

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. 8. NO. 146

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER,
Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday,

BY THE

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLICATION OFFICE

NO. 23 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

TELEPHONE CALL 181-182

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POSTOFFICE A
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
ONE YEAR.....\$5.00
PER WEEK, BY CARRIER.....10ctsAll correspondence should be addressed to
THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1891.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements to go in the first edition of THE NEWS, which consists of over 800 copies and reaches every town within a distance of forty miles, must be in by 10 a.m.

It is reported that Ethel was offered a position as literary editor of a contemporary of THE NEWS.

A CONTEMPORARY republishes a photograph of Ethel Towne. Once was not sufficient, it was necessary to present the brazen faced female's portrait to view a second time.

SENATOR MOUNT has inaugurated a war on the beef trust by the introduction of a resolution asking congress to pass a law abolishing the combine. Senator Mount may yet re-enlist himself for his vote on the repeal of the conspiracy law. The resolution of yesterday was in the interest of the farmer and consumer and is a step in the right direction. Legislation is needed to crus' out combines. One thing is certain, that if they are permitted to flourish they will crush the rights of the people.

ETHEL TOWNE was acquitted principally by reason of the instructions of the court. Those who are familiar with the case do not doubt but that the bleached-haired adventuress came here to dispose of the forged check. The trial was a farce, and it seems that the public wants farce-justice in our courts as well as nonsensical farce-comedy on the stage. There was no occasion for the prolonged trial. There was little evidence to be introduced and had it not been for the quibbling of the attorneys over technicalities the case would have been decided at an earlier time. The prisoner excited the sympathy of the court room and jury. She is a distressed looking, dissolute young woman and the human heart is charitable to the fallen, especially a woman. It will be seen that the trial is ended. The curtain has been rung down on the comedy as we know the enormous expenses of the trial have paid the public will decide and whether or not it got its money worth trial at show.

HERE AND THERE.

The trimming of shade trees has commenced in some quarters of the city and it has been observed in several instances that this "trimming" has been little better than a senseless mutilation of magnificent trees. The wealth of shade foliage in this city is its pride. It, as much as anything else has caused Terre Haute's praises to be sung far and wide. While the cutting away of abnormal and superfluous growth is necessary and perfectly proper, the wholesale sawing and hacking to pieces—the idiotic butchery of our grand old shade trees should be brought home to the thoughtless individuals who are guilty of the offense and the strong arm of the law should reach out and visit upon them the punishment they deserve.

A well known contractor and builder was recently discussing the necessity of the council enacting a first-class building ordinance and said: "I have noticed for the past few months Terre Haute has had an unusually large number of fires which have been directly caused by imperfectly constructed flues; indeed, if we are to accept the newspaper reports of fires—and I see no reason why we should not, over two-thirds of the fires which have occurred in this city for the past three years have been occasioned by poor chimneys. Now, while I must admit that this deplorable condition of things is in a measure the work of scheming contractors who take advantage of confiding, careless people, in the largest proportion of cases it is not the fault of the contractor but that of the owner of the property who is ready to take any or every chance of having his building and perhaps that of his neighbor, go up in flame and smoke rather than go to any additional expense of putting in absolutely safe flues. I have had much dealing with this class of individuals and my experience has served to convince me that the council could do no better thing than to make it an offense punishable with a heavy penalty for anyone, owner, contractor or what not, to give over to occupancy a building which has not passed the rigid inspection of a competent official."

So many jokes of all kinds are in circulation at the present time that it is next to impossible to find anything that is of public interest in which there is not some burlesque or joke coming forth with almost at the same time that the subject bobs up into public notice. Even the most sober questions which have to deal with the affairs of the government are the subjects of immeasurable "gags" as the public is wont to call them. They are, perhaps, the subjects of more jokes, or "gags" than things of less general interest. This thing of making senseless and often vulgar jokes about public men and public affairs surely indicates that the invertebrate joke manufacturer must be at the same time an idle soul with nothing better to employ his dormant mental faculties than to scrape about until he produces a "gag" upon the subject under consideration. No matter how thin and flimsy this production of a fertile brain may be gloats over it and springs it at the first opportunity upon

the first victim that he can draw into the trap. All this is bad enough, but when it comes to joking on a cemetery it is high time to call a halt. An East Side citizen was quite recently standing on Chestnut street engaged in conversation with a friend, who, in the course of the talk, stated that he was about to purchase property in the northwest part of the city. "Why, you're not going to buy up in that dead end are you?"

"Dead" was the rather snappy rejoinder, "I guess you've never been up there. What's dead about it?"

