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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first edition of *The News*, which consists of 996 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 11 a.m.

GENERAL ALGER is contemplating investing an additional half million in timber. His presidential timber thus far seems to be of the barrel variety.

The people of the Second ward made no mistake when they selected C. Bird King as their councilman. If there were more such Kings in the council the city would be under better government.

Vigo's divorce record has at last been broken. In Chicago a Mrs. McClure has just received her third divorce from her husband. Probably this is her farewell engagement before starting on a theatrical tour.

MAJOR DANALDSON is not a Tom Reed. Were he such an official he would enforce the law and not stoop to follow the dictates of petty politicians. His scepter of authority can be labeled anything but "business."

The people of Terre Haute by a majority of over a thousand, declared last Spring, for better city government. Have the representatives of the people in council forgotten the declaration of the people on the enforcement of law? Have they forgotten their pledges to the people? The voters still retain the memories of the pledges which were given and which have not been fulfilled.

THERE is great interest in local political circles everywhere, and the result will be most beneficial to the public. The farmers have inaugurated a campaign for reform and an economic adjustment of all public business. In the result in some counties in Illinois Reform is a good thing but when conducted upon a parsimonious basis it loses its savor. There are extremes in economy in other things. In Vigo county the farmers and taxpayers are taking a lively interest in politics. They are keeping their eye on public expenditures. Too little attention has been paid to the management of public finances, but the time is ripe for arousing voters to a realization that they should keep their eyes open on expenditures which are not infrequently needless and extravagant.

THERE was one notable case under the conspiracy law in Indiana, and it resulted in the placing of three railroad men in prison stripes. The incident occurred in Rush county, and has not been forgotten. Three railroad men, during labor troubles, took a hand car and ran it a short distance, leaving it at the side of the track. The act was considered conspiracy—interfering with the operations of a railroad company. The three men were arrested and were brought to trial under the outrageous conspiracy law. They were guilty and their punishment was fixed at one year in the penitentiary. The men had no right to seize the hand car, run it a short distance and throw it from the track, yet the crime, for crime it was, under the conspiracy infamy, did not justify the sending of the men to the penitentiary for one year. The punishment did not fit the offense. The conspiracy law made it an offense for two or three strikers to meet and devise plans for winning a contest. It became conspiracy to make a threat to interfere and the punishment was the penitentiary. It was to the credit of the last legislature that the outrageous measure was repealed. The law should never have disgraced the statute books of a state as great and as law abiding as Indiana.

Railway Presidents.

CHICAGO, October 14.—The presidents of the various railroads forming the interstate commerce association are in session this morning in the Rookery building with A. F. Walker, president, for the purpose of considering the desirability of calling a general conference of all the Western roads with a view of entering into a new agreement or adopting some other plan that will insure a better maintenance of passenger and freight rates than exists at present.

Chairman Walker says that unless something is done in the direction of maintaining rates, railway managers will presently become simply receivers.

Stricken With Paralysis.

John Bishop, a railway postal clerk, while in the performance of his duty was stricken with paralysis last Thursday night, on the run near this city. His home was in Knightstown, to which place he was taken. He has since been in a critical condition. Mr. Bishop has for many years been connected with the railway mail service, and most of the time has been continuously employed on the through run from Pittsburgh to St. Louis. He is a minister in the Friend's church, and is prominently connected with the Knights of Pythias.

An Excellent Reason Why.

Miss Rose—How dreadfully stuck up that Miss Paige is.

Jack Rounder—Well, she ought to be.

Her father owns one of the largest glue factories in the country. Epoch.

Do you want anything? Read our Want column.

HERE AND THERE.

Not a long distance from one of the leading schools of the city resides a gentleman, who, by reason of being a commercial traveller, is absent from home a great portion of his time. His wife is of a nervous temperament and several times has been frightened by real or imaginary burglars. Not long since while in Evansville, the gentleman bought a New Foundland dog, said to be a first-class watch dog, and sent it home to his wife with a letter instructing her to feed the dog plentifully, treat him kindly and turn him loose in the yard at night. She did as directed and very soon had his dogship under excellent control. Her husband was absent about three weeks or a month and in the meantime his ownership of a dog had passed out of his mind. He happened to reach home on a date and at an hour when his wife was spending the evening at the residence of a neighbor. He lifted the latch of the front gate, went around to the rear entrance and was tapping on the door, when there was a low gurgling growl a sudden rush and he saw a big vicious brute coming toward him hastily. He had little or no time for retreat and when the dog came within arm's reach slammed his sample case at him. This checked the cut and his friend leaped past him, up the steps of the back portico the dog nearly at his heels. Down came a copper was boiler right in the dog's way and again was his onslaught checked. The gentleman threw open the door of a cupboard-like room partitioned off of one end of the portico, jumped in and slammed the door after him. It was dark as Erebus within and not a match could he find in his pockets. He lit around and succeeded in knocking down several old joints of stove pipe and jamming his head against a hanging shelf. He didn't want to yell for help, so he commenced a discussion of the situation with the dog who was on guard out side. With the door slightly ajar, it was about this:

"Get out, get out, you brute!"

