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TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1898.

SILVER AND THE TARIFF.

THE JOURNAL to-day prints a communication from Charles F. Spelman, dated at Eureka, Utah, on the silver question. No doubt he gives correct statistics as to the amount of silver produced in the six States and territories named and the number of people dependent on mining as means of livelihood. The only misstatement made in the communication is in regard to the position of THE JOURNAL. The "attitude" of this paper has not been in favor of the repeal of the Sherman law as a cure-all for the evils brought upon the country by a Democratic Administration. Indeed it has said time and again that in its opinion the Sherman law has had very little to do with the present deplorable condition of affairs, either in the East or in the West. The present financial and industrial depression arises from other causes, chief among which is the uncertainty as to what the Democratic party intends to do with the tariff. The repeal of the Sherman law will have but little effect on the business interests of the country. Westerners may be deluded with the idea that to repeal it means ruin, but they will learn in due course of time that whether the law stands or whether it is repealed the result will be the same to them. Conservative men in the Middle States have no sympathy with the silver bugs of the West or the gold bugs of the East. They are not in favor of a single silver standard, but they believe in bimetallism and maintaining the parity of the two metals. Free silver coinage would drive out the gold and give the country a single silver standard. This country will resist. The \$750,000 paid to labor per day in the silver mining States is but a drop in the ocean of labor throughout the United States. What the labor of the country demands is that the policy which has given employment to idle hands shall be continued and that the wages they receive shall be in money as good as any other money whether that money be gold, silver or paper. And there is nothing the matter with any of our money. It is all good and there is plenty of it. The whole trouble is in the threat hangs over the country to smash our great factories and workshops by unfriendly legislation.

The Review of this city says: "Tippecanoe county is indirectly responsible for the Roby iniquity. It sent McHugh to the Legislature and he secured the passage of the law which permits such brutal institutions as prize fighting and winter horse racing." To this the Lafayette *Call* dissent. It says in reply: "Tippecanoe county did nothing of the kind. We plead not guilty. Tippecanoe county sent Job Osborn to the Legislature. It was the Democratic Legislature that put McHugh in his seat, contrary to the vote of the people of Tippecanoe county—did it, simply because Mr. Osborn was a Republican, and they wanted to strengthen their party majority by putting a Democrat in his place."

Says the New York *Recorder*: The workingmen were told last summer and fall that the inevitable result of the success of the Democratic party would be a reduction of wages. They laughed at the prediction, and declared their unions would keep their compensation up to the old standard. How is it now? The McKinley law, it is true, is still in force, but the apprehension of its appeal has alarmed manufacturers in nearly every branch of business, and the gloomy prospect is that the workingmen will have to accept the alternative of lower wages or absolute idleness.

HOKE SMITH was hung in effigy by the enraged citizens of Rome, Adams county, Ohio, on Saturday night. The immediate cause of this action was the dropping from the pension rolls of a veteran aged eighty-three years, a soldier who had served four years and five months in the 11th Illinois Cavalry. On receipt of news of his suspension the old man became a raving maniac. But the pension rolls must be purged.

COMPTROLLER ECKELS is the most roisterous minded politician now in sight. With the announcement of each bank failure he gives it out that the situation is growing better. Amidst all this wreck the country is assured that he is "charming." He should be placed on exhibition among the living curiosities of Midway Pleasure.

SENATOR VOORHEES wants to prepare people for the worst. He says, "Congress will likely be in continuous session for a year."

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

MY TIMMIE CAT.

I think—I really think I cried. A little bit, when Timmie died. You see he was so soft and gray. And had the very prettiest play. Timmie had a red and gold coat. Stretched out beside the barn still. It seemed as if he'd just forgot. To breathe a little minute, not that he was dead. I smoothed the paws. That covered up his little claws. He had a white tail. Timmie had a white tail. A white tail that it would fit his neck. Two was new and red. But oh! my Timmie cat was dead. And ribbons could not make him see. Or give him back his life. And then we buried little Timmie. Beneath the sunflowers, with a rim of panies—purple ones and gold—Around him; and I let him hold a favorite spool, his very own. Then, we laid him down alone, I'm sure you think I didn't have cried a little bit 'cause Timmie died. —Alice K. Fellows, in St. Nicholas.

