

THE DAILY NEWS.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1891.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to get in the first

edition of THE NEWS, which consists of

four columns, and reaches every town

within a distance of forty miles, must be

in by 10 a. m.

CAPTAIN DAVIS has one last opportunity

to make himself. Will he enforce the

law without fear or favor?

It would be far better to have a man

as superintendent of police who openly

favored lawlessness than one who pre-

tends to stand for law and order.

In nearly all instances of rottenness at

police headquarters, secret instructions

have played a pronounced part. Such

methods to hoodwink the public are cowardly

and should not be tolerated.

CAPTAIN DAVIS, superintendent of police,

has been defended by THE NEWS and

upheld in his efforts to enforce the

law. Now that he has shown cowardice

and has given to the officers a secret order

preventing the accumulation of evidence,

THE NEWS is called upon to condemn the

action. Captain Davis should stand

squarely in favor of enforcing the law or

squarely against it. He cannot straddle

the issue. He announced his

intention of enforcing the law to the

letter. THE NEWS had faith in

the captain's determination to carry

out every syllable that he uttered. He

has not done so, and the secret under-

standing which exists is cowardly and

beneath the dignity of a police depart-

ment. By such action Captain Davis

will lose the support of the better

element of citizens. But one thing re-

mains for Captain Davis—enforce the

law or refuse to enforce it and take the

consequences.

THE NEWS reproduces an extract from

the interview published Saturday, with

Mr. R. S. Tennant. Mr. Tennant said:

"With the cheapest coal in the world

for manufacturing, electric cars up with

the times, the best lighted streets of any

city in the country and gas for illumin-

inating and domestic purposes so cheap

that every home may have it. With our

fine public schools, unsurpassed educa-

tional and benevolent institutions, vigor-

ous churches, our high license fee, econ-

omic city administration bringing re-

duced taxes, why shouldn't Terre Haute

do business and grow?"

"Within a fortnight every gas, trades,

scientific and leading newspaper will

make the whole country know that Terre

Haute, Ind., has an abundant and un-

failing supply of gas for domestic fuel

purposes and for illumination sold at

thirty-five cents per thousand—and why

and how? Because of our presence and

process. It is such an advertisement as

many thousands of dollars could scarcely

have procured."

It is to be regretted that there are not

more Mr. Tennants in Terre Haute—

more men who have faith in the future

of the city and do not hesitate to express

their views. Terre Hauteans should ap-

preciate her advantages, and proclaim

them to the world. It is such an easy

matter to remark: "Oh, Terre

Haute is no good. It's too slow." Perhaps the reason the city

appears slow going is because there are

too many men who are willing to speak

disparagingly of it. If Terre Haute has

not advanced as rapidly as possible, it is

because there has been a superabundance

of the croaker element. The first para-

graph of the extract published above is a

succinct statement of our advantages. If

every Terre Hautean would feel in ac-

cord with the statement, there would be

greater possibilities for the future. Such

sentiments as expressed in the interview

should be passed in everyone's hat.

They inspire confidence, and confidence

is half the battle in business progression.

HERE AND THERE.

"I don't know very much of the modes

operandi of railway safety gates at street

crossings," said an east sider, recently,

"but it seems to me that the E. & T. H.

people have been an almighty long time

doing nothing in putting to practical use

cherub turned her face away she was only able to add, "Please—Lord! I'm dazed as—dazed as I can be. Tant! I see the west in mornin'!" She said this much with an effort, and she sank into deep slumber, and the last word of that earnest child request was uttered, a sweet smile swept her little face and, as the mother turned from the bed, she simply said, "I wonder if it is really true that when a little child smiles in its sleep it is talking with the angels."

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that one of the oldest and most popular conductors on the C. & E. I. had a little unpleasant experience Friday night which was not rendered any more delightful when several of his acquaintances afterward made him the subject of unlimited amusement. He had reached Ellettsville with his train and was obliged to stop there at that station for some reason or other. When his train arrived here at the union depot, no blue coated conductor could be found. Several hours later, indeed in the early, crimping hours of the morning, a lone and footsore traveler, tramping between the iron rails walked into the city from the north and made a sneak for the union depot. There were very few aboard when the worn-out railroad, left by his train, walked up to report, but the story leaked out and it is currently reported that he spent about \$4.80 evening things up with the boys before he commenced to display temper. Now, it simply means blood to even say "Ellettsville" to the gentleman and any individual fool hardly ought to ask him if he has many ties there are he is here and the paper mill, might just as well have made previous arrangements for a funeral and an obituary notice.

