.—L. M. A. in Boston Globe.

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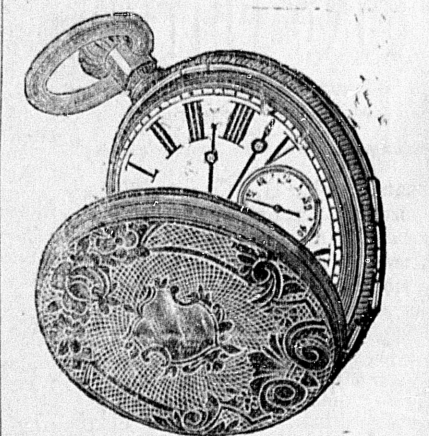
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