HOW DAPHNE SHARED HER HAT.

The Little Girl Who "Looked Like a Fly Under a Cabbage Leaf."

"And what did Aunt Mary say to your new hat?" asked Mamma Ferris, as she unknit the strings of the quaint-looking felt hat, with its nodding plumes, which almost hid the sweet little face beneath it.

"She said I looked like a fly under a cabbage leaf."

Mamma laughed merrily. The hat was so very big and the face so very little that the comparison did not seem much out of the way. But Daphne was greatly puzzled; she did not see how she could look like a fly nor how the hat could look like a cabbage leaf.

"What is this little missie looking for?" asked Thomas, the gardener, as he saw her stooping among the cabbages. "There's nothing there good to eat."

"I don't want to eat 'em," said Daphne in great disgust. "I only want to see a fly under a cabbage leaf."

Then Thomas, relieved, and Daphne wondered what there was so funny about it. "Don't flies live under cabbage leaves when they're at home?" she asked.

"Not as I know of," replied Thomas, with his eyes still twinkling. "I guess they're most at home botherin' people in their houses and eatin' whatever they can find. They don't trouble the cabbages much."

"Then what made Aunt Mary say that I looked like a fly under a cabbage leaf in my hat?" asked Daphne, in great surprise.

"Well," said Thomas, as he tried hard not to laugh again, "a fly is very little, you see, and the hat is pretty big, and so—"

"Well, I don't like my hat, then," said Daphne, very decidedly, "and I wish it wasn't so big."

"Lor, now," exclaimed Thomas, "and the lots o' little girls there is that hasn't got any hat at all."

The little "fly under the cabbage leaf" wondered whether it wouldn't really be better to have no hat at all than to have one that was so very big.

But mamma declared that it was a very nice hat indeed, that it had cost a great deal of money, and would keep off the wind and cold; and the next day, which was Sunday, Daphne unwillingly allowed herself to be tied into what papa called her "coal-scuttle," and went to church. But all through the service she fancied that people were looking at her; and as they came out from the porch, one lady said to another: "Pretty little thing, but that great hat makes her look top-heavy."

"I think," said papa, smilingly, "that this little girl has a hat and a half; it is really large enough for two."

The "little girl" brightened up again at this remark; it fitted in so nicely with what Thomas had said about some little girls having no hats at all, and the head under the big hat was doing a great deal of thinking. If she really had a hat and a half, and one that was big enough for two, it would be foolish to keep it all to herself, and she certainly ought to share it with some other little girl who hadn't any hat, or only a small one.

There was a rather unpleasant-looking child in the neighborhood named Tillie Slade, who was generally to be seen swinging on a rickety gate, and making faces at everyone of whom she was not afraid. She was a dark, thin, little personage, with a perked-up expression on her face, and with her short dress and queer little hat with a shabby feather sticking up in it, she reminded Daphne of the monkeys that go about with the hand-organs. But then she was poor, and her mother worked hard, and she had such a small hat, when larger ones were the fashion, that altogether Daphne felt quite tender-hearted as she passed the gate on Monday afternoon.

Tillie was swinging as usual, but she didn't make a face; she was lost in admiration of Daphne's hat. "My!" said she, "ain't we fash'nable though! Don't you want to change hats?"

The little girl with the big hat was rather startled by this question, but she said, presently: "I'll share it with you if you like; my father says it's big enough for two."

Then quite a consultation took place, which ended in Daphne's going with her humble acquaintance to the milliner's, with the request that she should make two hats out of the troublesome large one.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed that worthy woman, in dismay. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Your hat, Daphne Ferris, isn't a mite too big to look right, and your ma 'ain't give you a pretty talk to! You go home, Tillie Slade, and let other folks' hats alone."