"I have that earnest confidence in the influence of a loving, christian mother, over her boys," remarked a Terre Haute lady recently, "that I believe, if her attention to them be unremitting and they be kept within the sphere of her influence until such time as the foundation of their characters be securely built, they will go out into the world and wherever they be found they will be recognized as truly good citizens. It is human to err and they may stumble and fall by the wayside, perhaps, but the lines of their good mother's example and teachings engraven deeply on the tablets of their hearts can never be effaced and the music of her dear voice, even, coming sweetly back through the sacred avenues of memory, will cause them to rise to their feet, face the temptations of the world and send forth the ringing challenge, 'I no longer fear; I will be true to right; I will be what my mother tried to make me; I will be a man.' I may be wrong, but I earnestly believe that, if women who are the mothers of sons will content themselves with first making home cheerful and lively for their boys, and then by the exercise of the natural influence of a perfect motherhood make their boys love them and believe them in all things of life they will, if they live, be repaid by seeing those sons carrying into their citizenship their mother's teachings and applying them faithfully in their daily actions along the highway of life. Ah, it cannot but be true that the foundations of the best and purest citizenship are laid most firmly within the home circle at the knee of the good mother."

A WASHINGTON WEDDING.

A Daughter of Chief Justice Fuller Married To-night.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 5.—One of the most brilliant weddings that of Washington society has seen for some time will be solemnized to-night at St. John's Episcopal church when Miss Mildred Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller, will become the bride of Hugh Campbell Wallace, of Tacoma, Washington. Five hundred invitations to the wedding have been issued, and one thousand additional to the reception which is to be held at the family residence of the chief justice on Massachusetts avenue. Miss Katherine Fuller will be maid of honor to her sister, and as bridesmaids there will be six former schoolmates of the fair bride, Miss Swinton, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Miss Weber, of Brooklyn; Miss Woodruff, of Auburn, N. Y.; Miss Moore, of Orange, N. J.; and the Misses Flanagan and Fisk, of New York City. United States Senator-elect Dubois, of Idaho, will officiate as best man, while James Harlan and Archibald L. Brown, of Chicago, the former being a son of Justice Harlan, Mr. Wallace, of Tacoma, brother of the groom, and Colin Manning, of Washington, will officiate as groomsmen. The bride will wear a magnificent white satin, with rich lace insertions, decollete and elaborate. Pearl ornaments will be worn. The bridesmaids will be gowned alike in yellow, crepe de chine. The present marriage in the family of the chief justice will give its membership infinitely more satisfaction than did the one of a year ago when a sister of the bride of to-night made a hasty trip from Chicago to Milwaukee and united herself to the youthful son of an insurance agent of the former city. Mr. Wallace is about thirty years of age and has made his fortune of a million or more in real estate operations in what is now the new state of Washington. A few years ago he went out to Tacoma with nothing beyond his brains and energy. He practiced law, invested in lots, and finally became bank president. At the outset of President Cleveland's administration he was appointed collector of the port and was recognized as not only the youngest appointee of the administration, but as one fit in every way for the honor done his early manhood. He is tall, slender and dark. The bride is the fourth daughter of the family by the present wife of the chief justice. She is exceedingly attractive in appearance and possesses considerable mental ability. She is a graduate of Wells college, at Aurora, N. Y., the same institution from which Cleveland received her sheepskin, and was a classmate of the wife of the ex-president. During her college career she wrote a play entitled "Dreams," and also performed a leading part in a representation of it in the college theatre. She was one of the debutantes of the season of 1888, and first met the gentleman who was destined to be her husband in the winter of 1889 at a reception given in honor of Mrs. Senator Cockrell.

Obituary.

