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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

It isn't often that a bitter pill is made of sugar, but the Democracy have something of that kind in their mouths just now.

THE Democratic party has lessened the burdens of the poor man by putting salt on the free list and taxing sugar 40 per cent.

As a matter of fact the Republican party is hopelessly committed to McKinleyism.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

It seems to be just that way up in the States of Vermont and Maine.

THE Republican majority in Maine still continues to grow. It is now 38,000, and when all the returns are in the indications are that it will be 40,000.

MCKINLEYISM does not seem to be dead in Maine. It's life blood seems to flow with a stronger current than ever, and its voice is louder than the thunder.

YES, and while light is dawning on the people of Louisiana it is dawning on the masses of other States.—*Argus News.*

Vermont and Maine for instance.

MR. CLEVELAND insists that sugar is the very thing to put a high tariff on because everybody uses it and the tariff will bring a great deal of money into the treasury. But everybody uses salt as well as sugar.

TOM JOHNSON in his speech on the 14th of August protesting against the House surrendering to the Senate said: "As I said, voting for the Wilson bill I can eat crow, but this crow is now too big and black for me to swallow." The bigger and blacker the crow the more palatable it is to some Democrats hereabouts.

CUCKOO organs are still howling "The trusts must go." By a full Democratic vote in Congress and the silent consent of the President one great trust has been given \$10,000,000 and another \$40,000,000. None can successfully controvert such facts. The pretended opposition to trusts is a shame and a blind.

THE *Social Economist*, in its September number, introduces in an attractive manner the personal and biographical method in its economic teaching by a lively and racy sketch of the recent leaders in the protectionist school. Henry C. Carey and Horace Greeley. The writer evidently writes from the standpoint of one who was specially intimate with the thought processes and life work of both men.

THE very reason that sugar is so universally used makes it an ideal article for legitimate taxation. There is no other common necessary that can furnish larger revenue and the tax on which is so lightly felt by the people, as sugar. Hence a small tax on it.—*Argus News.*

Until now the *Argus News* has been expending its lurid rhetoric and tumultuous eloquence in favor of the House penguin bill which placed sugar on the free list, and has been swearing by the beard of the prophet that the war would go on until this was accomplished. Has it had a revelation? Whence comes the revelation? It must be from the sugar trust.

THERE are more kinds of Democracy these days than there are breeds of dogs. There is Hill Democracy, which represents the free trade, or plain tariff-for-revenue-only principle. Its creed is the Chicago platform, just as it was made. Then there is the Gorman-Brice Democracy which favors free trade in everything except what is produced by the industries in which it is peculiarly interested. Again, there is a Democracy which thinks that sugar ought to be taxed, and a Democracy which thinks it should be free. Mr. Cleveland is a sugar taxer, and Mr. Wilson is for free sweetness. The whole has been appropriately named the crazy quilt party, and surely it does present the aspect of one of those queer bed covers.

ELI T. JORDAN, the Democratic candidate for State Geologist, and at present the State Gas Inspector, is evidently in bad odor with the Indianapolis *Sentinel*. The *Sentinel* says:

Appropos of the alleged failure of natural gas and the utter ruin of gas companies we find this item in the *Rushville Republican*:

"The late sale of Doxey's interest in the Connersville natural gas company for \$500,000 brings out the statement that it has paid dividends of 25 per cent. for four years past. It is also said that Doxey cleared \$75,000 on his contract in building the line. These are pretty fancy figures and the consumers pay the bills."

Commenting on the above the *Sentinel* with a wink of one eye says:

This is a common characteristic of natural gas companies. They are in very bad condition before the tax boards, but they all sell at "fancy figures." And we are asked to believe that men of known intelligence are investing at such prices in ventures that are on the verge of failure.

The *Sentinel* evidently has not forgotten the lobbying by Mr. Jordan in favor of the natural gas combine in last winter's Legislature. Mr. Jordan's report on the "alleged" failure of gas when taken in connection with his work as a lobbyist shows that he is a willing tool of monopolists.

