

THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER. Official forecast for 24 days indicates that it will be fair.

Mr. Whitney has a most refreshing way of steering clear of platitudes and saying just what he means and what the people can understand.

"This is not Mr. Whitney's fight," declares Senator Jones. It is always Mr. Whitney's fight when the existence of the Democratic party is threatened.

The alleged reasons for Mr. Gorman's absence from Chicago are not logical. Had Mr. Gorman showed lack of courage during the existence of the Fifty-first Congress the Force bill would have become law.

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Not one member of the senior class at Yale was in existence when the war ended. For this reason it seems natural to the students to think of their country as united.

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Perhaps such reparation may be due. We have not the facilities of the London press for forming opinions in the absence of facts.

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question. The Journal has already expressed its hope that this declaration will not be one for gold monometallism and a continually contracting currency, but rather recognize the evils of the present system, admit the need of a great part of the country for a larger volume of currency, and offer to the Democrats of the nation a financial plank which will win away from the free silver heresy many who now espouse it ignorantly, but at least in perfect sincerity.

CLEVELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

How glorious and stimulating a thing it would be if to the Democratic convention at Saratoga could be read a letter from the President of the United States congratulating Democracy on its achievements and its prospects, and declaring that for his own part he would under no circumstances seek or accept further Presidential honors at its hands!

But how depressing, how destructive of all hope it will be if the letter which Mr. Cleveland as a distinguished New York Democrat may be expected to write shall take the usual form of empty platitudes, with a covert hint of his eagerness to wrench from an unwilling Democracy a fourth Presidential nomination.

The seventy-two New York delegates to Chicago who will be guided by the action of to-day's convention will be the phalanx about which will rally the sound money faction of the national Democracy. It rests with Mr. Cleveland himself to speed these men to Chicago enthusiastic and hopeful, or to dispatch them thither burdened with the thought that all the nation believes that behind their zeal for sound money lurks the selfish ambition of a President seeking a third term.

THE VENEZUELAN CLASH.

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The Storm Centre of Free Silver

mother has seemed one of the most amusing things in the gay metropolitan whirl. The crime for which Mrs. Fleming has been tried was abnormal in its monstrous horror. Let us hope that the nature of the trial may remain equally unique.

YESTERDAY'S CONVENTIONS.

Yesterday was a great day for the forces of disruption in the Democratic party. Illinois and Ohio elected ninety-four delegates under bond to support the free coinage of silver at the Chicago Convention.

"Jake Admire is from Kansas at large," said a man of Western acquaintance the other day. "He knows everybody in the State, and everybody knows him. I don't doubt that the same thing is true of Admire the Oklahomaite."

All of this introduction is presented in proof that the man who is to be set up as authority for statements of some consequence knows what he is talking about.

"Don't you believe," observed a callow youth with more presumption than either brains or experience, "that this free silver doctrine that you and your fellows are preaching is a false one, and that it will prove a craze and die out before election day?"

"Do I?" the ex-Kansas exclaimed, as he lighted the first cigarette that ever got between his teeth. "No, I don't. Let me tell you, young man, the people of the East—"

"The Democracy of Illinois and Ohio, the third and fourth States of the Union, is now lost to the cause of sound finance, and lost almost exclusively through the malign influence of Clevelandism."

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Things That Happen When You're Not Looking.

They sat on a bench in City Hall Park, manipulating topknots and philosophy. Though absent, they had dined, and the world looked pleased by their deed.

Ref and Bible Texts.

"That's a great joint we was at," said one, reflectively. "Ever notice the way they sling Scripture remarks at you with every plate?"

"I reckon it might be." "Sure, on the other hand, some of the signs is a mite irritating. There's one of them says 'The Lord helps those that help themselves,' but I never found any one willing to help myself without paying for it."

"Well, what of it?" "Why, I never saw a sparrow cop there in my life. I reckon it's just a catch-line to draw trade."

"Shouldn't wonder." "And they let the warmth of the sunbath lull them into a dose that lasted until it was time to attack the Park row eating-house for another meal."

Four men sitting in front of the Occidental Hotel, in Broome street, were approached by a stranger.

"Gents," said the stranger, "I've just found a five right here on the sidewalk. Has any one of you lost a five?"

"Yes," responded one of the party. "I'm not that much. What is it, a green or a brown back?"

"That's for you to say." "Well, mine was a brown, and it had a man's picture on its face. I claim the bill."