A series of deep growls

"Come here, doggy—good doggy. Here, Jack—here, Jack."

The dog growled and moved. Slam went the door. In a few moments the unfortunate had possessed himself of a small flower pot full of solid earth. He opened the door very slowly until he could get an arm out and hurled the missile at the beast. When the door was jammed shut this time the dog was again at it with his fore feet and the man braced against it from the outside with every muscle strained. Thus did many weary minutes wear away until he heard an unusual movement on the part of his brute besieger, and opening the door, heard someone coming around the house at the side of the house. Very soon he heard the tones of his wife's voice, as welcome to him as the sight of an approaching ship to a castaway seaman. When his wife found there was a man in the little room, she uttered a subdued little cry and was on the point of fleeing when he yelled, "It's your husband. Don't you know me? I'm your husband. Please kill that d—d dog and get me out of this wretched place." He finally recognized him, called off the faithful watch dog, shut the beast up in the stable, returned and released her husband, who, when led into the lighted sitting-room, presented an appearance that caused his wife to laugh herself into hysterics—nearly. The very next day his dog was sold to a farmer, who the gentleman presented her with a big Smith & Wesson hammerless 44-caliber revolver, and says he will willingly take his chances against his wife shooting him rather than run any more risks with "first class watch dogs."

Obedience to the Death.

A Delectable Anecdote of Napoleon, the Czar and the Prussian King.

The editor of *GH Blas* vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian King at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on the *Admirable* again. It was just possible that the things might have changed themselves back again.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the czar.

"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian king a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.

"Call the Gardiste Marcus," he commanded, and Marcus appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, sir."

"Blindly, whatever it is."

"Blindly, sir."

"Then jump out of that window."

"But I have a wife and two children, sir."

"I will care for them. Forward!"

And the Gardiste Marcus, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out.

"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.

"What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovich."

"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."

"Yes, father," answered the guard-man, and he did it.

"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to his servant. A six foot ulian, with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his forehead, entered.

"My friend," explained the king, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"

"Is it for the fatherland?"

"No."

"Then I refuse to do it."

GH Blas thinks this anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the present.

New Mechanical Alarm.

Miss Rose—How dreadfully stuck up that Miss Paige is.

Jack Rounder—Well, she ought to be.

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A SAFE DEPOSIT.

By REV. E. EVERETT HALE, D. D.

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CHAPTER V.

EDITH Lane resolved once and again after her father's return that she would tell him that she had lost her bonds. But all day he was at his office, and each time when he returned she hated to tell him, and so put it off till morning. Each morning he was in haste for his breakfast, and the poor girl put it off again. After the second of these failures she had no chance. As she came home in the afternoon from an early archery party she found a note from her father saying that he was called to New York. This was followed by a telegram from New York saying he was called to London. And so poor Edith was left to her own newly acquired skill in managing her own business for the next six weeks.

What soon became very clear was that she must have money. Indeed this is something which generally becomes clear to most people in modern society.

Edith made the mistake which many other people make of thinking that it will do any good to say aloud, "I must have some money." She said this to the looking glass twice as she dressed herself. But no money came from that. As to housekeeping and wages there was no trouble. The housekeeper had been supplied. But for herself Edith knew she would be trouble very soon.

She at once put herself on short allowance. She did not go into a shop. She passed the most attractive book store saying, "Lead us not into temptation." She went on foot if she could not ride in her own carriage, by which I mean she never took the people's carriage—the street car. She was even mean enough to put a nickel into the contribution box at church, sitting in the very pew where the deacon was always sure of a five dollar bill. But then Edith made an account of this, and solemnly pledged herself for every nickel she laid on the alter to place a ten dollar bill when she had brought her account and placed it there. Edith retired to her sittings with as good grace as she could, and bade James take her home.

The Waverley bank was a new bank, and the people were very glad that he had brought her account and placed it there.

Edith retired to her sittings with as good grace as she could, and bade James take her home.

She had several courses before her. First, she could telegraph to her father in London: "I am diagnosed and without money. What shall I do?" Second, and of this she thought seriously—she could go to Dr. Witherspoon, who had christened her twenty years ago, and had received her into the church six years ago, and loved her as her father did.