INJUN JOE.

Barney's Adventure with the Last of the Iroquois.

Hidden away from the riotous world is rustic little Moose village. Every body in the Ottawa valley knows it. The brown river flows slowly past as if sorry to leave it; the inhabitants are wont to remark that nothing but death or a bear hunt "way back on the nation," can ever draw them away; and last, but not least, when "Injun Joe" fixed up his wigwam on the Point, although he didn't know it, people concluded that they might reckon on him as a permanent. The Point was about half a mile above the village, and its silver sands ran a long way out. Just at the extreme edge, within a few feet of the lapping water, and sheltered by one majestic sugar maple, Injun Joe's quaint little tent drew the attention of wandering artists as they went down in the boat. All sorts of stories were invented about Joe, but none really knew where he had been dragged up. Some said that he was an Indian sachem of the Iroquois come to life again because he had misadventured himself in the happy hunting grounds. This, however, was generally regarded in Miller's store as an elaborate fiction invented by that blonde young humorist Barney Maguire. "You see, boys," that worthy would observe to the crowd, "it's this way: That there Injun's been let loose by one of them Montcalmians who go about digging in the mountains for Indian graves. And now they're let him out, of course he ain't goin' back to a place where there ain't no whiskey. You bet your boots that's about the size of it," and Barney, absently taking a plug of his neighbor's tobacco, went out into the night.

It was a lovely summer night. The air was filled with dancing fireflies, weaving and winding in and out the long grass, and waylaying one another in the whispering leaves of bushes. In and out, their little lamps went flickering through the night in such heedless, happy meritment that Barney stopped to look at them. All the world was full of fireflies. He seemed to be treading on them, and with drunken gravity began to lift his feet high not to crush their little lives out. At this moment a bigger light gleamed up before him in the distance. It seemed to be an enormous firefly beckoning him on through the village and into the cool languorous depths of the summer night. Close by "the river wandered at its own sweet will." Only the voices of the raftsmen, as they made for the falls, broke the stillness. Barney pulled up and listened to them. "That's so," he said, with drunken gravity. "I reckon you've about fixed it. Now, brother, the stream runs fast. The fireflies are—no, that's wrong. That's wrong, Barney. I say it's wrong. If you don't believe me, catch one and ask him."

He set off in a sidelong kind of run, sat down on nothingness, and suddenly collapsed in the middle of the road. "I've got you," he said in triumph to an imaginary firefly. "Excuse me a-tin' on you, but you are such slippery little critters. You've only got to pogie, and I'll git."

The firefly didn't apologize, for the simple reason that it was a hundred yards away. This suddenly dawned upon Barney, and he followed it through the long grass.

The ripple of the dawning tide sounded more loudly in his ears, and inensibly drew him to the river shore. Right out on the point, the big firefly glowed steadily but not like the others. It was a fixed light. When the others closed their tiny wings the lights disappeared, but this monstrous firefly was visible all the time.

Barney followed on, keeping in the shadows of the willows which fringed the shore. He didn't want to go on, but some irresistible power impelled him to do so. Suddenly he found himself within twenty yards of the point, and—sobber!

He sank down behind the bushes in amazement, for the firefly which he had followed was the light of Injun Joe's camp fire, and Injun Joe was there; but not the Injun Joe the laugh and scorn and mock of the village, but another being altogether—a full-blooded brave in his war paint, with tomahawk and pipe by his side, and his copper-colored cheeks glowing in the daylight with vermillion. A long scalplock hung from his shaven crown.

"Gosh, what's this?" said the perplexed Barney. "The boys will think I'm dreaming!"

The Indian did not stir or give one sign of life. He looked across the river at the long range of the Laurentian hills, as if marking the dark sweep of the pines which crested their summits. He seemed to be waiting.

Barney crept a little nearer. Suddenly a broad bark canoe shot out from a little island in the middle of the river and glided noiselessly through the night. It was paddled by a squaw. She was clad in deer skin, and a long eagle feather rose from her long, flowing tresses.

