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## THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894.

### ONE YEAR OF DEMOCRACY.

One year ago to-day President Harrison, honored and respected by the intelligent masses of his countrymen, turned over the keys of the executive mansion to Grover Cleveland and retired to private life. Mr. Cleveland took the oath of office in the midst of a vast throng of political friends and admirers—scarcely, if ever, excelled on any other occasion of the kind in the history of the country. Although lacking almost a million votes of a popular majority, it seemed to the unthinking multitude that the principles and policy which he represented, had been approved and endorsed by the country. The situation engendered, in the hearts of Mr. Cleveland's followers at least, high hopes of a prosperous and popular administration. The air was rent with shouts of a great free trade revival. A new era was begun, during which all classes were to prosper, grow rich and enjoy life as they had never done before. Even across the great waters, in that mighty empire "whose morning drum beat encircles the globe," there were shouts of rejoicing mingled with exclamations that the Cobden Club, like Alexander, had at last conquered the world and unfurled the banner of free trade never to be hauled down again.

But now, at the end of one short year, what has become of this beautiful picture that fancy had sketched? It was the frost-work on the window pane. It has all vanished, and in its stead we see hundreds of thousands of our worthy countrymen thrown out of employment and begging for bread; soup-houses established in all our cities, to save the shivering poor from actual starvation; uncounted millions of dollars lost forever by an unaccustomed stagnation in business which has sent its poisonous effects into almost every household in the land, and even into the business heart of the Old World. When Mr. Cleveland took up the reins of government one year ago, everything was bright—all were happy. To-day all is gloom and sorrow and distress. Property is without value; debts go unpaid; the National Treasury itself, which has been overflowing for twenty years, is to-day bankrupt, and bonds are issued to save the country dishonor. A miserable fiasco in the Hawaiian business has excited contempt for our diplomacy. A little coterie of Confederate military officers is permitted to rule the councils of the Nation to the detriment of all our great industrial enterprises; it robs the laborer of his employment, leaves him without the means of supporting himself and his family, and the dough-faces of the North, with one or two exceptions, are as dumb in its presence as a slave in the presence of his master.

But looking away from this gloomy picture, to-day we see a ray of light. The people are the masters after all, and in the end they will have their way. McKinley's \$2,000,000 majority in Ohio, and Grow's 187,000 in Pennsylvania are clear indications that the people of all parties are disgusted with this administration and mean to repudiate it at the next election, with a vim and vengeance and an emphasis heretofore unknown in the politics of the country. It is as well settled to-day as anything can be settled, that those who would degrade labor and cripple or destroy our great industries can never again rule in the councils of this nation. One short year's experience has taught a lesson that will not be forgotten while any of those who have experienced its disasters, shall live. The laboring men of the country are now thoroughly undeceived, and hereafter they will march to the polls to cast their ballots, as one man, for protection and prosperity; for high wages in American industries, and happy homes filled with food from our own fields and pastures, and raiment from our own spindles and looms. The next President, like Washington, will be inaugurated in a suit of homemade goods; and more than likely it will be manufactured from the raising of the wool to the sewing on of the buttons either in Indiana or Ohio. Mark the prediction!

JOHN Y. MCKANE, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, has donned the stripes at Sing Sing and has been set to work in the tailoring department. He perhaps will make the striped clothes for the twenty-five other Democrats sent up from New York for fooling with the election returns. Tammany is just now trembling in its boots as there are fifty others on the tenter hooks.

## THE OLD MILL MYSTERY

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.  
Author of "Miss Hodder's Secret," "Madeline Power," "By Whose Hand," "Isa," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I didn't mean to annoy you," said Mary, gently—seeing at once that her answer had grated on him. "I only hoped to strengthen you in doing right. I know it will be a big wrench for you to go against the rest."

"I don't say that I shall do that. There may be no cause."

"When is it to be decided?" asked Mary.

"We've a meeting to-night; and it's on time, too." They had turned in their walk and were now near to Walkden Bridge again. "There's Gibon."

The man of whom they had been speaking, Gibon Prawle, caught sight of them at the same moment, and, crossing the road, came towards them.

"Will you go round and see father, Mary?" asked Tom, hurriedly, before the other man joined them. "And don't tell him aught about this business."

"Good evening, Mary; good evening, Tom," said Gibon Prawle, as he joined them. He was a good-looking man of some six and twenty, with bold, regular features, under a mass of curly fair hair. "You're coming to the meeting, of course, Tom?" he said and then turned to Mary. "I suppose Tom here's been telling you I'm in disgrace?" he laughed merrily as he said this—and that Reuben Gorringe thinks he can kick me out of the mill. The hound! But the man who kicks a stone wall mayhap will break his foot rather than the wall. He's just like a beggar set on his back, but instead of riding to the devil he wants to make the horse kick other folk there. It's only the other day he was a hand himself, for all his curish pride. But it's strange to me if I don't make him sorry he ever interfered with me;" and an angry, malignant expression made his face anything but pleasant to look upon.

"I hope you won't hurt others in your plan to revenge yourself, Gibon," said Mary, firmly.

