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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894.

WHAT Mr. Cleveland called "party perfidy and party dishonesty," the Democratic State platform of Indiana calls a "substantial measure of reform."

Mr. CLEVELAND said in his letter to Chairman Wilson: "You know how much I deprecated the introduction in the bill of the income tax feature." Indiana Democrats say in their platform that it is "a wise and equitable measure."

THE Democratic press is boasting that since the new tariff went into operation the Ohio Falls Car Works have started up. It was stupid in a man not to be able to foresee that a tariff of 40 per cent on sugar would start these car works, but then some folks are awfully dull.

"PERFIDIOUS and dishonest" is what the President called the Senate tariff bill, better known as the Hawley-McCormick law, christened as such in honor of the head of the sugar trust. Yet the Democrats fell over themselves in the House in passing it. And Brookshire answered "aye" when his name was called.

THE harvest of Democratic reform continues. Only this week the glass-workers of the entire country through their representatives met at Muncie and signed the scale of wages for the coming year. This scale makes a reduction of 22 1/4 per cent. Workingmen who have to bear this reduction are beginning to see what the free trade policy of the Administration means to this country. They are rapidly learning how they were fooled two years ago.

SEVERAL prominent leaders of labor on Labor Day contributed to the New York *Herald* their conception of the day and its lessons. Mr. Powderly who for many years was at the head of the Knights of Labor rises above the nation that organization is the only thing needful, and discusses the National forces which have so greatly affected labor this year. He grasps the question with much vigor and asks: "England was in doubt while this Congress sat like a coroner on the prosperity of the Nation; she is no longer in doubt. When her strikes cease ours begin anew. I would like to know whether we were legislating for England or the United States?"

The New York Times of November 10, 1891, said:

There never was anything whatever in those Pittsburg stories of tin-plate factories. Nobody ever thought of investing a dollar in a TIN-PLATE factory in this country. The Times has repeatedly stated this fact.

What was said by the Times was taken up by the Democratic press and repeated in all its variations. The Review said there would not be a sufficient supply manufactured to cover THE JOURNAL building. The Rockville Tribune said there would not be enough tin-plate made in this country to supply the State of Rhode Island, while the Lafayette Journal called it the "Republican Elwood tin-plate fake," and so on through the whole directory of Democratic newspapers the tin-plate factories were satirized, burlesqued and lampooned.

## SHIFTING RESPONSIBILITY.

The Argus-News doesn't care a fig so it says, who wrote the sugar schedule in the Senate tariff bill, but thinks the important question is, "who was responsible for its passage instead of a free sugar bill?" AS THE JOURNAL knows it will proceed to enlighten its esteemed contemporaries. On the 3d day of July, 1894, at about 10:30 o'clock at night, the Senate reached the final vote on the tariff bill. The vote stood 39 "yeas" to 34 "nays." The 39 Senators who voted for the bill were all Democrats with the exception of two Populists, Allen and Kyle. The 34 Senators who voted against the bill were all Republicans except two Populists, Peffer and Stewart, and one Democrat, Hill of New York. The bill was then sent to a conference committee, where it was cussed and discussed until the 14th day of July, when a disagreement was reported to each House. It was on this day that Chairman Wilson created such a sensation by sending to the Clerk's desk and had read the celebrated letter from the President in which he characterized the bill passed by the Senate as a bill of "party perfidy and party dishonesty." The result was that neither the Senate nor the House would recede, and the bills were again sent to conference. Here they remained until the 14th day of August, when Chairman Wilson moved that the order requesting a conference be rescinded, that the House conferees be discharged, and that the House recede from its disagreement to the Senate amendment and agree to the same. The Senate bill then passed the House by a vote of 182 "ayes," all Democrats and Populists, and 13 "nays," all Republicans and 13 Democrats. The Democrats fairly tumbled over each other in their anxiety to vote for the bill of "party perfidy and party dishonesty." The responsibility for the passage of the bill which takes sugar from the free list and places it on the dutiable list at 40 per cent, ad valorem belongs exclusively to the Democratic party.

## A MINER'S LUCK-PENNY.

The Romance of a Daughter of the Australian Mines.

1892.

It is Saturday night on an Australian gold field. The bar of the "Jolly Diggers" is crowded.

News has gone abroad that "Dog" Kellaray has broken out again, and as he always takes care to have his little bouts remembered a crowd soon collects.

