

THE "CHAMBER OF DEATH"

History of a Queer Old House in the State of Pennsylvania.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

AN Tavern from which Fulton's First Steamboat was Seen—Dark, Weird Stories of Horrible Murder in the Grim Old Place.

It is a square, massive, two-story structure, and stands upon a mossy bank a few hundred yards from the swiftly-flowing Ohio—this graceful stream which Longfellow has justly styled the "Beautiful River." Before its door runs the old tumpike, which once formed a great connecting link between the cities of the East, the South and the West, but which was long since supplanted by the railroad, whose iron arms now stretch between it and the river.

For the following reminiscences of this quaint old structure, I am indebted to Mr. Charles Gregory, the present postmaster, who resides and discharges the mail within its walls, and who was born more than eighty years ago within a few rods of the spot which is the subject of these recollections.

The remarkable old building of which I am writing was erected just at the close of the revolutionary war by Captain Ephraim Sholes, who had distinguished himself as a brave officer of artillery during the struggles of the colonies with the mother country.

Hotel, or in the vernacular of that period, "tavern" signs then consisted merely of pictures. An inn-keeper would display a picture of a black bear or a red lion, supplemented by the lettering whatever, and everybody knew that his establishment was to be known as the Black Bear or Red Lion tavern, as the case might be.

Many of these quaint pictorial devices are still to be seen in small towns of the South where the rural echoes have never been awakened by the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle. These are "White Lambs," "Black Magpies" and countless heads of Washington, Franklin and other revolutionary celebrities, and during the stage-coach era, and during the epoch of lone wagon trains headed "Westward ho!" there were many a picture of a grizzly bear, a red fox or a national hero, mounted upon a pole planted by the roadside and swinging in an iron frame, with hallooed joy as the coacher, horseback and driver, passed the sign.

When Ephraim Sholes first opened to the traveling public this old-fashioned "chamber of death," he had a sign-board which he had had painted by a tramp sign-painter, which has been handed down through many generations, which is still told with great relish by the local St. Primes and Kobs Shingles when they gather together at a night at the country store, causing them to abandon the idea.

Sholes thought that a good quality of white lead would have retained the better than the painted chain, so he dismissed the humorous tramp artist with something a good deal less pleasant than the price of his fruitless labor, and regarding the disappearance of the bear as an ill omen, he replaced Mr. Bruin with an American eagle.

From the bottom doorway of this old inn was seen the first steamboat—built and owned by the inventor, Robert Fulton—that ever navigated Western waters. Within the four walls of that chamber George Washington, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, William Henry Harrison, Henry Clay, and other famous soldiers and statesmen of the South and West, have talked war and politics over their pipe, famous beverage of those days—a mug of hard cider, not to mention stronger fluids.

CLARABELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

Pleasant Gossip about the Widow of Moses Taylor and Mrs. Langtry.

The Famous English Actress at Last Receives High Social Recognition—Gabrielle Greely and Her Church at Chappagua.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

New York, June 30.—Two hours ago I saw the wealthiest widow in the United States, Mrs. Moses Taylor. Her husband made some of his millions in old-fashioned, conservative commercial pursuits, and she has been quietly judiciously investing, so that his fame as a money-getter did not become world-wide, like that of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Jay Gould and the Nevada mining men. He was an old-fashioned fellow, and his methods were such as not to bring his enterprises into collision with those of other men. He sought privacy rather than publicity. It was a surprise even to some of his acquaintances when his estate footed up to so much as twenty millions, for he had not been rated as possessing more than half that immense total. The widow is a very handsome woman. Anybody would say so without knowing how rich she is. Of course, the heiress of the bulk of such an estate could not be unattractive, no matter what kind of a face she had; but Mrs. Taylor is comely and her manners are excellent. She spends her summers in a seaside mansion at Long Branch, where she has built a fine Presbyterian church, with a window in it rather extravagantly memorial of the late Mr. Taylor, since the inscription assigns to him qualities more angelic than he was ever known to possess.

