

# DAILY JOURNAL.

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TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1893.

## A DISGUSTED DEMOCRAT.

The Franklin Democrat evidently is disgusted with the late lamented Democratic Legislature. For 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 the 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's 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 commanding the present legislature are scarcer 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 relegated them in definitely 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 knock 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 articles free, 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, Dunnmore and the rest will not be punished until they present themselves for re-election.

If the "tariff for revenue only" ideas of the inaugural be grafted 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 Delta Say "Yes" to an Important Question.

Delta 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. Randolph had given her. Delta 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. Delta 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. Delta stopped reading long enough to say: "It's Mr. 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 Delta went on: "And that will do for to-night," 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. Delta was an autocrat.

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

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

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

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

Phil was already at the door. "Good night, Delta," 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. Delta sat down again and thought awhile, then rose. "Come on, Bridget, it's bed time," said she; and the two went upstairs together.

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

"DEAR MCGONIGLE: I can't take you to the Ball, but I have sumthin' else on hand. As you was not very good last night, maybe you don't care. P. CROWLEY."

Delta studied over this a good while. It took her a long time to master the spelling, for though her own was eccentric, 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 with 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 Delta when she came into the hall, and she pretended not to look at him. Delta 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 Delta, 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 Delta 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 every lively way, especially with his little red-haired friend, Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, who was certainly the belle of the evening. Delta 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 Delta saw no more 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. After breakfast, when Mrs. Randolph was giving her orders to Bridget, Delta happened to be downstairs blacking Mr. Randolph's boots. She came into the kitchen just as Mrs. Randolph was speaking.

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

Delta 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. Randolph. "I can only afford to give him two dollars a week."

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

"DEAR PHIL: You was kinder impolite in your last but I thought I'd forgive you just once. Mrs. Randolph wants a man to fix the furnaces. It does a week to do you want the job? You come up here twice a day. Cawdally yours. DELTA."

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

"DEAR DELTA (if you excuse the familiarity): My business is now changed from Odd Jobs

to Groceries and provisions. Mrs. Market still orders from Mrs. R. Randolph, although no time for Ferns. Saw Miss Sullivan of Dublin today. She sends love. Never felt so well in my life. Your ob't servt, P. CROWLEY."

The tears were in Delta's eyes when she told Mrs. Randolph 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, Delta sat at the kitchen window, sewing. She was putting on a button for little Jack Randolph, 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 Delta 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 she departed with his button securely fastened on, and his gingerbread in his hand.

Delta looked up from her work, and out of the window. She could see down a narrow alley 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. Delta 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. Delta 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 nevered herself to the encounter, her little heart, I don't doubt, thumping uncomfortably as she entered the kitchen.

"Good evening, Delta," said Phil. "Good evening," said Delta. "I hope you've enjoyed the last week and a half." She stopped and bit her lip.

Neither spoke again till Bridget had gone out to see the furnace. Then Delta 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 we don't come here no more." Here eyes began to glisten. "There's those letters ye wrote from Narragansett last summer when ye was drivin' the hawk, 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' — I hope you an' Miss Sullivan —" I hope ye might want 'em back, now we don't come here no more." Here eyes began to glisten. "There's those letters ye wrote from Narragansett last summer when ye was drivin' the hawk, 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' — I hope you an' Miss Sullivan —" I hope ye might want 'em back, now we don't come here no more."

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