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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

The farmers all along the Canadian border are hit hard by the Gorman law, and are impatient to have a chance to whack the Democratic party at the polls.

The Covington *Republican* suggests that when Mr. Brookshire goes into Fountain county during the campaign he will fight shy of \$1.25 wheat. It is mean on the part of the *Republican* to remind the people of the Congressman's speeches of 1892.

The other day in one of our leading grocery stores a life-long Democrat declared that he had voted the Democratic ticket for the last time and emphasized his declaration with some adjectives not at all complimentary to the party in power. Another Democrat standing by twitted him and accused him of being a "turncoat." "Yes," said he, "I would turn my coat a dozen times rather than wear it wrong side out." The Bourbon could not reply.

CONGRESSMAN BROOKSHIRE made quite a concession in his *Sentinel* interview when he said: "The masses of the people are able to think for themselves and will think and act for the right." The people of Vermont and Maine it seems are able to think for themselves and have acted for the right. The masses of the Eighth District will act in the same manner. The last eighteen months have caused them to do a good deal of thinking. They have had an object lesson.

SUGAR has already advanced one cent on the pound and instead of getting 20 and 22 pounds for \$1 the purchaser only gets 17 pounds. After the election it will go up another cent and only 15 pounds will go for \$1. Next New Year's when the sugar schedule goes into effect it will jump another cent and the purchaser will carry home only 12 or 13 pounds. The sugar trust through Democratic legislation have the country by the throat, but then "sugar being of such universal use it is an ideal article for taxation."

ONE of the first good results of woman suffrage in Colorado is that the recent Republican convention of that State recommended that the age of consent for girls be raised from sixteen to twenty-one years. Doubtless such a law will be passed by the next Colorado Legislature and there will be no other reason for it except woman suffrage. The age of consent in most States is ridiculously low. In Indiana it is only twelve years. It is one of the disgraces of our civilization that a woman may consent to her own ruin several years before she is allowed to be bound in honorable marriage. If woman suffrage will prevent this anomaly let us have it in every State.

We would like to have THE JOURNAL tell how many, if any, laboring men in Montgomery county have had their wages reduced on account of the passage of the Senate bill.—*Argus News.*

We would like to have the *Argus News* tell how many, if any, laboring men in Montgomery county have had their wages increased on account of the passage of the Senate bill. While you are about it state also how many of the unemployed have been given employment by reason of the passage of the bill. State also how much it has advanced the price of wool. How much more is the farmer receiving for his wheat? How many more pounds of sugar he receives for \$1? How much has it reduced the poor man's house rent? Has the cost of bread and flour come down? Are not meat and vegetables which the poor man consumes just as dear as they ever were? Does he get his fuel and lights for less money? And altogether does not the laboring man get less work and are not his living expenses as great as they ever were?

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND in his letter to Congressman Brookshire—no, we mean Congressman Catchings,—said: "The trusts and combinations—the communism of self—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserved should not be forgotten or forgiven."

Congressman Brookshire said to President Cleveland—no, we mean the Indianapolis *Sentinel*—

It is believed that the work already done in Congress has convinced the masses of the people that a party is now in power that has set about, with courage and fidelity, to equalize the burdens of taxation.

The Congressman will find that the monopolists are neither forgotten nor forgiven, nor the Democratic Congress that surrendered to them, nor the Democratic President who could only perceive in the Gorman sugar schedule "a delicate question" involving "no danger of running counter to Democratic principle." When Mr. Brookshire talks about "courage and fidelity" we are reminded of Tom Johnson's speech on the day that the House so "courageously" surrendered to the Senate when he said: "Voting for the Wilson bill I can eat crow, but this crow is now too big and black for me to swallow." But the bigger and blacker the crow the more appetizing it is for our Congressman.

CRAZY JIM.

The Story of How His Life Was Ruined.

In the gathering twilight at the close of a winter afternoon an old man was shuffling along a rough country road. The sky was somber and the landscape bleak. Cheerlessness pervaded the entire scene. The environment of the man was singularly in harmony with his forlorn appearance and misfortunes. Like the trees that had been deprived of their summer foliage and waved bare, gaunt branches over his head, he had lost what is beautiful and joyful in life.

The air was bitterly cold, and the aged traveler shivered in his insufficient clothing. From head to foot his aspect was that of a tramp. His misshapen old soft hat with holes in its crown, the dirty comforter around his neck, the tattered suit of clothes, his great coarse shoes broken open at the sides, all bore testimony to the poverty and neglect which he endured. But his bent figure, his dull, sad face, wrinkled and peaked, showing the effects of a continual struggle with discomforts, contributed far more to his pathetic appearance than did his bad apparel.

