The smoke stack—weighing many tons—being erected in the rear of the Paxton Building, fell down on our building and

Smashed the Roof in on part of Our Pianos.

Nearly \$20,000 worth of Pianos-Organs-Pictures and Frames in the rear of our first floor were more or less damaged by falling lath—plaster—and timbers—The damage is all repaired now—The

BRAND NEW PIANOS AND ORGANS

And other instruments and picture frames have all been through our factory—every scratch has been removed—so that they are as good as ever—but we begin selling them tomorrow—

AT LESS THAN ACTUAL COST

We must get them out of the store at once— New goods are coming to take their place—these sell at

Prices Better Than Second Hand Prices.

Kimball Pianos and Organs—Hallett & Davis Pianos—Kranich & Back Pianos—all our pianos and organs that were ever so slightly damaged included in this sale along with the damaged pictures and picture frames-

NEW Hallett & Davis Pianos | NEW Kimball Pianos -

In beautiful fancy hand-carved cases.

NOTE THE PRICES-

H. & D. Upright, 4 ft. 10 in, high, H. & D. Up., handsome Circassian walnut \$265 Kimball Upright, medium size,

H. & D. Upright, rosewood,

\$245

In handsome, stylish up-to-date des gns. Kimball Upright, fancy carved, Cut from \$550 to Kimball Upright, fancy carved, \$330 \$315 \$375 Kimball Upright, elegant finish, \$285 Kimball Upright, beautiful tone, \$260

NEW Kramich & Bach Pianos

In fancy Circussian walnut or mahogany.

K & B Upright,	\$375
K. & B. Upright,	\$345
Summer Upright,	\$250
Whitney Upright,	\$215

NEW Kimball Organs—

In genuine walnut or fancy oak cases. 6-octave Piano Case Style, \$87.50 Fancy Cabinet Top Style.

\$83 Beautiful Queen Anne Style, \$74 Fancy New Designs, \$63 One Style \$48

Every instrument fully guaranteed to be absolutely perfect

No trade deals accepted. No commissions paid. Dealers can buy.

1513 Douglas

\$245

\$165

Trade contracts do not apply Very easy terms. Dealers can buy.

Successful Defense of a Friend's Son Charged with Murder.

TOUCHING APPEAL TO THE JURY

Innocence of the Prisoner Established by an Almanac Duff Armstrong's Story of the Alleged Crime and His Trial.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure, Limited.) The most sensational criminal case in which Abraham Lincoln was ever engaged was that in which he defended Duff Armstrong, the son of the friends of his early years in Illinois, against the charge of mur-der. For years this case has figured with more or less detail in all biographies of Lin-coln, and it has been made the most prom-At last he got me under him. More than

Although the hero of the case, Duff Armstrong, is still living, no one has ever been able until now to get a statement from him for publication. Mr. J. McCan Davis of gotten through with me. As we stood there, Springfield Ill. has however, recently per-Springfield, Ill., has, however, recently per-



DUFF ARMSTRONG.

Armstrong is now in his 63d year, and has long been a respected citizen of the little village of Ashland. In which he spends most of his time. He has been for several years a member of the Christian church. His trial for the murder of "Pres" Matzker is a subject he seldom talks about; he would fain forget it, and those about him have not often been inquisitive. DUFF'S ACCOUNT.

making a great deal of noise, and said to me: 'D—n you, get up!' Then he grabbed my legs and pulled me off. In a few minutes "As 'Uncle', he jerked me off again, I said, 'Let me alone, Pres; I am sleepy.' He went away, sundown.' The but soon came back and pulled me off a third time, and took my hat, threw it upon the ground and stamped it. He said I had no business there; that I ought to be at home 'picking up chips for my ma.' I told him that was none of his business; and then I walked over to one of the long counters and called for a drink of whisky. He followed, and just as I lifted the glass to my lips he and just as I lifted the glass to my lips he caught me by the throat, spilling the whisky. I set down my glass and turned around and said to him: 'Pres, 'if you do that again I will knock you down, if you are bigger than I am; you have run this thing far enough' He had a loaded whip in his hand and was determined to have a fight with me. I hit him a terrible blow, knocking the skin from one of my knuckles. We clinched, and 'Pres' rather got the best of me. I was strong for one of my size inent episode in at least one novel of western a hundred people stood by watching the life, Elward Eggleston's "The Graysons," fight, and when the boys saw Pres' was getting the best of me they pulled him off. We walked up to the bar, and each taking a drink of whisky we bumped glasses and were friends again. But 'Pres' had not Springfield, Ill., has, however, recently persuaded Armstrong to tell what he remembers of the broil in which he was supposed to have murdered a companion, and also of the trial in which Lincoln secured his release.

