

DAILY JOURNAL.

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FRIDAY, JAN. 6, 1893.

THE Rockville Republican has changed its form from a folio to a quarto and otherwise is greatly improved.

WILLIAM L. HULETT has been selected as one of the Assistant Doorkeepers of the Senate. His principal duties will be to draw \$5 a day for sixty days.

THE total number of volunteers in the Mexican war was 73,786 of which Indiana had five regiments numbering 4,585. The number of men killed during the whole war was 613, of which Indiana had 47.

THE Indianapolis press without regard to party affiliations are unanimous in the opinion that Jacob P. Dunn should be re-elected State Librarian. He no doubt has performed his duties in a most faithful and intelligent manner and deserves to be continued.

NOW that the Governor is a Democrat the Legislature will probably restore the appointive power to that officer to remove the various trustees of the benevolent and penal institutions of the State. Had it not been for assured partisanship the Governor would never have been deprived of that power.

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the editors of the State press to have the Grubbs libel law repealed. The law to take its place should provide that when no malice could be shown on the part of the publisher of a newspaper and after a proper retraction had been made no damages could be recovered, and the plaintiff in such cases to pay the costs. This would in a great measure put a stop to libel suits against responsible newspapers on the part of deadbeats and drunken loafers.

J. J. VAUGHN.
A Citizen of Darlington Makes a Straightforward Defense of Him.

To the Editor of the Journal.

In Wednesday's issue under article headed "Again in Limbo" I think you are unjust. Just how much of the article referred to is as you received it from others I do not know, but the part pertaining to J. J. Vaughn's trip to Darlington Monday evening is so erroneous that to let it go unanswered would do a wretched man great injustice. The statement that J. J. Vaughn came to Darlington is true. He came in from Crawfordsville on the 6:30 train Monday evening, took supper at the Wheeler House, then obtaining a horse and sleigh from our liveryman, Mr. Boother, drove out to see his daughter, Miss Gail, who is teaching at the Miller school house, and boarding at John Hopper's. It was probably near eight o'clock when he reached Mr. Hopper's, long enough after school closed for each pupil to be in dreamland. On his return he seemed disappointed. He talked sensibly, stating that he had been overcome by a strong desire to see his family and had been disappointed in going to see his wife that afternoon because she ran away at sight of him, that he then hoped yet to receive a word of kindness and sympathy from the daughter. In this he was again disappointed. Mr. Boother through sympathy took him home with him for the night, a favor that was deeply appreciated. It was while there that Mr. Vaughn was made to understand how terrified his family was at thought of his wreaking vengeance on them for the former prosecution. He then stated that he had the promise of the daughter, Gail, to accompany him to town on the morning train to try and persuade mamma to see him before he went to the Soldiers' Home, admission to which institution he had applied for. On reasoning over the shock to Mrs. Vaughn at seeing him return he was advised not to go and instead request her if she would see him to come over on evening train to Darlington. If she refused to give up for the present all thought of seeing her.

His daughter called for him a few minutes before train time and his face lighted up with pleasure at sight of her, while she in a cold curt tone asked why he was not at the station as it was now train time. He tried to explain but she in words untouched with sympathy said: "You will go with me," and to others she said, "I intend to have him arrested as soon as I get to Crawfordsville. I'll not have him bothering me and running out to my school every day. I know him." This latter speech, I will say, was not made in his presence. The man who was hungering for a kind word from the daughter sank trembling into a chair as if from a heavy blow, asking her pardon for sitting down. He remained in Darlington all day hoping each hour would hasten and bring her who had once been his wife. Mr. Vaughn knew of the charges against him yet he was not prepared for the blow that came. When a few minutes before the evening train was due the town marshal put him under arrest.

The charge now brought against him is begotten of alarm, and she, his former wife, has been heard to say she would have him arrested on it when his time was out, besides she was his wife at the time of the fire and lived with him two or three years after and always denied his having set it on fire.

Now Mr. JOURNAL will you do Mr. Vaughn the justice to say he has the sympathy of the Darlington people and how out as freely to him as it did to his wife three years ago. We believe in justice tempered with charity.

A CITIZEN.

BISCHOF is offering some grand bargains in blankets and comforts.

This Date in History Jan. 6.
1303—Richard II of England born; murdered in a mysterious manner in 1400.
1680—Seth Ward, mathematician and bishop of Salisbury, died.
1738—Duke of Artois, philanthropist and maternal grandfather of Robert Dale Owen, born; died 1800.
1810—Richard Owen, soldier and geologist, born in Lancashire, died 1892.
1811—Owen Loveloy, abolitionist and statesman, born in Boston; died in Washington 1874.
1840—John Bull (France, Barneby), English novelist, died.
1857—State capital at Montpelier, Vt., totally destroyed by fire.
1870—Jonathan E. Sargent, ex-Confederate justice of New Hampshire, died at Concord, aged 73.

A Field Walk.
Along the quiet, dusty way,
Beneath the drowsy apple trees,
It winds among the roses gay
That lure the boozing bees.
The Indian carrots round it nod
Among the tiger lilies tall,
And seas of dreaming goldenrod
About it rise and fall.
In harmonies of gray and blue
It climbs the sun-dotted hill
Beneath the "erry vines unto
A woodland cool and still.

Running a Race.
A little tear and a little smile
Set out to run a race.
We watched them closely all the while;
Their course was baby's face.
The little tear he got the start;
We really feared he'd win;
He ran so fast and made a dart
Straight for her dimpled chin.
But somehow—it was very queer—
We watched them all the while—
The little shining, fretful tear
Got beaten by the smile.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

Riches only adorn the house, but virtue adorns the person.

Riches never come even by chance to him whose destiny is to be poor.

A great talker—enemies for enemies; a man of sense talks little and listens much.

The first counsels of women are the wisest and their last resolutions the most dangerous.

Drunkiness does not produce faults; it discloses them. Fortune does not change manners; it uncovers them.

It is better to play the role of assassin than that of calumniator; the assassin kills death but once, the calumniator a thousand times.

He who aspires to become virtuous resembles a man who climbs up a steep mountain; he who plunges into vice one who rolls from the top of a precipice.

One demands four things from a woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty beam on her forehead, that sweetness flow from her lips and industry occupy her hands.

He who insults me to my face can yet be an honest man and my friend, but he who praises me on all occasions is a fool who despises me or a knave who wishes to cheat me.

A Street Car Magnate.

John D. Crimmins is the latest man to attain to great financial prominence in New York city. As president of the Metropolitan Traction Company he is in control of some sixty miles of street cars and is rapidly adding thereto. He is worth about \$8,000,000, of Irish blood and a prominent Catholic, being a close personal friend of Archbishop Corrigan. The only political office he ever held was that of park commissioner.

"Keeping It Up."

HOOT'S THIRTY.
We offer One Hundred Dollar reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Hall's Cataract Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J.

Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe

perfectly honorable in all business transac-

tions and financially able to carry out any

obligations made by their firm.

West & Tracy, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

Ohio; F. J. Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale

Druggists, Toledo.

Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Buckten's Arntea Salve

The sweet salve in the world for ente-

brusies, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever

sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains,

corns and all skin eruptions, and loss-

tively cures piles, or no pay required.

It is guaranteed to give perfect satis-

faction, or money refunded. Price 25

cents per box. For sale by Nye &

Boose, druggists.

Not a Miracle. Now.

Until recently Consumption was thought

to be incurable, but now people are beginning

to realize that it is not incurable. The cure of

Consumption is not a miracle, now.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will

cure it, if taken in time and given a fair

trial. This world-renowned remedy will

turn Consumption into a healthy state when other

means have failed. Thousands gratefully

testify to this. It is the most potent tonic,

or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-

cleanser, and nutritive, or debruster,

known to medical science. For Weak

Lungs, Spitting of Blood, "Liver Com-

plaint," and Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, it is

an unequalled remedy.

A CITIZEN.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

MAB.

Continued.
"Ned, tell me one thing. Will you answer one question—truthfully?"

"As many questions as you like—truthfully, you may be sure."

"Did you love me at first because you thought that I loved you?"

"At first, perhaps so. I am not sure. The beginning of my love dates a long way back."

I drew my hands from his, and put them tightly together behind me.

"Ned—lately—" I asked—"what have you thought? Have you fancied I still cared for you?"

"He hesitated for a moment. Then: 'Yes,' " he answered, truthfully, "I have thought so. You have often been cold to me, and sometimes a little cruel; but I believe in your heart you love me; I have read your love in a thousand ways."

"You have been mistaken," I returned, harshly. "You have read what doesn't exist."

"He was silent for a few moments' space.

"You do not love me, Mab?" he asked, in a grieved tone through which a thread of surprise ran. That note of surprise braced my pride, which his sorrow would have otherwise softened. "You used to love me!"

"Why should I be more constant than you? I was a child—no more than a child. Why will you always remember that childish folly against me? One outgrows one's childish loves and hates."

"Is that my answer, Mab?"

"Yes."

I turned away from the door of the summer-house; I went slowly a little way along the garden path. He followed.

"You will very quickly forget me, Ned," I said; and I stopped hastily, in time to check a sob that rose.

"We need not discuss that question," he replied.

"In a year or two you will be rather glad that I refused you."

He half smiled. "You hold one view of my character, Mab, and I another," he responded, quietly.

Very slowly we walked toward the house. When we reached it, I spoke again.

"Shall you—go away?" I faltered.

"Yes." You have decided that point for me," he replied.

beside me, holds out his right hand and smiles in calm, friendly, unembarrassed fashion.

"Thank you. You remember my birthday, then?"

"Yes. My memory is very good, you know. It is part of my equipment as a scientist."

Ned stands, as he stood nine years

ago, in the doorway facing me. Nine

years have aged him. He is nearly

forty; his thick hair is turning a little

gray; his bushy beard is sprinkled with

gray threads here and there, his

gray eyes seem to have receded further

beneath the gray, thoughtful brows, his figure has grown more square, more set; the truth must be told, he looks

middle-aged!

He looks gravely and quietly at me.

His manner this morning is very different from his manner on that far-away morning of nine years ago. Now there

is no suggestion of love-making. His

voice takes no tender modulations, his

smile does not linger long with soft

meaning on my face. I am thirty; he is

approaching forty—we are grown

said."

Prosad?—are we? I can not speak for him; but I can speak for myself.

Nine years ago my heart never ached so

badly, never beat so quickly, as it aches

and beats to-day. I stand in a quiet

pose, my hands loosely clasped before

me, and perhaps I look as calm as he,

but the calmness is surface deep—no

more.

[To be continued.]

Ladies' and gents' cotton ribbed and Merino underwear worth 50c to 65c at 38c.

Ladies' and gents' all wool scarlet, natural grey and white underwear worth \$1 to \$1.25 at 78c.

25 doz. children's scarlet camel hair and white wool underwear, all sizes, worth 60c to \$1