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TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1893.

A DISGUSTED DEMOCRAT.

The Franklin Democrat evidently is disgusted with the late lamented Democratic Legislature. For a Democratic newspaper is it somewhat plain spoken and speaks its mind freely. But never mind. From a hundred stumps during the next campaign the work of this Legislature will be lauded, and barrels of ink will be used by Democratic editors in praising its acts. But hear what the Democrat has to say:

We have failed to see a single complimentary notice of the present legislature from any Democratic exchange at this office. The senators and representatives are supposed to represent the will of their constituents. Their papers usually can convey that will to the members. At the outset of the present session and even before, pointers were given which have gone wholly unheeded. The Democratic press unanimously opposed an increase in the doorkeeper force and warned members against such a course. They afterward asked the members to reconsider their action on this matter. It was still unheeded. The legislature has continued to go on from bad to worse until the people have become disgusted and heartily wish to see the session come to a close. The men who can be found commending the present legislature are scarier than hens' teeth, and when representatives set themselves up as autocrats and ask newspapers to endorse their folly and their failure to carry out the demands of their constituents it is time to relegate them indefinitely to private life, and this will be done in numerous instances.

Two Senators by gubernatorial appointment from States in which the Legislatures failed to elect will kneel at the Senate's door for admission. One of these, a Wyoming man, is a Democrat, and the other, a Montanan, is a Republican. The appointments will be a sort of "stand-off" between the parties. Both, of course, will have to be treated alike by the Democratic Senate. Both undoubtedly will be admitted.

Democratic statisticians are figuring out that a duty on tea, coffee and sugar would yield a revenue to the Government of from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year, in proportion to the rate of the duty. The Republicans made these figures, but the Democrats are likely to restore the duty on them. They will try to do it anyhow. The Democrats, you know, are the "friends of the workingman."

At the same moment that Mr. Cleveland was warning the country against extravagance, public and private, he and his wife and one child were occupying apartments at a hotel which cost him \$175 a day. In the days of Jefferson the preacher practiced what he preached.

The Indiana Legislature expired by limitation yesterday. Even the Indianapolis Sentinel is constrained to pray that we may never see its like again. A dose that will turn the stomach of the Sentinel, especially if it is labeled Democratic, must indeed be a nasty one.

The failure of the Sherman bond sale proposition is bad for the new Administration, but the head of the Administration has announced, in substance, that he will sell bonds under the old law if the gold in the treasury goes down to the danger line.

Formerly Cleveland was opposed to second terms for Presidents, but it is understood that he thinks now, in exigency like that which will arise about four years hence, a third term would be all right.

There was nothing about anti option bills in the inaugural, but it is safe to say that if one of them reaches Cleveland he will veto it as joyously and promptly as Harrison would have done.

The penalties of victory sometimes neutralize the benefits. Democratic control of the Senate carries with it the certainty that "Dan" Voorhees will be Chairman of the Finance Committee.

These little shake-ups in politics are all right. Anyhow, the people will appreciate the Republican party better when it returns to power in Congress in 1895 and in the Presidency in 1897.

Mr. Cleveland's remarks in favor of a "sound and stable currency" mean that he will veto all the wild cat bank measures that the Western any Southern Democrats pass.

The rebellion in Kansas has ended, but the rebel chiefs, Lewelling, Dursmore and the rest will not be punished until they present themselves for re-election.

If the "tariff for revenue only" idea of the inaugural be ingrafted in that Carlisle bill the Democracy's lease of power will be short.

SENATES seldom come to the Democrats. Let them enjoy this one while they have it, for they may not get another soon.

A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

How Phil Made Delia Say "Yes" to an Important Question.

Delia was sitting in her rocking-chair in a corner of the kitchen, reading aloud to the other two girls. Maggie was mending a stocking, and Bridget was making a dress out of a piece of calico which Mrs. Randol had given her. Delia had found Sir Charles Grandison in the course of her clearing up, and it amazed the two older girls to hear her excited intonations and marvelous pronunciation, as it would have amazed Mr. Richardson himself. Delia was a nice-looking girl, and she was intelligent, her choice of books being, as we have seen, faultless. The other girls were older and stouter, but they had not outgrown their taste for romance, and they listened bravely to what they could understand.

