

DAILY JOURNAL.

Printed Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

THE JOURNAL CO.
T. H. B. McCAIN, President.
J. A. GREENE, Secretary.
A. A. McCAIN, Treasurer.

DAILY—	
One year.....	50.00
Six months.....	2.50
Three months.....	1.25
Per week b. carrier or mail.....	10
WEEKLY—	
One year.....	1.00
Six months.....	.50
Three months.....	.25

Payable in advance.
Sample copies free.

Entered at the Postoffice at Crawfordsville,
Indiana, as second-class matter.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1893.

THE WARM RAYS OF PROTECTION.

"Money on call has been abundant and cheap," says *Dun's Review* of the past week. "The most favorable bank statement that has been made for six months is that for the week ending Sept. 30," says the *New York Financier*. "Yet," adds the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, "the number of unemployed does not perceptibly diminish, nor is the general condition of trade at all satisfactory. *Dun's Review* reports the railway earnings for the last month as 15 per cent. below the earnings for September, 1892, and this despite the travel to and from the exposition. The same high authority announces that only seven iron mills have resumed operations during the past week, against three that have suspended, "and," continues *Dun's*, "the outlook does not brighten." *Broadstreet's* notes a shrinkage of trade estimated at 28 per cent. as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

But there is no need to multiply quotations. The pinching times are felt by all. It is not "scarcity of money." The banks are full of money. It is not a "silver scare." The silver dollar passes as freely as the gold dollar in the stores. It is scarcity of money in circulation, and the scarcity in circulation is caused by a scarcity of work, which brings money into circulation, firstly, from the banks into the hands of the manufacturers; secondly, from the hands of the manufacturers to the hands of artisans; thirdly, from the hands of artisans to those of retailers; thence to the hands of wholesalers, thence back to the manufacturers, thence back to the banks. This is a condensed history of the circulation of money.

But at present one of the arteries through which money circulates is congested. The artery of manufactures is constricted by a free-trade chill. Restore to it the warm rays of protection and it again will resume the function of a circulatory agent, and a flow of money through all the channels of trade and labor again will give health to the Nation.

PROBABLY the most original and forceful plea for silver that has been made in this exciting campaign, where so much has been said, is advanced in the October *Review of Reviews* by Mr. Edward B. Howell. By means of carefully prepared charts showing the amount of silver and gold, of cereals and cotton and other staple products he aims to show that the production of silver keeps approximate pace with the production of cereal crops. Furthermore, his evidence goes to show that while silver does vary about as the goods which we buy with it, gold does not keep pace with them. In other words, Mr. Howell's very interesting arguments would lead to the conviction that we should be talking of a \$1.50 gold dollar instead of a \$0.60 silver dollar. While put forward in a very concise and unpretentious manner, the charts which the young Western political economist has prepared form a very valuable addition to the literature of the much vexed currency question.

The President is a Democrat. The Senate is Democratic by a majority of five. The House is Democratic by a majority of eighty-four. The Democratic party is the responsible party in power. The first plank of the platform on which it obtained this full grant of power pledged it to repeat the Sherman act. Congress has been in session nearly two months and the "cowardly make-shift" is still unrepented. The country has learned that the Sherman law is not at the bottom of all the trouble.

In the October *Arena* the editor has a timely discussion on "The Coming Religion," in which he examines the various causes which have operated during recent years in so wonderfully broadening the religious thought of civilization. In the same issue Rev. W. E. Manley, D. D., contributes a scholarly paper entitled "Atonement Punishment Not Eternal."

Since July 1 the custom receipts have been \$79,379,417, and the expenditures have been \$88,459,127, an excess of expenditures over receipts of \$19,079,710. If the tariff duties are reduced the question arises how will the expenditures be met. This is a conundrum for the tariff smackers to solve.

The increase in the national bank circulation during the month of September was \$9,710,291. Since September, 1892, it has increased \$35,911,254. The total national bank circulation now is \$208,592,172.

