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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1894.

TIN-PLATE FROM "BILLETS."

Last Saturday the *Argus-News* copied a press telegram announcing the opening of a new tin plate-mill at Mid-dleton which was attended by the tin-plate manufacturers all over the State. The telegram further stated that the plant when in full operation will employ 400 skilled workmen at good salaries, and that it is very complete in every department and the only plant in Indiana that makes tin plate from the billet. One is astonished that the *Argus-News* should print this telegram so conspicuously, as it has been the policy of Democratic newspapers to deny that there was any tin-plate mills in the country or that tin-plate could be manufactured in the United States. From the time that this industry began to grow in 1891 until now the Democratic press and speakers have most industriously ridiculed the reports that tin-plate mills were being started here and there all over the country. It shows, however, that the Democratic newspapers are making some progress and are keeping pace with the march of events. The next thing that astonishes one is the ignorance that the *Argus-News* displays in its comments on this telegram. It asks:

Where does this tin billet come from? The JOURNAL would like to say that it is mined in the United States but it doesn't dare to. Then why was there such a protection placed on tin? Again we repeat there isn't a pound of tin being mined to-day in the United States. Will the JOURNAL deny this?

"Tin billet" is good. The *Argus-News* has the impression that tin-plate is rolled from block tin, the pure metal.

Tin-plates are thin sheets of iron or steel rolled from billets. The "billet" referred to in the telegram are steel, as this is the metal now mostly used in making tin-plate, and of course the ore was mined and manufactured into steel in the United States. These thin sheets are afterward coated with tin by dipping them in a bath of that metal which makes the completed sheets of tin for market. Tin plates are sheets of iron or steel which have been coated in a similar manner with an alloy of tin and lead, and which are used for roofing purposes. From 95 to 98 per cent of the total weight of a box of tin-plates when completed is composed of iron or steel. As to why there was such a protection on the pure tin THE JOURNAL pointed out the other day. Tin had been found in different parts of the United States, notably California and the Black Hills of South Dakota, in sufficiently large quantities to justify the expectation that this country can in the near future supply a large part of the domestic demand for this article. A duty was therefore placed upon bar, block and pig tin to continue from July 1, 1893, to July 1, 1895, a period of two years for the purpose of encouraging the development of these mines. This duty was to continue only on condition that 5,000 tons of pig tin were produced in each of these years. If 5,000 tons were not produced in each of these years it should be admitted free of duty. This duty was only tentative. As to the arrogant statement that these is not a pound of tin being mined in the United States THE JOURNAL will say the Tamesca mines in California are at work and the product is being shipped to all parts of the country. To say that they were supplying the demand THE JOURNAL has at no time made such a statement. Until the Harney Peak mines became involved in litigation they were turning out a large quantity of block tin. Whatever may be said of the production of bar, block and pig tin this has been but a small part of the "tin-plate liar's" vocation. He has spent his force on the production of tin-plate, but like Othello, "his occupation's gone."

CHARLES G. POWELL has launched the Laporte *Republican*, a new Republican paper at Laporte. Mr. Powell was for a long time the editor of the Laporte *Herald* but has been out of the harness for about twelve years. He is a gentleman of more than ordinary newspaper ability and the first number of his new paper indicates that he has lost none of the acumen which formerly characterized his management of the *Herald*. THE JOURNAL welcomes Mr. Powell back into the editorial field.

The following little item from the Quincy, Ill., *Herald*, has considerable truth attached to it: "An old farmer, when urged by an implement dealer to buy a new binder, refused, saying he had nothing to sell but a lot of horses and could not sell them, for threshers were now run by steam, street cars were run by electricity, and this government was run by a lot of jackasses, and where does a horse come in anyway?"

WHILE THE *Argus-News* is quoting from Grover Cleveland and giving the quotations a prominent position in its editorial columns it might give this from the Wilson letter: "How can we face the people after indulging in such outrageous discriminations and violations of principle?"

