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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1894.

SUGAR is getting cheaper.—*Argus News.*
And so again the *Argus News* asserts that a 40 per cent. tariff is not a tax.

The harvest of Democratic tariff reform continues. Every day there are reductions of wages. The country is rapidly learning how it was fooled two years ago.

PROF. E. B. ANDERSON, of Wisconsin, U. S. minister to Denmark during Cleveland's first term, has repudiated Democracy, because of its violation of party principles and party pledges. Rats always desert a sinking ship.

SENATOR D. B. HILL has been called almost everything by his own party, as well as by Republicans, but a poet in the New York *Recorder* caps the climax by referring to him as "the bold, mysterious jumping bean of politics."

THE wheat crop of 1893 was 200,000,000 bushels less than the crop of 1891. The average price in 1891, under Harrison, was 83 cents a bushel, while in 1893, under Cleveland and with a short crop, the average price was but 52 cents a bushel.

HON. GEORGE W. FARRIS is making a most successful canvass of this country during the present week. Everywhere he is greeted with large audiences which are evidence that the people are greatly interested in the issues of the campaign. His speeches delight his listeners and they go away well pleased. The indications are that he will go out of this county with two hundred majority over Mr. Brookshire, his Democratic opponent.

The Republicans have a tariff policy. It is the application of the principle of protection. It includes a policy for the manufacture of tin, a policy for the stimulation for the production of sugar, a policy for the protection of wool, a policy for the protection of every branch of industry in which our people are in competition with Europeans, Asiatics, South Africans and South Americans. The Republicans have, to begin with, the instruction of experience and the intelligence of patriotism.

It was in 1883, only eleven years ago, that the Democratic executive committee of Ohio issued a circular which said:

The wool producing interest has performed admirably. 1. That it shall receive as much consideration and encouragement as are shown to any other interest whatsoever. 2. That as protection by means of taxing importations of raw wool, has thus far proved highly beneficial to the farmers of Ohio, as evidenced by the continuous increase in the numbers and values of their flocks, this protection shall not be withdrawn as long as protective policy is pursued by the United States.

ANOTHER remarkable fact is that there are no trusts in England, but they have flourished in protected America.—*Argus-News.*

England is the home of the trusts. They flourish there as they flourish in no other country. Great Britain is the master spirit in combinations among the manufacturers. They can assemble in from four to six hours at a central point and divide the work. Human nature is the same in free-trade England as in protected America. Between tariff and trusts there is no relation of cause and effect. The greatest trust that this country ever knew dealt in an unprotected article. The Standard Oil Company is not a protected industry, neither is the tin-plate trust of Wales.

THE COST OF LIVING.

A New York statistician who delights in details has been figuring on the cost of living, with the view to discover the profits derived by the people from the Sugar Tariff bill. Promises were made, our readers will recollect, by the Democratic party that their schedules of tariff reform would lift tremendous loads from the shoulders of the masses of the people. This writer has been figuring upon this. He takes \$1,000 as the average cost of family support, forty-three per cent of this he charges to the household table expenses, including flour, meat, sugar, vegetables, tea and coffee. This he puts down at forty-three per cent of the whole. Fifteen per cent to fuel. This would foot up seventy-three per cent, leaving twenty-seven per cent to be applied to clothing, extra luxuries and savings. Everybody who keeps house knows that there has been very little reduction in the main items of cost. Grocery bills, vegetable bills and meat bills, rendered daily, weekly or monthly, show this to be a fact. House rents have not declined; neither has fuel. The writer referred to estimates that that the reduction, even through economy, does not exceed three per cent. This would be a small gain from Democratic tinkering, were the former incomes of the people maintained, but the average reduction in wages has been twenty per cent, and it would be more than that if the losses consequent upon enforced idleness were considered. These figures afford to every class of the community very serious food for reflection.

HOW DIFFERENT WE WOULD BE.

