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TARIFF AND WAGES.

The protectionists argue that a tariff raises wages and lowers prices—hence they are for it. Our academic contemporaries at Crawfordsville think the fact is nothing mysterious about the fact that the protected manufacturers are in favor of a system which increases the expense and entails their incomes. Perhaps not, but what is to hinder them from advancing wages and lessening prices without the help of the tariff. If the tariff compels them to do this, that means that the action is against their will. If the tariff enables them to do it, that means that high wages are not inconsistent with a low cost of production. While if high wages and low prices are in themselves good things for the manufacturer, the tariff is entirely unnecessary, for no one would object to a cut in prices or an advance in wages. Here is a first-class three-horned dilemma which we command to the prayerful consideration of our Athenian contemporaries.—*Indianapolis News*.

No protectionist has ever argued that a protective tariff raises wages like a jack-screw raises a barn, but from the above clipping it seems that wages will have to be raised with a jack-screw or with a fence rail and fulcrum before the editor of the *News* will admit that he sees it. While perhaps not so plain to the sight as either of the above, the fact that a tariff makes more work and better wages is as plain to the reason as a fence rail is to the sight. We contend that the system of protection in its operation lowers the price of the goods protected and at the same time enables those who make them to work more days in the year than if the goods were not protected. To a reasonable person there is no dilemma in the fact that if goods are supplied to the American people from abroad, that those now engaged in making them here will have to stop. But our contemporaries ask what is to hinder the manufacturer from enhancing wages and lowering the price of goods without the tariff just the same as with it. As well ask why cannot a man who has no legs walk just as well as one who has. If foreign made goods are allowed to take the market now enjoyed by our own artisans and mechanics, is it not plain enough to see what it is that will hinder them from getting a wages at all? Again we say that a large market given to a manufacturer enables him to sell more goods than if his market was divided by allowing foreign made goods to enter it. Increased sales make an increase of work and an increase of work pays better than no work at all. Increasing the amount of goods lessens the price and extending the market makes more work for the mechanic and more money for the manufacturer. Thus it is that wages are made better by the tariff and the price of manufactured goods is lowered at the same time. But why should anything have to be reasoned out when the last thirty years history of the United States proves it without looking further for the reason?

THE HAWAIIAN CASE.

The minority report of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House on Hawaiian affairs is a remarkably strong showing against the President's policy and leaves the Administration in a most unenviable plight. The facts as disclosed by public documents are most admirably arranged. The law governing the President is stated clearly. No precedent can be found for the President in appointing a Commissioner without the sanction of Congress, whose authority should be paraded up to a duly appointed Minister, and the superior officer of an Admiral of the Navy. Blount was appointed on the 9th of March, and not until—leaving the Senate was in session, this in view was not submitted for confirmation, principally for the reason probably that no such officer was known to the law. He hurried off in hot haste to Honolulu and arrived there on the 29th of March. He ordered the Admiral stationed there to "hand over the United States" on the 31st, only two days after his arrival. Notwithstanding Congress was in session, beginning in August the President carefully concealed from that body and the country what he intended to do—the restoration of the deposed Queen. He seemed to be conscious that his tacs would not bear investigation. When the Gresham letter appeared after the adjournment of Congress, the country was amazed. How far the Democratic party will go in supporting the President remains to be seen. It is not a question of annexation, as that point was settled when the treaty was withdrawn from the Senate, but whether the President has the power to give secret instructions to a Minister Plenipotentiary, as he gave to Mr. Willis, "to conspire with the agents and representatives of a deposed and discarded monarch for the overthrow of a friendly republican government, duly recognized by all the civilized nations." The entire report is long but it is very readable.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

By A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER VII. CONTINUED.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and as minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost chagrin and disappointment appeared upon his features. He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table, and showed every other symptom of acute impatience. So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had met.

"It can't be a coincidence," he cried, at last, springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room; "it is impossible that it should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebber are actually found after the death of Stangeron. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it! I have it!" With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, cut the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk and presented it to the terrier. The unfortunate creature's tongue seemed hardly to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning.

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I should have more faith," he said. "I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box, one was the most deadly poison and the other was entirely harmless. I ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all."

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses. There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct. It seemed to me that the mists in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth.

"All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you failed at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single real clew which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and, indeed, was the logical sequence of it. Hence things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusions. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most common place crime is often the most mysterious because it presents no new or special features from which deductions can be drawn. This murder would have been infinitely more difficult to unravel had the body of the victim been simply found lying in the roadway without any of those outre and sensational accompaniments which have rendered it remarkable. These strange details, far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer. "Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man I have made my case out, and it seems I was wrong. Young Carpenter could not have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after him, Stangeron, and it appears that he was wrong, too. You have thrown out hints here, and hints there, and seem to know more than we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?"

"I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer."

"And delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, "might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity."

Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution. He continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk on his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought.

"There will be no more murders," he said at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of it is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that anyone can have a clew there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion he would change his name and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt any of your feelings, I am bound to say that I fear these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail I shall of course incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be far from satisfied by this assurance or by the depreciating allusion to the detective police. The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment. Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door and the spokesman of the street Arabs, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavory person.

"Please, sir," he said touching his

forelock, "I have the cab downstairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautifully the spring works. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, "if we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though he were about to set out on a journey, since he had not



"JUST GIVE ME A HELP WITH THIS BUCKLE, CABMAN."

said anything to me about it. There was a small portmanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap. He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room.

"Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task, and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat sullen, defiant air, and put down his hands to assist. At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce you to Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangeron."

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it. I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant expression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face, as he glared at the glittering handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists. For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then with an articulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp, and hurled himself through the window. Woodwork and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through, Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many stag-hounds. He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict. So powerful and so fierce was he that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit. His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance. It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neck-cloath and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail; and even then we felt no security until we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen, he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

(To Be Continued.)

Eruption of the Skin Cured.

Ed. Venney, Brackville, Ont., says: I have used Brandreth's Pills for the past fifteen years, and think them the best cathartic and anti-itching remedy known. For some five years I suffered with an eruption of the skin that gave me great pain and annoyance. I tried different blood remedies, but, although gaining strength the itching was unrelieved. I finally concluded to take a thorough course of Brandreth's Pills. I took six each night for four nights, then five, four, three, two, lessening each time by one, and then for one month took one every night, with the happy result that now my skin is perfectly clear and has been ever since."

—*During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here and was much better liked than other cough medicine.* H. M. Bove, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grippe is much the same as the same treatment. This Remedy is prompt and effectual and will prevent any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. For sale by Nye & Bove, druggists, 111 north Washington street, opposite court house.

—*There will be no more murders,* he said at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of it is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that anyone can have a clew there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion he would change his name and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt any of your feelings, I am bound to say that I fear these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail I shall of course incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations I shall do so."

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—*When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.*

—*When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.*

—*When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.*

—*When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.*

—*About a year ago I took a violent attack of la grippe. I coughed day and night for about six weeks; my wife then suggested that I try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. At first I could see no difference, but still kept taking it, and soon found that it was what I needed. If I got no relief from one dose I took another, and it was only a few days until I was free from the cough. I think people in general ought to know the value of this remedy, and I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have received from it.* MADISON MUSTARD, Otway, Ohio. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Bove, druggists, 111 north Washington street, opposite court house.

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—*Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.*

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