

The Bird of Freedom.

Many will be the impassioned appeals of political orators during the campaign. The scream of that proud Bird of Freedom, the American Eagle, will be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The Original Eagle will not be forgotten during the campaign. We have placed such prices upon our clothing as to merit the good will of every household into which our goods enter.

FOR ONE WEEK MORE.
We will sell all our Light-weight \$15 and \$18 Suits, beautiful, fashionably-made Cassimeres, Cheviots, etc., at

\$12

FOR ONE WEEK MORE.
We will sell all our \$24, \$25 and \$28 Suits, fit for any parlor in the land, at

\$20

For one week more: Children's all-wool Suits, worth \$5 and \$6, at **\$3.90**. Fine \$1.50 Wash Vests at 90c. Ten different patterns. A Great Bargain.

OUR CATHARTIC

5 and 7 W. Washington St.

DISEASED BLOOD,

Another Harrison.

Serofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humors Cured by Cuticura.

THROUGH the medium of one of your books received through Frank T. Wray, druggist, Apollo, Pa., I became acquainted with your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and take this opportunity to testify to you that they have proved to me to be one of the worst cases of blood-poisoning, in connection with scurvy, that I have ever seen, and this after having been pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in our country. I take great pleasure in forwarding to you this testimonial, unqualified as it is by you, in order that others suffering from similar maladies may be encouraged to give your CUTICURA REMEDIES a trial.

SCROFULOUS ULCERS.
James E. Richardson, Custom-house, New Orleans, on oath says: "In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medicine was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head; could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked like a corpse. It was not until I used your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and used them, and was perfectly cured."

SCROFULOUS, INHERITED, AND CONTAGIOUS HUMORS, WITH LOSS OF HAIR, AND ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, ARE POSITIVELY CURED BY CUTICURA AND CUTICURA SOAP EXTERNALLY, AND CUTICURA RESOLVENT INTERNALLY.

UTERINE PAINS.
And weakness instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a Perfect Analgesic to Pain, Inflammation, and Spasms. A new, instantaneous and infallible pain-killing plaster. 25 cents.

HARRISON'S JERSEY ANCESTRY.
The Grave of His Maternal Great-Grand-Mother Symmes at Newtow.

In the old "Shapapanock Burying Ground," on the banks of the Delaware river, in the township of Newtow, in this (Sussex) county, is a plain marble slab, which years ago replaced the common slate headstones originally placed there, bearing the following inscription:

REMEMBRANCE OF MRS. ANNA SYMMES, who was born October 1741, married to Hon. John C. Symmes 30 October 1760, and died 25 July 1776, leaving two daughters, Maria and Anna.

Unhappily for the condition of the American people and the power and honor of the Nation, the decision of the question of the symmetrical and complete diversification of our industry, rests for the present, with the adherents of the late Southern Confederacy. The eighth section of the first article of the Constitution, which forbids Congress to prohibit the laying of duties or taxes on imports from foreign nations to promote or foster any branch of industry.

CLARABELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

A Widow Who Supports a Church and Chaplain with Her Own Funds.