"Come, my white brother, come," said Injun Joe, without looking around. "Letota waits."

Barney came forward with an uneasy laugh. "I reckon, old Pennit-Cooper, you'll have the Judge down on you if you're up to any of your larks."

"Come," said Injun Joe, gravely, and Barney stepped into the canoe, which sank nearly to the waters edge. The squaw paddled noiselessly, with swift, rapid strokes, across the river until they reached the opposite shore.

They got out and beached the canoe. "Come," said Injun Joe, leading the way, and Barney, humoring the joke, fell into single file.

They went on through the dark night, treading upon the noiseless needles of the pines. The boughs bent down and hid the moon. Barney began to shiver. Was it a phantom in front of him, or only a drunken Iroquois bent upon some mad folly inspired by whiskey?

Presently they began to climb the mountainside. Injun Joe went in front with catlike activity. Barney began to feel bold, but followed his guide until they emerged into a little glade or clearing entirely free from pines, and covered with a short, smooth turf. The moon sailed overhead, an owl cast a slanting shadow on the grass as it swept up into the light. In the center of the glade was another camp fire, and around this were sitting four Indian braves. Paint, scalp locks, weapons—all were there. A little to one side of the fire was a post sunk in the ground. It was chipped and scarred and stained with dark streaks. Could they be blood?

Barney turned to flee, but he felt that he was covered. "I didn't count on this here picnic, gents," he said, with reckless effrontery. "Mebbe you're reckonin' on a war dance? I'm not the one to spoil fun. Go ahead!" They went ahead in a most unpleasant manner. Barney was dragged to the post, and tied to it with deer-skin thongs in a sitting posture. The Indians resumed their seats around the fire. Barney took out his pipe, and began to smoke. A grunt of approval went up from the grisly forms by the fire.

"Kin wait if you kin, gentlemen," said Barney, his blue eyes dancing with fun. "Mebbe you'll make up your minds what you're goin' to do with me."

The squaw appeared with a little birch basket, and each Indian cast a black bean into it.

"Say, kin you pray for Manitou," said Injun Joe, "him come heap soon." He touched the handle of his tomahawk in a sufficiently grim manner to be unpleasant.

It suddenly occurred to Barney that it wasn't a joke, and a cold shiver ran down his spine.

Injun Joe watched him keenly. "Where French Lefebvre?" he said. "Got him scalp?" He produced a handful of black hair, dotted with blood.

It was incredible! Barney remembered that French Lefebvre had suddenly disappeared some months ago, but as everyone supposed he had gone into the lumber camps no one but his creditors took any interest in the matter, or considered his departure with the half dozen or so of miserable Indians who lingered out their lives in holes and corners of the Ottawa valley. Barney had often bought baskets from the squaw, and once when the boys tried to stone her, he had covered her body with his own. There was still a scar on his cheek from the blow of a stone which one youngascal had flung at him. French Lefebvre had once struck this very woman, who was still young and good-looking. Was it possible that these remnants of their race had met to avenge their wrongs? No one would even dream of such a thing. They would doff their paint and go slouching about in their usual noiseless manner, and earn a fresh victim. And there was the judge's daughter, too!

"Got to say, say him quick," said Injun Joe, fingering his knife with an artistic precision which was not nice to witness.

"I reckon if you've made up your minds, gentlemen," said Barney, "I'll use my spolia in this here funeral."

Injun Joe sprang at him with the knife, and Barney thought of the judge's daughter and said a little prayer. If he had to go under to avenge the wrongs of this last remnant of their race it was no use attempting to argue the matter when they held all the cards.

Injun Joe made a slight gash in Barney's arm and drew back. The other four Indians did the same. Then the woman came forward, bound up his arm and cut him loose.

Barney continued smoking with undisturbed gravity. It had all dashed upon him in a second. This was the Indian method of showing appreciation of the way in which he had saved the squaw. He had become a blood-brother of the last of the Iroquois. He wondered if they would expect him to sell Indian toys in Moose valley or to shoot at (he was sure to miss them) five cent pieces with arrows.