On this particular Saturday he has set himself to try conclusions with "Kangaroo Jack" of the Midas claim. It is a gorgeous struggle— even old "Wall-Eyed Bill," who is exacting in such matters, is compelled to admit that. They fight anyhow and everywhere, under tables and under chairs—while the lamps flare, the dogs bark and the crowd expresses its admiration in language full of picturesque detail.

"Kangaroo Jack" tires after the twenty-sixth round, and his friends carry him to his tent minus one eye and plus concussion of the brain.

Then, when "Dog" Kellaray counts his broken fingers, every one suddenly remembers the ungrateful state of his tent and vanishes into the darkness, not to reappear until the sound of the coach horn is heard on Portugee hill.

The arrival of the weekly coach, bearing her majesty's mails, is an occasion of great importance, and ranks even before new finds or Wardens' decisions.

About eleven o'clock the coach creaks and groans up the street, to pull up before the flaming lights of the "Jolly Diggers." It is a curious, lumbering old construction riding on leather springs and drawn by five strong horses—a sort of badly brought-up cross between an antique mourning coach and a dilapidated Indian ghillie.

The driver, to whom is intrusted the lives and hereafter of the half-hundred passengers, travels the two hundred and forty miles between the gold fields and civilization twice weekly, and is always preternaturally thirsty. Custom, however, forbids his leaving the box before he has seen his horses unharnessed and led away and exchanged the usual pleasantries with his own particular admirers. When in due time he does descend, passengers, diggers, loafers and dogs escort him into the hotel and in half an hour the excitement is over.

On this occasion, however, it is destined to last longer; "Dog" Kellaray, advancing, invites the driver to take refreshment.

After complying with the request, that individual gets out to the vehicle, to return with a bundle. Then, unwrapping the shawls, he places on the table a baby girl. She cannot be more than two years old, and is fast asleep, her little head and its pretty curls pillowled on one tiny arm.

Every one presses round to look, with the exception of "Dog" Kellaray, who has no curiosity in the matter of babies. Then questions pour in thick and fast: "Whose is it?" "Where'd ye get the kiddy, matey?" "Whose youngster is it, Bill?" etc.

Any other man would be bewildered—not so Bill Burns. He says slowly and solemnly, as if aware of his unique importance: "For 'Dog' Kellaray, 'What?' shouts a gentleman, "that's a lie, you Bill! Who says the kid's for me?"

"I do," replies the driver. "Poll Waite of Wild Dog shov'd it aboard, along with its duds, for ye. The little un's father pegged out on Saturday—'Flash Dick' of Wild Dog creek. Is last words was: 'Sen' the kid to my old mate 'Dog' Kellaray; an' so I fetched it along, and the passengers made up the fare among 'em, so there's nothin' to pay—their!"

"Old Dick pegged out," the "Dog" mumbles slowly—"old Dick pegged out an' sent's kid to me!"

The crowd is so tickled with the idea that it ventures upon a laugh.

The laugh decides him, and, stepping up alongside the sleeping child, he sings out: "The kid's mine, an' the man as laughs agin' er laughs agin' me. Now let's see 'im as is game to grin."

He has evidently gone home, for no one answers.

Sunday morning, and "Dog" Kellaray's claim is the center of attraction. The little arrival of the previous night plays about his tent door. The "Dog," fearing harm to her from his crowd of visitors, carefully defines his boundary, and threatens dire penalties on the head of any man who crosses it.

News, news!—great and glorious news!

News which runs like wildfire through the Field, which flies from tent to tent—from the police cell on the hill to Dutch Joe's across the flat, past the Eureka, down to the Day-dawn—never stopping until everyone has heard it.

"Dog" Kellaray's proverbial bad luck has turned at last—he has bottomed on the Lead, the new claim has turned up trumps with a vengeance!

It is full of gold—specks, specimens and nuggets. Not nuggets as small as peas, but large as teacups. Not here and there, but in a big deep lead, a fortune at every drive of the pick.

The Luck-penny, who has been sleeping in the shadow of the tent, watches and chuckles at a piece of glittering mica. In his excitement the "Dog" sings out:

"Boys! 'tis 'er as done it; there's the lass that brought me luck!"

Three p. m. More excitement!

A nugget weighing fifty pounds.

The monster of the Field, a wonder of the country, and a fortune to its finder.

Picks and shovels are thrown down, the roar of cradles and shuie-boxes stops as if by magic, and the excited crowd starts at a run for the claim.