Mrs. Amanda J. Peck, widow of the late Daniel Peck, after an illness of about three months, died at the family residence, 646 North Fifth street, Saturday, December 27, at 10 o'clock. She was buried at 2 o'clock from the Christian church. She leaves three children, Mrs. B. Lutz, of this city; Claude Peck, of Knightsville; and James Peck, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Mary Ann Saunders, aunt of Mrs. Judge Mack, died at the home of the latter at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. The remains were to day taken to Louisville, the lady's former home, for interment.

"Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray Lord my soul to keep; If I should die— (a long wailing yawn) "If I—should die—" then a closing of the heavy eyelids and a protracted hush, and as the

Hush! above the western heaven slowly moves the shining stars, stretching forward, one by one: From a day of toil or pleasure back again we gladly come: From the moiling working places, filled with care and weariness, Now to seek a kindly shelter in the haven of our home.

On her nest among the branches now the mother-bird can rest, With her little ones safe nestled underneath her loving breast: Now the cows their milk are giving into pails all white with foam: Now from blossoms warm and sunny like the bees back, rich with honey, And the bleating lambs come bubbling down the pathway toward their home.

Soon the fireflies flash their beacons in and out the garden's gloom, While within the lamp shines softly on the readers in the room: In our arms the children slumber, with their feet too tired to roam; Out from drowsy woodland covers whispering come the happy lovers: In the blessed night we gather in the haven of our home.

—H. E. Parker, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

FROM RAILS OF STEEL.

An Old Engineer Tells of Some Narrow Escapes.

A Justice of the Supreme Court is not more taciturn than the average railroad engineer. And, not unlike the eminent jurists, when once his habitual reserve is cast aside he is a veritable mine of anecdote and wit. A Washington Star Reporter one afternoon during the past week ran across one of these "Knights of the Throttle" in the neighborhood of the "round house" on Virginia avenue, and, as luck would have it, the "Salvation car," as the pay car is designated in the railroad's parlance, had just arrived and he was in a good humor and talkative.

"Come, John, you won't go out on your run for two hours yet. Tell me about some of the tight places you've been in since becoming an engineer."

"Well, young man, we don't like to talk about these things, but, as you appear to be anxious for a story, I don't mind telling you one."

"Tell me about that long red scar there under your chin. That must have been quite a wound."

"That was rather a hard one, but when I received it it was a smaller affair in comparison with my other breaks and bruises. As you know, I have pulled a throttle on the Baltimore & Potomac road ever since the first rail was laid. Railroadng to-day is child's play to what it was then. Now our greatest risk is a broken rail or axle; then it was a dozen different things to keep us alert, chief among them being washouts, insecure trestles and mistakes in telegraph orders incidental to a single-track road. Overwork always played a prominent part, and it was owing to the latter fact that this scar adorns my neck-shopper."

"It was during the busy days of the inauguration of Garfield, and all the sleep the boys had secured for a week was only cat-naps. I was coming north, out of Washington, on the evening of inauguration day, and ex-President Hayes occupied a private car on the rear of my train. The cars were crowded to their fullest capacity, and with this responsibility upon me I believe I could have done without sleep for a month. All the cars were in Washington bound north, the engine coming south, generally being empty—that is, without cars. The engineers of these empty engines would momentarily relax their vigilance, owing to the lesser responsibility, and it was during one of those moments that I got into the tightest place and received the closest call of my life. I received orders to pass two empty engines coming south at Severn, a small telegraph station about thirty miles north of Washington, and that they would take the siding for me. My engine was doing nicely and we were picking it along at a pretty lively gait, when, just as I turned the Severn curve, flip bang came the two engines into me, and when I woke up two weeks had passed, an engineer and baggage-master had been buried, three locomotives and a half-dozen cars smashed into splinters, and I lay on my back in the hospital with a log, an arm and three ribs broken and my under jaw almost torn off. The engineer of one of the south-bound engines had relaxed his vigilance for hardly more than a minute by his siding, and his life paid the forfeit."

"Why didn't I jump? Holy smoke, young fellow, that never entered my mind. I reversed my engine, put on the air, and by that time we were piled up and I was unconscious. The good Lord only knows why my railroad days didn't end there, but they didn't, and I flatter myself that I can make time with any of the boys."

"How about that little accident out at McGruder's curve; weren't you mixed up in that affair?"