A dark shadow appeared at the window. Delia stopped reading long enough to say: "It's only Phil Crowley; never mind him," and then continued. Mr. Crowley saw that he was discovered, and entering the kitchen, took a chair with a nod of recognition to his three hostesses, while Delia went on. "And that will do for tonight," she said, at last, putting the book down with the consciousness that her auditors would like to hear more, but stopping because—well, because she pleased. Delia was an autocrat.

You might have expected the visitor to begin a conversation, but no. Phil Crowley looked at Delia in an admiring way, but never opened his mouth. Maggie soon went off to bed; but Delia persuaded Bridget to stay, "just to be kind of respectable," she said; "not that Phil and me ain't all right alone."

So Bridget sat at her work, growing sleepy and sleepy, and there was a pause for awhile. Finally Phil spoke in an earnest whisper, leaning forward and looking hard at Delia.

"Come up to-night, Delia," he said, "because I couldn't help it. An' I might as well tell ye all about it. Sure I can't sleep o' nights for thinkin' of ye, an' I think more of ye than all the world, an' an'—d'ye think ye can ever care a bit for me, Delia?"

Delia looked quickly round at Bridget, who was dozing over her work, and then said: "Aw, Phil, man, what's got into ye? Don't want to marry anyone, an' I'm sure I'm not that I'd take, if I was to choose. Sure ye must'a been out of your head when ye said that. Don't try romanticizin', for ye don't understand it. You're off? Well, good night to ye."

Phil was already at the door. "Good night, Delia," said he. "I wish ye a pleasant night an' a better sleep than I'll have, bad luck to me." Then he turned and went away. Delia sat down again and thought awhile, then she rose. "Come on, Bridget, it's bed time," said she; and the two went upstairs together.

The next evening Delia and Phil were to have gone to a dance given by the Westminster Boat club. As night came on, Delia wondered whether her escort would make his appearance. In the six o'clock mail she received the following letter:

"Miss McGONIGLE: I can't take you to the Ball to-night, as I have something else on hand. As you was not very glad to see me last night, maybe you don't care."
P. CROWLEY.

Delia studied over this a good while. It took her a long time to master the spelling, for though her own was correct, it was very different from Phil's. The meaning, too, puzzled her. One thing was certain; it was not polite. Miss McGonigle, indeed! Something else on hand! Well, Mr. Phil should see that she could get on without him.

She knew a girl in the next house, who was going to the ball, and some hours after receiving Phil's letter she called on this friend and they went together. They were a little late, so that the ball was already begun; and oh, shameful—there was Phil dancing round in the happiest way with a little girl with red hair. He did not take any notice of Delia when she came in to the hall, and she pretended not to look at him. Delia was a favorite, and plenty of young men danced with her; but Phil was not one of them. As to the little girl with red hair, he danced with her a great many times. Every one sang her praises, except Delia, who was unable to see anything attractive about her.

After the dancing had gone on for several hours, Phil stepped up and asked for a dance. He was a good dancer, but Delia said she had a headache, and then danced with the next man who asked her. She was vexed that Phil had not asked her before and she wanted to punish him. But Phil would not be punished. He danced and laughed in a very lively way, especially with his little red-haired friend, Miss Sullivan of Dublin, who was certainly the belle of the evening. Delia went home early with the girl who had come with her. She was exhausted and cross, and a man chased them part of the way. She went to bed excited and tired, and one may imagine, without being certain, that Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, played a considerable part in her dreams.

Three days went by in which Delia saw and heard of Phil. On the morning of the fourth she awoke with a headache; but rose early and went to church, as she did every day, coming home to do her morning tasks. After breakfast, when Mrs. Randol was giving her orders to Bridget, Delia happened to be downstairs blacking Mr. Randol's boots. She came into the kitchen just as Mrs. Randol was speaking.

"So I think we must have a man to fix the furnace. It is too much for you and Maggie. Do you know of anyone whom we could have, Bridget? O, Delia, don't you know of anyone?"

Delia reflected. "There's a person I know," she said, "who's an honest, straightforward sort o' man. He's a little stupid, but I think he'd do it well, ma'am. I'll tell him, if ye say so, an' he'll be up to-morrow."

"But how do you know that he'll come?" inquired Mrs. Randol. "I can only afford to give him two dollars a week."

"Oh, he'll come, ma'am," said Delia. When her work was done she sat down and wrote as follows:

"DEAR PHIL:—You was kinder impolite in your last bit. I thought I'd forgive you just once. Mrs. Randol wants a Man to fix the furnace. 2 dollars a week. Do you want the job? You come up here twice a day. Cawdilly yours."