BUFFALOES IN ENGLAND.

Specimens of the Few Survivors Shipped Across the Atlantic.

The Experiment of Breeding the Animals in English Parks Considered by Britons as Very Likely to Prove Unsuccessful.

Fifty, or even half that number of years ago, the possibility of the "buffalo" of the American plains becoming extinct was not so much as dreamed of, says the *St. James' Budget*. For ages they had wandered in countless herds on the plains on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, providing the red Indian with an apparently inexhaustible supply of meat. Thousands were killed for their tongues and the steak cut out of the hump—the most delicate part. The bisons, from which the early "voyagers" and the fur traders obtained their "pemmican," did not suffer from the demands made upon their numbers by the Indians; but the white hunter, with his ever-improving firearms, did the work of destruction. Where once the herds were so numerous that it was the practice to drive them gradually to the edge of a precipice and then frighten them over, none can be found. At last the United States government awoke to the fact that America was upon the point of losing the bison. The agents of the Smithsonian institute had a difficulty in procuring some specimens which were required. The result was that a small herd of about forty is now strictly preserved in the Yellowstone park. But one or two wander away most years and are soon killed when once outside the protected territory; the security of the herd is consequently by no means assured. The news, therefore, that a number of Nebraska buffaloes have been imported to this country, having been obtained for the purpose of being turned down in some of our parks, will be welcomed by our naturalists.

It is, unfortunately, very questionable if the experiment of keeping and breeding the grand beasts in our English parks will be attended with any success. The bison on its native plains is accustomed to great heat in summer and extreme cold in winter. But, for all that, the climate is a constant one, and the change of the variability, the fog and the damp of this country will be great. Indeed, when we look at the condition of the bison's European relation, the aurochs, we may well doubt if the genus bison will long remain an inhabitant of the earth. It may be many years before we quite lose it, for representatives will probably linger for a comparatively long period preserved in parks, just as the ancient white British cattle linger now. But in the case of the latter, the want of fresh blood and the consequent close interbreeding will tell in time and result in constantly diminishing fertility, until in the course of years the last representative of the race will die and the world know them no more. We may safely say the extinction will not happen in our own time, or even in that of the next few generations, but it is to be feared that come it surely will.

ONLY A TRAMP.

But There Were Tears, and Bitter Ones. Shied for Him.

"It's only one of them pesky tramps, Bill," said a brakeman to his companion, as the lights from two lanterns fell on the form of a man mangled as only a railroad train can mangle. "I suppose we will have to get him into the caboose and leave him at the station."

They gathered up the remains as best they could, says the *New York Recorder*, and, after getting them aboard the train, gave the signal to go ahead. Yes, he was only a tramp. The brakeman addressed as Bill had seen the man fall between two cars while stepping from one to another. The train had been stopped, and the two railroaders went back to see what damage had been done. In the caboose they made a search of the dead man's clothes. They didn't find much; no money, not even a knife. In the inside pocket of the ragged vest was a greasy-looking envelope. In taking out the letter a tiny band of gold fell to the floor. While one picked up the ring the other read the letter. It had been well fingered, and there were unmistakable spots that only tears could have caused. The handwriting said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

Dear Jim: Mary is dead, and in her last words she inquired for papa. She missed you so much, and never seemed to be well after you went. I am sorry, Jim, for what I said that night, and if you will come back I will never complain and worry you any more. I send you Mary's ring; you remember when you got it for her. Please come back to your wife."

That was all. The wife had heard in some way where her husband was and had sent him the letter. It occurred to one of the brakemen to look at the postmark, and with difficulty it was seen that it was a month old, and that it was that of the very place at which they had decided to leave the dead body.

Jim must have met with misfortune, and was stealing his way home, which he reached only to be carried out and laid beside little Mary.

An Old English Custom.