This was rather discouraging; but as they were leaving the shop Daphne said, brightly: "I'll tell you how we can share it; you put it on and wear it awhile, and then I'll wear it. How will that do?"

Tillie declared that it was "splendid," and presently her shrewd, old little face was peering from under Daphne's great hat, while on Daphne's head was mounted the queer little affair with the upright feather in it, which looked so exactly like Tillie. Both were satisfied; and Tillie was strutting along like a peacock in her borrowed plumes, when whom should they meet but Daphne's mamma!

Mrs. Ferris was horrified, as she made the children change hats at once, and carried Daphne off home. But papa laughed until he was tired when Daphne explained to him how she tried to share her hat. Presently her father asked: "If my little girl had had something she preferred to keep, would she have been quite so ready to share it?"

The rose-leaf cheeks grew a deep, deep red as Daphne whispered a brave "No,"—Ella Rodman Church, in Harper's Young People.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

A Word to Young Men Concerning a Sinking Fund.

It's an evil present with every generation. This is it: The lad with a cent in the bank. He wears, eats and wastes the last dime. When he gets two dollars a day he begins to think of marriage. He never sees the time, poor fellow, and further on his burdens increase. A wise plan is to put the boy in the yard. If he spied a player he runs to the goal and calls "yard sheep for —," calling the name of the one he saw. If, after he sees a sheep, the sheep can reach the goal first and knock off the gate, he can run off and hide again, while the "man" is replacing the gate, for sheep can not be yarded when the gate is off. If the "man" goes after sheep in one direction and one of the players can come from another and knock off the gate, then the "man" must replace the gate before he can catch anyone. After a sheep is yarded a player can release him if he gets to the goal before the "man" is replacing the gate. If he makes a mistake and only knocks it a short distance, and the "man" can get it on again before the sheep get out of sight, then he can call for both of them and they must come back. When three sheep are yarded the game is ended, and the first one caught is then the "man." The "man" has to watch his goal pretty sharply while he is looking for the sheep so as not to let a sheep steal a march on him. When a sheep is in the yard he can not knock off the gate. No one but the "man" can touch the gate with his hand; if he does he is caught, and must take the place of the "man" and the game commence over again. This is a boy's game, but girls sometimes join in the sport, and seem to enjoy it.—American Agriculturist.

Roof and the Toads.

Rolfe was very much afraid of the toads which abounded in his back yard. One day we found him busily poking pins, point upward, into two toadstools that grew out by the back fence. "I guess those horrid old fellow'll not come here any more when they sit down on their stools this time," he explained.—Youth's Companion.

Notice to the Public.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* will be found from now on at the Robbins House. Daily delivered by carrier 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per week. C. L. Rosecrans, 7-31 Agent.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, extending its influence through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should not be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a safe and reliable ointment, prepared by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle

"Here's to the maiden of bushy fifteen. And here's to the widow of forty!"

They have each reached a period in life when most females need assistance in tidying them over the shoulders which so often become so very dirty, even in producing regularity and healthiness of the female organs. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription stands without a peer. At a time when nature gives them increased heat, but so many young girls have their heat and life stopped, it would be well to use this precious ointment internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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YARD-SHEEP."

An Outdoor Summer Game Which Both Boys and Girls Can Enjoy.

One of the pleasantest outdoor games to be played in the twilight is that called in this vicinity (southern Massachusetts) "Yard-Sheep." A goal is marked out and a post driven in the ground. On this post is balanced a stick about a foot long, which is called the "gate." Each player is furnished with a stout cane with which to strike

the balanced stick. A goal-tender or "man" is then chosen, and the rest of the players, which may be any number, go off and hide. The man counts one hundred and then starts to find the sheep, which he is to put in the yard.

When he reaches three dollars a day he begins to think of marriage.

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and further on his burdens increase.

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and calls "yard sheep for —,"

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