

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 & Bach 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 In beautiful fancy hand-carved cases. NOTE THE PRICES— H. & D. Upright, 4 ft. 10 in. high, \$375 Cut from \$600 to H. & D. Up., handsome Circassian walnut \$265 Cut from \$450 to H. & D. Upright, rosewood, \$245 Cut from \$400 to	NEW Kimball Pianos In handsome, stylish up-to-date designs. Kimball Upright, fancy carved, \$330 Cut from \$550 to Kimball Upright, fancy carved, \$315 Cut from \$500 to Kimball Upright, elegant finish, \$285 Cut from \$450 to Kimball Upright, beautiful tone, \$260 Cut from \$400 to Kimball Upright, medium size, \$245 Cut from \$350 to Kimball Upright, small size, \$165 Cut from \$275 to	NEW Kramich & Bach Pianos In fancy Circassian walnut or mahogany. K & B Upright, \$375 Cut from \$500 to K. & B. Upright, \$345 Cut from \$500 to Summer Upright, \$250 Cut from \$450 to Whitney Upright, \$215 Cut from \$375 to	NEW Kimball Organs In genuine walnut or fancy oak cases. 6-octave Piano Case Style, \$87.50 Cut from \$200 to Fancy Cabinet Top Style, \$83 Cut from \$175 to Beautiful Queen Anne Style, \$74 Cut from \$150 to Fancy New Designs, \$63 Cut from \$125 to One Style \$48 Cut from \$100 to Every instrument fully guaranteed to be absolutely perfect
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No trade deals accepted.
No commissions paid.
Dealers can buy.

A. HOPE, Jr., 1513 Douglas

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

LINCOLN'S CELEBRATED CASE

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

A 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 murder. For years this case has figured with more or less detail in all biographies of Lincoln, and it has been made the most prominent episode in at least one novel of western life, Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons."

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 Springfield, Ill., has, however, recently persuaded Armstrong to tell what he remembers of the brief in which he was supposed to have murdered a companion, and also of the trial in which Lincoln secured his release.



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" Metzker is a subject he seldom talks about; he would faint if he found a big goods box not far from the bars, and I stretched myself out for a night's sleep.

DUFF'S ACCOUNT.
The accounts hitherto printed 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 whisky and have a good time—and a great many went for no other purpose. I had been at the meeting two or three days and had been drinking much, but I was then becoming sober. It was probably 10 o'clock when I found a big goods box not far from the bars, and I stretched myself out for a night's sleep.

Up to this time 'Pres' Metzker and I had been good friends; but 'Pres' had been drinking and was in an ugly mood. He came along, 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 he jerked me off again. 'Let me alone, Pres; I am sleepy.' He went away, 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 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 struck for one of my size and was able to catch him and throw him back over me. He got up first and came at me again. Then we fought like tigers. At last he got me under him. More than twenty people stood by watching the 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 a glass and were friends again. But 'Pres' had not gotten through with me. As we stood there, without any warning he hit me a blow on the upper lip. He was going to hit me with a glass, when another man said: 'Set that down; if you strike him with that glass I will kill you.' Then we parted. 'Hannah' sold everything to clear 'Pres' 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 slung around him. His right eye was swollen shut. He bathed it with a glass of whisky; drank another glass, and then mounted his horse and rode away. Several days after he was dead. 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' by. These were his last words. I was a kind of favorite with my ma and pa both. I always staid at home with them.

"After the change of venue to Beardstown Lincoln held me in the court room. I went home with Jim Dick, the sheriff; I went home with Dick Overton, and as we went down the court house steps he slipped a \$5 bill into my hand. 'Uncle Abe' would not charge my mother a cent; he said her happiness over my freedom was his sufficient reward.
"The almanac used by Lincoln was one which my cousin, Jake Jones, furnished him. On the morning of the trial I was taken outside the court room to talk to Lincoln. Jake Jones was with us. Lincoln said he wanted an almanac for 1857. Jake went right off and got one and brought it to 'Uncle Abe.' It was an almanac for the proper year, and there was no fraud about it. The truth is there was no moon that night; if there was, it was hidden by clouds. But it was light enough for everybody to see the fight. The light took place in front of one of the bars, and each bar had two or three candles on it. I had no slung-shot; I never carried a weapon of any kind—never in my life. Metzker had a loaded whip, but he did not attempt to use it on me. It was only a fist fight; and if I killed 'Pres' Metzker I killed him with my naked fist.
"The night after the trial, Lincoln made a speech in Beardstown. The next morning he got the judge and the lawyers and all the big men together, and then called me and my mother, and commenced talking about old times. He told of the first match he ever saw; Jim Long of Petersburg had it. When he got home he felt pretty rich—so rich he hardly knew what to do with all his wealth—and would go around and ask the boys if they had any money. If they said

