

# THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894.

WHAT Mr. Cleveland called "party perjury and party dishonor," the Democratic State platform of Indiana calls a "substantial measure of reform."

MR. CLEVELAND said in his letter to Chairman Wilson: "You know how much I deprecated the introduction in the bill of the income tax feature." Indiana Democrats say in their platform that it is "a wise and equitable measure."

THE Democratic press is boasting that since the new tariff went into operation the Ohio Falls Car Works have started up. It was stupid in people not to be able to foresee that a tariff of 40 per cent on sugar would start these car works, but then some folks are awfully dull.

"PERFIDIOUS and dishonorable" is what the President called the Senate tariff bill, better known as the Haver-meyer law, christened as such in honor of the head of the sugar trust. Yet the Democrats fell over themselves in the House in passing it. And Brookshire answered "aye" when his name was called.

THE harvest of Democratic reform continues. Only this week the glass workers of the entire country through their representatives met at Muncie and signed the scale of wages for the coming year. This scale makes a reduction of 23 1/2 per cent. Workmen who have to bear this reduction are beginning to see what the free trade policy of the Administration means to this country. They are rapidly learning how they were fooled two years ago.

SEVERAL prominent leaders of labor on Labor Day contributed to the New York Herald their conception of the day and its lessons. Mr. Powderly who for many years was at the head of the Knights of Labor rises above the notion that organization is the only thing needful, and discusses the National forces which have so greatly affected labor this year. He grasps the question with much vigor and asks: "England was in doubt while the Congress sat like a coroner on the prosperity of the Nation; she is no longer in doubt. When her strikes cease ours began anew. I would like to know whether we were legislating for England or the United States?"

THE New York Times of November 10, 1891, said:

There never was anything whatever in those Pittsburgh stories of tin-plate factories. Nobody ever thought of investing a dollar in a TIN-PLATE factory in this country. The Times has repeatedly stated this fact.

What was said by the Times was taken up by the Democratic press and repeated in all its variations. The Review said there would not be a sufficient supply manufactured to cover THE JOURNAL building. The Rockville Tribune said there would not be enough tin-plate made in this country to supply the State of Rhode Island, while the Lafayette Journal called it the "Republican Elwood tin-plate fake," and so on through the whole directory of Democratic newspapers the tin-plate factories were satirized, burlesqued and lampooned.

## SHIFTING RESPONSIBILITY.

THE Argus-News doesn't care a fig so it says, who wrote the sugar schedule in the Senate tariff bill, but thinks the important question is, "who was responsible for its passage instead of a free sugar bill?" AS THE JOURNAL knows it will proceed to enlighten its esteemed contemporary. On the 3d day of July, 1894, at about 10:30 o'clock at night, the Senate reached the final vote on the tariff bill. The vote stood 39 "yeas" to 34 "nays." The 39 Senators who voted for the bill were all Democrats with the exception of two Populists, Allen and Kyle. The 34 Senators who voted against the bill were all Republicans except two Populists, Peffer and Stewart, and one Democrat, Hill of New York. The bill was then sent to a conference committee, where it was discussed and discussed until the 19th day of July, when a disagreement was reported to each House. It was on this day that Chairman Wilson created such a sensation by sending to the Clerk's desk and had read the celebrated letter from the President in which he characterized the bill passed by the Senate as a bill of "party perjury and party dishonor." The result was that neither the Senate nor the House would recede, and the bills were again sent to conference. Here they remained until the 14th day of August, when Chairman Wilson moved that the order requesting a conference be rescinded, that the House conferees be discharged, and that the House recede from its disagreement to the Senate amendment and agree to the same. The Senate bill then passed the House by a vote of 182 "ayes," all Democrats and Populists, to 106 "nays," all Republicans and 13 Democrats. The Democrats fairly tumbled over each other in their anxiety to vote for the bill of "party perjury and party dishonor." The responsibility for the passage of the bill which takes sugar from the free list and places it on the dutiable list at 40 per cent. ad valorem belongs exclusively to the Democratic party.

## A MINER'S LUCK-PENNY.

The Romance of a Daughter of the Australian Mines.

1872.

It is Saturday night on an Australian gold field. The bar of the "Jolly Diggers" is crowded. News has gone abroad that "Dog" Kellarey has broken out again, and as he always takes care to have his little bouts remembered a crowd soon collects.

On this particular Saturday he has set himself to try conclusions with "Kangaroo Jack" of the Midas claim. It is a gorgeous struggle—even old "Wall-Eyed Bill," who is exacting in such matters, is compelled to admit that. They fight anyhow and everywhere, under tables and under chairs—while the lamps flare, the dogs bark and the crowd expresses its admiration in language full of picturesque detail.