A less decorously interesting young woman was seen at a matinee in a Bowery variety theater. Last summer she figured in a frisky way at Long Branch, as the prettiest and liveliest wife of one of the large hotels. At that time she was the wife of Jerome Stivers, the son of a very wealthy New York wagon manufacturer. Her record was cloudy indeed, there was no unmixing words over her fame—but just then she was in a honeymoon with a regular legal husband, and so when she went into an open and violent flirtation with Vinton Murphy, son of the once famous Collector Tom Murphy, the trio afforded diversion for a thousand fellow-dwellers in the house. Well, within three months she parted from Stivers and was married to Murphy, without the formality of any divorce. The second union lasted nearly all winter. Then the alluring Mrs. Stivers-Murphy quitted her second husband and went into courtship with Ferris Thompson, a rich Princeton College graduate with a big fortune. Divorce has at length separated her from both Stivers and Murphy, thus making legal marriage to Thompson possible. It is said that she has been in Bowery audience. Thompson was there with her and not far off sat Murphy, while Stivers was behind the scenes on the job. She is now wedded to Lilly Shandler, a member of the female minstrel company which was performing there. The others of this singularly mixed party were the usual crowd of the Bowery.

THE TARIFF IN COLLEGES.

Graduates from Princeton Object to the Proposed Professors Teaching Free Trade.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

PRINCETON, N. J. June 30.—There is a row brewing in Princeton College over the tariff. It cropped out in quite a formidable way during the recent commencement exercises. There are a number of the trustees and more of the prominent alumni who are strong protectionists. Some of them have sons taking the college course and they object to the free-trade theories that are injected into the course on political economy. Princeton has had a long line of free-trade professors, just as Yale and Harvard have. Prof. Lyman H. Atwater, who died a few years ago, was the racker kind of a free trader, and he argued in favor of that theory in all his lectures on political economy. His successor, Prof. Alex. Ormond, is just as strong an advocate of free trade, although he has not introduced quite so much of it in his teachings. He holds practically the same views that are held by Prof. W. G. Sumner, the able Yale professor of political economy.

ALASKA AS A PRESENT.

A Story that Uncle Samuel Never Really Purchased the Far-Away Land.

Boston Special.

"Wilcox" contributes to this week's Congressionalist a bit of most interesting war history which has probably never before been made public. The purchase of Alaska was authorized by Congress on recommendation of Secretary Seward, and for reasons which did not seem adequate the fact seems to have been that the great sum of purchase money—\$7,200,000—was not paid for Alaska at all. There was at one time imminent danger that England and France would unite in recognizing the confederacy and in raising our blockade of the Southern ports. Our navy was so small, and the demand for armed vessels along our immense coast so great, that the great sum of purchase money—\$7,200,000—was not paid for Alaska at all. There was at one time imminent danger that England and France would unite in recognizing the confederacy and in raising our blockade of the Southern ports. Our navy was so small, and the demand for armed vessels along our immense coast so great, that the great sum of purchase money—\$7,200,000—was not paid for Alaska at all.

EGGS BY WEIGHT.

New York Mail and Express.

It is strange that we buy and sell eggs by number instead of by weight? observed a Washington Market dealer to a reporter. "Number does not show their value; weight does. Some eggs weigh twice as much as others. What justice or business equity is there in paying the same price for one as for the other? Is not the farmer who sells a large egg for the same price that his neighbor sells a smaller one cheated? Just as well might butter be sold by the number of pieces or cheese by number, nor should the dealer sell by weight. The value of certain breeds of fowls would be changed. Now the breed that furnishes the greatest number of their eggs, such breeds as the Rhode Island Red, would be profitable, then it would be the breed that furnishes the greatest weight. Some breeds are remarkable for the smallness of their eggs; such breeds as the Leghorns and the Game breeds. Clearly, eggs should be sold by weight. The committee of the Pure Foods Association want on the Common Council again, as they propose to do shortly, they may be empowered to grant a corporation ordinance granting this request, which they refused in the past, no doubt because the question was not placed in a proper light and in such a manner as will show that the public at large will be the greatest gainers by the effect sought to be obtained."