This would have been the wisest thing for her to do, but she had a sense of mortification which hindered her from doing this. Then she thought over the list of her mother's old friends among the ladies of Tamworth, and there was not one of them whom she liked as a counselor. Then she remembered a sermon which Dr. Witherspoon had preached a few weeks before, of which the doctrine was, "Face Your Perplexities." He had told them they should not run away from their perplexities, but must look them in the face and find out how great they were. She remembered that same man she had talked with not long before had told her that the turning point of Robinson Crusoe's fortunes comes in the moment when he faces his perplexities. On some piece of paper he had, with some ink he had made, he wrote them down so that he could look at them and see what they were. Edith took a sheet of paper and proceeded to write down hers. The list took the following order:

1. I am a fool.

2. I have no money.

3. I have taken from the Waverley bank \$47 which I had no right to.

By adding up the amount on her checks and comparing it with her own account she had found the fatal mistakes which showed that instead of having \$40 in the bank she had taken out \$47 more than she should have done.

Edith's list went on:

4. I owe honest tradespeople who have trusted me \$173.11.

5. I wish I had as much as \$75 in the house, if I were only to keep up decent appearances till papa gets home.

6. In fact I have \$1.97. I suppose the housekeeper would lend me something, but I do not like to ask her, and I have no right to starve the family.

Then, by an unfortunate suggestion of one of those lower powers who have been alluded to, who are permitted to have some part in the government of this world, under strict orders from higher authorities, however, it happened that Edith remembered a horrid scandal which had convulsed Tamworth a year or two before, when a certain Mrs. John Fisher had borrowed a thousand dollars from a jeweler on the pledge of a bracelet, which became very famous in the scandal of the town.

Edith said to herself: "I wonder if I could not borrow \$500 of somebody?" I think if I were a man I should know how to borrow \$500. I observe in books that men always borrow money when they want it. I do not see why I cannot borrow this money."

For Edith had been so little tempted in her younger life that she had never learned what most young men learn when they are younger—that there are two devils of special danger in modern life; that one is the devil of drink and the smaller devil is named Debt. There had been no occasion for Edith to have these lessons taught her, and though the poor child had had some reason to know the first devil—everybody has in American life—she was probably unconscious of the dangers of the second. She did know what a terrible scrape Mrs. John Fisher had got into, and she dreaded any such scrape. But on the other hand she knew that in the jewel case under her hand were securities never used, which were worth twenty times the sum that would make her perfectly comfortable till her father came home. And so it was that having read in novels about poor people pledging what they had to borrow money she thought did cross her mind that she might borrow something, if she knew how, on the pledge of some part of her jewelry.

It is quite clear, dear reader, that she found that no coupons had been cut off the Cattaraugus and Opelousas bonds for five years, but little did she know of the weakness of that enterprise. She did know that her quarter's coupons on her own bonds would have yielded her \$500; she made out that amount as well as she could from the Cattaraugus and Opelousas coupons, took no more than she needed, wrote a memorandum of what she had done and pinned it upon the coupons. "For," she said, "I may die," and she remembered that the old had her father say that some written memorandum must be left for the benefit of executors.

She then ordered her carriage again and rode to the Waverley bank. She handed her bank book to the teller, as she had done before, and the man bowed, as the other men bowed, and said it was a fine day. She also said it was a fine day, but the spell did not work. When he looked at the coupons he made no entry in her little book. Indeed she thought he started, and he crossed the room and spoke to his chief. The attentive chief at once came to the window.

"Miss Lane," he said, "your father has made a mistake. These are Cattaraugus and Opelousas coupons, and you know it is long since those could be negotiated. I think your coupons are

U. S. and Q. C. W. and W., and from United States bonds, are they not?"

"Are these not just the same thing?" said Edith, feeling as if she should sink through the ground. "I know nothing about it, only I found them in my safe." Here she held closely to the truth.

She could see a vague smile of contempt pass over the cashier's face as he said: "Well, I don't know what hopeful people would say, Miss Lane, only these things have no value on the market. Bring us around your C. B. and Q. and we will cash them for you gladly."

Then as she was turning away the teller whispered to him again, and he said: "Do not give yourself any trouble, but you have overdrawn your account a little."

Poor Edith did not know what this meant, and he explained that she had drawn more money from the bank than she had in it; that this would be made clear to her as she looked at the checks which the teller gave her. It was of no consequence, the cashier said; only he thought she would call her attention to it.

So poor Edith left the bank without any money, and feeling that she was much more down in the bog of disgrace than she had known.

Poor Edith did not understand that, if anybody had supposed that she was dishonest in overdrawing her bank account, she could have been arrested before she left the building. This would not have happened, however, in any circumstance to her father's daughter. The Waverley bank was a new bank, and the people were very glad that he had brought her account and placed it there.

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