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## THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1894.

REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

FOR MAYOR,  
FRED C. BANDEL.  
FOR TREASURER,  
WILLIAM E. NICHOLSON.  
FOR CLERK,  
JOSEPH D. TRACY.  
FOR MARSHAL,  
JAMES P. GRIMES.  
FOR COUNCILMAN.

First Ward—JOHN F. WILHITE.  
Second Ward—GEORGE E. ROBINSON.  
Third Ward—WM. N. MCAMPBELL.

A MODEL MAYOR.

MAYOR DENNY, of Indianapolis, is giving that city a model administration. Hardly a day passes that the papers do not note some effort of the police to make the saloon keepers and gamblers toe the legal mark. Mr. Denny argues, and most correctly, that he was elected to enforce the laws, all of them, not a part. Fortunately the charter of Indianapolis places all the responsibility as well as the power, with the mayor. In Crawfordsville and most of Indiana's smaller cities the power, and consequently the responsibility, is divided. The mayor has to depend on the marshal for the enforcement of the law, but the marshal being elected instead of appointed is responsible to no one but the people and with a sure thing for four years, is liable to do just as he pleases. The policemen in turn are not responsible to the marshal or mayor but to the police board. This body is composed of four men and consequently no one of the four feels his responsibility very heavily. True the mayor appoints the board, but he is limited in his choice to six men, so if his board does not carry out his wishes he has no chance to make much of a change. In fact between mayor, marshal, police board and policemen it is difficult to locate the responsibility. The next legislature might well pass a law giving to small cities a charter modeled on that of Indianapolis but simplified to meet the needs of smaller places.

A BILL TO MAKE REPUBLICANS.

The New York *Sun*, like the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, is wading through blood up to its bridle bits in its denunciation of the tariff bill. Under the title "The Bill to Make Republicans," it proceeds in the following vigorous fashion:

"Although not yet, thank heaven, it is already working, it is already making Republicans out of Democrats, even in advance of its enactment, as demonstrated by actual results."

How do Democrats like the prospect? Are they anxious to see the measure in operation on full time and with full horse power, income-tax attachment and all, using the Democracy of the United States as a raw material, and turning out Republicans by the million as a finished product?

And all for the sake of "tariff reform," meaning by that phrase not any honest and definite and consistent reform of the tariff according to any intelligent principle, but a vague and mendacious. Something, no matter what, which shall enable us to hold to the completion and consummation of the great enterprise begun by Grover Cleveland and the mugwumps in 1887.

Who is the Democrat in the Senate that will stand up and tell the truth about the Bill to Make Republicans?

COLONEL BRECKINRIDGE it is presumed, is now telling his side of the story of his infamy on the witness stand. Everybody is prepared for any development from the dark and neither side of humanity in this case, that grows worse day by day in every new aspect presented, until already, as F. D. M. puts it, only the witches chant will do it.

"I guess of a funny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog;

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;

Adder's fork, and blisters wort;

Lizard's leg, and hag's worm;

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble,

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fireburn and cauldron bubble."

The Chicago platform pledged the Democratic party to remove the burdens of taxation from the people and denounced the tariff as unconstitutional.

The Wilson bill as amended by the Senate, if it becomes a law, will place a burden of from \$35,000,000 to

\$40,000,000 a year on the people in excess of the burdens of the bounty system that exists under the McKinley law. The Sugar Trust has the people by the throat under a Democratic administration. Such are some of the beauties of tariff reform.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks that Col. Breckinridge should have imitated that other distinguished Democrat who told the truth about a similar hour.

ANOTHER revival is booked for the near future. If this keeps on there won't be a sinner left in the town by 1895.

## THE OLD MILL MYSTERY.

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.

Author of "Miser Houdley's Secret," "Madeline Power," "By Whose Hand," "Isa," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Then you're a fool, that's all," broke in the man Hamer. "In the first place she could get the whole lot of us prosecuted, and if you don't know what the cursed judges think of a conspiracy to wreck and destroy a mill, I do. You'd think the infernal works were built of human lives when these devils in the backhouse to sentencing a man for touching 'em. I knew what the business meant when I began with it, and I was ready to risk it. I'm ready to risk it now and take the silencing of that wench yonder on my own shoulders as well, I tell you this," he said fiercely, with a volatile oath. "I'm not going to gaoil to save a lass like that from a squeeze on the throat or a knock on the skull. You can do what you like; but I mean what I say."

As one determined and resolute man taking a decided course will generally carry others with him, so it was now. This decisive tone influenced the wavers.

"What do you propose to do, then?" asked Gibeon Pravile, his voice somewhat hoarse with nervousness at the other's manner, and at the desperate course which he knew underlay it.

"Why, give the girl tap on the skull and leave her here alone with the fuse. There won't be much left to tell tales, I warrant you," and the man laughed a short, callous, brutal laugh.

"You mean to murder her, do you?" said Gibeon; and more than one of the men shrank at the word.

"I don't mean going to gaoil for her. You can call it what you like," answered Hamer. "Please yourself."

"Well, I'm not going to be a party to it," said Gibeon. "I don't like it, and I'm not going to do it."

"Then take your hook out of this, and leave more room for men who haven't got white livers and chicken hearts! Cut it," growled Hamer, fiercely.

"No, I'm not going away, either," answered Gibeon, sullenly and yet half-frightened. "Or, if I go and anything happens, I shall make a clean breast of it."

"You sneaking hound!" cried Hamer, and before any of them could interfere he rushed at Gibeon, struck him to the ground, and bound him hand and foot.