'no' (as most of them did) 'Pat' would give them some. This seemed very funny to Lincoln.
"James H. Norris was indicted with me for the killing of Metzker. He was tried at Havana before my trial was had. Now, he had no more to do with the fight than any of the other bystanders; but he had killed a man some time before, and had gotten clear, and everybody seemed to think this would be a good chance to give him his just deserts. So they sent him to the penitentiary for eight years.
"When the war broke out the four brothers of us enlisted in the army. Jim was wounded at Belmont; Pleasant died. I served on until near the end of the war, when mother took a notion she wanted me, and I wined. Then I knew it was all right; and when the foreman handed up the

The court instructs the jury that if they have any reasonable doubt as to whether Metzker came to his death by the blow on the eye, or by the blow on the back of the head, they are to find the defendant not guilty, unless they also believe from the evidence, beyond reasonable doubt, that Armstrong and Norris acted by concert, against Metzker, and that Norris struck the blow on the back of the head.
That if they believe from the evidence that Norris killed Metzker, they are to acquit Armstrong, unless they also believe beyond a reasonable doubt that Armstrong acted in concert with Norris in the killing, or gave him to kill or hurt Metzker.

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

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

AFTER THE TRIAL.

"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 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 slipped a \$5 bill into my hand. 'Uncle Abe' would not charge my mother a cent; he said her happiness over my freedom was his sufficient reward.

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TICKABOO REFUSED TO TELL

Frank 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 Pipe of Peace.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Co.)

They tell a tale on 'T'ickaboo, 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 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 in 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 the 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 with the book of Mormon. 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 T'ickaboo, 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 valleys and taught their young ideas how to shoot. The Indians were extremely jealous of the white boys, but as the years went on and the boys grew to be men they began to be regarded as real Indians, and only the older warriors, who remembered how tenderly they were cared for by the chief, looked upon them with a jealous eye.

This little band of explorers endured many hardships and at one time, after traveling two whole days without water, the old chief laid down to die. The Indian eye of Shritz, set out in search of the long lost mine. Miles and miles of these sandstone mountains along the Colorado river are entirely barren of vegetation, and water is equally scarce.

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Shritz was a bearded man and there were streaks of silver in his soft black hair when at last T'ickaboo promised to show him the grave of Josephine. It was in the early autumn, when the two men, with a trusty Indian cook and a white friend of Shritz's, set out in search of the long lost mine. Miles and miles of these sandstone mountains along the Colorado river are entirely barren of vegetation, and water is equally scarce.

PATENT MEDICINES.

From the Standard, Cal., Sentinel.

While talking with J. T. Baker the other day the question of patent medicines came up, and we asked him how Chamberlain's medicines sold. Said he: 'They are the best selling articles I handle; I never hesitate to recommend them. As to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, it is simply superlative. I never think of taking a trip to the mountains, or any where else, without a bottle of this remedy with me.' The 25 and 50 cent sizes are for sale by druggists.

Mr. Henry L. Clinton of New York relates in his work on "Extraordinary Cases" a characteristic story about Mike Walsh, a once famous Tammany politician. In his main characteristic Walsh was eccentric and extraordinary. No amount of flattery or favoritism in the way of political patronage had the slightest influence with him in softening his enemies or detaching him from his friends.

His unacceptability to flattery 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 emphasis: 'My God! Butler, do you think I could sink myself to your level and become a lawyer?'

There is one medicine rightly named, that is Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will relieve the severe pains incident to rheumatism, and its continued use, effect-a-complete cure. The 25 and 50 cent sizes are for sale by druggists.

Shritz and Shritz went up and stood by the old chief and gazed over the waste of wind-swept rock.

Just in front of them, a little to the north of the summit, they saw the snowy summit of the Henry mountains.

"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 peaks are the monuments put there by the Great Father to mark the place. One more sleep, my son, and T'ickaboo will show you great mine."

When the two men came down to camp Shritz 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.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

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