THE "EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE D'ART CALINAIRE"

awarded the highest honors to ANTOINETTE BRYAN as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, and beware of imitations.

AN EXCITING WEEK

The old Hoosier State has stepped to the front in the past week as never before. It will continue to step, but the great point—the "point with pride"—is the facilities for getting Clothes and Hats

FURNISHED BY THE WHEN

There is an all-wool Scotch Suit for men at \$8.50. All-wool Scotch Suit for boys, \$4.50. An Unlaundered White Shirt for 35c. French Flannel Shirts in plain white and fancy colors for Lawn Tennis, Base Ball and tourist purposes in great variety.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX!

We do that in our Hat Department. We still have about 50 dozen Men's German Braid Hats at 40c. 65 dozen Men's White Canton Hats at 46c. 42 dozen Boy's White Canton Straw at 35c. Only a few left of the Combination Straw Hats at 50c. Our 50c Jap Mackinaw for Men or Boys; unequalled. Boys' and Childrens' Straw Sailors, 15c, 20c, 25c, 48c and upward. All colors. An elegant line of fine Mackinaw, Milans, Dunstable and English Braids. Sole agents celebrated Taylor Mackinaw and Straw Hats specialties.

CAMPAIGN HATS A SPECIALTY

Helmets, all colors; brass mounting. Campaign Plugs in Black, Pearl, Nutria, Tan or Blue. We import English Hats. Thos. Townend & Co., London. Light Stiff Hats. All shades and grades. \$1.50, \$2 and up. See our Popular \$3 Derby. Style exclusive to us.

THE WIFE

TRAVELERS' INDEX.

KANKAKEE LINE

(BIG FOUR Rail-way)

BOOM! BOOM! INDIANAPOLIS WANTED A Ball Club—They got it. Natural Gas—They got it, more than any city. Electric Light—They will get it. Streets Paved—It will be done. A Cyclorama—They got that. A New State-house—Ain't it a beauty! A Soldiers' Monument—It will be the finest on earth. A New Union Depot—We got that. The Hanging Signs to Come Down—They see coming down. BEN HARRISON NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT—Ain't he? We rather guess he is. The Goldenrod Harvest on Earth—Ain't we having it now? THE KANKAKEE LINE—Well, it's here, and "What's the matter with it?" Ain't it all right? If Indianapolis wants anything else, it must be the cheap railway tickets we are selling. Chicago and return, \$5.00. Chicago, one way, \$3.75. Baltimore and return, June 30, July 1, 2, 3, 16.00. Between all stations, July 3 and 4, one fare. Good to return until July 7. This includes Chicago and Cincinnati.

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Cheap rates for photographers. Tourist rates to all health and pleasure resorts, very low. The grand trip to New York and Boston, via scenic C. & O. railway, Old Point Comfort and ocean steamer.

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CINCINNATI DIVISION. Depart, 7:35am 10:35am 6:30pm Arrive, 10:45am 11:45am 8:00pm

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Weekly and Monthly Payments

Republicans claim the State of Indiana for Gen. Ben Harrison; Democrats say no, that Cleveland has a firm grip on it yet. Now this difference of opinion can't be decided before next November. Meantime the ORIGINAL EAGLE has decided on a stroke of business that will be of

IMMEDIATE BENEFIT

To all who promptly avail themselves of the offer. We offer for this week only all our \$22, \$24, \$25, \$28 and \$30 Suits at

Twenty Dollars for Choice!

These beautiful, fashionably-made Suits consist of the Finest Imported Corkscrews, Cassimeres in handsome and stylish mixtures, etc., in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Sacks.

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