

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

Six months in the State, sixty days in the township and thirty days in the ward or precinct make you a voter, other things being all right. Bear this in mind.

The people of Vermont and Maine do not seem to appreciate the efforts the Democratic party has made to lift from their shoulders the burdens of tariff taxation.

UNDER the Senate bill the [sugar] tax is about 30 per cent less than under the McKinley bill. *Argus News.*

How does it come then that the buyer of sugar receives only 17 pounds now for \$1 and under the McKinley law he received 20 and 22 pounds?

The Secretary of the Treasury drew the sugar schedule practically as it was enacted into a law by Democratic votes and the Presidential permission. And all the cuckoo newspapers including the *Argus News* vehemently asserting that "sugar is a legitimate article for tariff taxation."

If that's the kind of Democrats they are [the Louisiana kickers]—the Gorman-Brice kind—the sooner they are out of the Democratic party the better for the party and the country. *Argus News.*

The *Argus News* is kept busy these days in reading Democrats out of the party. Having disposed of some of the leading newspapers and statesmen it is now turning its attention to the sugar planters. The wool growers and coal miners and iron workers will come next.

The necessity for three Democratic papers in this town is now made apparent—one to excuse the Senate, one to excuse the House and one to excuse the President. A conference committee should be appointed and divide the work. The *Argus News* has undertaken the triangular job, but the work of posing on three sides of a question at the same time is much more than our chipper little neighbor is able to bear.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID THAT HE THOUGHT THAT HE KNEW ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT "WHEN AN AMERICAN PAID TWENTY DOLLARS FOR STEEL TO AN ENGLISH MANUFACTURER AMERICA HAD THE STEEL AND ENGLAND HAD THE TWENTY DOLLARS. BUT WHEN HE PAID TWENTY DOLLARS FOR STEEL TO AN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER AMERICA HAD BOTH THE STEEL AND THE TWENTY DOLLARS."

The following comment on the Maine election coming as it does from the *Washington Post*, a Democratic paper, is significant:

What Maine did yesterday we expect the other States in the North, East and West at least to do when their opportunity presents itself. We expect, in a word, that the whole country will rise in protest against the foolish, mischievous and unwholesome policy which the cuckoos, the mugwumps and the demagogues have indicated. The country is always intelligent and patriotic, and it can be relied upon, we think, to accept the Republican party as the safest, wisest and most wholesome custodian of the national welfare under the circumstances that now prevail in the Democracy.

It will now be in order for the *Argus News* to read the *Post* out of the Democratic party.

THE SUGAR BOUNTY.

The Indianapolis *News* of Tuesday in discussing the sugar bounty, says: "We believe that the people are getting tired of being taxed for the benefit of every man who finds it impossible to run his own business at a profit." The *News* would have it inferred from this that the people have been taxed "for the benefit of every man who found it impossible to run his own business at a profit." It very well knows, as does every one in the country, that no such thing has ever been done. The object in paying a bounty to sugar producers, is not to benefit the sugar makers; but the ultimate purpose is to benefit the country at large. If no other good is to result from the sugar bounty than the profit it yields to the sugar makers, then all will agree that the payment of the bounty would be an outrage. But suppose that the sugar bounty should result, in a few years, in the establishment of a great industry here, which would give employment to hundreds of thousands of workmen, put in successful operation a new and profitable branch of agriculture, make sugar much cheaper than it is now, and render us independent of other sugar producing countries, what would the *News* say as to the wisdom of the bounty? Since Napoleon, through the bounty system, established the beet sugar business in France, sugar has been much cheapened all over the world. Other nations have followed the example of France, in paying bounties for the production of beet sugar, and now more than one-half of all the sugar consumed in the world is produced from the beet. If no nation had ever undertaken to develop the beet sugar business, sugar would today be double the price it is. Is it not plain from these considerations that the bounty means something more than a mere favor to beet sugar makers?

A LOVE COMEDY.

One of the Ways of Winning a Fair Woman.