Berry Wall and His Bride, and How They Conduct Themselves at Long Branch—Charity-Seekers at the Race Course.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
New York, July 23.—There is a wealthy New York widow who has a church and chaplain of her own. She is Mrs. Moses Taylor. The church was built by her at Long Branch, at a cost of about seventy thousand dollars. It is Presbyterian, and there is a nominal board of trustees, but Mrs. Taylor paid every dollar of the cost and is the owner outright. It is an ornate edifice, and one of its features is a memorial stained-glass window inscribed to her dead husband. "Blessed are they that die in the Lord," it says. The sunmer might add that those are considerably blest who live possessors of the enormous wealth accumulated by Moses Taylor. He was rather loose and luxurious in his earthly methods of blessedness, but he professed Christianity a little while before he died, and so the window is not to be impeached. Mrs. Taylor's chaplain is the Rev. J. H. Young, who conducts the services in the church during the summer months but is at her command the year round, for she pays his salary of \$3,500 out of her own pocket. This religious, benevolent and amiable lady does not put on airs over being the richest widow in America. The fact is that she and everybody else were astonished by the amount of fortune left to her. One of the executors of the will has just been telling me about it. That document did not enumerate the testator's possessions, but merely lumped the personal property, "consisting of bonds, stocks and other securities." The general impression has been that Taylor was worth fifty million dollars. He had made a great property by importing foreign goods in his own ships, but as to his investments he had never been communicative. On an appointment to find the proofs of ownership of the doer of the particularly solid vault which the old man had built into his office. This structure was bank-like in its invulnerability, and the investors expected to find the proofs of ownership to the extent of many millions in it. But they were not prepared for what they found. The innermost compartment was large enough to hold certificates and the proofs of ownership without folding. There was a high stack of these papers, lying neatly one on another, uncrumpled and unmarked. They represented Taylor's investments in hundreds of railroads, banks, insurance companies and other of the soundest financial ventures. The amazed finders of this store of wealth handled them over in a half-dazed way for an hour or two. They set about making an inventory. When they came to add the totals it was seen that the market value of the lot was about thirty millions, and when other property was added to this the total was about fifty million, or more than double the current estimate. Taylor had dinked to figure as a superlatively rich man, and therefore, without any of the miser's instincts, had come to the fact that his money was in the most inalienable form. To the widow and heiress, she denies herself nothing that her fancy demands, but she is as unostentatious as her husband and indulgent to her church and other charities. Her own life is a remarkable whim of extravagance.

CANNIBALS OF THE NIGER

They Discuss the Question Whether to Eat Explorer Johnston and His Party.

The Sin gave a brief description of the other day of the cannibals of the Congo basin, who numbered by millions, and extend over a vast extent of country. Though the Congo region is the home of most of the cannibals of Africa, some tribes of man-eaters may be found much nearer the coast. The cannibals of the Congo basin, however, are the most numerous and the most ferocious. They are continually fighting with each other in order to supply their leaders with fresh food. In one hut which he entered a fresh human skull was hanging from a blackened rafters, and above a hundred skulls were ranged around the upper part of the clay walls. One old chief who wished to convince Johnston of the truth of his story, took a knife from his neck and presented it to the white man. The ornament was made of human knuckle bones.

At one point on the river where the traveler was received with great apparent friendship, he learned that the natives were debating the question whether to treat the visitors as honored guests or as food. The natives of the Congo basin are not cannibals, but they are continually fighting with each other in order to supply their leaders with fresh food. In one hut which he entered a fresh human skull was hanging from a blackened rafters, and above a hundred skulls were ranged around the upper part of the clay walls. One old chief who wished to convince Johnston of the truth of his story, took a knife from his neck and presented it to the white man. The ornament was made of human knuckle bones.

THE OLD PURITAN SPIRIT.

Is It True That It Has Passed From Among Us?

A very intelligent citizen of Portland, a strong Republican, and a New Englander by birth, said to me to-day that he believed the old Puritan spirit was dying out, and that this section was no longer able to stand in a great moral crisis or emergency. He said that Maine had never really recovered from the war, which had cost the lives of many of her young men, and which had left her many widows and orphans. He said that the people of Maine were emigrating to the West. Wherever you go in the rural districts, he said, you would be struck by the comparatively small number of young men and the great excess of women. While the State gained little in native population between 1870 and 1880, there was a marked drifting of population from the country to the cities, and the result was that the West, he said, has still further increased the embarrassment of the farmers and depressed the value of land. The sizes of families have decreased, and the result is that the population of the West, he said, has still further increased the embarrassment of the farmers and depressed the value of land.

A Lady Rides a Bicycle.

When the Harlem wheelmen rolled out for a moonlight spin last night the feature of the parade was the appearance on a bicycle probably the first lady in the city. She is a young woman, and she has accomplished the feat of managing a two-wheeled machine. She is a young woman, and she has accomplished the feat of managing a two-wheeled machine.

Fitting Burial.

A Native man wants a pension on the ground that he contracted drunkenness in the army and is disabled in consequence. The condition of such a veteran in a Prohibition State is truly pitiable.

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