"Him heap brave," said Injun Joe, with a painful disregard of Fenimore Cooper's studied and grammatical phrases. "Him heap brave. Him white man."

"An' the show is over?" asked Barney, stretching himself. The others had disappeared. Only Injun Joe and the squaw remained. They fell into Indian file and marched down to the beach, through the long somber ranks of the pines. Then they entered into the little canoe and paddled up to the Point.

Barney met Injun Joe in the village next day. That worthy was loading round with a string of fish. Barney thought he must have been dreaming and that it would be better to avoid Davis' pain killer as a stimulant in future. It was a little too powerful in its after effects. But he sat on the veranda that evening with the judge's daughter, she gave a little shriek and turned white.

"Seen a mouse?" asked Barney, trying to reassure her.

"Your sleeve is slashed, and there is blood on it," she said. "Barney, Barney, you have been quarrelling again."

"I sorter remember fallin' off the woodpile," said Barney, with unblushing mendacity. "I reckon it shook me up, an' I'll go early to-night."

"Curious folk, women are," mused Barney, as he wended his way in the direction of the Point. "She'd never believe I'm an Iroquois brave if I talked for a month. She'd say it was all that pain killer."

Injun Joe was sitting by his fire, making nets. "Why does my red brother toll for the paleface?" said Barney, calling up recollections of Deerslayer, etc. "He is a squaw—a catfish. Ugh!"

Injun Joe's sphinx-like face gleamed faintly for a moment at the word "brother." Then he went on quietly making his nets. But French Lefebvre was never seen again.—G. B. Burgin, in *Detroit Free Press*.

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 him.

West & TRUXA Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, 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.

In Childhood's Happy Days. Among the incidents of childhood that stand out in bold relief, 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 administered it to her own offspring and always with the best results. For sale by Nye & Booe, 111 North Washington street, opposite court house.

A WOMAN'S POWER.

IT IS THE GREATEST ON EARTH.

It Establishes Thrones and Destroys Nations.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.] The influence of women upon the civilization of the world can never be measured.



The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvelous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the Vegetable Compound, has done much to place this great health power in the hands of women.

She has lifted them out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseased uterus.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures leucorrhoea, backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, regulates menstruation, removes inflammation, ulceration, and tumors of the womb, etc.

Here are two women who speak from experience, and for the benefit of others.

Miss Helen Smith, 43 22d Place, Chicago, Ill., says: "I was troubled with irregularity and leucorrhoea. I followed Mrs. Pinkham's advice, took her Vegetable Compound, and used her Sensitive Wash. I now feel like a new woman, and am perfectly healthy."

Mrs. E. Fox, Woodstown, N. J., writes: "I had been sick 10 years with womb trouble and leucorrhoea. Doctors could not help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did it. Employment of any kind does not trouble me now, and I can stand nearly all day and not feel tired. I cannot thank you enough. I recommend the Compound to every woman who has any weakness."



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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 35c 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 Kalkai Silks, white grounds with colored woven stripes, will wash.
200 yds Printed Jap. Silks, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 50c to 60c, at..... 33c yd
500 yds Printed Jap. Silks, 24-inch, dark grounds with colored figures, worth 75c yd, at..... 37c yd
100 pieces Fancy Light colored Prints Dress and Shirting Styles, worth 5 to 7c at..... 3c 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..... 01c
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 6c, worth..... 7c to 10c yd
7c, 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 Swiss Silks. You know the prices were 50c to 90c 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..... 6c yd
Good Brown Muslin at..... 4c yd
9-4 Brown Sheeting at..... 12c yd
Table Oil Cloth worth 90c at..... 12c yd

LINENS. - -

20 pieces all linen half bleached 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..... 3c 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 80c, 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..... 16c yd
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 7c, at..... 5c yard
50 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 10c, at..... 7c yard
100 pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, worth 12c, at..... 8c 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.