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Not fancy, merely, or the rush Of feeling guides the pen or brush. As tins by tint, and line by line, The artist's hand grows the theme! We find with the crowning art Whose magic can alone impart To genius all its highest gains— The faculty of taking pains.

Lo, for the joy of years to be, Destined for immortality. We had the statue's marble grace. The loveliness of form and face. Not for the world's admiration sought With dirless hand and anxious thought, Till from the stone, with stroke on stroke, The unvelled beauty stirred and shone. The rapt musician, whose sweet strain Bids vanquished sorrow smile again. Threw his whole soul, the while he wrote, Into each heaven-aspiring note. Pausing thousand times before His judgment pasted on the front score, His holding mallet with a poor, He told the aged yet unborn:

They learn the secret of success, Who seek—content with nothing less— Perfection with no aim beside. And missing this, disatisfied! And they alone, in life's brief day, To fame and honor win their way. Who first achieved the highest gains, The strenuous art of taking pains. —J. R. EASTWOOD, in Quiver.

A VACATION MORNING.

Aunt Hetty and the College Girl Just Home from School.

Out under the rose-arbor in the pleasant front yard of the parsonage, Betty Dexter, the minister's only daughter, and her roommate at college, pretty Rose Houston, in their fresh summer gowns are chattering with Mamma Dexter while they received a great dish of strawberries from their stems.

Betty, a college senior now, was scarcely a beauty, though her handsome, smiling brown eyes made one forget any little irregularity of feature. And though everyone in college, at least in the upper classes, knew that she was only a minister's daughter, and though any girl with half an eye could trace the transmigration progress in her hats and dress, and the church and store once a week, then a glimpse of handsome buildings, broad lawns diversified with picturesque cottages and groups of pretty girls scattered about under the trees, of art treasures gleaming in marble whiteness, of smooth waters covered with dancing boats rowed by girlish oarsmen, of study parlors decorated and cushioned in the last and daintiest fashion of college girls—then, I say, looking over photographs ceases to be commonplace.

Betty had no end of pleasant stories to tell of the college life; of its good times and disappointments; of the days when she visited the great city and walked through the busy streets which Aunt Hetty had never seen; of the concert when Betty had been showered with roses by her enthusiastic classmate, and how some of the roses were as large across as a saucer, and so sweet; of the days when she worked so busily to refashion the three seasons' old hats or gowns into dainty confections fit to be worn by the sides of the gay headgear of her companions. She lived over again all her pleasant college days, her freshman hopes, sophomore ambitions and junior triumphs. She brought out Rose's banjo and made Aunt Hetty's face shine with youthful delight as she sang the lively boating songs and rollicking tunes beloved of college girls and men. For Aunt Hetty had been a lively girl, too, in her day, and loved merry times. She would always be a little gayer in spirit, a little less likely to sit down in her old brown, worn room and think of her bereavements, than she had been; and once in awhile, out in the little orchard where not even the hired man could hear her, or by the winter hearth when the wise cat was asleep, she would hum to herself, with great satisfaction, some of these college airs.

"And here comes over the hill a reward for two busy young housekeepers," said Mrs. Dexter's working basket, was a volume of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which the ladies had been reading in turn.

"There is such a musical swing to those last verses," said Rose, "that one is forced to remember them."

"Who gives himself with his aims feeds three—

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—Helen M. North, in Demorest's Magazine.

And here comes over the hill a reward for two busy young housekeepers," said Mrs. Dexter's working basket, as the sound of a tally-horn from the coach of a neighboring mountain resort was heard rolling in peculiar cadence among the echoes. "It is a charming day for a coaching party."

A nearer sound, however, attracted their attention before the coach could reach the gate—a sound of the querulous, high, cracked voice of an old woman in gown and bonnet that may have been bravely fashionable fifty years ago.

"So glad to find you at home, Betty, and your ma, too. Walked all the way from Chatham Mills on purpose to see you and hear all about the college. I hadn't seen ye in a long time, and I have been longing for a sight of your sweet face."