"Yes, that's the affair I occurred a good while ago, but I never heard the particulars."

"Well, I should say I was mixed up in that affair. In all my days of railroadng that was the luckiest accident with the queerest trimmings I have ever known. The little details that I am going to tell you in connection with the affair came to me some time after their occurrence."

"This time I was coming south on the New York express, and was due in Washington at 11:30 at night. I had about twelve cars filled with passengers behind me. At that time there was a telegraph station about a quarter of a mile north of the curve called 'Wilson's.' The express generally had a clear track, and orders were never given it only when of great importance. Owing to this fact it made very fast time, and at that point usually ran about forty or forty-five miles an hour. As I swung in sight of this little lonely water-box I saw that the red signal was down, and after a fierce pull at the whistle I reversed the lever and put on the air. We came to a stop in a hurry, and, thinking orders were awaiting me, I made a break for the office to secure them without losing any more time than necessary."

"Pushing open the door I saw the operator lying back in his chair, as I thought fast asleep. There was a strong odor of coal gas in the room, but in the heat of passion at what I thought was a case of neglect of duty, I paid no attention to this, but grabbing him by the collar of his coat, I yanked him out on to the floor. As he was a little slow coming around, I caught up a bucket of water and threw the contents over him, bringing him to his senses instantly."

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"Where's my orders? What's the red down for?" I shouted in his ears.

"There's no orders. I must have gone to sleep or fast asleep. Every thing's all right," he replied in a dazed sort of way.

"With an oath—I used to swear then—I rushed back to my engine, whistled for a flagman and pulled out, vowing vengeance on that operator in the shape of a report to the superintendent upon my arrival at Washington. That report never went in.

"I had gotten my train under way and was going only about five miles an hour when, just as we swung around McGruder's curve, the track sank under me, and with a loud crash and a splintering of buffers we came to a dead stop, with the front part of my engine sunk about three feet below the track in mud and gravel. There was a dangerous quicksand there, and it had washed about fifteen feet of the earth away from under the track. Owing to our rate of speed a good shaking up was about all we got, but suppose for one minute that red signal had not been down on us at Wilson's. They'd have picked us up all in pieces, as I would have gone into that hole at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"Both the day and night operators at Wilson's were practical jokers. A bright idea struck the day man, and climbing noiselessly on to the roof of the office he placed a board over the chimney shutting off the draft of the stove. After performing this brilliant feat he went home for a night's rest, resolved to learn the next morning the result of his machinations. The stove door was partly open, the gas from the stove was forced out, it soon filled the room, and had I not been stopped by the red signal the chances are the boy would have been smothered to death. So you see the multiplication of circumstances engendered by that practical joke although it nearly killed one person, saved my life and many more behind me."—Chicago Journal.

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Seventh and Wabash Avenue, Room 1, McKee Block.

Mr. Pine (of New York)—I feel rather embarrassed, as she subject I am going to speak of is rather delicate.

Miss Porcu (from Chicago)—Oh, don't let that embarrass you. To tell the truth, I am very fond of delicacies.—Puck.

Where the Sugar Went.

A teacher desiring to classify her pupils put questions to them to find out how much they knew. During the examination of the son of a leading Austin politician the following dialogue occurred:

"You say that there are three kingdoms—the animal, the vegetable and the mineral?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, where do you put the sugar?"

"Pa puts it in the water and then the whiskey in afterwards and stirs 'em up with a spoon."—Texas Sitings.

On a Street Car.

"This is my birthday," she said. The whole car and her escort were interested.

"Is that so?" said he.

"Guess how old?"

"I can't."

"Will I have to tell you? Well, it is my 'Twenty-fourth!' bawled the conductor, opening the door. Every one knew it wasn't true, but she was so mad that she shut her mouth tight and the car heard no more.—Kansas City Star.

A Business Letter.

King of the Cannibal Islands (to his typewriter)—My dear, just take this note for the Board of Missions, in New York.

Typewriter—I am ready, O noble Tumtum.

King—Gentlemen: The last lot of missionaries you sent me were old, and tough, and stringy. If you can not do better—got that?—if you can not do better I shall have to make a change, and get—my—missionaries—elsewhere. Yours truly, Tumtum, Rex.—Life.

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