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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1894.

NEITHER Senator Voorhees nor the *Argus News* have accepted Theodore Justice's proposition to go into the wool business and make their pile.

We are all very keen to deny with emphasis, and profanity if need be, that there is insanity in our family until some esteemed relative dies and makes a will which does not suit us.

At last the potato conundrum has penetrated the cranium of the *Argus News*. It now sees it as *The Journal* corrected it two weeks ago. A fall of 50 cents in the price of a bushel of potatoes is not equivalent to a raise of 50 cents per day in a man's wages unless he bought a bushel of potatoes each day. It is equivalent to a raise of 50 cents in his wages only at each purchase of potatoes. The *Argus News* deserves credit for seeing this point in the short period of two weeks.

GERMANY proposes to retaliate against the United States because of the special discriminating duty imposed on sugar from export-bound paying countries by discriminating against our meat and breadstuffs. The treasury statistics of our trade with Germany, which would be affected against American meat and breadstuffs, show that our sales to that country last year amounted to \$20,000. This is opening up the markets of the world with a vengeance.

The *Argus News*, like all other Democratic papers, has no settled convictions on the tariff question that it can stick to longer than one day. It, with Cleveland, has always insisted that the tariff is always added to the price which the consumer must pay. This has been the corner stone of Democracy for years. But the *Argus News* knocks this time worth theory into a cocked hat by stating each day that sugar will not raise in price on account of the 40 per cent tariff recently placed on it. Will the *Argus News* continue through the campaign in straddling both horns of this dilemma?

The wholesale price of hard sugars was 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 one year ago. To-day it is 5 to 5 1/2, and yet *The Journal* has the nerve to say it is higher now.—*Argus News*.

Which, if true, goes to disprove the Democratic theory that the "tariff is a tax." What becomes of Mr. Cleveland's 1887 message in which he said that the "cost of an article is increased in price by precisely the amount of the duty?" If by placing a 40 per cent tariff rate on sugar makes it cheaper than it was when it was on the free list then the *Argus News* and the entire Democratic party should not be so averse to a tariff on everything else.

The *Argus News* has discovered an editorial in a late issue of the Chicago *Tribune* which it rolls under its tongue as a sweet morsel. *The Journal* is also the possessor of an editorial from the same paper of Nov. 8th, 1890, in which, speaking of the McKinley bill, it says:

Therefore as the weeks and months go by, the prices of goods, both foreign and domestic, will advance. Every week the price will go up, and notice that something is a little higher and will curse those who passed the bill. Finally in a year or so prices and the curses at the McKinley bill and the Congressmen who voted for it will reach the maximum."

Well, "weeks and months" have gone by and the "curses" are now at the "maximum"—but on the other side of the month.

HAPPY CANADIANS.

The Democratic theory has been that the "tariff is a tax and the consumer pays it," and there are some Democratic farmers who don't believe all they hear about losing their home market. Here is what a Canadian paper says about our new tariff law:

Mr. Charlton, M. P., a reliable authority, estimates that Canadians have been paying five millions a year into the United States treasury for the privilege of selling in the American market. The new tariff, except in the case of lumber, maintains duties on Canadian produce at a very much higher rate than the old.

The duty on horses has been reduced one-half, on barley 15 cents per bushel, on eggs 3 cents per dozen on sheep 75 cents per head, on poultry 2 cents per pound, and on horses \$10 to \$15 per head. The effect of this reduction will be felt in better prices for our produce and prove a earnest of what unrestricted trade between the two countries would do for our farmers. Taking the last trade returns as a basis our farmers will receive each year \$94,000 more for their horses, \$28,000 more for their sheep, \$140,000 more for their wool, \$23,000 more for their barley, and \$18,000 more for their hay than they have been getting.

From the Canadian's point of view he pays the duties and he naturally rejoices that they have been lowered so that the reduction can be added to his profits. The staples that our farmers raise must come in ruinous competition with the staples raised by the Canadians. The home market which the most valuable to the American farmer must now be shared with the Canadian farmer, and that too without any reciprocal duties from the fellows on the other side of the lakes as the Canadian tariff is just as high as it ever was on American products.

THE WESTERN EXPRESS.

Why Its Delay Caused a Happy Marriage.

"I love her, mother," said Guion Esterhall.

He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and bred—not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness are ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly.

"Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

"'Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No one is talking of diamonds."

"I may bring her to see you, mother?"

Mrs. Esterhall snook her head.

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort?"

"If you wish it, mother."

The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

"A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop girl for my daughter-in-law—for Mrs. Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening, in a pale-blue moire gown, cut decollete, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of hothouse roses in her corsage.

"If we are to have a private box," said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the sixteenth button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly.

Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica—fair, graceful and serene—with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluffy ringlets over her forehead, and an unchanging society smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendales belonged to the aristocracy—that is to say, they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wife for her son.

She went shopping the next day, to match a shade of Berlin wool to buy some lace doilies and to decide on new portieres for her drawing-room down at Esterhall manor. At one or two o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a jady-like sensation that "tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet restoration."

"I will go into Marietta's," she thought.

Marietta's was full, as it generally was at that time of day; but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drapery, as a party settled themselves to a table—Miss Chippendale's soft, well-modulated tones.

"On, yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie, "Ivings, please—a box-stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed, waiter—but all the same, I nearly died of *envy*. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew, and Guy is a regular prig. Handsome, you know, and very talented, of course; but one don't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune—only poor old Fred hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and pap a looks thunderclouds at me whenever he sees me. But once I'm married, it'll be all right."

A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall sprang hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken-salad and the tea, he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very much indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note to explain to Guion that she had altered her plans, she took the late express, which reached Clevedon Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall station. Mrs. Esterhall was traveling alone, as her maid had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

There had been a heavy snowfall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was running behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around the back of the seat, toward the hazel-eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "it is Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Yes, I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and I want to talk to you."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them with hot soapstone foot-warmers and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effie Dallas stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the western express to pass."

As if there is not a "special providence" in everything that happens in this world of ours!—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

"Ten o'clock!" some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Clevedon at five minutes before nine."

"Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked, and the western express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"And what's to keep us from waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing, sir—unless the western express is heard from."

Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?"

"No, ma'am—not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am—this isn't the through express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out of the darkness, flecked only by the driven snow, and then got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was never more unaccustomed to travel than

began to cry softly behind her veil.

"'Ah,' she thought, 'if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on these night roads.'

Across the aisle two young girls were seated—the one pale-faced and rather plain as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated; the other a brilliant young blonde, with soft hazel eyes, peachy cheeks, and wavy dark-brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter rose, and coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, madam?"

"No—no," stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Only I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home, long before this hour; and I took almost nothing to eat before I started."

"I have some nice, homemade chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home; and I have a little oil lamp with every convenience for making a good, strong cup of tea as well. If you will allow me to prepare it for you—"

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort?"

"If you wish it, mother."

The young man smiled slightly.

"Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

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"Because it is my duty," said Effie. "Please, Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake."

"Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting suddenly up.

"But, of course, there are other guys than mine in the world."

Just then there was a tremble of the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them.

"The western express at last!" shouted the chorister. old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an india-rubber ball.

"All abo-oard!" bawled the conductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; and on moved the train at last, cracking and groaning like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterhall leaned over the back of the seat, toward the hazel-eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "it is Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

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