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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1894.

MICHAEL FOLEY, the statesman from Coal Creek, said in a speech at Alamo recently that in 1881 he Republican party passed laws in the interest of the telephone trust. THE JOURNAL, heretofore, has had occasion to refer to Mr. Foley as a gentleman who is troubled with a diarrhoea of words and a constipation of ideas. In this case substitute the word "facts" for "ideas."

UNDER the McKinley law the duty on horses was \$30 per head regardless of kind. Under the Gorman law the duty on horses is 20 per cent ad valorem. The effect of the change is that all the cheap horses of Canada are now crowding the Eastern markets and cutting off the trade of our Western farmers. At a sale of Canadian horses in Chicago on Tuesday they sold as low as \$17. Of course this makes our farmers feel cheerful.

The local Democratic managers are as busy as a hen with one chicken in their efforts to whip in the kickers, the recalcitrants, and the dissatisfied. They find them not only in blocks of five, but of tens and twenties. One of the dangers of the present Republican campaign is over-confidence, forgetting that the Democratic party does its best fighting under cover—that a still hunt is always preferable. "External vigilance is the price of liberty" holds as good in politics as in war.

Now that Secretary of State Myers is ill and has been compelled to quit the campaign the Democratic papers probably can give Hon. W. D. Owen some decent treatment. It will be remembered that Mr. Owen broke down in the campaign and has spent most of his time since then in a sanitarium, but without consideration of truth or decency the Democratic organs sneered at his illness with the remark that he was afraid of his competitor. Neither Mr. Owen nor Mr. Myers are rugged men. It is well known that Mr. Owen has a predisposition of lung troubles and other complications, while Mr. Myers is a sufferer from chronic diseases contracted in the war. He was also injured in a railroad wreck a few years ago and these injuries are still troublesome. THE JOURNAL hopes that both gentlemen may entirely recover and that both may have many years before them.

HOW TO VOTE.

There will be three ballots to vote at the coming election.

The State ticket will be printed on red paper.

The county ticket will be printed on white paper.

The township ticket will be printed on yellow paper.

Each voter will receive, on entering the voting place from a polling clerk a State, county and township ticket. On the corner of each ticket will be written the initials of the polling clerks. The voter will then take the three tickets into the booth and stamp them, folding the tickets separately, so that the initials of the polling clerk can be seen and then return the tickets to the inspector and see that they are deposited in the proper ballot box. The color of the box will correspond with the color of the ticket.

To vote a straight ticket stamp in the square surrounding the eagle and no where else.

WHY CATTLE ARE LOW.

Shipments of cattle from old Mexico to Chicago is a new feature in the live stock business and one not calculated to make the average Texas stockman feel very cheerful. The Montgomery county farmer feels the effect equally with the Texas cattle raiser. The Chicago *Driver's Journal* says that while Mexico is by no means the cattle-raising country that Texas is the fact that the new tariff act permits shipments to this country at a profit may encourage an expansion of the cattle business in that country that may give Texas a lively competition. Of course the duty will handicap Mexican stockmen and will tend to check the business, yet as long as there is any profit in it some shipments may be expected.

The trial shipment of last week was a success financially, and already the dispatches state that more cattle are being prepared for shipment. The Cheeseman ranch near Sabines is said to contain nearly 100,000 head of cattle, and it is rumored that a big share of these will be sent to Chicago if prices are favorable. Under the former law it cost \$10 per head to get the cattle across the line regardless of their quality. Now at the advalorem rate the duty is much less, and in the case as the recent shipment was a fraction more than \$2 per head. The first lot of cattle marketed here sold at \$2.45 for 821-lb steers and \$2.25 for 702-lb cows. These cattle were originally Texans and bore well-known Texas brands. They had been taken across the border just under what condition cannot be stated.

APPEAL.

The child's voice rose to my ear.
Sweet-toned and eager, praying me:
"I am so little, gramma, dear;
Please lift me up, so I can see!"
I looked down at the pleading face,
Felt the small hands' entreating touch,
And, stooping, caught in swift embrace
The baby boy I loved so much.
And held him up that he might gaze
At the great pageant of the sky;
The glory of the sunset's haze,
The glittering moon that curved on high.
With speechless love I clasped him close,
And read the little soul in his eyes.
And a fair child I knew that rose,
Sweetest that blooms of Paradise.
And in my heart, his eager prayer,
Found echo, and the selfsame cry
Rose from its depths through Heaven's air:
"O gracious Father, lift me high!"
"So little and so low am I.
Among earth's mists I call to Thee,
Show me the splendors of Thy sky!
O lift me up, that I may see!"
—Celia Thaxter, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE OLD MARKET WAGON

And How It Finally Gave Place to a New Carriage.

Each year Mrs. Bradley had said: "William, we must have a new carriage." Each year Mr. Bradley had replied: "I guess we'd better try to make the old wagon do a little longer, Martha!" And there it usually ended.

The wagon in question was a rather clumsy, high vehicle, but strongly built. The sides were paneled and bound with iron. They had once been painted green, but were now faded to a greenish gray. The wheels were stout and painted red. The seat had a high open back, and there was a flat dashboard which showed signs of having once been black.

It had been their mainstay at a vehicle ever since they were married, twenty-three years before. Then it was bright and shining and new. William had courted Martha in it. When the townspeople had seen them riding out with the new team they said among themselves: "There's a promising couple. They will make a good match and, like, not do well."

This prophecy had been fulfilled, for William Bradley owned his farm "clear," and gossip reported a snug bank account.

In the meantime they had both begun to grow old. They had no children now. The last, their little Dorothy, five months old, had been carried silently away in that very wagon.

Of late years the wagon had been in the habit of giving out now and then. One by one new wheels, new springs, new boards and new bolts had replaced old ones; still, to all appearances, it was the same old wagon. It retained its individuality like the famous jack-knife that had so many new blades and new handles.

The wagon served alike "for mill and for meetin'." On week days it carried butter, eggs, farm produce and groceries. On Sundays it carried Mr. and Mrs. Bradley to church. The belated rattle was a signal to the belated churchgoers who were just getting ready to hasten their toilet.

Each year Martha had found it harder work to climb up into the aged vehicle. It had never been an easy task. The act of getting into that wagon was a complex one. Two men usually climbed over the wheel, the easiest if not the safest method. But like the majority of the gentle sex, Mrs. Bradley preferred to risk her life in the orthodox way, and so went by way of the steps.

It was a back-straining process. Clutching at the dashboard with one hand, the seat with the other, one foot was carefully lifted to the high step which depended from the middle of the wagon's side. Having reached this half-way stage, the body oscillated on one foot while the other foot was swung up in the air, endeavoring to find the other step which was higher up on the wagon side. When found, the owner executed a kind of oblique hop, and then, if all went well, a little more oscillating landed the person in the wagon. During all this there were minor dangers likely to be incurred, such as stepping upon the skirts and tripping. Lucky was the person who understood philosophy well enough to prevent the farther end of the seat from tilting up into the air at some stage of his maneuver. Mrs. Bradley was so well versed upon this point that she always waited until her husband had seated himself upon the other end of the seat before she attempted thefeat.

Whenever a stranger uninstructed, was struggling and getting red in the face he was sympathetically informed that it "had always been a hard wagon to get into."

The steps looked very innocent, and that was the worst of it. The feminine portion of the town had become wise by experience, and when some stray female was overtaken and offered a ride in the hospitable-looking wagon, she usually preferred to walk.

Mrs. Bradley was a quiet and uncomplaining woman, but full of energy. In the hard working days, when they were "clearing" the farm, she learned to subdue her pride. But of late, with more prosperous times, her old spirit began to reassert itself. A "struggle" with William resulted in a new carpet and some new curtains for the sitting-room. Another struggle brought forth a new bonnet and cloak for herself and a new suit for him. And now she had fully determined to have a new carriage in which to ride to church.

She knew that the struggle would be great and possibly of long duration. But she had bent her back and strained her nerves long enough, clambering into the old market wagon, while her poorer neighbors rode by in their comfortable carriages.

"William, you've got to git a carriage. It's breaking my back every time I git into the wagon, and I can't stand it much longer."

"Oh, we'll hev one some time; don't you worry. I can't git it just now, for I'm savin' on layin' to buy that colt of Clagburn's."

This was the first that she had heard of his intention to buy the colt.

"William, we don't need that colt. It ain't safe. He'll run away and break your neck. You're gittin' to be too old a man to go breakin' colts. You'd better put your money into a carriage."

But William bought the colt, and Mrs. Bradley still rode to church in the rattling market wagon. The neighbors said it was a shame. Mrs. Bradley never said so, except to her husband. She meekly stood up for him and the old wagon in the presence of outsiders.

"Marthy," said her husband one evening, "I'm thinkin' to put a new lean-to to the shed. I guess I'll take the colt and drive over to git some shingles to-morrow — why, Marthy!"

He stopped suddenly, for he noticed a peculiar look in her eyes. He had noticed it recently whenever he spoke of laying out money. The look made him feel uneasy. A now thought struck him, and with a crafty smile he said:

"You know it will be a good place to run the old wagon under if we git our new carriage."

That was a straw too much.

"Yes, if we git it," she snapped. "You know as well as I do, William Bradley, that you hain't the slightest intention of gittin' a new carriage. Like's not I'll break my neck some day over that old wagon and then you'll ride to my funeral in it. Go on and build your lean-to, if you want to, I ain't nothin' to say."

"She's gittin' nervous," he soliloquized as he rode along the next morning. He felt uneasy. His wife was as kind as ever, but there was a cold feeling growing up between them which he did not relish. "I dun know but she ought to hev the carriage," he mused; "she's sartinly earned it. Well, we kin stan' it this year, and I guess next year I'll begin to think about gittin' one."

His conscience thus appeased, he began a calculation concerning the number of shingles that he wanted.

About noon Mrs. Bradley began to watch for her husband's reappearance. She looked down the road. There he was, walking up the hill by the house, trudging along beside the horse in order to make the load lighter. The wagon was piled high with glistening shingles. A shade of pity passed over her face as she saw him trudging slowly through the hot sand. "He's worked hard and he's gettin' old," she mused.

Then a flash of indignation swept over her as she thought: "But why doesn't he try to save my strength as well as his horse's?" She went into the house and closed the door with a bang.

The next instant she heard a series of crashes and a great rattling, intermingled with cries of "Whoa! Whoa!" She rushed out and behind the colt ploughing past with the load of shingles full tilt after him. Mr. Bradley was running behind as fast as he could and yelling "whoa" at the top of his voice. The shingles were dying as she went back?

The wagon was soon overturned, and with a few vigorous kicks he coaxed himself and plunged up the hill.

While Mr. Bradley went after the horse she plucked her way through the debris of shingles to the wagon and surveyed the wreck. Was that a look of triumph that sparkled in her eyes as she went back?

William found a good dinner waiting for him when he came in. They ate silently for awhile, each busy with meditation.

"Was the colt hurt?" finally asked Mrs. Bradley.

"No, not much. He skinned his ankles a little. One of the boards in the bottom of the wagon broke, and that was what scart him."

They ate silently awhile longer. At last Mrs. Bradley spoke in as restrained a tone as she could command: "I guess we'll hev to hev a new carriage now, won't we?"

He put one knee over the other and looked out of the window. "Wall!" I've examined the wagon, and the wheels and body are good's over; so I callate with a few new fixin's we kin git!"

"William?"

"He looked quickly around.

"William?"

The tone was low, but there was something awfully suggestive about it.

"William?" This time it was louder, but with the suggestiveness intensified. She continued, "Don't you fly in the face of Providence."

He quailed beneath her glance. Whatever he had intended to say remained unsaid, for he added in a weak voice—"Kin git a new carriage and hev the wagon fixed up for common."

Next Sunday the church people looked and stared, and looked and stared again, and craned their necks, and stood on tiptoe, as a handsome new carriage drove up. And if there was a look of triumphant pride in Mrs. Bradley's eyes as she stepped out, who can blame her?—Mayme Isham, in *Good Housekeeping*.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller of Conjhoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years and it has never failed to do what it is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Cotton & Rife's drug store. Regular size 50c, and \$1.00.

For tags see

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They Give Their Reasons.

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A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the pain, the torture, the sensation that existed in my arms, legs and torso, and how I suffered those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them, and how I suffered those parts while I was walking in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach." Physical

therapists, physiologists, etc., who according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastened upon a person, they say, it is a curse, and it is a curse that reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctored

privately with the particular benefits when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, procured a bottle and took it home. At first I did not feel any benefit, but a few days had passed before

every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even a twinge since. As well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I have not used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve in my recommendation, and it has been a satisfactory result.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by mail. Price, \$1.00. Address, Dr. Miles, 120 W. Main St., La Grange, Ill.

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