THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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THE GERRYMANDER.

The *Argus-News* refers to the apportionment for Indiana for Congressional and Legislative purposes as "wise and fair." It is the only paper so far as we have observed that has screwed its courage up to make even an implied defense of this infamous, unjust and wicked piece of Democratic legislation. Indiana politically is a very close State, the difference being less than 7,000 votes either way—sometimes Republican and sometimes Democratic. In all fairness the Congressional delegation should stand nearly equal in number, at least seven Democrats and six Republicans. But instead of this nearly equal division the districts have been so manipulated that the Democrats have eleven and the Republicans but two. The Legislative districts for Representative and Senatorial purposes are even worse than the Congressional districts. In the election of 1892 when the Democrats carried the State by but 6,482 plurality, and lacked over 15,000 of having half the number of votes cast in the State, they had a majority of forty-six on joint ballot in the Legislature. In the Senate there were thirty-five Democrats and fifteen Republicans, while in the House there were sixty-three Democrats and thirty-seven Republicans. As the Democrats carried the State by a small plurality a fair apportionment would have given them a small majority in the Legislature, but to call an apportionment which gives them a majority of forty-six on joint ballot with but a meager plurality of the aggregate vote as "fair and wise" is the very acme of boasting over stolen goods. A close examination into the details of this villainous gerrymander will convince any honest man of the truth of the statement that it was "conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity, is a child of hell, and will go as Babylon went."

THE SUGAR DEAL.

Secretary Carlisle wrote the sugar schedule of the Gorman tariff law. There is no doubt of this as fac similes have been published which show it to be in his handwriting. Secretary Carlisle is pretty close to Grover Cleveland. He is his Secretary of the Treasury. And it will be remembered that in the President's letter to Chairman Wilson he said that "we ought not to be driven away from the Democratic principle and policy which lead to the taxation of sugar by the fear, *quite likely exaggerated*, that in carrying out this principle and policy we may indirectly and inordinately encourage a combination of sugar refining interests." In his Catchings letter while the President mentioned the coal and iron trusts he had not a word to say concerning the sugar trust. Secretary Carlisle in his letter to Senator Harris protesting against the passage of the popgun bills said that to place sugar on the free list would create a large deficiency in the treasury, and Mr Harris was also informed that this communication had been submitted to the President and was authorized and approved by him. Responsibility for the sugar schedule in the Gorman tariff bill and for its retention in the law can be traced to the President's door, and the attempt of the *Argus-News* to place it upon the Republicans of the Senate is the veriest nonsense. The fact is the duty on sugar in the new tariff bill is the fulfillment of an agreement made by Messrs. Whitney, Lamont and Dickinson with the sugar trust in the campaign of 1892. All that has been made public concerning that deal has been made by Democrats and they certainly speak whereof they have knowledge.

A STORY is told of a Harrison county farmer who was induced to carry a banner in his wagon during the last Presidential campaign, which read: "Vote for Cleveland and get $1.25 a bushel for your wheat." The farmer carried the banner home with him and put it away for safe keeping. A few weeks ago he loaded his wagon with wheat and, getting the old banner, dusted off the cobwebs, tacked it on the wagon and drove to Corydon. Arriving there, he attracted the attention of everyone passing along the street. A number of the old "moss backs" tried to persuade him to destroy the banner, saying that wheat was only 45 cents a bushel. To this the farmer replied: "I know it. I carried that banner in 1892, and now I find that there is 45 cents worth of truth and 80 cents worth of a lie on it." By the way, what has become of that same kind of a banner that was carried in the Democratic processions here in 1892? Couldn't some old Democratic farmer resurrect it?

"THE trusts and combinations—the communism of pelf—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we have deserved, should not be forgotten nor forgiven." Thus wrote President Cleveland to Congressman Catchings, and Mr. Cleveland knew that the "machinations" began in the campaign of 1892, the result of which was that he was the principal beneficiary. These "machinations" continued up to the adjournment of Congress and were carried on right in his own cabinet, John G. Carlisle being the chief "machinator," his "machinations" being carried on with the endorsement and approval of the man who wrote the Catchings letter. The fact is that the Sugar Trust bought and paid for the goods, and they were delivered according to contract, and Mr Cleveland's virtuous indignation, intended mainly for gudgeons and gallery gods, will not wash away the stain.

The Saddest Part.

When little Bess was but a child,
She came to me one day
And laid her head upon my cheek
In her sweet baby way.

"Papa," she said, "I want a doll."
What could her papa do?
With heart quite full of parent love
I straightway bought her two.

The years sped on. The crown of youth
Lay on her maiden brow.
Again she came unto me and said,
"I want a pony now."

The pony came. How glad was I
To see her happy face!
And on my wrinkled heart there lay
No blighting sorrow's trace.

Alas! how easy 'tis to give
Our treasures of the heart
To those we love; but, oh, how hard
It is from them to part.

For yesterday she came again,
Just as a child of three,
And blushing said, "He's there down stairs,
Papa, and he wants me."

—New York Herald.

Praise.

Though praise is very sweet to hear
And human hearts are prone to love it,
Yet, if unmerited, I fear
'Tis scarce a thing for sense to covet.

The friend who, braving all my wrath,
Holds up a mirror to my vision
And shows me my ill chosen path
Will never lead to fields Elysian;

Who marks my blunders, probes my faults,
While I with shame am inly quaking,
Though my affection for him halts
He is my friend and no mistaking.

But he who ever smiling comes
With honeyed words and flattering glances,
Whose every praise all dissent shuns
And chimes with all my vagrant fancies—

He fans, 'tis true, my self esteem
And gives free reign to dreams conceited,
And in his presence it would seem
That friendship's mission is completed;

And yet I cannot make it so,
Howe'er I strive with logic clever,
For in my inmost heart I know
He is my enemy forever.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SWAM TWENTY MILES.

And She Kept Her Helpless Father Afloat Until Rescued.

On a pleasant morning in summer some fifteen years ago a little schooner slipped her moorings at Laupahoehoe, Hawaii, and started on her voyage to Honolulu. So small was the little craft that her only crew was one slender girl, the daughter of the captain. She had been sailing with her father since she was so small that he had to place a box for her to stand on when he wished her to hold the wheel while he handled the sails if by chance any change of course was necessary.

Kalili was about fifteen, a tall, slender girl, whose brown cheek was round and ruddy with the rich blood which leaped through her veins, for Kalili, having been reared in the open air, most of the time on the broad ocean, was strong and healthy, and well able to do the work required of her on the schooner. When they left Laupahoehoe the sun shone brilliantly, but old Kalamanu shook his head and looked gravely toward a bank of black clouds which were piled up high above the top of lofty Mauna Loa. Kalili cared little for her father's misgivings. She was anxious to get away, for the next day was a holiday, and she wished to reach Honolulu in time to enjoy herself with her companions.

While she stood holding the wheel and keeping the little craft on it course, she was dreaming of the luau to which she had been bidden and thinking of the bright leis which she would weave in her dusky hair and hang around her dimpled shoulders. Her holoku would be as pretty as any there, and she knew that at least one pair of eyes would see that leis and dress were both worn by a beautiful girl. Dreaming thus, she did not notice the change which was coming over the sky—did not see the white caps, which showed that the wind was raising swiftly and would soon sweep across the wide channel with resistless force.

The pleasant islands of the southern sea are not always serene and placid. Sometimes the kona comes howling and shrieking down the dark canyons and through the narrow gorges, smiting everything before it to the ground. When it comes God help the hapless craft which is in its road. God only can help, for the blows which the wind and waves deal upon the tossing, writhing vessel are heavy enough to drive it bodily beneath the waters. Kalamanu had neither holoku nor leis to dream of, so he had seen the kona coming and had been preparing to meet it to the best of his ability. He had given the girl his orders in quick, sharp tones, and she had mechanically obeyed them, but without realizing what the change of course meant. Suddenly she was awakened, and roughly, from her dreams. A wall of white water rose high above the side of the vessel and dashed down upon the deck, drenching the girl to the skin.

With the shock she came back to the present, and, looking around, saw that what but a short time before was a smooth, placid stretch of blue water was now a foaming, raging sea, dashing its waves high above the low rail of the schooner. The wind whistled and howled around her ears. She could scarcely hear her father as he shouted his orders to her from a few feet distant. Filled with terror, she kept the vessel on its course, but only by the exertion of her whole strength.

Louder and louder roared the wind, and higher yet climbed the waves. The sun still shone brightly above her head, seeming to make the scene more frightful than it would have appeared beneath a cloudy sky. A kona may blow for days and it may pass in an hour. Their only hope was that this one had arisen so suddenly that it would subside as quickly.

Kalamanu watched the black cloud which had first given him warning of coming trouble, and saw, to his joy, that it was passing away. Evidently the kona would not last many hours, but could the little vessel, built for sailing on a summer sea, stand that terrible wrenching and twisting even for that short time?

She was new and reasonably strong, but the blows she had suffered might well have destroyed a stronger vessel. He could only hope for the best and hold on to the rail until the wind fell. He had done all that was possible to save his vessel. God must do the rest. The wind was surely sinking, the waves did not rise so high above his head. The worst was over and he turned his head to speak to the girl, who still clung to the wheel.

Then came a crash. An immense wave had broken over the stern, filled the little hold and the little schooner was sinking under their feet.

Kalili was as much at home on water as on land, like all Hawaiians, and as soon as she caught her breath she rose in the water and looked about for something to aid her in her fight with the sea, and for her father, for whose safety she had no fear. But she saw him slowly sinking beneath the angry waves. He had been injured by a blow from something as the water dashed across the deck, carrying whatever loose articles still remained on the deck.

Swimming swiftly to his side, Kalili caught hold of him and raised his head above the water. He was not insensible, and in a few moments was able to support himself on the water, but he had been injured so severely that he was unable to swim.

They were at least twenty-five miles from land, alone on the tossing sea, without even a broken oar to assist them, and she, a helpless girl, must do what she could to save not only her own life, but her injured father. Kalamanu had put on his oilskin coat and his sea boots when first the waves began to break above the rail, and these added to his weight.

Kalili knew that she could never hope to keep him afloat so weighted down. The coat and boots must be removed. The man could move his arms feebly, and he assisted her in removing the heavy coat. Then she dove down behind him, and after many attempts succeeded in getting the boots off.

Then she started to swim back over the course they had sailed that day. Think of it! Alone, twenty-five miles from land, with the sea a tossing, tumbling waste of water. She determined to swim to land, and not only to swim to that distant land, but to carry with her the almost helpless old man.

The wind had died entirely away and the sea was rapidly subsiding. That much was in her favor. Then, too, she knew the next morning the steamer Like-Like would cross the channel on her way from Hilo to Honolulu. If she could keep afloat, could see the steamer, could make those on board see her, then she might hope for rescue. Keeping her eyes fixed on the distant mountain she swam on and on, sometimes towing her father by his arm thrown across her shoulders, sometimes pushing him forward with her breast and using both arms, sometimes holding him with one hand and swimming with the other.

Hour after hour passed. She became exhausted, and, turning upon her back, floated for a while to rest her strained arms and shoulders; then again she swam on, on toward that dim speck against the darkening sky which she knew was mighty Mauna Loa. That must be her landmark until she came near enough to the shore to see the lower land. No matter what point she reached, only the solid land, no matter whether near or far from her starting point.

Night fell; but, watching the stars, she kept her face turned toward the place where, miles away, lay the longed-for land.

Kalamanu, while day lasted, was able to hold his head above the waves, but soon after nightfall he became too weak to do even this. Finding that he was failing he told his brave daughter to leave him and strive to save her own life. She refused; both or neither should reach the land. Together they would meet their fate, good or evil. When he became too weak even to keep his face above water she tore a strip from her single garment and tied it so as to keep his head on her shoulders. On and on she toiled.

Night passed, morning came and found her, with aching arms and shoulders, still swimming, slower now, toward the distant shore. Up came the sun, and the tortures of heat were added to her sufferings. Her arms, face and shoulders were blistered by the scorching rays until the touch of the salt water was agony. Still she pressed on. Noon came, nearly twenty-four hours since she began that long fight against death.

An hour passed and still no succor. No sign of a steamer or other vessel, and the distant mountain seemed as far off as ever. For the first time the heroic girl began to despair. She felt that she was growing weaker. Nothing had passed her lips since the morning before when they had left port. She was growing faint, and wondered if she had not best give up the battle; but not yet, and again she pressed on. Her father had not moved for some time, and she did not know if he still lived, but dead or alive, if she reached the shore she would bring him with her.

The steamer Like-Like left port on that morning two or three hours later than usual, owing to delay caused by the gale the day previous. Straight out into the channel she steamed. About three o'clock in the afternoon the man on watch called to the officer of the deck that he saw some strange object a little ahead of the steamer. Asked what it looked like, he said he thought it some strange animal, but that it was surely alive, as he saw it move from time to time.

All hands watched for a glimpse of the object which had been reported, and in half an hour they were near enough to see it from the deck and to recognize it as a living being. A boat was quickly lowered and rowed rapidly to the side of the object. They found a native girl with an apparently dead man tied fast to her body swimming feebly away from them. With a stroke of the oars they overtook her and grasped her to raise her into the boat. She did not seem to know that anyone was near her and still strove weakly to swim away from them, but strong hands lifted her up and laid her down in the bottom of the boat. At first they thought the man was dead, but when they reached the steamer's deck he was still faintly breathing, and in the hands of a skillful physician he was brought to his senses.

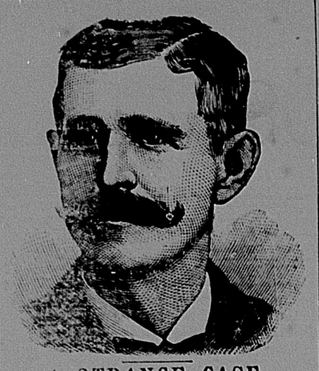
But more interest was felt in the poor girl than in him. When she had left Laupahoehoe the morning before she was a beautiful girl. When lifted to the steamer's deck she was burned and blistered, face, neck and arms, until the raw flesh looked like nothing human.

Her hair was filled with salt crystals and matted and knotted so that before they could do much for her they were obliged to cut it off. But she was alive, and more than that, she had saved her father's life also. When the steamer reached Honolulu both were in a way to recovery. Kalili was the heroine of the day.

From the place where the schooner sank to where the steamer picked the castaways up was twenty miles in a direct line. Of course the girl had not kept a direct line, and had covered much more distance than that.

When Kalili recovered her strength her father was able to be up, and in a few weeks both were as strong as if they had not passed through that terrible battle with the waves.

Kalili still lives, but she has never been on the sea since that disastrous voyage. She has lost her nerve, and now dreads the water worse than a person who never learned to swim. But she is still pointed out to strangers as the girl who swam twenty miles and carried her insensible father the greater part of the distance.—San Francisco Call.



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat these parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my loins, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recomendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by all druggists.

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 & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & 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.

"That Tired Feeling"

only requires some simple supportive like a glass of milk, a cup of tea or coffee, or a dose of Sarsaparilla to relieve it; but when you have real disease lurking in your system, you need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

For every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections—even Consumption, or Lung-scrofula, in its earlier stages—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most positive remedy extant. Send for free pamphlet. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

"Royal Ruby" Rye, $1.25 Quart Bottle.

"Royal Ruby" Rye Whiskey is guaranteed absolutely pure and eleven years old. Its great popularity attests its merits. It is a "rye that is a Rye," recommended for the invalid, the convalescent and the connoisseur, put up on honor and quality guaranteed. (Bottled at distillery, Lexington, Ky.) ROYAL WINE CO., CHICAGO.

Ask for it. For sale by Nye & Booe, Druggists.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy.

THE best bargains ever offered in printed Jap. silks at Bischof's this week. Don't fail to see them.

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.

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 administers it to her own offspring and always with the best results. For sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.

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 preceed that ailment such as sickness at the stomach, diarrhoea, etc., we become scary. 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 think to keep handy in the house. For sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.

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 Veiling 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	5c each
1,000 yds printed Japanese Silk in dark grounds with colored figures, well worth 35c yd, at	19c yard
300 yds striped Kaikai Silks, white grounds with colored woven stripes, will wash.	
200 yds Printed Jap. Silks, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 50c to 60c, at	33⅓c yd
500 yds Printed Jap. Silks, 24-inch, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 75c yd, at	37½c yd
100 pieces Fancy Light colored Prints Dress and Shirting Styles, worth 5 to 7c at	3½c yd
All our best prints including Simpson blacks and greys and best Turkey reds, at	5c yard
50 extra fine English Duck Suits, including linen colored one, worth $3.50 to $5.00, at	$2.14
75 Ladies' Duck and Pique Vests in white and fancy colors, worth $1.50 each at	61c
20 doz Boys' Waists in Percale, Cheviot, etc., made to sell from 50c to $1.00 each, at	83c each

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 rate:

$1.00 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	7½c to 10c yd
7½c. worth	10 to 20c yd
10c. worth	15c to 25c yd
15c. worth	25c to 40c yd

At 29c. all-wool Challies, French Organdies and Mulls, and Swivel 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	6¾c yd
Good Brown Muslin at	4c yd
9-4 Brown Sheeting at	12½c yd
Table Oil Cloth worth 20c at	12½c yd

LINENS. = =

20 pieces all linen half bleach Damask, 56 inches wide, worth 40c, and the price is	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	3⅜c 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
10 pieces Heavy Scarlet Medicated Flannels, all wool, fast color, worth 25c yard, at	16⅔c yd
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 7½c, at	5c yard
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 10c, at	7c yard
100 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 12½c, at	8 1-3c 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.