Metzker stole a quilt from a buggy near by, and wrapping it around him walked off to bed. I saw nothing more of him until the next morning, when he walked to the bar with the stolen quilt still around him. His right eye was swollen shut. He bathed it with a glass of whisky; drank another it with a glass of whisky; drank another glass, and then mounted his horse and

> died. Then the officers came and arrested me and put me in jail. "I had a preliminary trial at Havana and was held without bail. All the bad luck in the world seemed to come to me now. On this very day my father, 'Jack' Armstrong, died. On his deathbed he said to my mother:
> 'Hannah, sell everything to clear "Duff."
> These were his last words. I was a kind of favorite with my ma and pa both. I always staid at home with them.

Several days after that he

LINCOLN'S DEFENSE. "After the change of venue to Beards-town Lincoln told my mother he would de-fend me. At the trial I had about twenty-went five witnesses. The strongest witness against me was Charles Allen. He was the witness that swore about the moon; he swore it was a full moon and almost overhead. 'Uncle Abo' asked him over and over about it, but Abo' asked him over and over about it, but a said he saw me 'The almanac used by Lincoln was one over the country of the same of the country of the co Abo asked him over and over about it, but he stuck to it. Then he said he saw me strike Metzker with a slungshot. 'Uncle Abo asked him to tell how it was done. He got up and went through the motion; struck an over-hand blow, just as he declared he saw me do by the light of the full moon. 'Uncle Abo had him do it over again. After Allen's testimony everybody thought I would be convicted. After 'Uncle Abo had talked to the victed. After 'Uncle Abo had talked to the victed him. On the morning of the trial I was taken outside the court room to talk to Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoez R talken's taken outside the court room to talk to Lincoln talken outside the court room to talk to Uncle Abo had Jones was with us. Lincoln talken outside the court room to talk to Uncle Abo had Jones was with us. Lincoln talken outside the court room to tal jury a little while he said: 'Now, I will show you that this man Alien's testimony is a pack of lics; that he never saw Armstrong pack of lies; that he never saw Armstrong strike Metzker with a slungshot; that he did not witness this fight by the light of the full moon, for the moon was not in the heavens that night. And then 'Uncle Abe' pulled out the almanac and showed the jury the truth about the moon; I do not remember exactly what it was—whether the moon had not risen, or whether it had set; but whatever it was it upset Alien's story completely. He passed the almanac to the jurors and they all inspected it. Then 'Uncle Abe' talked about the fight and the lawyers and all the lawyers and the lawyers and all the lawyers and the lawyers and all the lawyers and the lawyers

for me, too, but 'Uncle Abe' beat anything

Kimball Upright, small size,

"As 'Uncle Abe' finished his sprech he said: Havana before my trial was had. Now, he 'I hope this man will be a free man before had no more to do with the fight than any

sundown.' The jury retired and nearly every. of the other bystanders; but he had killed body went to supper. They left me there a man some time before, and had gotten with the sheriff, my brother Jim and a parcel clear, and everybody seemed to think this of boys. The jury was in a room near by and it was not over five minutes after they went out when I heard them talking and laughing, and my heart beat a little faster. "When the war broke out the four broth-As soon as the judge and the lawyers got ers of us enlisted in the army. J m was bock from supper, the jury was brought in. wounded at Belmont; a Pleasant died. I They had to pass me, and I eyed them closely served on until near the end of the war. for some hopeful sign. One of them looked, when mother took a notion she wanted me at me and winked. Then I knew it was all People laughed at her when she said she at me and winked. Then I knew it was all People laughed at her when she said she right; and when the foreman handed up the would write to the president; but she said

The bourt instruct, the jung.