Delia always omitted her obnoxious second name in her correspondence. The next day she received a note from Phil:

"DEAR DELIA (if you excuse the familiarity):—My business is now changed from Old Jobs

to Groceries and provisions, 233 Market St. All orders from Mrs. R. promptly attended to. No time for Fernisses. Saw Miss Sullivan of Dublin today. She sends love. Never felt so well in my life. Your obsequious servant."

The tears were in Delia's eyes when she told Mrs. Randol that the man whom she had proposed as a furnace fixer would not come. She was too angry to recommend Phil's groceries and provisions.

As the twilight of that day came on, Delia sat at the kitchen window, sewing. She was putting on a button for little Jack Randol, while he looked on. This was just the time of day that Phil Crowley used to drop in; but he had not appeared since the night before the ball. "I don't care, I hope he won't come," said Delia to herself, and her eyes, which were not quite dry, showed how little she did care. Bridget came in, and Jack asked for a piece of gingerbread.

"Oh, I wish ye was married!" said Bridget. She did not mean that Jack had arrived at a suitable age for matrimony, but only that she wished him somewhere else. Before long, she yielded to his persuasive powers, and he departed with his button securely fastened on, and his gingerbread in his hands.

Delia looked up from her work, and out of the window. She could see down a narrow alley to where it joined a larger one, and thus she could, as it were, take an instantaneous photograph of every one who passed along the main alley. She heard footsteps; two figures passed. They were Phil and Miss Sullivan, of Dublin. His arm was round her waist. Delia did not shriek, as actresses do, when their lovers desert them. She only left the kitchen and went up to her own room.

It was more than a week before Phil came to call again. Delia had been schooling herself to the proper coldness of manner every evening that he did not appear, and now, when he really did come, she felt disposed to melt. However, she nerved herself to the encounter, her little heart, I don't doubt, thumping uncomfortably as she entered the kitchen.

"Good evening, Delia," said Phil. "Good evening," said Delia. "I hope you've enjoyed the last week and a half."

Neither spoke again till Bridget had gone out to see to the furnace. Then Delia took a little package from her pocket. "I've got some things for you, Phil," she said, her sternness of manner having entirely disappeared. "I thought ye might want 'em back, now ye don't come here no more." Her eyes began to glisten. "There's those letters ye wrote from Narragansett last summer when ye was drivin' the hack, and here's the bangle and the earrings ye gave me last year." Here she trembled for a moment before her last effort. "I thought Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, might like 'em, an' a poor girl like me's not fit for 'em; an'—an'—an' I hope you an' Miss Sullivan will be happy—an'—an'—here, poor Delia broke down and began to cry.

Phil came up and took her hand. "Why, Delia, child, d'ye care for me a little bit, then? I hadn't no idea of it." He was going to put his arm round her, but she withdrew.

"No! Ye musn't," she said, looking at him with gleaming eyes. "She wouldn't like it."

"Delia," says Phil, "just listen to me. Then he goes up and whispers in her ear: 'Nellie Sullivan's my half-sister.'"

Poor Delia is perfectly aghast. "Oh, Phil, Phil," she says, "an' I've gone an' shov'n ye that I don't quite hate ye arter all."

"Yes, me little girl," says Phil, "an' I shan't forget it now I know it; but ye can't think the th-thousandth part of me that I do o' you." Then, with the eloquence which characterizes his race, he went on: "An' I pray the Almighty God an' all the blessed saints ye may never suffer like I did for the next twenty-four hours after ye sent me away."

"Twenty-four hours?" said Delia. "Why, twenty-four hours arter that was the night of the party. Why wasn't ye unhappy then? Sure, I was cross enough to ye."

"Ah, ye sweet thing, don't ye see that that's how I began to think ye might care just a bit for me arter all?" says Phil. "An' now good-by, Delia, an' before long I'll hope to see ye Mrs. P. Crowley."

"Fine groceries an' provisions," says Delia. "Well, Phil, I guess I'd better say yes, if it's only to change me last name. Crowley ain't very fashionable—here the bell!"

"but it sounds Christian an' a better name can be said of McGonigle," Robert Beverly Hale, in Boston Budget.

Ears, ear and throat diseases only, Dr. Greene, Joel Block. Fitting of glasses a specialty.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.—The cream of the country papers is found in Remington's County Seat Lists. Shrewd advertisers avail themselves of these lists, a copy of which can be had of Remington Bros., of New York & Pittsburg.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"Working Girls," "Are your cheeks pale?" "Your eyes dull, and step heavy?" "Does your back and side ache sometimes terribly?" "Are you at times faint and dizzy, with pain in the lower part of your stomach?" "Do you watch the clock, and wish the day would end, as you feel ill, if so, listen! Standing all day, week in and week out, you have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb."

"That or some other derangement of the organ, causing irregularity and other troubles."

"Take warning in time! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you."

—Miss Sallie Palmer, Juniata St., Nictown, Pa.

All agents sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

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This Date in History—March 7.

163—Antoninus Pius, Roman emperor, died.
168—Francis Blanchard, famous French aeronaut, died from an apoplectic stroke suffered while in the air; born 1738; his wife was killed in 1819, her balloon having taken fire in mid-air.
1810—Admiral Lord Collingwood died.
1841—General Grant received his commission as lieutenant general.
1874—Millard Fillmore, 13th president, died in Buffalo, N. Y.; born 1800.
1876—Sir Arthur Helps, author, died in London.
1881—C. G. Memminger, Confederate secretary of the treasury, died in Charleston; born 1801.
1890—Judge Remington F. Randolph, eminent lawyer, died in Jersey City, aged 74.
1892—Louis Joseph Martel, French statesman, died.

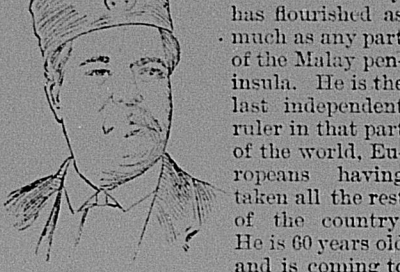
A Long Neck.



Girl—Why, Tom, what on earth—
Tom—I know—I know what you are going to say. You see, I went to have a back tooth pulled yesterday, and my neck hasn't come back yet.—Life.

A Sultan Coming to the Fair.

Abubaker, sultan of Johore, has been a very wild boy in his time, but he has always been liberal, and his little monarchy has flourished as much as any part of the Malay peninsula. He is the last independent ruler in that part of the world. Europeans having taken all the rest of the country. He is 60 years old and is coming to the Chicago World's fair. He will also send a complete Malay village.



World's fair. He will also send a complete Malay village.

How's This?

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

Dr. J. C. KENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walbridge, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

A Man Thermometer.

Lean men make the best thermometers. Fahrenheit never invented better ones. If the weather is warm and sunny, they are cheerful, if cold and frosty they are irritable and snappy. If damp and cloudy, they are downcast and gloomy. But if either cold or hot men are suffering from biliousness, headache, constipation or indigestion, the weather will always be damp and cloudy in their locality, unless they use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These Pellets are small, sugar-coated granules calculated to start the liver and digestive organs into healthy activity, and thereby raise low spirits, and dispel gloom.

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SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Bischof's Dry Goods Store

Our Great Introduction Sale of New Spring Goods at Unprecedented LOW PRICES will be the

SALE OF THE SEASON.

Fully 5,000 people passed through our store during the great February Sale, everyone leaving some money with us. Honest advertising, such as we always adhere to, has found its way into the hearts of close buyers.

How can we afford to give Better Bargains than our competitors? Simply because we have less expense, no rent to pay and are satisfied with a small profit.

The most deservedly popular fabrics for spring wear are Printed China Silks and India Silk the demand this season for this goods is very marked. Our new styles are dainty and original. We sell you a beautiful silk at 39 cts., worth 50 cts.; another lot fine quality at 49 cts., worth 75 cts.; fine quality beautiful designs at 79 cts., worth \$1. And we will keep right on selling Silk at these low figures until every lady in Crawfordsville has learned to know that we are Silk Headquarters.

Dress Goods

This department is now replete with new Spring Styles and we will introduce them to you at Extremely Low Prices. 50 pieces 36 inch Fancy Spring Novelties, introduction price, 25 cts., worth 40 cts.; 50 pieces Beautiful Shades 36 inch Cashmeres at 25 cts. per yard good values; 75 pieces Novelty Dress in all colors and styles choice 50 cts., well worth 60 cts. to 75 cts.; we have some High Novelties in Dress Goods on display to feast your eyes upon.

BLACK GOODS.—Unhesitatingly we say that never were such pronounced bargains in Black Dress Goods offered to the public. Here are Black Cashmeres at 23 cts., worth 35 to 40 cts. Here are black all wool 40 inch Surges worth 65 cts. at 49 cts. Here are all wool Black Surges at 73 cts., worth \$1. Here are all wool Black Henriettas, 46 inches wide, never a yard retailed before at less than 80 cts to 90 cts. Our price 69 cts. per yard. 10 pieces extra, extra fine silk warp Black Henriettas, always sold at \$1, to reduce the quantities we will offer in this sale at 75 cts per yard, worth \$1. Special values in silk warps at 98 cts., \$1.23 and \$1.50.

Wash Goods

100 pieces of Dress Gingham, a come early affair, worth 50 cts., choice 50 cts. per yard. 500 styles Fine Dress Gingham, a might array of bargains here. Dress Gingham at 8 cts., 10 cts. and 12 1-2 cts. Ask to see them. Sateens, 500 pieces, at 10, 12 1-2, 15, 20 and 25 cents, all new and print styles. Come and see them; they look like silks. 200 pieces Outing Flannel, all new and good styles, at 7 1-2, 8 1-2, 10 and 12 1-2 cents. 100 pieces Challie at 5, 6 1-4, 7, 10 and 20 cents, up to 60 cents per yard. It is well worth your time to come and see this Challie, Jersey Ribbed Shaped Vest for summer, introduction prices 5 cents, worth 10 cts. See your Jersey Vests at 8 1-2, 10, 12 1-2, 15 and 25 cents. These are all great bargains. We also have two Special Bargains in Men's Summer Underwear. Ask to see them. The best Unlaundried Shirt in the world we sell you at 50 cents. Come and see it. It is a world beater.

LINEN CRASH—10,000 yards all Linen Crash at 5 cts., worth 8 cts.; good crash at 6, 7, 9 and 10 cents per yards.

BARGAINS IN TOWELS—Towels worth 5 cts for 2 1-2 cts; worth 10 cts for 5 cts; worth 20 cts for 10 cts; worth 25 cts for 12 1-2 cts; worth 50 cts for 25 cts.

Lovers of Fine Table Damask.

Here's your Chance:

150 pieces Table Damask:
50 cent qualities - - - - 43 cts.
74 cent qualities - - - - 49 cts.
\$1 qualities - - - - 75 cts.
\$1.50 qualities - - - - 99 cts.

25 pieces Turkey Red Table Linen worth 35 cts., at 19 cts.

OUR ANNUAL LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE.—This Sale will be continued this month by request of many ladies who were not able to attend.

MUSLIN.

In Muslins we will show you all the standard brands, such as Pequot, Pepperell, Lonsdale, Hills, Farwell, Hope, Fruit-of-Loom, Mas-

sonville, etc. Read below the immense bargains now offered:

500 Hundred Quilts at special low prices.
Five hundred pieces American Shirting prints, fast colors, at 4 1-2 cts per yard.
One thousand pieces American blue prints, all colors, at 5 cents per yard.
One thousand yards Crepon dress goods, worth 10 cents, in this sale choice at 5 cts a yard.
One thousand yards dress gingham, worth 10 to 12 cts., your choice at 5, 7 and 8 cents.
One thousand yards Outing Flannel, worth 10 and 12 1-2, choice at 7 1-2 cents.

Hamburgs and Embroideries.

Cambric Edges at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12 1-2, 15 and 25 cents. Every one a great bargain.

Flounces.

100 pieces Cambric Flounces at 25, 39, 49 and 50 cents and up to \$1.50 per yard. Lace at 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 12 1-2 and 25 cents per yard, all never styles.

Cloak Department.

Our Cloak Department is rapidly filling up with novelties.

Spring Garments.

Consisting of Jackets, Capes, Wraps, Ready-Mades Waists of the latest styles.

Curtain and Drapery Department.

First shipment of our importation order for Embroidery, Swiss Muslin, Sash Goods, Muslin Curtains and Renaissance curtains from St. Galle, Switzerland. 100 pair silk curtains that are beautiful.

All are Welcome to Examine our New Goods and Low Prices.

LOUIS BISCHOF

Leader of Fashion.