The two men stared at each other and then turned, walked off in opposite directions, one tittering and giggling at his own supposed shrewdness like a young school girl, while the other looked fierce and disgusted. When, oh when, will a cold, ungenerous, and unsympathetic public permit the dead to rest in peace.

A BRIGAND'S FATE.

He is Sentenced to Exile for the Rest of His Life.

NEW YORK, January 20.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg by way of London says that one of the greatest brigands of modern times is now on his way with a convoy of exiles to the island of Sankt-Peterburg in Siberia, where he will remain chained up for the rest of his life in the gold mines. The convoy left on Thursday last. Kroukowski, which is the name under which the brigand was tried and convicted, was Russian by birth and came of a wealthy family. He spoke French and English fluently, having frequently visited both Paris and London where he was received into the most aristocratic society. Five years ago, as the result of his high living and excessive play at the gaming tables of Paris, he found that little more than a remnant of his once magnificent fortune remained. Accordingly returning to his estate in the province of Volhynia, he proceeded to organize a band of brigands, the first members of it being his coachman, footmen and a few mouskys, or peasants belonging to the estate. At the head of these he invaded the government of Kieff and commenced a system of pillage upon the chateaus of the nobility, securing booty by the tens-of-thousands of dollars.

Finally the entire band, except the leader, was surrounded by the Russian troops near the town of Potschajef and captured. After a trial that was little more than a farce, one and all were sentenced to banishment to Siberia. Three months later Kroukowski reappeared at the head of a new band, formed in Galicia, Austria, when his exploits became more daring than ever. He frequently visited Loutsik and Doubroff and did not hesitate to promenade the streets. On one occasion the gendarmes were informed that he intended to pass the night in a small inn close to the village of Kervet. The troops were immediately called out and with an infinite of precautions the inn was entirely surrounded. At this juncture a Russian officer in full parade uniform approached the chief of the gendarmes and after inquiring very politely after the health of the perfect of police, asked that his card might be handed to that functionary. The officer then quietly withdrew, saluting the soldiers, who presented arms to him as he passed.

His commander took the card to the chief of police who found written on it in the French language the following: "Kroukowski, the brigand chief, presents his compliments to the prefect of police." The unfortunate officer of gendarmerie lost his position for having allowed his prey to slip through his fingers so easily. Kroukowski made it a rule not to kill any of his victims, but was not averse to torturing them if he thought they were concealing any of their valuable kidnappings was his especial forte. Last October he carried off a ransom of \$10,000. His relatives instead of at once paying the sum, demanded \$10,000, but without result. The unfortunate lady who was addicted to corporal punishment had been in the habit of going to Carlshad every year to reduce her weight. She was captured about the time for making her annual pilgrimage but Kroukowski undertook to act as her physician, and under his heroic treatment she became a perfect skeleton in less than three weeks. Her friends were apprised of the fact and decided to ransom what was left of her at the figure.

A week later he captured a young girl of eighteen whose father was one of the chief state officers. It was three months before the heavy ransom sought was forthcoming, and on the return of the young lady it was developed that she was pregnant. Her father then proposed that the brigand chief should marry his daughter, and assured him that he would guarantee him indemnity if he would return to the path of rectitude. The brigand emphatically refused, however, on the ground that he was in love with the daughter of a poor peasant. This amount proved his ruin. On November 16th the police received information of a rendezvous between the brigand and his chancery. No less than two hundred soldiers, gendarmes and Cossacks surrounded the place and after a desperate struggle Kroukowski was captured, bound hand and foot, and taken prisoner. After his conviction he addressed a petition to the court, asking for pardon and offering to disclose secrets which would make him valuable as one of the chiefs of the secret police. No reply, however, was returned and the probabilities are that for the rest of his life he will pay penance for his crime in the Siberian gold mines. The peasants in their hearts regret the capture of the brigand who treated them better than most of their masters. Superstition cast a halo around him in the minds of the ignorant, common people, who firmly believe that he has an immense treasure hidden in some mysterious spot and are equally certain that he will return to the neuter, bolder and more daring than ever.

A Brutal Parent.

"No, Augustus, wrote a kind and indulgent parent to his son at college. I cannot grant your request. I have already cashed your draft for the brasses and the Indian clubs, the 880 racing shell, the dumb-bells, the bicycle, the sailing yacht, boxing gloves, sand-bags, fencing foil, and the silver-mounted revolver. But I cannot pay for the gambling implements which you suggest. I draw the line at faro chips."

What About.