"You shall stop now, and have a share of the treat you didn't expect," he said, as he rose to his feet. "Look here, mates, we're in this business together, sink or swim with one another. You understand that?" he said, pausing and looking from one to the other.

"Yes," they said, cowed by his manner and his violence, though not relishing the position at all.

"Then you agree to stand by me and do what I say?"

"Yes," said the men again.

The whole conversation, except one or two of the fiercer sentences between Gibeon and Hamer, had taken place in tones too low to reach Mery's ears, although the little she had heard had been enough to frighten her exceedingly.

Hamer now turned to her.

"How are we to know that you don't mean to speak of what you've seen and heard to-night?" he asked roughly.

"Those who know me know that I keep my word," answered the girl.

"I daresay they do," he replied, gruffly; "but then I'm not one of those who do know you. I want proof—that's what I want."

"I can't give you more than my word," said Mary.

"Oh yes, you can; and that's just what you'll have to do."

"How can I?" asked the girl.

"I'll show you. You can give us proof that you can be trusted by just stopping here and making no effort to go away for a certain time. Do you understand? You've nothing to do but just to keep where you are and make no noise. If you do that for a quarter of an hour, you shall go free. But if you stir hand or foot, or try to call out so that either of us hear you, well, you'll bring down punishment on your own head. You've got to watch this scunk," he said, kicking Gibeon Pravile, "till we come back to fetch him."

"Why can't I go now? I won't say a word to anyone. Indeed I won't."

"No, I don't think you're good," said Hamer significantly, "but you've got to give us a little proof of that; that's all."

Put out your hands. "Safe, bind, safe," said Hamer, and as he seized the girl's hands and bound them tightly together. "Now for your pretty little feet just something to keep your ankles warm," and he clinked coarsely as he fastened her feet, making her sit down on a heap of hay.

You will miss a grand treat if you don't attend our opening of pattern Hats and Bonnets this week, Thursday and Friday, at Levinson's.

They Want the Best.

"The people of this vicinity insist on having Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and do not want any other," says John V. Bishop, of New Haven, Conn.

That is right. They know it to be superior to any other for colds, and as a preventive and cure for croup and why should they not insist upon having it? 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite the court house.

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"Now, you understand, and don't play any nonsense with me," he added in his fiercest and most savage manner. "If you make the least sound I'll bring me back, and I shan't stop then at tying your wrists together. Next time the noose'll go round your neck."

"Now, mates, you'll better go," he said, turning to the others, and speaking in a whisper. "I'm going to give the fuse about eight minutes, so that we can get to the other end of the village; bear a light, Carter," and he bent down, and, putting a key into a small square case which he took from the ground, he turned it once or twice. Then he grumbled out some fresh words of menacing caution, while he put it down close by the girl and went out into the darkness. As soon as he was outside, he made off at the top of his speed after the other men who had already vanished.

The first feeling of the girl was one of intense relief that they had gone.

She had feared violence of some kind,

and now that she thought the dread of violence had passed her spirits rose. She determined that she would not move until they came back, and thus show them she was to be trusted, and she waited silently and with a lighter heart than she had known for some hours.

Then it suddenly occurred to her to doubt whether this was so, and whether the men had really gone to the mill now in order to carry out their horrible plan while she lay bound in the shed.

## A COMMON QUESTION.

WHERE MAY WOMEN GO FOR HELP?

How Many American Women Have Asked This Question of Themselves.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

You may call it dangerous modesty if you will. It is in woman's heart, and is part of woman's nature.

She shrinks from telling her physical troubles to men.

During the past 20 years thousands of women throughout the world have written in womanly confidence to Lydia E. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and laid bare the life of misery they endured.

They wrote freely, knowing that their letters went direct to the hands of a woman who not alone understood their sufferings but whose heart was full of sympathy with them. The experience of thousands has proved how carefully their letters were studied and how true and sure came the answer and happiness.

You may be offering "vice" when you need not. You can tell the story of your pain to a woman, and get the help that only a woman can give.

A young lady from Boston writes to a friend, saying:

"They said I was consumptive, sent me away, told me to keep quiet, no exercise, no talk, no work, just think of it!"

She did not find a little book called "Guide to Health" by Lydia E. Pinkham.

In it I found what aided me so. I wrote to her; got a lovely reply. She told me just what to do, and I am in splendid health now."

The same assistance is waiting for you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has relieved more female suffering than any other medicine in the world.

At this she sat up and thought for the first time of Gibeon Pravile, like her, bound hand and foot, though unlike her, unconscious. She strained her eyes in his direction and then called to him:

"Gibeon, Gibeon."

She could not catch any reply, but listened intently. As she listened thus she heard a faint ticking sound. It was like the quick tick, tick, tick of her alarm clock, but sounded as if muffled. What could it be?

She bent down her head, and stooping forward became aware that the cord with which her hands had been hastily bound had slipped. With a quick jerk or two she loosened it a little more, and then succeeded in getting her hands free.

(To Be Continued.)

For the relief and cure of a cold in the head there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for colds, the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints, Ely's Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh and hay fever after all other treatments have proved of no avail.

CALL at Myers & Charni's and see the stylish and artistic trimming of Miss Buchanan.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Scars, Ulcers, Salt, Rheum, Fever, Sores, Tetter, Ulcerated Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Cotton & Rife's, the Progress Pharmacy.

Purify the blood, tone the nerves and give strength to the weakened organs and body by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Forty Five Bells.

E. R. Swetman, of Fairfax Station, Virginia, says: "A party came forty miles to my store for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a dozen bottles. The remedy is a great favorite in this vicinity and has performed some wonderful cures here." It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is a favorite wherever known. For sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite the court house.

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