The candidates for bailiffs in the town of Alnwick, North England, just before the election ride in procession to a horse pond near the town, dismount and struggle through the mud and water as best they can. They are accompanied by a brass band and all the population of the town and neighborhood. The custom dates from the time of King John, who visited the town in 1210. The roads were very bad and some of his baggage wagons had to be left in the mire. On his arrival he inquired who was responsible for the condition of the roads, and learning that the bailiffs were to blame ordered them to be seized and dragged through the nearest pond.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

Senator James F. Pierce, of New York, writes:

"For the past two years I have suffered from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mine suggested the trial of Alcock's Powdery Plasters. Following the suggestion, I have been using them with the happiest effects. To those similarly afflicted let me suggest the manner of their use. I place one over my stomach, one over the hepatic region, and one on my back. The effect is excellent. From the day I commenced the use have been slowly but surely improving, until I am quite confident that by continuing I shall again be restored to my accustomed health."

Health and Happiness.

Honey of Pigs is the queen of all cathartics, syrup or pills. One anticipates its taking with pleasure. No other remedy sells so well and is so well received. It is a powerful laxative, bowel or liver relaxer, relieves the kidneys, cures constipation, colds, fevers, nervousness, etc., and restores the beauty of health. Let me advise you to try it. Dr. F. G. Brunner, District Passenger Agent, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. M. Chesbrough, Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

The Statistics Fiend.
While on our earthly pilgrimage the world has many enemies for us. We struggle to bearneath our loads of trouble, care and pain. But the latest tribulation is the man who always goes for us. With documentary evidence—statistics on the brain.

Hell tell within a fraction the exact amount of coffee drunk. For thirteen generations back in the past he will tell how many gravestones are export by the nation.

How many pairs of shoestrings and the quantity of rum.

And he'll figure in a jiffy the earth's total population.

From the time it was created to the day of kingdom come.

Would you know how much tobacco is consumed in every minute.

How many yards of calico it takes to clothe the south?

Just ask the statistician: he will tell you he is "in it."

He performs it with his pencil and proclaims it with his mouth.

It's a daisy with statistics, and if you'd like to

A plan of sizing up the man who figures with such sum.

Just set him down and count him one, add cipher after cipher,

And be sure to pile the cipher at the left hand side of him.

The time will come when men shall have sufficiently been goaded.

And the number of many a victim is that it may make.

Why there'll be an accidental case of "didn't know 'twas loaded."

And the fiend will quit his figures in the midle of a sum.

—G. B. Torrey.

A LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.

How a Rejected Flyer Turned Up as a Prize Machine.

Strange things happen when men make up their minds that they can't help happening.

It is now over twenty years, says a writer in the *Locomotive Engineering*, since Superintendent Healy, of the Rhode Island locomotive works, built a passenger engine for the Old Colony. This engine had seventeen and one-half by twenty-two inch cylinders, with a five-foot wheel, and the only innovation on the standard engines of the day was the trial of two and one-quarter inch tubes instead of two inch, there being about one hundred and sixty of them. Before the engine ever made a turn the general superintendent heard of the big flies and openly announced that the engine would never make the time with the Fall River boat train for which it was built. The master mechanic admitted that he didn't believe it would ever steam, and one by one the engineers shook their heads and allowed that it couldn't make it—because it couldn't. Then the firemen announced that no man could keep it hot, and no one ought to expect that it could be done. The engine was doubted from the start. Everybody said it couldn't make the run—and it didn't. It went on the road and was a failure from the start, and after eighteen months' service it was rebuilt. The general superintendent paid the Rhode Island locomotive works \$1,000 extra for a new boiler (returning the old one) like the old one except that it had two-inch tubes.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time. The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time.

The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time.

The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time.

The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time.

The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time.

The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

It was all right, steamed well and made the time—because everybody said it could and would.

Some months afterward John Thompson, general master mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeen inch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old Colony (after being thoroughly re-paired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yet, running in sight of the scene of her former failure.

He said he knew that the new boiler would