

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1887.

Printed Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY.

T. H. B. MCCAIN, President.
J. A. GREENE, Secretary.
A. A. MCCAIN, Treasurer.

DAILY—
One year—\$5.00
Six months—2.50
Three months—1.25
Per week by carrier or mail—10
WEEKLY—
One year—\$1.00
Six months—50
Three months—25
Payable in advance.
Sample copies free.

Entered at the Postoffice at Crawfordsville, Indiana as second-class matter.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1894.

NEITHER Senator Voorhees nor the *Argus-News* have accepted Theodore Justice's proposition to go into the wool business and make their pile.

We are all very keen to deny with emphasis, and profanity if need be, that there is insanity in our family until some esteemed relative dies and makes a will which does not suit us.

At last the potato conundrum has penetrated the cranium of the *Argus-News*. It now sees it as *THE JOURNAL* corrected it two weeks ago. A fall of 50 cents in the price of a bushel of potatoes is not equivalent to a raise of 50 cents per day in a man's wages unless he bought a bushel of potatoes each day. It is equivalent to a raise of 50 cents in his wages only at each purchase of potatoes. The *Argus-News* deserves credit for seeing this point in the short period of two weeks.

GERMANY proposes to retaliate against the United States because of the special discriminating duty imposed on sugar from export bounty-paying countries by discriminating against our meat and breadstuffs. The treasury statistics of our trade with Germany, which would be affected against American meat and breadstuffs, show that our sales to that country last year amounted to \$20,000,000. This is opening up the markets of the world with a vengeance.

THE *Argus-News*, like all other Democratic papers, has no settled convictions on the tariff question that it can stick to longer than one day. It, with Cleveland, has always insisted that the tariff is always added to the price which the consumer must pay. This has been the corner stone of Democracy for years. But the *Argus-News* knocks this time worn theory into a cocked hat by stating each day that sugar will not rise in price on account of the 40 per cent. tariff recently placed on it. Will the *Argus-News* continue through the campaign in straddling both horns of this dilemma?

The wholesale price of hard sugars was 5 1/2 to 7 1/2 one year ago. To-day it is 5 to 5 1/2, and yet *THE JOURNAL* has the nerve to say it is higher now.—*Argus-News*.

Which, if true, goes to disprove the Democratic theory that the "tariff is a tax." What becomes of Mr. Cleveland's 1887 message in which he said that the "cost of an article is increased in price by precisely the amount of the duty?" If by placing a 40 per cent. tariff rate on sugar makes it cheaper than it was when it was on the free list then the *Argus-News* and the entire Democratic party should not be so averse to a tariff on everything else.

THE *Argus-News* has discovered an editorial in a late issue of the Chicago *Tribune* which it rolls under its tongue as a sweet morsel. THE JOURNAL is also the possessor of an editorial from the same paper of Nov. 8th, 1890, in which, speaking of the McKinley bill, it says:

Therefore as the weeks and months go by, the prices of goods, both foreign and domestic, will advance. Every week the purchaser will notice that something is a little higher and will curse those who passed the bill. Finally in a year or so prices and the curses at the McKinley bill and the Congressmen who voted for it will reach the maximum.

Well, "weeks and months" have gone by and the "curses" are now at the "maximum"—but on the other side of the mouth.

HAPPY CANADIANS.

The Democratic theory has been that the "tariff is a tax and the consumer pays it" and there are some Democratic farmers who don't believe all they hear about losing their home market. Here is what a Canadian paper says about our new tariff law:

Mr. Charlton, M. P., a reliable authority, estimates that Canadians have been paying five millions a year into the United States treasury for the privilege of selling in the American market. The new tariff, except in the case of lumber, maintains duties on Canadian produce, but at a very much lower rate. The duty on hay has been reduced one-half, on barley 15 cents per bushel, on eggs 3 cents per dozen, on sheep 75 cents per head, on poultry 2 cents per pound, and on horses \$10 to \$15 per head. The effect of this reduction will be felt in better prices for our produce and prove an earnest of what unrestricted trade between the two countries would do for our farmers. Taking the last trade returns as a basis our farmers will receive each year \$24,000 more for their horses, \$235,000 more for their sheep, \$140,000 more for their wool, \$238,000 more for their barley, and \$188,000 more for their hay than they have been getting.