"Kangaroo Jack" tires after the twenty-sixth round, and his friends carry him to his tent minus one eye and plus concussion of the brain.

Then, when "Dog" Kellarey counts his broken fingers, every one suddenly remembers the unguarded state of his tent and vanishes into the darkness, not to reappear until the sound of the coach horn is heard on Portage hill. The arrival of the weekly coach, bearing her majesty's mails, is an occasion of great importance, and ranks even before new finds or Warden's decisions.

About eleven o'clock the coach creaks and groans up the street, to pull up before the flaming lights of the "Jolly Diggers." It is a curious, lumbering old construction, riding on leather springs and drawn by five strong horses—a sort of badly brought-up cross between an antique mourning coach and a dilapidated Indian gharry.

The driver, to whom is intrusted the lives and hereafter of the half-dozen passengers, travels the two hundred and forty miles between the gold fields and civilization twice weekly, and is always preternaturally thirsty. Custom, however, forbids his leaving the box before he has seen his horses unharnessed and led away and exchanged the usual pleasantries with his own particular admirers. When in due time he descends, passengers, diggers, loafers and dogs escort him into the hotel and in half an hour the excitement is over.

On this occasion, however, it is destined to last longer; "Dog" Kellarey, advancing, invites the driver to take refreshment.

After complying with the request, the individual gets out to the vehicle, to return with a bundle. Then, unwrapping the shawls, he places on the table a baby girl. She cannot be more than two years old, and is fast asleep, her little head and its pretty curls pillowed on one tiny arm.

Every one presses round to look, with the exception of "Dog" Kellarey, who has no curiosity in the matter of babies. Then questions pour in thick and fast: "Whose is it?" "Where'd ye get the kiddy, matey?" "Whose youngster is it, Bill?" etc.

Any other man would be bewildered—not so Bill Burns. He says slowly and solemnly, as if aware of his unique importance: "For 'Dog' Kellarey!"

"What!" shouts that gentleman, "that's a lie, you Bill! Who says the kiddy for me?"

"I do!" replies the driver. "Poll Waites of Wild Dog shored it aboard, along with his duds, for yer. The little 'un's father pegged out on Saturday—'Flash Dick' of Wild Dog creek. 'Is last words was: 'Sen' the kiddy to my old mate 'Dog' Kellarey; an' so I fetched it along, and the passengers made up the fare among 'em, so there's nothin' to pay—there!"

"Old Dick pegged out!" the "Dog" mumbles slowly, old Dick pegged out an' sent 'is kiddy to me!"

The crowd is so tickled with the idea that it ventures upon a laugh.

The laugh decides him, and, stepping up alongside the sleeping child, he sings out: "The kiddy's mine, an' the man as laughs agin' er laughs agin' me. Now let's see 'im as is game to grin!"

He has evidently gone home, for no one answers.

Sunday morning, and "Dog" Kellarey's claim is the center of attraction. The little arrival of the previous night plays about his tent door. The "Dog," fearing harm to her from his crowd of visitors, carefully defines his boundary, and threatens dire penalties on the head of any man who crosses it.

News, news!—great and glorious news!

News which runs like wildfire through the Field, which flies from tent to tent—from the police cell on the hill to Dutch Joe's across the flat, past the Barka, down to the Day-down—never stopping until everyone has heard it.

"Dog" Kellarey's proverbial bad luck has turned at last—he has bot-tomed on the Lead, the new claim has turned up trumps with a vengeance."

It is full of gold—specks, specimens and nuggets. Not nuggets as small as peas, but large as teacups. Not here and there, but in a big deep lead, a fortune at every drive of the pick.

The Luck-penny, who has been sleeping in the shadow of the tent, watches and chuckles at a piece of glittering mica. In his excitement the "Dog" sings out:

"Boys! 'tis 'er as done it; there's the lass that brought me luck!"

Three m. More excitement! A nugget weighing fifty pounds. The monster of the Field, a wonder of the country, and a fortune to his finder.

Picks and shovels are thrown down, the roar of cradles and sluice-boxes stops as if by magic, and the excited crowd starts at a run for the claim.

On their arrival "Dog" Kellarey says nothing, but for the second time he carefully points out his boundary. He places his revolver on the cradle, ready to his hand, and bless you the crowd understands what he means by that.

The Luck-penny sucks her thumb and crows contentedly; womanlike, she knows she is the center of attraction.

When the last visitor has departed the "Dog" picks her up, and says, emphatically:

"Kinchin! It's you as brought the luck to the old man. Now, look here, three parts of that claim belongs to you, it does!"

And he meant it.

1892.

A bright, fresh morning, with a few

white clouds scattered about the heavens, the better to enhance the blueness of the sky beyond. A happy spring breeze dashing round corners, and playing the very mischief with silk hats and dainty skirts, whistling through telegraph wires, and covering the harbor with a coating of continuous white foam. A morning on which to feel thankful for existence.

It is easily seen that something unusual is affecting the inhabitants of Potts Point, that fashionable suburb of luxurious Sydney. At St. Mary's church door I find a large crowd assembled, representing all ranks of society, and, for the first time, obtained some dim idea of the event I am about to witness. In order to make doubly sure I question an ancient lady, whose dress suggests connection with some charitable institution.

At first she seems inclined to treat my thirst for information with contempt, but finally, at my desire for gossip, overcomes her reticence, and she condescends to tell me all in one breath that "This 'ere is to be the wedding of Miss Athelwood; not but that 'er name ain't Athelwood, but Kellarey. 'Er as 'dow'd the alms'ouses down the street—'which times bein' bad an' a lone widder as 'ad no 'usband an' whose son is doin' 'is last stretch, bein' as innocent as a babe unborn. An' 'erumatiz' bein' that bad, she would cure, only she wouldn't. And Miss O'Sullivan, as lives in No. 9, said as 'ow Miss Athelwood was worth well-nigh 'alf' million of money if she was worth a penny—not but that she shouldn't be, seen' as 'ow she 'ad been born on the gold diggin's, and every one knowed them was good times. And a prettier and better lady never stepped, beggin' 'er pardon for sayin' so."

The old woman, once started, was hard to stop. But I was interested in Miss Athelwood, so ventured an inquiry as to her parentage. "Ah! well, may yer say that; not but what yer mightn't understand, seein' as 'ow ye're a stranger in these parts. The poor young dear never 'ad no father to know but Mr. Athelwood, the lawyer. I 'ard tell she was just fetched up from them gold fields by a feller called Kellarey—a miner chap, who give her to Mr. Athelwood along of a fortune which 'e said was 'ers. That's twenty year or more now—the same year as my good man was took by the perils of the change, bush-rangin' case, an' 'im not need so much as 'avin' a 'alfpenny of the money, but—"

I stopped the dear old lady's family history by asking whom Miss Athelwood was about to marry. As I put the question an old and villainously dirty swagman placed his roll of blankets down at the church door and pushed his way toward me.

"In beggin' yer pardon," my lady went on, "Miss Athelwood's a-go'in' to marry, as it's not in my mind to remember—a look or a hearl, but I can't say which on 'em. Haide-de-camp to the governor, they do say 'e is. But look! look, 'ere they comes!"

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the church door and set down its load of fashionable. Then, and not without cheering, Mr. and Miss Athelwood arrived. She looked surprisingly beautiful, and I noticed that the old swagman was so overcome with astonishment that he kept his eyes staring at the door long after we had passed through it and we had rushed into the church to see the ceremony.

My whole attention was devoted to watching the bride. I could not drive her romance out of my head. She went up the aisle a homeless girl, the product of a gold field, and returned to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a countess and a member of one of the oldest families in Europe.

After all the carriages had rolled away and I was turning to go, the old swagman touched my arm, saying:

"Mister! I'm a-go'in' to get yer to do me a favor!"

Asking him what it was, he replied: "Let's go somewhere out of this, where we're alone, an' I'll tell yer!"

When we had adjourned to a more fitting place my companion spoke.

"I guess yer call me a harp'ly told you that I was cheatin' an' settin' up that girl as we've just see married? But I am—I'm 'Dog' Kellarey, sure enough, 'im as give 'er into Lawyer Athelwood's 'ands twenty years ago, with 'er share of the mine that panned out so rich."

"Why don't you go to her, then? I hear she's been huntin' high and low for you!"

"That's just it; I know she has. But d'yer think I'm a-go'in' into the company o' the likes o' 'er friends? Not me! I'd be makin' a fool o' the girl, and she'd be ashamed o' 'erself. No! I've tramped close on four hundred miles to see her married, and now I'm a-go'in' back into the bush tonight for good. I want you to write this 'ere in a letter for me—to wit: 'Say: 'From 'Dog' Kellarey to 'is Luck-penny on 'er wedding day, and put in the corner, 'I ain't forgot yer, mind!'"

I wrote as he directed, and inclosed—what do you think? A baby's little woolen shoe! The old man had kept this relic as his most sacred treasure for nearly twenty years.—Any Boothby, in Pall Mall Magazine.

"Does your artist friend paint portraits true to life?" "He did at first, but he has learned better." "Indeed?" "Yes. The first two or three commissions he executed were so true to life that the sitters refused to take the pictures."

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known P. 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 & TRAX Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, it acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

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

For notices see THE JOURNAL CO., PRINTERS.

## A WOMAN'S LIFE.

SOME THINGS MEN DON'T CONSIDER.

Thousands of Women Suffer Daily for Years without Complaining.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Men cannot know the sensibilities hidden in the delicate organisms of women. Thousands suffer without knowing why, and die the death daily for want of knowledge that relief is so close at hand.

Lydia E. Pinkham will forever stand highest in the love of suffering women.

Because she discovered the cause of woman's weakness and suffering, and found the means to remove it.

Diseases of the Uterus and ovarian troubles are most universal, showing their ravages in pale faces; it is indicated by halting steps, dizziness, faintness, irritability, melancholy, extreme lassitude, nervousness, sleeplessness, and disturbances of the stomach.

You will hear your friends speak of the dreadful "backache," the crushing sense of "bearing down."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for twenty years has saved women from all this. Hear this woman speak:—

"No man ever suffered a single pang like I women."

"Women, therefore, gladly turn to a woman for sympathy, counsel, and help in their peculiar troubles."

Lydia E. Pinkham deserves the commendation she has received from thousands. Her Vegetable Compound has done more for women than any other remedy.

"The great cause of woman's misery is in her womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound goes direct to the source of trouble, drives out disease, and cures backache, fainting, despondency, bloating, ovarian troubles, and all such ailments."

"I would have been in my grave if I had not taken Mrs. Pinkham's medicines."

—MRS. HANNAH HYDE, Bethel, Ind.

END YOUR OUTING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. I will only cost you about \$12.50 from Detroit; \$15 from Toledo; \$18 from Cleveland, and \$20 from Chicago. Rooms, meals and baths. Avoid the heat and dust by traveling on the D. & C. floating palaces. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand romantic spot, its climate most invigorating. Two new steel passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing \$300,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience. Amplest accommodations, bath-rooms, electric light, and electric fans, and are, guaranteed to be the grandest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers favorably compare with the great ocean liners in construction and speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Petoskey, Chicago, "Seo," Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Detroit. The cabins, parlors and staterooms of these steamers are designed for the complete entertainment of humanity under home conditions; the palatial equipment, the luxury of the appointments, makes traveling on these steamers thoroughly enjoyable. Send for illustrated descriptive pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. & T. A., D. & C. Detroit, Mich.

"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 dyspepsia, 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 Scall, or Scrofula at its worst, 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.

The earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, heartburn and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to be cured.

Guaranteed Cure. We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy. Large sizes 50c and \$1.

Cure For Headache. As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Balm is the best of 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 Balm 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 50c at Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy.

This best bargain 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.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Eclams, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Etc., Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Cotton & Rife's, the Progress Pharmacy.

SEE BISCHOF'S DUCK SUITS AT \$2.14 WITH Pique vest at 61c. this week.

# 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 shapes, 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 Kai Kai Silks, white grounds with colored woven stripes, will wash.....  
200 yds Printed Jap. Silks, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 50c to 60c, at..... 33 1/2c yd  
300 yds Printed Jap. Silks, 21-inch, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 75c yd, at..... 37 1/2c yd  
100 pieces Fancy Light colored Prints Dress and Shirting Styles, worth 5 to 7c at..... 3 1/2c 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..... 7 1/2c to 10c yd  
7 1/2c, worth..... 10 to 20c yd  
10c, worth..... 15c to 25c yd  
15c, worth..... 25c to 40c yd  
At 25c all-wool Challies, French Organdies and Mulls, and Swiss 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..... 6 1/2c yd  
Good Brown Muslin at..... 4c yd  
9-4 Brown Sheetting at..... 4 1/2c yd  
Table Oil Cloth worth 20c at..... 12 1/2c 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..... 3 1/2c 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..... 30c each  
50 Bed Comforts, worth 60c, at..... 40c each  
50 Bed Comforts, worth 75c, at..... 49c each  
50 Bed Comforts, worth \$1.00, at..... 69c each  
10 pieces Heavy Scarlet Medicated Flannels, all wool, fast color, worth 25c yard, at..... 16 1/2c yd  
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 7 1/2c, at..... 5c yard  
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 10c, at..... 7c yard  
100 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 12 1/2c, at..... 8 1/2c 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.