"How are you coming on at school?" asked an Austin, Texas, parent of his adolescent son.

"I got kept in again to-day."

"What about?"

"About two hours and a half."

A Woman's Reason.

Auntie (reading) "—The government has contracted for a number of magazine guns." Now, I wonder what a magazine gun is?

Niece (from Vassar) "I guess it's the kind that go off only once a month."

FAVORITE WALKS.

Uplands with wild roses sweet,
Where the sky and hill-top meet;
Path beside a running brook,
Hiding oft in sheltered nook;
Pastures where the grass is low,
Nibbled by the sheep and kine,
On some gentle hill incline—
Where the soil is not too good—
With beyond a pine wood;
There how oft a friendly talk,
Pleasant at sunset walk.
There oft, sweet friends and I,
Gazing at the evening sky,
Question in what order above;
Is the horizon wide or low;
Dale o'er the friendly bars,
Asking of the early stars;
Shining in the ruddy west.
"There, on there, shall we find rest."

—Good Housekeeping.

A TRUE WIFE.

It was at the close of a day in mid-summer Chester Hilton was putting on his hat, preparatory to leaving the office, when his employer asked him to stop at the desk for a moment. "I am very sorry, Chester," said the senior partner of Gardner, Whitecock & Co., to be obliged to tell you that we cannot afford to keep you after this month. As you are aware our business has fallen off to such a degree that we are scarcely making our running expenses."

Chester Hilton received this announcement in cool, collected manner. He had been expecting a crash for two months past. Nevertheless, at heart he felt depressed and anxious. It was just the season of the year when business was at its lowest ebb. When and when would he get another situation. He had nothing put by to live on during the time he might be out of employment. It was later than usual when he got home, and as he drew near the gate, a black-eyed baby, with a face illuminated by a sight of "papa," toddled out to meet him. In her haste she would have fallen upon the broken plank over which she had picked her way, had not her father reached out his arms just in time to save her. He held her tightly to his breast, and bending down, whispered, "Papa's little darling!"

A girl-like figure at the open gate, as he passed through, lifted up her fresh, young, happy face to be kissed, too. "What made you so late to-night, Goldie?" she asked, "Daisy and I have been watching for you ever and have so long."

"The car was crowded, and it was so hot that I walked home."

After the baby had gone to sleep the father and mother went out on the porch and sat down in the cool evening air. It was dark, and the husband put his arm around his wife and drew her so close to him that she rested her head upon his shoulder. He was thinking whether it was best to tell her of his dismissal. A number of times the words came to his lips, but he as often checked them. No, he could not.

The month soon passed and Chester Hilton was out of business. But every day he went off at the same hour in the morning and returned the same in the evening. His wife supposed that he was still at his old place, for he had not yet made up his mind to tell her. One morning, a fortnight after his dismissal, Mrs. Hilton had occasion to go down town, and stepped into the office to see her husband. As she came into the door Mr. Gardner looked up from his ledger and bade her "good morning."

"My husband is out, I suppose," she said, looking toward the empty desk in the corner.

"Your husband?" replied Mr. Gardner. "He has not been in this morning."

"Not been in?" she exclaimed.

"You know, of course, that Chester is not in our employ now," said the gentleman. "He has not been with us this month."

A vague anticipation of something wrong filled the wife's heart, but she was reassured by hearing the senior partner say: "We esteem your husband very highly, and were sorry to dispense with his services, but were obliged to do so on account of the dullness of the season."

A week later he captured a young girl of eighteen whose father was one of the chief state officers. It was three months before the heavy ransom sought was forthcoming, and on the return of the young lady it was developed that she was pregnant. Her father then proposed that the brigand chief should marry his daughter, and assured him that he would guarantee him indemnity if he would return to the path of rectitude. The brigand emphatically refused, however, on the ground that he was in love with the daughter of a poor peasant. This amount proved his ruin. On November 16th the police received information of a rendezvous between the brigand and his chancery. No less than two hundred soldiers, gendarmes and Cossacks surrounded the place and after a desperate struggle Kroukowski was captured, bound hand and foot, and taken prisoner. After his conviction he addressed a petition to the court, asking for pardon and offering to disclose secrets which would make him valuable as one of the chiefs of the secret police. No reply, however, was returned and the probabilities are that for the rest of his life he will pay penance for his crime in the Siberian gold mines. The peasants in their hearts regret the capture of the brigand who treated them better than most of their masters. Superstition cast a halo around him in the minds of the ignorant, common people, who firmly believe that he has an immense treasure hidden in some mysterious spot and are equally certain that he will return to the neuter, bolder and more daring than ever.