From the Canadian's point of view he pays the duties and he naturally rejoices that they have been lowered so that the reduction can be added to his profits. The staples that our farmers raise must come in ruinous competition with the staples raised by the Canadians. The home market which is the most valuable to the American farmer must now be shared with the Canadian farmer, and that too without any reciprocal duties from the fellows on the other side of the lakes as the Canadian tariff is just as high as it ever was on American products.

THE WESTERN EXPRESS.

Why Its Delay Caused a Happy Marriage.

"I love her, mother," said Guion Esterhall.

He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and bred—not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness are ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly. "Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No one is talking of diamonds."

"I may bring her to see you, mother?" Mrs. Esterhall shook her head.

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But, Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving tonight. Carry Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort?"

"If you wish it, mother."

The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

"A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop girl for my daughter-in-law—for Mrs. Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening, in a pale blue moiré gown, cut décolleté, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of household roses in her corsage.

"If we are to have a private box," said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the sequent button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly.

Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica—fair, graceful and serene—with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluffy curls over her forehead, and an unchanging society smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendales belonged to the aristocracy—that is to say, they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wife for her son.

She went shopping the next day, to match a shade of Berlin wool, to buy some lace flounces and to decide on new portieres for her drawing-room down at Esterhall manor. At one or two o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a lady-like sensation that "tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet restoration."

"I will go into Maricotta's," she thought. Maricotta's was full, as it generally was at that time of day, but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a certain angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drapery, as a party settled themselves to a table—Miss Chippendale's soft, well-modulated tones.

"Oh, yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie. "Oysters, please—a box-stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed, waiter—but all the same, I nearly died of *anxiety*. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew, and Guy is a regular prize. Handsome, you know, and very talented, of course, but one doesn't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune—only poor dear Fred hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and papa looks terrible whenever he sees her call. But once I'm married, it's—"

A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall rose hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken-salad and the tea he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very much indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note to explain to Guion that she had altered her plans, she took the late express, which reached Cleveland Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall station. She was traveling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the last things and follow her the next day.

There had been a heavy snow-fall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was running a behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around her.

"Ten o'clock," some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Cleveland at five minutes before nine!"

"Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked, and the western express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"And what's to keep us from waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing, sir, unless the western express is heard from."

Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?"

"No, ma'am—not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am—this isn't the through express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out, peered into the darkness, flicked only by the driven snow, and then got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was nervous and uncongenial to travel. She began to cry softly behind her veil.

"Ah," she thought, "if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on these night roads."

Across the aisle two young girls were seated—the one pale-faced and rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated; the other a brilliant young brunette, with soft hazel eyes, peachy cheeks, and wavy dark-brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter rose, and, coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, ma'am?"

"N-no," stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Only I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home, long before this hour, and I took almost nothing to eat—before I started."

"I have some nice, homemade chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home; and I have a little ash-tray lamp with every convenience for making a good, strong cup of tea as well. If you will allow me to prepare it for you—"

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine tea maniac. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion.

"You are very kind," said she. "But you will want it yourself."

"No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt would put the things in. Now I am glad that she did so."

In five minutes Mrs. Esterhall had eaten and drunk and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself reclining comfortably, with her head on a pillow improvised out of the folded blanket shawl that belonged to the young girl; and, mingled with her drowsy reflections, came the soft, low murmurs of the sweet-eyed brunette, who had changed her seat and that of her companion to the one directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and was talking almost in a whisper.

"No, I am not going back, and I do not intend to communicate my address to anyone."

"Not even to him?"

"No, not even to him."

"But he loves you, dear."

"Yes; and that is the very reason I am determined to create no dissension between him and his friends. Perhaps he will forget me."

"He will never do that."

"But at least I shall feel that I have done my duty," said the hazel-eyed girl, firmly. "I shall love him to the end of his days, but I shall not have ruined his future."