That if they have any peasonable doubt as to whether Mety. her came to his death by the blow on the back of the heavy they are to find the out of the heavy they are to find the out prome the protect of the heavy they are to find the out from the endance beyond peasonable doubt, they also believe from the endance beyond peasonable doubt, that Armstrong and Norms active by concert, against thety her, and that Norms plant the blow on the back of the heavy. That if they believe from the endance of the heavy, and they have they are to act of the heavy, and they have been a presently doubt that Armstrong active in concert with Norms, much they also believe begins a presently doubt that Armstrong active in concert with Norms, my the keleing, or present pour to kill or heart Thetyper-

LINCOLN'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE JURY IN THE ARMSTRONG CASE.

att stuff about her fainting and it is my arms. She was away somewhere; I don't know just where. That night she went home with Jim Dick, the sheriff; I went home with Dick Overton, and as we went down the court house steps he slived. "Now, my mother was not in the court room when the jury came in, and it is all stuff about her fainting and falling into a \$5 bill into my hand. 'Uncle Abe' would not charge my mother a cent; he said her

it. The truth is there was no moon that night; if there was, it was hidden by clouds. But it was light enough for every-

The accounts hitherto pristed he pronounces glaringly inaccurate. This is his own story of the alleged murder and of the trial:

"It was on a Saturday night, and camp meeting was over for the day. In the edge of the grove were three bars where liquor was sold. Here gathered all the men and boys who went to camp meeting to drink than went for no other purpose. I had been than went for no other purpose. I had been at the meeting two or three days and had a high opinion of his abilities. He passed the almanac to the jurors and they all inspected it. Then Uncle Abe' talked about the fight, and each of the trial:

"It was on a Saturday night, and camp meeting was over for the day. In the edge of the grove were three bars where liquor was sold. Here gathered all the men and boys who went to camp meeting to drink the men and boys who went to camp meeting to drink all in seemed to me 'Uncle Abe' did his best talking when he told the fury what true hey said my mother, and commenced talking about old times. He told of the first match he ever saw; Jim Long of Petersburg had it. He told about the Clary's Grove set, and for an hour kept everybody laughing. I remember at the meeting two or three days and had a high opinion of his abilities. He passed the almanac to the jurors and they all inspected it. Then Uncle Abe' talked about the fight, and each to the jury what true got the lawyers and all the got the judge and the lawyers and all the got the judge and the lawyers and all the got the judge and the lawyers and the called meet the profession."

Mike, after a slight pause, said, with peculation made and the lawyers and all the got the first match the got the first match he was a poor which and my mother, and commenced talking about old times. He told of the first match he ever saw; Jim Long of Petersburg had it. He told about the Clary's Grove set, and for an hour kept everybody laughing. I remember the told about the first match he ever saw; Jim Long of Petersburg had it. He told about the Clary's Grove set, and for an h

verdict of 'not guilty' I was the happiest man in the world I reckon.

AFTER THE TRIAL. 'Please goodness, I am a-going to try it.' She got 'Squire' Garber of Petersburg to write to 'Uncle Abe;' and in a few days mother got a telegram signed 'A. Lincoln,' telling her I had been honorably discharged.

day the question of patent medicines came up, and we asked think how Chamber ain's medicines sold. Said he, "They are the best selling articles I handler, I never hesitate to recommend them. As to Chimberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, it is simply superfine. It never think of taking a trip to the mountains, or any where else, for that matter, white the having a bottle of that remedy with me." The 25 and 50 cent

extraordinary. No amount of flattery or favoritism in the way of political patronage had the slightest influence with him in softening his enmittles or detaching him from his friends. His unsusceptibility to flattery is well illustrated by the following anecdote: is well illustrated by the following anecdote: Benjamin F. Butler, ex-attorney general of the United States, was acquainted with Mike, and had a high opinion of his abilities. He said to him: "Mr. Walsh, you ought to become a lawyer. A man of your talents would succeed well at the bar, and would soon become an ornament to the profession." Mike, after a slight pause, said, with peculiar omphasis: "My God! Butler, do you think I could sink myself to your level and become a lawyer?"