"That's like you, Mary. Always hard on me!" and he tried to laugh lightly to cover a real vexation. "You never would give me credit for anything but doing the wrong thing in the wrong way. Besides, as Tom will tell you, this is not my question only; it's a society matter. Gorringe knows I've worked hard for the union, and he's got a knife into me in consequence. He hates the union like poison."

Tom and Mary interchanged rapid glances.

"It seems to me it's a question between you and Mr. Gorringe, and nobody else," answered Mary; "and if you bring anyone else into it you'll be doing what you have no right or call to do."

"Yes, that's a woman's view of all society 'bothers,'" answered Gibon Prawle, slightly. "But Tom here knows better, don't you, Tom?"

"Tom agrees with me," said Mary, quietly; and at the reply Gibon cast a rapid and rather vindictive glance at the other man, and said, shortly:

"Well, it's not for you or Tom here to settle, but for the society to decide; and it's time for the meeting. Good night, Mary. Better feelings to you, and less bitterness," and with that they separated.

### CHAPTER III THE THREATENED TRIKE

Tom Roylance had not at all underestimated the strength of Gibon Prawle's influence over his fellow workmen. He told the facts of his dismissal in a skillful manner, so as to leave as far in the background as possible the manager's real motive in discharging him; and he cleverly made all concede this fact. Our druggists

keep it.

### READ Bischoff's Walker Sale ad.

### An Editor's Recommendation.

Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomingfield, Iowa, *Farmer* says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best I ever used for the purposes for which it is intended." 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Boo, 111 north Washington street, opposite the court house.

### Courier-Journal Cigar—Nye & Boo.

TAKE Uncle Sam's Cough Syrup. It contains no chloroform, is safe and effective for all. Sold by Cotton & Rife, the progressive druggists, for 25 cents a bottle. 3-2594

### Peculiar to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Saraparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hood's Saraparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study, which had ever heard.

In addition to this he primed one or two of his special friends to back him up, and to declare that the society had no choice but to make his quarrel theirs and to insist upon his being taken on again.

"I haven't paid my money to the society for ten years and more," said one, "to be trod on like this, and I ain't going to stand it. We aren't worms, are we, for Gorringe to tread on us; nor slaves for him to thrash, just as he likes? What I say is this, that the life of a man ain't worth living if he's got to feel as a manager can just take the bread out of his mouth and leave his wife and young 'uns without bite or sup, just when he pleases. And it comes to this, as we aren't safe, not one of us, if we're to be bullied here and sacked there as a manager chooses. A man's a man, I say, and ought to be treated as such," and the approbation that greeted the speaker showed that he represented the views of several who were present—the majority, as it seemed to Tom.

"I suppose we don't deny as Gibon has done a lot for the society, do we?" asked another man, and the question was answered in a way that made the subject of it glance rather triumphantly at Tom. "Well then, if he's stuck by the society, I say the society should stick by him. We ain't cowards, we are to be afraid o' one man."

Things continued in this way until several of those present had spoken, and at last they turned to Tom Roylance and asked him his opinion.

"I've no manner of doubt about what we ought to do," said Tom, readily, speaking in a firm, decided voice.

"This is Gibon Prawle's matter and no one else's. The reason he's been sacked is one which those who've worked with him know perfectly well—he don't do the work properly. He said that well enough," and Tom looked resolutely round at a number of the men who murmured and muttered their objections, and then turned and faced Gibon, who jumped to his feet eagerly to contradict what was said. "Let me speak," said Tom, "you've had your turn. All that has been said about the other matters is right enough, no doubt, but it's taught to do with Gibon. I speak for myself, and I say I've always had good pay from Gorringe for good work, and there ain't a man can say otherwise. And I've always found him willing to listen to anything in reason. My vote'll be given for letting Gibon settle the job for himself; and I shall stand by the boss."

### (To Be Continued.)

SEE the check ginghams at 4 cents per yard, see the shirting calicoes at 3-3 cents per yard, see the honey combed towels at 5 cents worth 10 cents, see the 65 cent silks in colors at 33 cents per yard, all from the auction sale of James H. Walker at Levinson's.

A Kansas Man's Experience.

Mr. Albert Favore, of Arkansas City, Kan., wishes to give our readers the benefit of his experience with colds. He says: "I contracted a cold early last spring, that settled in my lungs, and had hardly recovered from it when I caught another that hung on all summer and left me with a hacking cough which I thought I would never get rid of. I had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, some fourteen years ago with much success, and concluded to try it again. When I had got through with one bottle my cough had left me, and I have not suffered with a cough or cold since. I have recommended it to others, and all speak well of it." 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Boo, 111 north Washington street, opposite court house.



## PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

Is a positive cure for all those painful Aliments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Uterus, the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. Every time it will cure

### • Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

### Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

### Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Also

### Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, exciting impatience, nervousness, restlessness, headache, melancholy, the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus or

### Worm Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

### Kidney Complaints

and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c. *Correspondence freely answered.*

You can address in strictest confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

What Will Do It?

Medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh is proof positive that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. Our druggists keep it.

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