"Shall I marry again? I can't tell you; I never make plans. 'A policy,' said Lady Brereton, 'is the blackmail levied on a fool by the unforeseen.' Needless to remark, I quote. It is too fatiguing to be original this hot weather! Ida, I can recommend those *marriage glasses*."

They were in Lady Brereton's boudoir in Green street, bosom friends and alone. A five o'clock tea equipage stood between them, and a too brilliant June sun was excluded by blinds of a becoming tint and an *eglise* of ferns. Pale mauve entered largely into the scheme of decoration, and there were a great many Parma violets about in old silver bowls.

Mrs. Crosbie helped herself to a sweetmeat leisurely, and with a due regard for her irreproachable glove, before she responded. When she did so her words, to an uninitiated person, would have seemed somewhat irrelevant.

"Of course, you know," she remarked, "that Capt. Valence is home from India?"

"Somebody told me yesterday that he had just arrived. But why the 'of course'?"

"I don't know—if you don't. Only"—Mrs. Crosbie looked through the cream jug at Lady Brereton. "It's just the year since poor Lord Brereton died."

"And what of that?"

Mrs. Crosbie's eyes deserted the teacup, and fixed themselves severely on her friend.

"Blanche," she said, "you are in one of your moods, and you don't practise on me! Are we alone, or is somebody hiding behind those curtains?"

"You ridiculous woman!"

"Then, why this superlative innocence? Why this affectation of coy seventeen? For heaven's sake be a rational being, and treat me like one! As if everybody doesn't know that Arthur Valence worried himself nearly sick over you at the time of your marriage. And you try to persuade me, of all people, that you think it means nothing when he returns to England after an absence of five years, just as the first twelve months of your mourning expire!"

"Well, you shouldn't have said that 'of course,' insinuating that I had private information about him," murmured Lady Brereton plaintively. "His movements don't interest me in the least, and I don't suppose mine any longer interest him. You seem to ignore the lapse of time since we met, and faithful hearts, my dear, went out of fashion with the crinoline. Besides, he wasn't a man—he was only a nice boy. And I treated him badly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosbie.

The too-ready acquiescence displeased Lady Brereton. She frowned with an apostle upon and frowned.

"Not so very badly. After all, how could I help him being silly enough to care for me? As to taking him seriously, a mere boy of twenty-two, and a younger son! Anyhow it doesn't matter now. He has probably forgotten all about me long ago."

She spoke with a complacent disbelief in her own words which made her hearer laugh.

"If you thought for a moment that he had forgotten, you would be irritable beyond endurance."

"I hope you are not laboring under the absurd delusion that I care in the least."

"Am I your enemy that I should accuse you of having a heart?" laughed Mrs. Crosbie. "I merely meant that your *amour propre* would be ruffled, my dear. I know you so well!"

"You were never more mistaken in your life," asserted Lady Brereton, calmly. "I am utterly indifferent."

Therein she was insincere. It was true that she had snubbed him unmercifully in years gone by, and the only feeling his boyish passion had inspired in her had been a sisterly liking, afterwards mingled with pity, amusement and a gratified vanity. But nevertheless she looked to the renewal of the floral chains which bound him to her carriage wheels with a truly feminine pleasure.

Therefore, with the possibility before her mind of a visit from her old admirer, she bestowed sundry adorning touches to her toilet, countermanded the victoria, and settled herself in the drawing-room, in a graceful attitude, prepared to be very much astonished to see him, indeed.

The afternoon waned, however, and he failed to put in an appearance. Neither did he come the following day, nor the one after, nor the next. Evidently he was in no hurry to call on her, and Lady Brereton's usually sweet temper developed inequalities in consequence. She had declared it improbable that his devotion should have survived, but the possible truth of her words rankled in her heart of hearts, although she would not acknowledge it even to herself. She was broadminded, but she had her limitations.

When, within a week of his return, he greeted her at length on the neutral ground of the Hurlingham club, she found him a good deal changed—older, improved, nothing of the boy she remembered about him, except his features, which were good.