"And all this," cried the companion, "out of deference to the whims of an old woman whom you have never seen?"

"Out of deference to my mother, Alice," gently corrected the first speaker.

"What a quixotic notion!" dreamily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she has an excellent idea of duty, this dark-eyed little girl!"

"That is you, all over, Effie!" said the friend. "You are always effacing yourself in favor of some one else. Here you are giving all your time and soul to a person whom you have never heard of, abandoning your seat to a poor little woman with a crying baby, because it is a trifle nearer the stove, and to cap everything, giving up the man you love and who loves you, because—"

"Because it is my duty," said Effie. "Please, Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake."

"Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting suddenly up. "But, of course, there are other Guys than mine in the world."

Just then there was a tremble of the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them, and the "western express at last!" shouted the choicest old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an india-rubber ball. "All aboard—aboard!" bawled the conductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; and on moved the train at last, creaking and groaning like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterhall leaned over the back of the seat, toward the hazel-eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Yes, I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and I want to talk to you."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with not so many foot-warmer and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effie Dallas stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the western express to pass."

As if there is not a "special providence" in everything that happens in this world of ours.—Amy Randolph in N. Y. Ledger.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale: Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys; Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith, will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Cotton & Rife's Drug Store.

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.

Biscorn's silk sale will be largely attended and with good results. The best time ever offered to buy a silk frock.

A COMMON QUESTION.

WHERE MAY WOMEN GO FOR HELP?

How Many American Women Have Asked This Question of Themselves.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

You may call it dangerous modesty if you will. It is in woman's heart, and is part of woman's nature.

She shrinks from telling her physical troubles to men.

During the past 20 years thousands of women throughout the world have written in womanly confidence to Lydia E. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and laid bare the life of misery they endured.

They wrote freely, knowing that their letters went direct to the hands of a sympathetic and helpful friend.

You may be suffering daily when you need not. You can tell the story of your pain to a woman, and get the help that only a woman can give.

Woman who not alone understood their sufferings but whose heart was full of sympathy with them. The experience of thousands has proved how carefully their letters were studied, and how true and sure came the answer and helpfulness.

You may be suffering daily when you need not. You can tell the story of your pain to a woman, and get the help that only a woman can give.

Just think of it. One day I found a little book called "Guide to Health," by Lydia E. Pinkham. In it I found out what ailed me, so I wrote to her, got a lovely reply. She told me just what to do, and I am in splendid health now.

The same assistance is waiting for you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has relieved more female suffering than any other medicine in the world.

A young lady from Boston writes to a friend, saying:—

"They said I was consumptive, sent me away, told me to keep quiet, no excitement, no tennis."

Just think of it. One day I found a little book called "Guide to Health," by Lydia E. Pinkham. In it I found out what ailed me, so I wrote to her, got a lovely reply. She told me just what to do, and I am in splendid health now.

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THE BIG STORE.

An Epidemic Of Enthusiasm

That's what it is. It broke out last week when we made our fall announcement and placed on sale our new fall stock at about 20 per cent less than same quality of goods were ever offered in a regular line of merchandise. Every reader of our ad. came to see us. Everybody passing stopped. Some folks thought it was a mistake—wrong placards over the goods. Others didn't stop to ask any questions, just quickly said: "I'll take eight yards of that." "Give me that pattern," etc., etc. It was not "just a bit of luck" on their part. It would not be "just luck" on your part. There is no "just luck" about our business. Everything we say, everything we show you as bargains are premeditated, are natural results of certain causes. Those causes are strict adherence to our business principles, viz: Close watch over the markets, careful buying that we may not have undesirable goods to offer, buying of first hands for cash selling for the very least we can, believing in the motto, "Large sales and small profits" and last but not least, thoroughly advertising our offerings, and then always having just what we advertise. In this way we have gained the confidence and good will of almost every man, woman and child in Montgomery county and many in adjoining counties, which enables us to do the largest business in this section and that in turn not only enables but compels us to buy more goods than all our competitors and we buy them cheaper. Therefore it is not "just luck" but results of sound business principles that enables you to buy goods of us cheaper than from any house in the county. We again remark:

It Pays to Trade at the Big Store.