On their arrival "Dog" Kellaray says nothing, but for the second time he carefully points out his boundary. He places his revolver on the cradle, ready to his hand, and bless you! the crowd understands what he means by that.

The Luck-penny sucks her thumb and crows contentedly; womanlike, she knows she is the center of attraction.

When the last visitor has departed the "Dog" picks her up, and says, emphatically:

"Kinchin! It's you as brought the luck to the old man. Now, look here, three parts of that claim belongs to you, it does."

And he meant it.

1892.

A bright, fresh morning, with a few

white clouds scattered about the heavens, the better to enhance the blueness of the sky beyond. A happy spring breeze dashing round corners, and playing the very mischief with silk hats and dainty skirts, whistling through telegraph wires, and covering the harbor with a coating of continuous white foam. A morning on which to feel thankful for existence.

It is easily seen that something unusual is affecting the inhabitants of Potts Point, that fashionable suburb of luxurious Sydney.

At St. Mary's church door I find a large crowd assembled, representing all ranks of society, and, for the first time, obtained some dim idea of the event I am about to witness. In order to make doubly sure I question an ancient lady, whose dress suggests connection with some charitable institution.

At first she seems inclined to treat my thirst for information with contempt, but finally a desire for gossip overcomes her reticence, and she descends to tell me all in one breath that "This 'ere is to be the weddin' o' Miss Athelwood; not but that 'er name ain't Athelwood, but Kellaray. 'Er as dow'd the alms'ouses down the street—when times bein' bad an' a lone widder as ad' no 'usband an' whose son is don' is last stretch, bein' as innocent as a babe unborn. An' rheumatiz' bein' that bad, she would curse, only she wouldn't. And Miss O'Sullivan, as lives in No. 9, said as 'ow Miss Athelwood was worth well-nigh half million of money if she was worth a penny—not but that she shouldn't be seen' as 'ow she had been born on the gold diggin's, and every one known them was good times. And a prettier and better lady never stopped, beggin' 'er pardon for sayin' so."

The old woman, once started, was hard to stop. But I was interested in Miss Athelwood, so ventured an inquiry as to her parentage.

"Lydia E. Pinkham deserves the confidences shown upon her by thousands. Her Vegetable Compound has done more for women than any other remedy.

"The great cause of woman's misery is in her womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound goes direct to the source of trouble, drives out disease, and cures backache, fainting, despondency, bloating, ovarian troubles, and leucorrhœa."

"I would have been in my grave if I had not taken Mrs. Pinkham's medicines."—Mrs. HANNAH HYDE, Bethel, Ind.

## A WOMAN'S LIFE.

SOME THINGS MEN DON'T CONSIDER

Thousands of Women Suffer Daily for Years without Complaining.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]  
Men cannot know the sensibilities hidden in the delicate organisms of women. Thousands suffer without knowing why, and die daily for want of knowledge that relief is so close at hand.

Lydia E. Pinkham will forever stand highest in the love of suffering women.

Because she discovered the cause of woman's weakness and suffering, and found the means to remove it.

Diseases of the Uterus and ovarian troubles are most universal; you can see their ravages in pale faces it is indicated by halting steps, dizziness, faintness, irritability, melancholy, extreme lassitude, nervousness, and disturbances of the stomach.

You will hear your friends speak of the dreadful "backache," the crushing sense of "bearing down."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for twenty years has saved women from all this. Hear this woman speak:—

"No man ever suffered a single pang like unto woman."

Women, therefore, gladly turn to a woman for sympathy, counsel, and help in their peculiar troubles.

Lydia E. Pinkham deserves the confidences shown upon her by thousands. Her Vegetable Compound has done more for women than any other remedy.

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## FEND YOUR OUTING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

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only requires some simple supportive like a glass of milk, a cup of tea or coffee, or a dose of Sarsaparilla to relieve it; but when you have real disease lurking in your system, you need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

For every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, the most stubborn Skin Scalp, or Scrofulous affections— even Consumption, or Lung-scarfola in its earlier stages—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most positive remedy extant. Send for free pamphlet. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, return my money and bottle and have your money refunded. We cannot make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy. Large sizes \$5 and \$1.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure of the most dreadful habitual sick headache, yielding its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy.

Try best bargains ever offered in printed Jap. silks at Bischof's this week. Don't fail to see them.

Try It.

For a lame back or a pain in the side or chest, try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it onto the affected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Booze, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Blisters, Sores, Ulcers, Sore Rheum, Feyer, Sores, Tetter