They gave her cordial greeting this old Aunt Hetty from Blake's Corners, and Betty kissed, with genuine affection, the withered face, once upwardly beautiful and now shining with inward goodness, which action Rose noticed with a bit of jealousy; but Rose expected her friends to be very loyal to her, and loyalty, from her standpoint, meant caring much for her and little for others. It was a part of her education and perhaps no one could blame her. Indeed, one reason why she had so gladly accepted the invitation to the parsonage had been that she wished to have Rose all to herself. At college some one was always seeking her, but here she thought it would be otherwise. Yesterday, however, there had been a Sunday-school class to entertain, and here was the old lady. The coaching party would take them both away, no doubt, and certainly at Mrs. Dexter's age, she and the daughter would be the proper one to entertain Aunt Hetty. So Rose settled the affairs in her own mind.

It was a gay company on the great couch, with a little grist of a bougher and twenty young people on top, while the chaperons were snugly bestowed inside. If you doubt who else may find space on a mountain tally-ho, just present the problem and the couch to a party of that size, on a fine summer morning, and they will speedily prove the truth of my statement.

Two smiling young men, in summer flannels, and cheeks reddened by the brisk drive, were on the ground before the coach had time to stop, and were making their salutations to the ladies and their request to Mrs. Dexter.

They were going to Eagle Cliff for a day's outing; party well chaperoned, horses and driver absolutely reliable. Could the young ladies join them? And a chorus of girlish voices added their echoes, while the boy-bugler blew a delately suggestive little songlet out into the air by way of patterning invitation.

Aunt Hetty's old eyes, filled with tears of disappointment, but she bravely tucked them back before anyone could see them—so she thought.

"Get up at five o'clock, Luce, to catch a ride on his milk-cart, and then walked three miles more from the

mill in the hot sun, and all for nothing," she was thinking. "But, dear me! I was a pretty girl once myself, and had my good times, too." So it chanced that what she said, in all sincerity and earnestness, was almost convincing. "Do go right along, Betty. I shall be over again in a few days, mabbe, and this will give me a nice chance to visit with your ma." And by avoiding Betty's eye the old lady considered that she had made a very neat thing of her hard task.

Betty turned eagerly to Mrs. Dexter and waited; but Betty took the old, withered hands that were nervously clasping and unclasping in excitement, and without a shadow of regret on lips or in her heart, said:

"I am so much obliged to you, Tom, but I have other pleasures on hand for to-day. But Miss Houston will go, I think. You have never seen Eagle Cliff, dear," she continued, turning to her friend, "and it is glorious up there in the darkness of the pines."

But the sunny face of the helless was clouded with disappointment; and to hide that look from Aunt Hetty's sharp eyes, Betty drew her friend quietly away to the house to prepare for the drive.

"Tain't no matter about me at all," said Aunt Hetty. "Betty won't stay at home on my account, will she?" asked the wavering old voice.

"She said that she had some pleasant plans for to-day," answered the mother, with a loving glance down the walk where her daughter was waving her hand to the departing coaches.

You may think the girl was practicing self-denial; but her mother detected no trace of regret or disappointment in the dear face, and Aunt Hetty had one of the happiest days in her whole life—a day remembered with deepest gratitude to the last of her soon-closing life.

Looking over photographs is a commonplace amusement to most of us; but when one's eyes have seen just about the same sights year after year, for over fifty years, until the world seems made up of little brown farm houses and barns and sheds, and the church and store once a week, then a glimpse of handsome buildings, broad lawns diversified with picturesque cottages and groups of pretty girls scattered about under the trees, of art treasures gleaming in marble whiteness, of smooth waters covered with dancing boats rowed by girlish oarsmen, of study parlors decorated and cushioned in the last and daintiest fashion of college girls—then, I say, looking over photographs ceases to be commonplace.

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"It is a really," said Betty, "it is only the purest selfishness to be kind and generous to others, for the reward is so sweet."

"And here comes over the hill a reward for two busy young housekeepers," said Mrs. Dexter, as the sound of a tally-horn from the coach of a neighboring mountain resort was heard rolling in peculiar cadence among the echoes. "It is a charming day for a coaching party."

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