And full of the project of doing her own work, she walked towards home, forgetting of the heat and dust.

A month passed by, and whenever her husband said, as he often did: "I'm afraid you are working too hard, my dear," she always answered with a merry laugh: "I'm just as happy as I can be doing my own work, and baby really helps me every day, she is so good."

Not a word had been said by either husband or wife about leaving Gardner and Whitecock's office. One morning, after Goldie had looked over the advertisements in the columns of "Wanton" in the morning paper, and had put it down with a hopeless look on his face, his wife took it up and her eyes fell upon this advertisement:

"Wanted—First-class home-made cakes and pies, also bread and rolls at No. 67 Ralston av."

"It's the Women's Exchange," she said to herself. "They've just opened it. I read about it yesterday in the paper. I'm going to try it. I know I can do it," and the little wife, in her culinary enthusiasm, hugged the baby so hard that the little ones protested.

Early in the afternoon, with a basket on one arm and the baby on the other, she took the horse cars for 57 Ralston av.

"Very nice cake," said the lady who waited on her. "We will take the other three loaves." As she spoke she opened the cashier's drawer, and handed Mrs. Hilton the price paid for such a cake.

"Can you make good cookies and

ginger snaps?" There is such a demand for them that we can't half supply our customers."

"I'll bring some to-morrow," replied Mrs. Hilton.

They were pronounced excellent, and as the days passed by there was such a demand for Mrs. Hilton's cookery that she was obliged to get Elsie back again.

When the second month was passed Chester Hilton had only a little money in his pocket. The month's bills were coming in. His wife had kept the grocery book hidden, because it was her stock in trade, and there had been a larger bill than ever entered against that month. But when Chester asked for the pass books the last day of the month she laid them with a cunning smile on the desk.

As he glanced through the long list of groceries a frown gathered upon his face for an instant—was his wife so extravagant when doing her own work?" But when he got to the bottom of the page and saw the word "Paid" written across it, he said in a tone of surprise:

"Who is paying my bills?"

"Nobody but your own little wife, Goldie, dear," she said putting her arm around his neck. "You kept a secret from me and so I kept one from you."

Then followed such a burst of eloquence as only a husband in the same situation can appreciate.

"I know, Goldie, you have a theory against money earning wives, but just this once you know you must change your opinion. It was so much better than having bills carried over."

"You precious darling," he said. "But you won't have any more of your husband's bills to pay, because I have just been engaged by Hunt & Slocum to begin work there to-morrow at a higher salary than ever before."

VIRGINIA PLUM PUDDING.

It Makes One Wish that Christmas Time

Lasts All the Year.

From the Old Dominion comes the best plum pudding we have ever eaten—that dear hollow dish which some wit calls the "St. Paul's Cathedral of an English Christmas." A truly rich and spicy daughter is this "spectred" cannon ball of the wishy-washy plum porridge over which our forefathers made such to do and which an old scribe tells us consisted of "beef or mutton boiled with broth and thickened with brown bread, to which half-boiled raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger were added."

Let my readers but once make their Christmas pudding after our old southern aunts' formula, each one of them taking a stir for luck, and I venture to say they will never use any other and will wish that

Christians cheer round the year," says writer in Harper's Bazaar. A small loaf of bread soaked in a pint of milk until soft enough to mash with a spoon, one pound of sugar, one pound of beef suet chopped fine, one pound of raisins stoned and cut in small pieces, one pound of currants, half pound of citron, half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful powdered cloves, a very little clove, one wine glass of brandy and enough water to hold the ingredients together, sifted in by degrees. A pint of flour is generally sufficient and butter may be used in place of suet. Mix the pudding well and boil either in a cloth or in mold for eight hours, being careful to fill up the kettle with hot water as fast as it boils away.

For the sauce to be served with this dessert beat two eggs, quarter of a pound of butter and one pound of sugar together; stir in a number of wine and two table-spoonsful of brandy then add half a number of boiling water and a little nutmeg, and set the whole over the fire for two minutes, stirring all the time.

Decked with holly and blazing with a halo of blue flame, this will prove a worthy capstone to the holiday feast, round which we may well make merry, remembering that

Carols and minstrel's meat, makes Christmas plese;

It's mirth, not dishes, sets a table off;

Brutes and phantoms eat and never laugh.

WITH OUR OWN BORDERS.

There are 3,000 Japanese in the United States.

A wedding dinner in Philadelphia cost \$150 a plate.

American railroads would