Prank of a Pale-Face Seals the Lips of the Old Ute Chief.

THE STORY OF THE LOST JOSEPHINE

Whereabouts of a Spanish Lode of Fabulous Richness Obliterated by Powder in a Pine

of Peace.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McChure Co.)
They tell a tale on th' Tickaboo,
Beyond the snowy range;
A story, if it be not true,
Is surely wondrous strange.

Very many years ago the Spaniards lived on the Colorado river and the Navajos claim that their fore-Indians used to work as slaves tempted him, standing as he was on the in the once famous Josephine mine and that their grandmothers rocked the cradles of the Spaniards and washed gold by the banks of the Big water. A Spaniard wrote to a friend

the mine and leave it forever.

Some fifty years ago two Mormon boys were sent to live with these Indians on the Colorado; the main object of the elders was to have the boys learn the language and ways of the red man that they might be used in the work of christianizing the tribes, in accordance, of course, with the book of Mor-mon. For a time the children suffered greatly, but in the course of a few years they became as hard and hardy as the red man. Old Tickaboo, the Ute chief, was very kind to the pale children in many ways; in time of war he hid them away in the hills and in times of peace he rode with them in the Utah vales and taught their young ideas how to shoot. The Indians were extremely jeal-ous of the white boys, but as the years went by and the boys grew to be men they began to be regarded as real indians, and only the older warirors, who remembered how tenderly they were cared for by the chief, face of your own father, Tickaboo will be no

the Colorado river are entirely barren of vegetation, and water is equally scarce. This little band of explorers endured many hardehips and at one time, after traveling two whole days without water, the old chief laid down to die. The Indian eye of Shirtz found a narrow trail made by mountain sheep going down to drink. After following this trail for an hour he came to a pool of pure water standing in a basin-shaped sand rock; they are called tanks in that country and that one is known to the cowboys as Ticka-

boo tank. To this pool they carried the al-most helpless form of the old chief and nursed him back to life. They had been in camp nearly a week waiting for the old man to get strong enough to resume the journey in search of the hidden treasure, when, one afternoon Tickaboo climbed to the top of the canon waif and stood looking with shaded eyes toward the setting sun. Then he beckened Shirtz, and Shirtz went up and stood by the

to mark the place. One more eleep, my son, and Tickaboo will show you great mine." When the two men came down to camp Shirtz related to his white friend all that the old man had said and they were in high spirits. The old Indian cook was unable to account for the hilarity of the camp that

evening, for he was kept in ignorance of the purpose of the trip.

After supper Tickaboo called for his pipe and the smart young man filled it partly with gunpowder and partly with tobacco. The aged chief was restless. He was idiotically superstitious and as he began to pull at his pips he wissed on the contrary, contended that had the contrary. pull at his pipe he mused on what he was about to do. For a half century he had held this great secret sacredly in his heart. age of the grave, to show him the ruins of

the old mine.
"If it is right," said he, "we shall find it—if it is wrong there will be some token—maybe so my mother's ghost will come to, lustrating the quaint style of the venerable

hero of a hundred battles shakes like a Courtney again objected, and began to squaw. Tickaboo, the brave, is walking it over again. Judge Allen interrupte backward in the night, and he shall fall, and with this observation: his bones shall lie by the trail to frighten the kayuse of the pale face. These hills will swarm with the Hosteen peso-la-ki, as the ant hills swarm with ants, and like lean badgers they will grub in the graves of my people. You were wicked not to let me die yes'erday, when I could die in peace, with this great secret locked up in my cold breast."

"Did not your father. Bull-face the brave give this secret to your keeping?" said Shirtz "and can you not trust your son?" "But you are not of my blood; much as I love you, I can see the face of the white man, and he is my enemy. You think you love me now, but when you have seen the

derly they were cared for by the chief, looked upon them with a jealous eye.

