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## THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1894.

The Democratic party is all broken up on the issue which brought it into power. Neither faction will back down.

CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE was turned down in his district in Arkansas for Congress, but he was taken care of by the President who gave him the Russian Mission. He will succeed Hon. Andrew D. White who resigned.

The New York Tribune cogently remarks that next to Artemus Ward's eagerness to save the country even if duty called for the sacrifice of every one of his second cousins on the field of battle, there has been no more striking exhibition of unselfish generosity in the United States than the spectacle of the Democratic party heroically discharging its pecuniary obligations to the Sugar Trust by levying tribute upon the workingmen's breakfast table. The scene vividly illustrates the quaint but handy old Democratic principle: "When duty calls, find a substitute."

Under the enabling act admitting Utah as a State in the Union delegates to a convention will be elected next November to frame a constitution for the new State. This convention will meet next March. In November or December, 1885, the President will issue a proclamation formally admitting Utah in the Union. During the winter of 1855-56 two United States Senators will be elected whose terms will begin on the 4th of March, 1866. The enabling act provides that polygamy shall be forever excluded from the State. One remarkable feature in the latter stages of the contest was the unanimity with which the two great political parties have acted in favor of admission.

W. E. CURRIE, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, asked John Allen, the funny man from Mississippi, if the House was going to accept the sugar schedule in the Senate bill. "Why of course we will," he replied. "We all give in when we have a row with the Senate. We are going to raise hell for a while and let on as if we never, never would be enslaved by the trusts and the plutocrats, but when we get out of wind we are just going to lie right down and let them step on our necks. That is the way we always do it and it is very mortifying for a man of pride and high moral principles to realize that while the trusts are having to pay a big price for the Senate they are getting the House for nothing. I tell you no one can imagine how it grinds a man to read all about this bribery and speculation in the newspapers and the pools the Senators are in and the colossal fortunes they are making and not have a soul offer him a dollar."

The sensation from Washington is the President's letter to Chairman Wilson of the House Ways and Means Committee, in which he takes a decided stand against the Senate's compromise tariff bill and declares emphatically in favor of free coal, free iron ore and taxed sugar. The letter is dated July 2, but so close did Mr. Will keep the secret that he had such a document that when he produced the letter and incorporated as a part of his remarks it created a sensation. Aside from his advocacy of the passage of the House bill and reading between the lines the President confesses that through "party perfidy and party disfavor" the Democratic party is not fit to govern the country. The letter is a severe thrust at the Democratic members of the Senate, and will be well calculated to widen the breach between the Senate and House. As matters stand now the differences between the two houses are irreconcilable, and all the appearances indicate that the House and Senate bill would both fail.

In the New York Herald it is stated that a photograph of an order to buy sugar stock, given and signed by a Senator of wealth and distinction, has been placed in the hands of a member of the Conference Committee in order "to force a vote favorable to a reduction of the tariff on lead." The Herald states that the order was signed by one of four, who are named, Camden, Faulkner, Gorman and Gibson, and then mentions that "Senator Camden is brother-in-law to President Thompson," of the National Lead Company. It is also asserted that another, "one of the most famous Senators of the United States," ordered a purchase of 1,500 shares of sugar; that he has "had much to do with shaping the present policy" of the Democrats, and that his order was guaranteed by "another Senator, not an old member of the body, but a man of ability, before whom loomed up the vision of a great career, who had made a large fortune in business." This Senator is probably Smith of New Jersey. The Herald it will be remembered is a Democratic paper. Out of the mouths of its own newspapers the Democratic party stands convicted of selling out to Haevermeyer, another Democrat, and the head of the biggest trust in the country.

## FROM THE RANKS.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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### CHAPTER I.

A strange thing happened at the old fort during the still watches of the night. Even now, at 6 in the morning, no one seemed to be in possession of the exact circumstances. The officer of the day was engaged in an investigation, and all that appeared to be generally known was the bald statement that the sentry on No. 5 had fired at somebody or other about half after 3; that he had fired by order of the officer of the day, who was on his post at the time, and that he now flatly refused to talk about the matter.

Garrison curiosity, it is perhaps needless to say, was rather stimulated than lulled by this announcement. An unusual number of officers were chattering about headquarters when Colonel Maynard came over to his office. Several ladies, who had hitherto shown but languid interest in the morning music of the band, had taken the trouble to stroll down to the old quadrangle, ostensibly to see guard mounting. Mrs. Maynard was almost always on her piazza at this time, and her lovely daughter was almost sure to be at the gate with two or three young fellows lounging about her. This morning, however, not a soul appeared in front of the old fort's gates.

After a moment's awkward silence and uneasy glancing at one another the party seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it was time to speak. The band had ceased, and the new guard had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at his comrades, strolled hesitatingly over to the desk, balanced unsteadily on one leg, and with his hands sticking in his trouser pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accosted his absorbed superior:

"Colonel, gone home?"

" Didn't you see him?" was the uncomposing reply, and the captain did not dare to lift his head or eyes. "Well—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr. Hall, shifting uneasily from his other leg and prodding the floor with the toe of his boot.

" That wasn't what you wanted to know, I presume," said Captain Chester, signing his name with a vicious dab of the pen and bringing his fist down with a thump on the blotting pad, while he wheeled around in his chair and looked squarely up into the perturbed features of the junior.

" No, it wasn't," answered Mr. Hall; " but until 9 o'clock, contrary to the somewhat general custom at other posts in our scattered army, Colonel Maynard had ideas of his own upon the subject, and it was his theory that everything worked more smoothly if the band had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at his comrades, strolled hesitatingly over to the desk, balanced unsteadily on one leg, and with his hands sticking in his trouser pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accosted his absorbed superior:

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