How different we would all of us be! Could we know of the future awaiting To sever the ties That at present comprise The life that our eyes are creating. How many a word Could remain unheard, How many a sentence unspoken. How many a thought Could remain unthought. How many a promise unbroken. How many a heart Would remain unbroken, And hold me longer in keeping, But would gladly express The love we repress. Till the spirit forever is sleeping. How many an act We would never retract, How many a selfish emotion Would we joyfully bear. With patience and loving devotion. How different we would all of us be! Could we look o'er the graves of the morrow, Could we look from the light of this day. From the joy to the infinite sorrow.—Clifford Howard, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

BROWNE'S COURSHIP.

Why He Didn't Marry the Girl of His Choice.

The girl I am going to tell you about is rather pretty and her name is Edith. She has dark hair and her eyes are blue and she dresses well. She has been graduated from a seminary of good repute, and her disposition is amiable to a degree which more than a year ago brought all the young men of the neighborhood at her feet. I think she won a tennis championship in singles some where last year, but I am not certain about that. What I can recall among her most pronounced accomplishments I will put down here later on. I met her so long a time ago that I have forgotten the circumstances of our meeting, but I guess they were of the ordinary sort. I live two doors from her house, and I drop in to see her and Mrs. Burke at least once a week. Even her marriage, which hurt me so much at the time, did not separate us for very long, and I think I have lived to forget my first rash determination never to look upon her face again. I called the night of the wedding and have been calling regularly ever since. I am beginning to believe that it was a good thing after all that she didn't marry me.

What I want to tell—and it won't take long to tell it in my dry fashion—is the story of old Browne's courtship. I make my living by keeping the cash accounts of a big Market street wholesale house, and Browne is the man whose desk is next to mine in the counting-room. Our salary is about the same, and, although he is two years younger than I am, I being fifty-one now, we both have held the same positions for twenty years. Browne weighs more than two hundred pounds, and I weigh a trifles less.

Mrs. Burke, who was Edith's mother, came to me this summer and had quite a long talk with me about her personal affairs. She said that her late husband's estate was pretty much entangled, and that to keep her present establishment on Arch street going she would have to rent some of her handsome rooms in the house to boarders. Of course, she didn't want to do that, and, of course, I deprecated the plan, but in the end it turned out that we both had to give in.

Old Browne entered the second story front room the day after I told him about it. He had been living away up town, and he was glad to get a little nearer to the office, besides enjoying all the social prestige which geographical conditions could give him. He moved into the room with a dozen trunks and a wealth of bric-a-brac, which, to my mind, did not become his age. Mrs. Burke was glad to accept the reference to me which he gave her, and Edith smiled upon him when she gave him his night key.

I thought a good deal of Edith, and every night or two we played cards in her mother's room. She and I played partners against young Bob Smith and Mrs. Burke. We were pretty evenly matched, too, for Bob played a stiff game of whist, and I—well, you may remember that I was one of the Pentecost club's prize team last fall. Edith and I won most of the games, though, for Bob was too internally lazy ever to do anything well. And he never seemed to mind it if he lost.

The presence of old Browne annoyed me a great deal, and I don't mind saying so. About a week after he took his room there I found him occupying my seat at the whist table when I called. He was fumbling the cards in his awkward fashion, and Edith was laughing at him. Bob was engaged in giving an imitation of me telling a war story, and even Mrs. Burke was approving the ridiculous proceedings. I coughed, and that stopped the game, but I was uncomfortable all the evening. Bob had the good sense to apologize, but old Browne simply tittered for an hour over what he seemed to consider a good joke on me.

After that all my affairs seemed to go wrong, and I began to seriously consider whether I shouldn't rent every room in Mrs. Burke's house myself. I was actually contemplating this proposition one night in my own apartments, smoking my last bowl of tobacco the while, when the colored girl who waits on the door said that a man had called to see me. I have few callers, and I thought it might be Mr. Phelps, whom I had invited to come to see me more than a month ago.

With this idea in mind I told the girl to delay the man below stairs for a moment while I slipped into other clothes. Then the door opened, and old Browne came ambling in. I was disgusted on the instant, but I managed to conceal my real feelings and invited him to be seated. He looked all around him to see if I was alone, set his hat on the floor and then accepted my invitation with a kind of sigh.

"Thank you," he said, "I only want to see you for a moment." I offered him a pipe, and he declined it. I told him my cigars were out.

"It doesn't make any difference," he said. "I'd rather not smoke. I came here to ask you some things about the Burkes."

The Lord only knows how I looked at him as he hesitated for a moment. "I have seen enough of them," he went on, "to believe that they are perfectly responsible people—otherwise I would not have taken lodgings there. You and I are old friends, and you will take away even the slight doubt there is in my mind. Are they perfectly respectable?"

Somehow or other I managed to nod my head, but his presumption was paralyzing me.

"Thank you again," he proceeded. "The reason that I asked you is that I am going to marry Edith."

It took me a couple of minutes to master my emotions, but I am proud to say I did it. My reply was cool—almost chilly.

"Indeed!" I said. "Has she accepted you?"

"No, because I haven't proposed yet."

I have given the matter a good deal of thought, but before I took so serious a step in my life I wanted some such wise old head as yours to advise me. Now, I am happy, and we'll get married next month."

He shook hands with me, and the old idiot didn't notice that I failed to respond. At the door I managed to ask him this question:

"What makes you believe she'll have you?"

He seemed astonished.

"Have me!" he repeated. "Why, she's been after me ever since she knew me. I'll settle it to-morrow evening."

As he turned the stairs I noticed that he had on a suit of new clothes, a white vest and a red necktie. He said something about feeling like a schoolboy, and I rushed back to my room more affronted than I had ever been in my life. I can always think best when I am in bed, and so I undressed and got under covers very quickly. When I had thought diligently for an hour I turned over and said this to myself:

"The old fat beast. The idea of her marrying him! I'll propose myself to her to-morrow morning. She has been expecting it, I know, for a long time."

I didn't sleep very well, and arose a little after seven o'clock. It took me an hour to dress myself, and, having no appetite for breakfast, I only drank a cup of strong coffee. I then walked nearly a mile before I decided what to say, and was barely satisfied with the result. Edith was the sort of girl to be particular about such things, and I wanted to please her fancy.

Mrs. Burke came to the door and was just as much surprised to see me as I thought she would be.

"It was very good of you to come so soon," she said, "and I didn't think you knew it yet."

"Knew what?" I said.

She pulled me inside the hall and looked at me, half smiling and half tearful.

"Didn't you come to—er—congratulate anybody?"

Then I sat down on the hatrack and shook my head. I felt that it was all over and that old Browne had won, and never in my life did I suffer so much misery in so small a space of time.

"Then," said Mrs. Burke, "I am glad to be able to inform you myself. Edith and Bob are engaged to be married."

I arose and sat down again. I thought of many things, but only one sentence struggled through my lips.

"Does—does old Browne know about it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; but it won't interest him. Before he went down town this morning he told me that he would have to give up his room on account of the sun shining in it too brightly in the morning. I am going to turn the whole house, now, over to Edith."—R. B. Cramer, in *Philadelphia Times*.

Important Facts.

If you have dull and heavy pain across the heart and about the eyes, if the heart and face are pale, if the skin is damp and fleshy, and followed by a disagreeable discharge, if soreness in the nose and bleeding from the nostrils is often experienced; if you are very sensitive to cold in the head accompanied by headache, then you may be sure you have catarrh, and should immediately resort to Ely's Cream Balm for a cure. The remedy will give instant relief.

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Shirts.....8

Undershirts.....5

Drawers.....3

Try them once.

Announcement

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The committee for the Union Lecture Course is pleased to be able to offer our citizens the following series of entertainments for the season of 1894-95:

The Ovidie Music Concert Company, of New York, Friday, Nov. 2nd, 1894.

Henry Watterson, the Editor-Orator, in his famous lecture, "Money and Morals." Friday, Dec. 7th, 1894.

Hannibal A. Williams, the eminent Shakespearean Reader, Friday, Jan. 18, 1895.

Prof. S. H. Clark, Elocutionist, (Professor of Elocution in Chicago University; noted for his readings at the Chautauqua Assembly, New York, and elsewhere.) Friday, Feb. 18, 1895.

A Concert. (Talent and date to be announced shortly.)

Season tickets for the above course are now on sale. Price, \$1.00 each. The number of season tickets sold will be limited. Seats to the several entertainments may be marked off, prior to each, at the Y. M. C. A. building. Single admission to any entertainment, fifty cents.

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