The stranger moved his right hand toward his vest pocket, but paused, as one of the others spoke.

"I dropped a five a few minutes ago from a roll while I was accommodating a friend. Mine, I'm sure, was greenback. What's the color of the one you found?"

"That's for you to say." "The third man was about to arise and make his claim, when the stranger waved him aside, with imperious gesture."

"Gents, you may be right, but appearance are sometimes deceitful. I certainly found a five-cent coin. Here it is. Which of you gents owns it?"

"And, with a leer at the crestfallen quartet, the smart stranger went on his way."

Getting a Big Girl Now.

"Two women boarded a Broadway cable car, one with a long-legged little girl. She gave the conductor two fares."

"Five cents more," said the conductor. "You'll have to pay for that child, ma'am."

"Day for Laury. Well, well." She opened a well-worn leather purse, and fished out, one by one, five pennies. "D'y'ee see, Laury, I've paid for ye. Ye can't sit in mammy's lap any more."

Then, addressing the passengers, "She's always climb on my knee. She's our only one. Laury, you must tell your paw she's a little lady, now; ye're paid for. Ye can't sit in mammy's lap any more. Dear me, how time flies!"

She gave the passengers a comprehensive glance, then turned it on her friend. "I don't seem no time at all since Laury was born. Rebecca, you remember, or was you great? It was that warm. But, Laury, ye're a little lady, now, ye're paid for."

"The long-legged little girl leaned shyly against her mother's knee, who put her arm around the child and pressed her to her side. The passengers no longer smiled. The lonely old fellow in the corner with speckled stockings had a tear in his eye."

Not Her Fault.

It was at the bottom of a bill that the policeman overlooked her. "Madame," he said, politely, but with some firmness, "I regret to inform you that you have been violating the law, and I am under instructions to see that it is strictly enforced."

"I'm sorry," she replied, "but I was under the impression that I was carrying out a practical joke. But I am tenderhearted now."

He stepped to release a poor little fly that had fallen into his beer, and gave it to the cat. "I shall never forget the one occasion when I experienced an entire change of mind," he went on. "It was at school. There was a remarkably tough fat boy, who sat on the bench in front of me. One day, I armed myself with an extra long, sharp pin."

Had that same pin dropped at the moment, you could have heard it plink. "At the proper time—the plump youth was stooping to pick up a pencil—I jabbed the pin forward against his trousers. To my astonishment it refused to enter."

Every one looked speculative. "A fact," he continued, "is a folded dime novel in the boy's hip pocket doubled the pin up!"

"And I think," concluded the kindly-faced man, impressively, "that that was the turning point in my career."

Mr. Whitney's Battle.

Whitney's battle is a most heroic one, and if he shall fall at Chicago, as now seems likely, his efforts will greatly intensify Democratic divisions of the money issue, and strengthen hundreds of thousands in their purpose to vote for any candidate for President whose election will give the highest assurance of honest money, national honor and national faith.

The Persecution of the Phoenix Club.

The Phoenix Club, which, the Sun informs us, is "an organization composed of quiet business men," and is installed in apartments in the Abbey Theatre building, will have the sympathy of every member of the sex whose gentle bosom has ever been wantonly agitated by the insults of brutal women.

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The retirement of Comptroller Fitch from the Greater New York Commission is unfortunate, but apparently it could not be helped. Mr. Fitch gives reasons whose force cannot be denied.

Although the weight of legal opinion inclines to the belief that his acceptance of a Commissionship would not impair his title to his place as Comptroller, there is a possibility that it might, and the complications that would follow in such a case are appalling to contemplate.

Governor Morton now has two vacancies to fill. If he should appoint Dr. Albert Shaw to one of them the Commission would be materially strengthened on its scientific side. Although partisanship should not be considered in a matter of this sort, the fact that a very large majority of the gentlemen selected to frame a charter for this Democratic city are Republicans suggests the propriety of filling the remaining vacancy with a well-known Democrat.

The Issue as Seen in St. Louis.

It will be McKinley and the corporate power against Bland and the common people.

For What the Tombs Gave Up a Victim.

Two keepers guided the man out of the dark corridors of the Tombs and over the "Bridge of Sighs." He was a tall, narrow-chested man of fifty or thereabouts. The pallor of the prison-house was in his cheeks. When they brought him into the courtroom a vagrant shaft of sunlight bathed his face in its mellow radiance, and he blinked his eyes a water-shed.