One of the boys, Shirtz by name, was a special favorite of Tickaboo, who was now a very old Indian. Many times he had told his white friend the story of the lost mine; how his mother and his mother's mother had worked there as saves. Often Shirtz urged the old man to show him where the mine was buried, but the superstitious Indian said that the ghosts of dead braves were there and that they must not be disturbed.

Shirtz was a bearded man and there were streake of silver in his soft black hair when at last Tickaboo promised to show him the Mr. Henry L. Clintom of New York relates in his work on "Extraordinary Cases" a gharacteristic story about Mike Walsh, a once famous Tammany politician. In his main characteristic was in the carry and main cook and a white friend of Shirtz's, lindian cook and a white friend of Shirtz's, white men endeavor to persuade the old indian that it was only a joke, and that main characteristic walsh was eccentric and extraordinary. No amount of flattery or the Colorado river are entirely barren of "It was a token—a warning" the old man. Shirtz's friend had put powder in the pipe.
"It was a token—a warning," the old man said, "and they would go no further."
All night the old chief sat wrapped in thought and blankets, gazing into the flickering fire; and at the dawn of day the little band began the journey back to the village of the Utes. The little joke of the white man had cost him and his friend a fortune, for Tickaboo could doubtless have found the lost mine, but he alone held the secret.

CY. WARMAN.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

This is an after dinner story related to the Philadelphia Record by a well-known lawyer illustrative of legal difficulties that may arise even in the carrying out of the

LINCOLN'S CELEBRATED CASE Up to this time 'Pres' Metzker and I had been good friends; but 'Pres' had been drinking woman who had helped him when he needed them some. This seemed very funny to Just in front of them, a little to the north elder brother owning the right front quarter. of the sunset, they saw the snowy summit of the second brother the left front quarter "Yonder," said the old chief, pointing to the west, "lies the Josephine, lost among the twisted hills. There are the graves of my people and the white peopl my people and the white peaks are the monuments put there by the Great Father injured member with a greased rag. The cat, thankful for this relief to its suffering,

went to sleep contentedly before the fire, but in the midst of its slumbers a falling coal ignited the rag and the animal, howling with agony, dashed through the wearhouse, and, coming in contact with some combustibles, set the building on fire.

When the loss came to be figured out the

three younger brothers wished to throw it sessed of the front right paw, his property It was the three other paws that caused the damage. The brothers argued the case until they died, but could never reach an agreement

The Chicago Chronicle tells a story ilin Spain that there was wealth enough in the Josephine mine to make the Catholic world independently rich. A smart old chief enlisted the services of a number of tribes and made war on the Spaniards, who were driven from the Big water and compelled to give up their slaves.

One of the stipulations of the treaty was that the Spaniards should cover all traces of the mine and leave it forever.

Some fifty years ago two Mormon boys were sent to live with these Indians on the were sent to live with these Indians on the hero of a hundred battles shakes like a lustrating the quaint style of the venerable may have to do. More blanket, son. Waugh! How the fire spits."

Shirtz wrapped the old chief warmly in an extra blanket and the two sat apart from the others and conversed softly. If a proving lion snapped a twig the Indian started up and looked for his grandmother's ghost. A long cayote stood upon the canon wall and walled, precisely where the two men stood that afternoon, and the chief said that it was the voice of a dead brave warning him not to show the lost mine to the white man.

Some fifty years ago two Mormon boys were sent to live with these Indians on the hero of a hundred battles shakes like a it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him "Mr. Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up the tree after the

Mr. Courtney saw the aptness of the comparison and subsided.

Governor Mattox of Vermont was at one time chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia county. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.
"Only one? Well, what was that?" asked

the presiding judge.
"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox. "Important question," said the judge; and what was his reply?"
"He made it without the least hesitation,"

said the chairman, with a twinkle in his eye; "of course, that fact is in his favor." 'Well, what did he say?" asked the judge, returned the chairman, "that

ITCHING

SKIN DISEASES

ONE APPLICATION OF