"Then you haven't quite forgotten me," she said.

"Forgotten you! It is likely? My dear Lady Brereton, don't you recollect my youthful adoration? You made me as wretched as a love-sick boy can be. The letters I used to write you, the speeches I used to make! How I must have bored you! I was so very much in earnest; one takes oneself so seriously at twenty-two. I have often laughed over the thought of it since."

He laughed now. So did she, very naturally too. But she was not pleased; for in his frank allusion to the past she discerned that her empire was lost, and no woman likes to make that discovery, even if she has not valued it at the time of possession.

"And if you stay in London to be long?" she asked.

"Oh, I am not going back to India at all," he said. "The regiment will be home next month. I mean to settle down and marry. The governor wants it, fidgety about the title, you know, since my brother died. It's rather a bore."

He laughed. "By the way, Lady Brereton, I was intending to call and ask your aid about it. I thought for the sake of old times you might feel sufficient interest in the 'nice boy' now he's grown up, to find a nice girl for him—decent family, of course, and a little money no objection, but not a *little* *qua non*. Women are so clever at this kind of thing."

"I shall be delighted," she said,

sweetly. "I'll look out for you, and you must come and see me, and report what discoveries you are making on your own account."

But the conversation was a little one-sided after that. Capt. Valence chatted easily, little nothings of the hour, the amusing conversation of a well-bred man of the world with a witty tongue and a shrewd perception. But she did not pay much heed to what he said. She was thinking of the last time they met. She was Blanche Forrester then, and he had called her his angel, the light of his life, and she had laughed, and bidden him not to be a silly boy. The whole episode had been very absurd, of course, but somehow his mockery of it did not please her, and the glibness of his "Lady Brereton" grated.

"Thursday is my day," she said to him, when he put her in her carriage, by and by. "But if you like to take your chance, you know?"

Perhaps she thought about him more on her way home than she had ever thought about him before at one time. And she snatched her innocent pug, and called it a little beast. Such is feminine justice!

"I was young once," said Capt. Valence to the horse-chestnut trees, "I was distressingly young—a malady we all suffer from. But I feel better now, thank God!" he added piously, and he lighted a cigar and went to watch the polo with a smile of self-satisfaction.

They met a good deal in the course of the next few weeks. He reminded her of her promise, and she mentioned the names of two or three desirable damsels to him; but her assistance ended there, and he never saw an attractive-looking girl in her house. Also he found occasion to allude once to his salad days.

"Nothing polishes a cub," he said, "like an affair with a woman of the world. My dear Lady Brereton, accept the assurance of my gratitude."

She would have been better pleased if he had intimated that she had ruined his life, better pleased even if he had openly avoided her. His *comaraderie* stung her feminine soul. She did not approve of platonic, especially in an old admirer.

"One would think I was his grandmother," she said to her own wrathful reflection in the toilet glass. And then she wept stormily—for no reason that she would have named to a living soul.

For a week she saw nothing of him, then one evening their eyes met across the opera house, and a faint resentment—the sequel to the unexplained tears—was in her smileless brow. It was perceptible, too, in the manner of her greeting when, during the last *entracte*, he deserted his stall for her box, and on Mrs. Crosbie's invitation, dropped into the vacant chair between them. But he appeared to notice no coolness in her manner; he was in the most brilliant of moods.

"I have news for you," he murmured in her ear, when the stage claimed Mrs. Crosbie's attention. "She is found!"

"Indeed! And am I to congratulate you?"

"Perhaps it would be a trifle premature. You see, I haven't proposed yet. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow if you are sufficiently interested."

"Tell me now," she said.

She spoke quite naturally, and she was smiling. But when she looked at her face, his eyes had been on her hand as it closed with spasmodic force upon the handle of her fan.

"You will break that toy if you treat it like that," he said, quietly.

She dropped it as if it had stung her and drew back in the shadow of the draperies with her white teeth pressing her lower lip.