He carried in his hand a rough and heavy stick, which he used as a cane, and now and then he thumped it against the ground with an energy surprising in one who looked so feeble. His eyes, never wandering to the right nor to the left, were bent steadfastly downward. The mind of the singular being was absorbed with troubled thoughts; he muttered continually and quickly, and occasionally shook his head like one who was filled with perplexity.

At a turn in the road a few rods ahead of him two boys came in sight and gazed at him curiously. One of the boys had recently arrived from the city to visit his grandmother, who lived in the neighborhood. He regarded the approaching stranger with some alarm, but his companion quickly reassured him.

"It is only Crazy Jim," said Robert Mallory. "He looks savage, but he would not harm a mouse."

"I am glad to hear you say he is harmless, for I was afraid he might attack us with that big stick," answered Thomas Berkins.

"He does not look at any person or talk to anyone unless he is first spoken to," said Robert.

"What's the matter with him?" "He is love cracked, they say. It is the usual story which we hear about these old hermits who bury themselves in woods and caves. It is related that when he was a young man he was uncommonly smart and handsome. He dressed well, indeed, was rather well-to-do, and though to look at him now one can scarcely believe it. His folks were respectable, but not wealthy. He fell in love with the daughter of a millionaire, and she was just as much in love as he was; but her cruel father separated them, and a few years later she married somebody else. Jim became melancholy and partially lost his wits. After his parents died he wandered away from home, and has had no one to care for him since. For twenty years he has lived in a hole in the midst of a forest about a mile from here."

Robert ceased talking as Jim was about to pass the boys.

"Hello, Jim," cried the country lad. "How do you?" answered Jim, absently. "Where's your mind, old man?"

"It's with her. Oh, I cannot find her, I cannot find her! Will not the good Lord ever let me see her face again?"

There was a pathos in the trembling tones which prevented the boys from disturbing Jim with further questions.

A few days later the two friends visited the hermit's abode. He was not there, but the door was open and they walked in. It did not take long to satisfy their curiosity. The hut, hovel, it can be called, had no floor, and on the ground were scattered the wretched belongings, consisting of a small rusty stove in one corner, a few cooking utensils, an ax, piles of wood, dilapidated wearing apparel and miscellaneous articles of small value. Slung from two big hooks was the hammock in which the hermit slept. The dirt and disorder disgusted the boys, and they were about to leave when Thomas saw on the only shelf in the one apartment a small Bible which had evidently been placed there with care. He opened the book and read on an unprinted page next to the title page these words: "James A. Symington. From his friend Mabel E. Conroy." Thomas turned pale and stared at the words, reading them several times as if he were spell-bound. He put the book back on the shelf and controlling with difficulty the intense excitement under which he labored, joined his companion. The two walked into the open air, and soon were beyond the borders of the forest.

Thomas went to the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Harrington, which was a large and handsome house about three miles distant from the abode of Crazy Jim. Mrs. Harrington was a widow, aged sixty-five years. She had not lived happily with her husband, and after his death had retired to the country residence just mentioned, there to spend, far from the city friends with whom she had been long intimate, the remainder of a disappointed life. She possessed a striking countenance, bordered with snow-white hair, and in her youth must have been very handsome. But her severe trials, aided by the inroads of age, had caused her face to assume a stern and wrinkled aspect. The habitual expression in her eyes was serious and melancholy. As might be expected, her temper had not been improved by her unpleasant experiences, and for the most part she was not a particularly agreeable companion. Nevertheless, she was a woman of strict integrity and of honorable purpose, and capable of strong attachments, so that had her lot in life been happy she would have enjoyed a serene and beautiful old age. As it was the arrival of Thomas Berkins, her favorite grandson, had cheered her somewhat, and she was glad to have him spend the summer days with her until it was necessary for him to return to school in the city where his parents lived.

Thomas had plenty of leisure time for rambling about the country, and visited the hut of the hermit frequently. At first the old man was shy and distant, but the friendly manner of the boy finally won his confidence, and the relations between the two became very cordial. Jim was sometimes quite rational, and told interesting stories concerning his travels in his younger days, but he was often funny and melancholy, and when Thomas found him in that condition he did not remain with him long.

One day Jim called at the home of Mrs. Harrington to ascertain whether Thomas was there. It was the first time he had ever approached the residence, it having been his custom for many years only to stop at such houses as were occupied by the few old acquaintances who gave him food.

It happened that the servant girl was out and Mrs. Harrington herself came to the door. "Is Thomas Berkins in the house?" asked the old man. "No," answered Mrs. Harrington sharply, while she regarded the caller with a suspicious eye. "What do you want of him?"

"I just wanted to see him a few minutes. He is quite a friend of mine, you know."

"A friend of yours. I am surprised. You are not a fit associate for a respectable boy."

"Perhaps not, ma'am, I am an old tramp now, but I was once as respectable as you are. A big misfortune ruined me. None of us can tell what we may become before we die."

The last remark, as well as the sad and sincere manner of the man, caused Mrs. Harrington to relent. She thought of her own embittered life and her lonely old age. She remembered herself as a bright, hopeful girl, full of merit, and she sighed as she realized that she had been transformed into a sour and severe old woman.

"I too, have known misfortune," she said, "and I am sorry if I have offended you. I have plenty, while you are evidently very poor. Cannot I assist you, in some way, to better your condition?"

"No, I am too old to change. I am only waiting for death. I thank you for your kindness, but there is nothing you can do for me."

Crazy Jim turned away and walked to the road, followed by the pitying eyes of Mrs. Harrington. He was rational enough during the conversation, but the talk had reached the haunting memory of his early misfortune, and soon he was muttering wildly to himself.

After supper that day Mrs. Harrington told her nephew about the call of the old hermit, and then cautioned the boy not to continue to associate with so singular a character, on the ground that although he might be the victim of a great misfortune, he was not now a suitable companion for a respectable boy.

"I can tell you a secret," replied Thomas, "which may cause you to regard Crazy Jim differently than you now do. I have thought that perhaps I ought to keep the secret, as it might do no good to reveal it, and might even cause you pain, but now that Jim has called here, and the circumstances are what they are, I think I had better speak. You yourself have told me that when you were a young woman, your father compelled you to break your engagement with a young man to whom you were devotedly attached, and to marry a man whom you did not love, and with whom you afterwards lived unhappily. I hope it will not startle you, but that rejected lover is now no other than Crazy Jim."

"Impossible!" cried the old lady, thoroughly excited.

"Not at all. In his hut a few weeks ago I found a Bible in which were written these words: 'James A. Symington. From his friend Mabel E. Conroy.' He had evidently preserved this Bible with much care."

Mrs. Harrington turned pale and leaned her head on one hand and with shaded her eyes. Her emotions were profoundly stirred and she could not speak except in trembling accents.

"Yes, it must be true," she at last said. "I remember well the day on which I gave him that Bible. How happy we were then. Neither of us had any suspicion of the dark days that his future contained for us. Poor fellow, I heard after my marriage that he had partially lost his mind on account of his great disappointment, and, indeed, there were years when I suffered terribly. How greatly he has changed! But, since you have told me this secret, I can see that there is a resemblance that makes it just possible for me to believe that he was once the handsome youth whom I knew."

A few days later Mrs. Harrington was stricken with pneumonia. Finding that her strength was rapidly failing, she called her nephew to her bedside and said:

"I feel that I am about to die and wish you to do me one more favor. On the top of the heap in this room you will find a photograph of myself taken when I was young and beautiful. Carry it to James Symington and ask him to return for it to send me the Bible I gave him."

Thomas did as he was bidden. The hermit received the picture in an ecstasy of delight, and could not gaze at it enough. He readily gave the Bible with his blessing to carry to the woman whom he had so faithfully loved.

When Mrs. Harrington died the little book lay by her side, and the day after the funeral Thomas visited the hut of the hermit, and found him lying dead in his hammock, his glazed eyes directed toward the photograph, which was still retained by the fingers of one stiffened hand.

May we not hope that the two loyal lovers who had been so long parted, and who had suffered so much, were united in Heaven after being endowed with immortal youth?—J. A. Bolles, in Boston Budget.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & THURX Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

WALKER sale revived on winter goods at Bischof's.

In Childhood's Happy Days. Among the incidents of childhood that stand out in bold relief, as our memory reverts to the days when we were young, none are more prominent than severe sickness. The young mother vividly remembers that it was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured her of croup, and in turn administered it to her own offspring and always with the best results. For sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.



SAILED THE SEAS 38 YEARS.

One of His Experiences.

For thirty-eight years Capt. Lead followed the sea, most of that time as master of a vessel, and upon retiring from the water was appointed one of the United States Treasury to superintend the seal fisheries in Alaska, which position he held five years. He relates one experience as follows: "For several years I had been troubled with general nervousness and pain in the region of my heart. My greatest affliction, was sleeplessness; it was almost impossible at any time to obtain rest and sleep without benefit. Dr. Miles' remedies advertised I began using. After taking a small quantity the benefit received was so great that I was positively alarmed, thinking the remedy contained more than anything I had ever taken. I was not long in being assured by the druggist that it was perfectly harmless. I continued to use it together with the Heart Cure. Today I can conscientiously say that Dr. Miles' Remedy Nervine and New Heart Cure did more for me than anything I had ever taken. I had been treated by eminent physicians in New York and London, and without benefit. I owe my present good health to the judicious use of these most valuable remedies, and heartily recommend them to all afflicted as I was."—Capt. A. P. Lead, Hampton, Me. Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or by Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. They are free from all opiates and dangerous drugs. Sold by all druggists.



Nothing that will make the State Fair at Indianapolis interesting this year will be the racing. The big purses offered and the splendid track will doubtless attract a large number of the best horses in the country. Records will be smashed and the best horses will win. The racing will be exceptionally propitious as no other big racing meeting will interfere. All lovers of the track sports should attend this fair.

The show of fine horses promises to eclipse anything ever seen in the State and the indications for a first-class show of all kinds of stock were never better. The \$20,000 offered in premiums will attract exhibitors from all parts of the country, and competition will be strong in all departments. The people of the State should take more interest in the State Fair than in late years. It is an institution worthy of support, but it can only be maintained by the interest and attention of the citizens of the whole State. Look out for further announcements and make your arrangements to attend.

MUSIC HALL.

Three Nights Only

COMMENCING

MONDAY, SEPT. 17th,

Engagement of the Dainty Little Comedienne.

Madge Tucker,

SUPPORTED BY

Wm. T. Gaskell,

And her Merry Company of Players.

On Monday night they will present the beautiful comedy drama,

MAN AND MASTER

Change of Play Nightly. New Songs and Dances.

An elegant gold watch will be given to the holder of the lucky number Wednesday night.

Prices:—10, 20 and 30 Cents.

Half Fare to the State Fair.

The Big Four will sell tickets to Indianapolis all of next week at half fare, good returning until Monday, September 24. This rate is made on account of the State fair and to accommodate the public the evening train for Crawfordsville and way stations will leave Indianapolis at 6:00 instead of 5:05. Go and see the fair or "The Last Days of Pompeii."

"Royal Ruby" Bye Whisky is "a Rye as is a Rye," naturally ripened and free from all foreign flavor and adulterants, guaranteed pure and over eleven years of age, recommended to the connoisseur as a meritorious article worthy of the confidence of invalids, convalescents and the aged. \$1.25 per quart bottle. Sold by Nye & Booe, Druggists.

A Good Thing to Keep at Hand.

From the *Troy, (Kansas) Chief*: Some years ago we were very much subject to severe spells of cholera morbus; and now when we feel any of the symptoms that usually precede that ailment such as sickness at the stomach, diarrhoea, etc., we become scared. We have found Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the very thing to straighten out one in such cases and always keep it about. We are not writing this for a pay testimonial, but to let our readers know what is a good thing to keep handy in the house. For sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.

Try It.

For a lame back or for 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 & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt, Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped 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.

SUCCESSFUL

No word better describes the result of our great

Discount Sale

Which has now been in progress for seven weeks. We have succeeded in reducing our stock to a great degree, and increasing our sales 35 per cent over the same period of any previous year, and its all because people are beginning to realize we always tell the truth in our advertisements.

"If you see it in Bischof's 'Ad' its so."

However we are not fully satisfied yet because we have many lines remaining that we greatly desire to get out of the house. Not because they are not desirable, but because we need the room for our Winter Stock which is now arriving. Many of the lots are too small for mention in our ad, but we will say that most of the items mentioned in our last week's ad are to be had. In addition we submit the following as worthy your consideration:

