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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 accused 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A MOVEMENT is on foot among the editors of the State press to have the Grubbs libel law repealed.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 respectable 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. Booher, 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 over come 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. Booher 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 weakling 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 has applied for. But on reasoning over the shock to Mrs. Vaughn at seeing him return he was advised not to go and in stead 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 quiet tone asked why he was not at the station as it was now train time. He tried to explain but 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 it flows 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.

1393—Richard II of England born; murdered in a mysterious manner in 1400.  
1698—Seth Ward, mathematician and bishop of Salisbury, died.  
1739—David Dale, philanthropist and industrial ground, father of Robert Dale Owen, born; died 1806.  
1806—Richard Owen, soldier and geologist, born in Lancashire, Scotland.  
1811—Owen Lovjoy, abolitionist and statesman, born in Abington, Mass.; died in 1884. On the same day Charles Sumner, abolitionist and statesman, was born in Boston; died in Washington 1874.  
1840—Mme. d'Arbigny (Frances Barney), English novelist, died.  
1837—State capitol at Montpelier, Vt., totally destroyed by fire.  
1890—Jonathan F. Sargent, ex-chief justice of New Hampshire, died at Concord, aged 73.

## A Field Wall.

Along the quiet, dusty way,  
Beneath the drooping apple trees,  
It winds among the roses  
That lure the booming 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 tells the sun-drenched hill  
Beneath the berry vines out  
A woodland cool and still.

Where friskily a squirrel gray  
Through shadows softly o'er it thrown,  
Goes looting from his merry way  
From mossy stone to stone.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

## 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 it is to be poor.

A great talker never wants 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.

Drunkness 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 inflicts 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 thirty miles of street cars and is rapidly adding thereto. He is worth about \$8,000,000. He is 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."

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

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sore, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and loss of hair. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Nye & Booe, druggists.

Not a Miracle, Now.  
Until recently Consumption was 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 not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to 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 flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, "Liver Complaint" and Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy.

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—later," 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 pained tone through which a thread of surprise ran. That note of surprise broadened 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.

## CHAPTER III.

May-day—a breezy, pleasant day of alternate showers and sunshine. In the garden the laburnum tree is just touched with yellow; the lilac is budding; the trim beds are golden still with the last of the daffodils.

As my step-father has just reminded me, this is my thirtieth birthday. Mab has kissed me in her gentle fashion and wished me many happy returns of the day; my step-father has smiled, and sighed, and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"At the age of thirty, my dear, an unmarried woman prefers her birthday to be forgotten," he remarks.

"I prefer it to be remembered," I reply, briskly. "Thank you for your good wishes, Mab."

"Thirty!" says my step-father in a musing tone. "Thirty!" he repeats.



"I AM NOT AN OLD MAID YET, PAPA."

and sighs. "Thirty!—Well, I suppose an old maid is useful in a family."

I laugh. "I am not an old maid yet, papa."

"No?"

His mild interrogative tone is certainly provoking; my own tone has something, I admit, of spinster-like sharpness as I reply.

"I feel quite as young as I desire to feel."

"That is satisfactory. It is not every one who at thirty still feels herself to be an ornament in the matrimonial market."

I turn away silently; but my silence serves no purpose.

"An ornament—but relegated to the shelf," continues my step-father, in a musing tone, with a contemplative smile.

"Age has at all events, its advantages, papa. Sarcasms at thirty fail to touch one."

He professes not to hear me. "As far as I can see, my dear, Barnet seems to leave you to grace that shelf."

I have carried the pinafore I am making to a distant window. I, too, profess to be deaf to the words which I will not hear.

"Let me give you credit for one virtue," the smooth voice continues. "You are patient. You have smiled on Barnet for thirteen years, and still are unwilling to regard the task as hopeless!"

I have said that sarcasms no longer have the power to hurt me; but the boast is vain. In spite of my thirty years I turn away now with burning cheeks, with childish anger and with tears springing to my eyes.

I take my work into the garden. The garden is quiet, for the children are in the school-room at their lessons and my own sisters are all married and gone.

The lawn is closely shaven, smooth as silk; the box-borders trim; and even the beds are guiltless of a weed. I take the path which nine years ago I took with Alice, and I stop now as I stopped then at the little rustic summer-house beside the pathway. I lean in a musing, pensive mood against the framework of the entrance and look absently before me at the dancing branches wet with rain, at the moving patches of light and shadow that the branches cast upon the path, at the lilacs of the valley beneath the wall, at the bed where by and by the sweet peas will blossom.

The sweet peas were blossoming on that morning, nine years ago, when Ned and I stood here together. My thoughts travel slowly back across those nine years, recall their history, and slowly return to dwell upon the present—the joys and sorrows of to-day.

"Many happy returns of the day to you."

I start and turn my head. Round the path behind the summer-house Ned had come suddenly upon me, he stands close

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 short, bushy beard is sprinkled with gray threads here and there, his frank eyes seem to have reddened further beneath the gray, thoughtful brows; his figure has grown a more square, more set; the truth is, as he 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 glance does not linger long with soft meaning on my face. I am thirty; he is approaching forty—we are grown prosaic!

Prosaic?—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.]