We have watched the markets close enough to secure the following bargains in Dress Goods and Silks. They can not be duplicated and will not last long, so don't put off your buying until next week, it may be too late, come at once.

Black Dress Goods Sale.

[We are agents for Priestley's Black Goods.]
25 pes All wool Novelty Black Dress Goods, 35 and 40 inches wide, regular value \$1.00 to \$1.25 per yd, in this sale we make price for choice.....69c a yd
20 pes extra fine quality, Novelty weave Black Dress Goods, width 40 inches, made to sell at \$1.25 to \$1.35 per yd, in this sale.....79c a yd
5 pes Fast Black all wool 30-inch Storm Serge, regular \$1.50 quality, in this sale just half, or.....75c a yd
5 pes Black English Cashmeres, worth 25c, at.....15c a yd

Colored Dress Goods Sale.

[We are agents for Frederick Arnold Henriettas]
10 pes Novelty weave Storm Serge, 50-inch in Navy, Green and Brown, regular price \$1.50 per yd, in this sale we make the price.....75c a yd
5 pes Fine Camels' Hair Suitings, 46-inch in Blue, Golden Brown and Green, worth \$1.00 per yd, in this sale we say 59c a yd
50 pes Fancy Novelty weave Illuminated Dress Goods, all leading shades, worth 50c yd, in this sale.....19c a yd
25 pes Fine English Cashmeres, all shades, at.....15c a yd
50 pes All wool Novelty Suitings in choice combinations and color effects, worth 50 and 60c, at.....39c a yd

Black Silk Sale.

3 pes Black Plain de Soie and 5 pes Black Amures 24 inches wide, all silk and worth \$1.40 per yd, in this sale.....89c a yd
3 pes Black Satin Duchess, regular \$1.00 quality, in this sale we name the price.....73c a yd
3 pes Black Amures, 20 inches wide and well worth \$1.00 per yd, at.....69c a yd

5 pes Black Satin Rhadamer, good quality and cheap at 59c, in this sale price will be.....50c a yd

Special.

25 pes Colored Satin Rhadamers, all new fall shades, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25 at.....69c a yd

Miscellaneous.

Below we mention a few items plucked at random from our stock. They are not leaders or baits thrown out to deceive but show the run of values at "The Big Store."
Fast Black Hose you used to pay 25c for are.....19c
Ladies' Ribbed Vests you used to pay 35c for are.....25c
Fast Color Turkey Red Table Damask you used to pay 45c for are.....25c
Best Table Oil Cloth you used to pay 25c for are.....12 1/2c
Cotton Blankets you used to pay 75c for are.....50c
All wool Socket Blankets you used to pay \$2.00 for are.....\$1.50
Yard wide Grey Flannel you used to pay 50c a yd for are.....35c
All best prints you used to pay 7c a yd for are.....5c
Heavy Canton Flannels you used to pay 10c for are.....8 1/2c
The Best Canton Flannels you used to pay 12 1/2c for are.....10c
Good Brown Canton Flannel you used to pay 7c for are.....5c
Bleached Muslin you used to pay 10c for are.....8 1/2c
Brown Muslin you used to pay 6 1/2c for are.....5c
Extra fine 30-inch Shirting you used to pay 8 1/2c for are.....7c

Cloaks and Furs.

As usual we are ready with the largest and best stock of Cloaks in the city and equal to any in the State. We show the popular styles in Cloth Capes and Jackets, including the popular Golf Cape, and on fine and medium quality Fur Garments we are head and shoulders above competition. We carry no trash in this line, so don't buy until you have examined our line.

LOUIS BISCHOF

The Big Store,

127-129 East Main St

Crawfordsville, Ind.

Alba Heywood

In two of the most pronounced popular successes of the season.

Edgewood Folks

and

Down In Injany.

See Mr. Heywood's Impersonations. See Miss Stoy's Dainty Dances. See the little school children. Hear Miss Davis' ballads. Hear the great Edgewood Quartette. Reserved seats now on sale.