Judge Cowing gazed at him for a moment and then at the papers handed up by one of the keepers. Then the Judge signed his name to the document and somebody told the man that he was free. His lawyer came up, and grasping his hand, said to him:

"Come, McCormack, you're all right now. Go home to the wife and forget that you ever spent an hour behind the bars."

Silently he followed his lawyer out of the courtroom and into the elevator. Many crowded around him and tried to shake his hand, but with a native dignity all his own, he accepted their congratulations and uttered not a word.

All the bystanders were chattering. The lawyer was making flowery compliments and went paid to him. Hard things were said about the police. But the man who had just come from the Tombs said nothing.

Two newspaper men tried to interview him on the way to his house, but he would not talk. Half way to Harlem the train stopped and the party descended to the street. The attorney led the way and when he reached the middle of the block he halted in front of the door of a tall flatness with a cheap front of faded red beick.

The door stood ajar. In the dimly lighted vestibule crouched a yellow dog with an abbreviated tail and glistering eyes. The men climbed the stair and on the first landing met a woman with an infant in her arms. She made way for the lawyer and the reporters, but when her eyes rested on the tall, gaunt figure of the man who followed at their heels she went up to him and barred his way. Then she laughed and the babe she held gurgled an accompaniment.

"Go upstairs, McCormack," said the woman. "Go upstairs and kiss their woman as loves yer."

He bent his head and brushed his lips against her baby's cheek. Then he followed the others to the upper regions.

The yellow dog was now in front and now behind him, yelping yelps of joy. The faces of women peered from open doorways, and curious children made the passages eloquent with their chatter.

On the top floor they stopped before a closed door. The man in the rear came forward and coiled the long fingers of his right hand around the doorknob. Then he staggered and all but fell.

Somebody inside that room opened the door. The way was clear to the man. As he groped in the long arms of a tall woman in a white nightgown were stretched out to him. Her big, black eyes were bright and her face was as white as milk. She was laughing.

"Ned," she whispered, "Ned, come to the wife as knows yer inncent!"

She put her chin at arms a r r and drew his face close to her own. He was a crying; she was still laughing. The yellow dog at their feet was barking.

"Thank God and thank the lawyer, Lizzie!" muttered the man. "Me an' you are here again together. Sit down here on de bed and stop yer laughin'!"

They sat down on the edge of the bed and he buried his face in the white ruffles clustering about her throat. Somewhere on the floor below somebody was trying to play "Home, Sweet Home!" on a piano that was sadly out of tune.

The woman was a slave of consumption. The man was out of work. There was not a dollar in the locker and his tent was three months behind. But Edward McCormack, arrested weeks ago on suspicion of having strangled Mary Cunningham, was out of the Tombs and back home with his dying wife, and for an hour their happiness was perfect.

Navarre Wins the Suburban.

Oh, the Summer day was sunny. But for Clifford it was cold; Lizzie cold for good Sir Walter.

And for Commoner, the tent was also cold for good Sir Walter. The ash from his cigar And vowed the "heat" would bring defeat To Henry of Navarre.

Oh, there are other horses That are fairly tried and true; There's Hiccuppe and Sir Walter, And there's gentle Nanki Poo. All these have won their victories. And swift of limb they are, But none were there that could compare With Henry of Navarre.

Now down the stretch with mighty sweep These gallant heroes come; They're neck and neck—the breathless crowd Look on with voices dumb. Then suddenly they raise a shout That echoes near and far— The race is run! the day is won By Henry of Navarre!

'Twas nobly won—a victory To celebrate in song. That even I am moved to sing When placed my money wrong. And many there who went with me Against this Equine Car In brighter days will shout their praise Of Henry of Navarre.

Pretty Good Man Himself.

"The opportunity is there, but where is the man?" says ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, in his story of the Republican convention. And yet there are people who insist that John J. himself is standing in the path of the political lightning.

The Republic Triumphant.

Uncle Sam gets mixed up in queer litigation sometimes. A case tried in the Circuit Court at New York City was entitled "The United States vs. Seventeen Boxes of Snakes and Twenty-three Monkeys." It is gratifying to learn that the Republic won.

A Big Job.

The job of bossing the American people is a big one for even so great a boss as Hanna.

Fishing Time.

Many a man is a whole physically, but a spineless mentally.