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Prices for this engagement, 35c and 50c. Reserved seats on sale at the Corner Book Store without extra charge.

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JOURNAL NEWSPAPER CO.,  
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To the Public.

Having just fitted up a shop on the alley in the rear of S. C. Scott's grocery store, I am prepared to do all classes of Smithing, Wagon and Buggy work and Painting, Saw Filing, Saw Filing, Gun and Lock Smithing, Key fitting, Keys of every description duplicated. Repairing of Bicycles and Saddles. Lawn Mowers, Gasoline and other stoves. I am also prepared to do light engine and machine work, model making, brass work, sheet metal work, making and repairing trusses and braces, in fact most any thing in wood or metal. Please consult me before you send off for your repairs.

W. T. FRANCIS.

## Orphans' Home Benefit Sale!

Desiring to show my appreciation of the liberal patronage accorded me during the past year I began January 1, a thirty days cut price clearing sale, during which time the greater part of our stock will be offered at actual cost and all articles at greatly reduced prices.

To make my thanks of a substantial nature I have decided to set apart two per cent. of all actual cash sales during January for the Orphans' Home and the proposition has been accepted by the ladies in charge of that Benevolent Institution. Hoping the public will continue to favor us with their patronage and thereby help a good cause we name below a few of the many bargains we now offer:

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, at 49c.

Ladies' and children's hose, men's  $\frac{1}{2}$  hose, black and colors, wool and merino, worth 15c to 20c at 12c.

Ladies' and children's all wool hose, men's all wool  $\frac{1}{2}$  hose, black and colors, worth 25c and 35c at 19c.

Ladies' misses' and children's all wool hose, men's all wool  $\frac{1}{2}$  hose, black and colors, worth 40c and 45c at 27c.

Ladies' misses' and children's fine Cashmere hose, ribbed and plain, mens' Cashmere  $\frac{1}{2}$  hose, worth 50c to 75c, at 37c.

25 doz all wool, hand knit fasciators, black and colors, worth 25c and 35c at 19c.

15 doz hand knit, fasciators, black and colors, worth 40c and 50c, 5 doz ladies' and misses' hoods, worth 50c and 75c, at 27c.

10 doz hand knit fasciators, worth 50c, 2 doz ladies' hoods, worth 75c at 35c.

15 doz hand knit fasciators, worth 75c, and 5 doz ladies' and misses' hand knit hoods, worth \$1 and \$1.25 at 50c.

10 doz hand knit fasciators, black and colored, worth \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50, choice 75c.

Muslin Underwear! 25 doz odd pieces including night dresses, skirts, corset covers, chemise and drawers, worth 50c to 75c, at 39c. Our entire stock of muslin underwear, including some new stock just received at reduced prices.

25 doz children's plush hoods and hats, worth \$1 to \$3, choice 50c. Five bargains in towels! 8½, 12½, 19c, 27c and 38c, worth 10c to 12½c, 15c to 20c, 25c to 30c, 30c to 50c, 50c to 75c. All towels at reduced prices.

Every article in our linen department has been marked down and will be offered without reason.

75 pieces barred, striped and fancy novelties in white goods, worth 15c to 25c, choice 12c.

3 bargain lots ladies' and gents' silk and gloria umbrellas, \$1, worth \$1.25 to \$1.50. \$1.50, worth \$2.00 to \$2.50. \$1.90, worth \$2.75 to \$4.50.

25 pairs all chenille Porties, all shades, worth \$6 to \$10, choice \$4.97. A grand bargain.

25 6-4 chenille table covers, with fringe, worth \$1.75, at \$1.20. 15 6-4 chenille table cover with fringe, 2.50, at \$1.67.

25 doz 8 button length Suede kid gloves, black and colors, all sizes, worth 1.50 at 83c.

25 doz 5 hook Foster lacing kid gloves, black and colors, worth \$1.00 at 75c.

3 grand bargains in holiday leavings from our Handkerchief Department. 17c worth 25c, 23c worth 35c, 38c worth 50c to 75c. Above includes ladies' and gents'.

70 pair white and grey cotton blankets, worth 1.00 at 69c.

50 pair white and grey cotton blankets, extra heavy, 83c.

75 pair white and grey woolen blankets, worth 2.00 at \$1.23.

50 pair all wool, scarlet, natural grey and white blankets, large sizes, extra heavy, worth 3.00 to 4.00 at 2.49.

Ladies' all wool flannel skirt patterns, worth 1.50 to 1.75 at 98c.

1,000 yards silk, plush and velvet, all shades, worth 50 to 75, at 38c per yard.

Our celebrated "Home Made, All Cotton Filled Comforts," at 1.39 and 1.89. Grand bargains.

1,000 yards Rhadamere, Armure and Bengaline colored silks, new shades, worth 1.00 and 1.25 at 79c.

Extra quality, all silk, black satin Rhadamere, worth 85c at 59c.

24 inch Black Gros Grain Silk, worth 1.25 at 98c!

50 elegant Robe Dress Patterns, all late novelty styles and colors, worth \$15 to 20, choice 9 97.

50 pieces 38 and 40 inch novelty plaids and stripes, all wool dress goods, worth 50c, at 29c.

25 pieces 38 to 42 inch all wool plaid and stripe dress goods