20 dozen of those mended Kid Gloves which we have been selling at 49c, goods worth from \$1 to \$2 per pair, but more or less damaged, most black, at..... 29c pair
1,000 Fan Veils, all colors and black, worth 25c to 40c each, at 3 for 25c or..... 9c each
1,000 yds Velling in good styles and qualities, colors and black, worth 15 to 25c yd, at..... 7c yard
500 Folding Jap. Fans in good shades, good for 15c each, at..... 6c each
1,000 yds printed Japanese Silk in dark grounds with colored figures, well worth 35c yd, at..... 19c yard
300 yds striped Kai Kai Silks, white grounds with colored woven stripes, will wash..... 33 1/2c yd
200 yds Printed Jap. Silks, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 50c to 60c, at..... 37 1/2c yd
500 yds Printed Jap. Silks, 24-inch, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 75c yd, at..... 34c yd
100 pieces Fancy Light colored Prints Dress and Shirting Styles, worth 5 to 10 yds, at..... 5c yard
All our best prints including Simpson blacks and greys and best Turkey reds, at..... \$2.14
50 extra fine English Duck Suits, including linen colored one, worth \$3.50 to \$5.00, at..... 61c
75 Ladies' Duck and Pique Vests in white and fancy colors, worth \$1.50 each, at..... 83c each
20 doz Boys' Waists in Percal, Cheviot, etc., made to sell from 50c to \$1.00 each, at.....

LADIES' WAISTS AND WRAPPERS.

You all well know we have had the waist and wrapper trade of this city all summer and all because the goods were nicely made, fit perfectly, made of the best materials and at the lowest prices. All of this is true of them to-day. They are just as good but we need their room, so here are the prices:

25c waists are..... 19c
35 and 40c waists are..... 25c
50c waists are..... 38c
75c waists are..... 50c
\$1.00 waists are..... 69c
Higher qualities in same proportion. We have just 5 dozen and 4 Ladies' Wrappers in light colors which must go at the following rates:
10c wrappers at..... 75c
\$1.25 wrappers at..... 88c
\$1.50 wrappers at..... \$1.12
\$2.00 and \$2.25 wrappers at..... \$1.49

WASH DRESS GOODS.

The lots are too small to advertise separately, but many of the best patterns of the season remain and we have divided them into lots:

At 5c, worth..... 7 1/2c to 10c yd
7 1/2c, worth..... 10 to 30c yd
10c, worth..... 15c to 25c yd
15c, worth..... 25c to 40c yd
At 25c, all-wool Challies, French Organdies and Mulls, and Swiss Silks. You know the prices were 50c to 60c yd. A look at our east window will realize to you the extent of the bargains.

DOMESTICS.

Masonville, Lonsdale and Fruit of the Loom bleached muslin, worth 10c yd, at..... 6 1/2c yd
Good Brown Muslin at..... 4c yd
9-4 Brown Sheetting at..... 12 1/2c yd
Table Oil Cloth worth 20c at..... 12 1/2c yd

LINENS.

20 pieces all linen half bleach Damask, 56 inches wide, worth 40c, and the price..... 25c yd
10 pieces 54-inch wide Red Damask, fast colors, worth 25c yd, in this sale..... 17c yd
10 pieces Fancy Table Damask, Red, Blue and Brown color combinations, worth 35c yd, at..... 23c yd
1,000 yds Bleached Cotton Crash, worth 5c, at..... 3 1/2c yd

WALKER AUCTION SALE.

In addition to our Discount sale we will revive the Walker Sale on several items on winter goods we bought at the Walker auction, and not being salable at that time we stored them in our basement until you needed them. The time is here. The lots are small. They are yours at the following prices. Don't delay your buying. They will move quickly:

100 pair grey cotton blankets, good size and quality, worth 75c, at..... 50c pair
100 pair same quality in white, at..... 55c pair
150 pair Wool scarlet blankets, 10-4 size, worth \$2.50 pair, at..... \$1.49 pair
50 Bed Comforts, worth 50c each, at..... 29c each
50 Bed Comforts, worth 60c, at..... 39c each
50 Bed Comforts, worth 75c, at..... 49c each
100 Bed Comforts, worth \$1.00, at..... 69c each
100 pieces Heavy Scarlet Medicated Flannels, all wool, fast color, worth 25c yard, at..... 16 1/2c yd
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 7 1/2c, at..... 4c yard
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 10c, at..... 7c yard
100 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 12 1/2c, at..... 8 1/2c yd
50 Ladies' all wool Flannel Skirt Patterns, red and black stripes, worth \$1.00, at..... 49 cents

SEE THE ABOVE BARGAINS IN OUR WINDOW.

We have many other bargains but not the time or space to mention them. Come and see us on your smallest wish. We want your trade and it will pay you to trade at "The Big Store."

LOUIS BISCHOF.

"The Big Store." 127-129 E. Main St.

P. S. Don't fail to see our display at the fair this week. Also our show window attractions.