"Go on," she urged. "Is it an affair of the heart or of the head?"

"She is the only woman I should ever wish to marry," he answered. "I want her more than I have wanted anything in my life. I hardly know how to describe her to you. Don't laugh if I rave; I am in love, and when a fellow's like that, you know."

Lady Brereton, who will certainly ruin you, my dear, but I am not going to tell you that she is perfect. A perfect woman—how wonderful, how monotonous! She has variety, she has charm—admirable qualities to attract a man, and to give his existence the delightful zest of uncertainty. Ah! she is adorable, she—Lady Brereton!"

She was leaning back against the partition, her eyes closed, her face colorless.

"Nothing—don't notice me," she murmured. "The heat . . . I am better already."

He bent forward to screen her from the other woman's view. His hand covered hers, and it was shaking, like his voice.

"You are going to faint! I am a brute, but I want you so badly, and I knew it was the only way to make you care. If I had shown—"

"The comedy is finished!"—the words were spoken on the stage, and the curtain fell. He put her clock round her as they rose—Esther Miller, in Black and White.

A Sweet-Toned Organ.

A curious organ is to be seen at the Jesuits' church at Shanghai, China. It was manufactured by a native, a "brother coadjutor" of the Jesuit order. The pipes of the instrument are in bamboo wood instead of metal, and the sonority is of incomparable sweetness, "angelic and superhuman," says a correspondent, and such has never been heard in Europe.

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. WALKER, KINMAN & 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, 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 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 NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader. For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could sweep a room without sitting down and resting, but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all this is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was cured by the New Heart Cure. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it. It is over taken out of my system. I have received from physicians—"Mrs. Harry Starr, Louisville, Ky., October 12, 1894. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, only the Dr. Miles Medicine Co., Elkhart, Ind., can be trusted. It is sold at 25¢ per bottle, six bottles \$5, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent physician in heart disease, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs."

Sold by all druggists.

"Royal Baby" Rye Whisky is "a Rye as is a Rye," naturally ripened and free from all foreign flavor and adulterants, guaranteed pure and over eleven years of age, recommended to the connoisseur as a meritorious article worthy of the confidence of invalids, convalescents and the aged.

\$1.25 per quart bottle. Sold by Nye & Booe, Druggists, 111 North Washington street.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassell, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, N.C., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Cotton & Rife, Progress Pharmacy.

Tired, Weak, Nervous. Means impure blood, and overwork, or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people suffer from this kind of ailment. Her the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you—Hood's Cures!

Hood's Pills cure constipation, restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

See Bischof's duck suits at \$2.14 with Pique vest at 61c this week.

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

Try It.

For a lame back, or 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.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best result follow its use; that he very rarely would be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy. Regular size 50c, and \$1.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, 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.

Magical Little granules—those tiny sugar coated Pellets of Dr. Pierce's—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active, yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pills ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose. Whole sale 25 cents.

Sunday Excursion to Indianapolis.

On Sunday, Sept. 16, the Big Four will run a big excursion train to Indianapolis for the sum of 75 cents for the round trip. Tickets good only on the train which passes here at 9:10 a. m. and returning at 7:30 p. m. the same day. This is a good opportunity to spend a day at Indiana's capital.

Half Fare to the State Fair.

The Big Four will sell tickets to Indianapolis all of next week at half fare, good returning until Monday, September 24. This rate is made on account of the State fair and to accommodate the public the evening train for Crawfordsville and way stations will leave Indianapolis at 6:05 instead of 5:05. Go and see the fair or "The Last Days of Pompeii."

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 Vails, all colors and black, worth 50c to 40c each, at 3 for 25c or	9c each
1,000 yds Velling 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	33½c yd
500 yds Printed Jap. Silks, 2½-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
35c 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 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	6½c yd
Good Brown Muslin at	4c yd
9-11 Brown Sheetting at	12½c yd
Table Oil Cloth worth 30c 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	3½c 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: