HIS TRIP WAS BENEFICIAL

President Harrison Talks About His Recent Journey to the Pacific Coast.

He Saw Much of Interest in the South and West and Gathered Information that Will Assist in Conducting Public Affairs.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The World to-day prints an interview with President Harrison, relative to his recent journey through the South and West. The President is quoted as follows:

"My journey was, of course, an important event in my life. As a working lawyer, whose face has been, so to speak, held closely to the grindstone of active practice, I have not had the time I would have liked to spend in travel. My visit to the South and the Pacific country, therefore, was a series of daily surprises, and I experienced a keen sense of personal enjoyment and gratification from the beginning to the end.

"The mountain regions of the Carolinas, of Tennessee and of Georgia, with the new industrial communities which have sprung into existence cannot fail to interest the visitor from other sections of the country. The importance of these manufacturing towns should not be underestimated. They afford a vision of the great South to come—a South of increased industry, prosperity and material wealth. Places like Chattanooga and Birmingham will become greater and greater as time passes, and there are those alive to-day who may behold another Pittsburg in either of them.

"The reception was a tribute of respect to the presidential office and of hospitality and courtesy toward the individual. I can say, without reservation, that from first to last I was received with kindness by everybody. As I strain my memory and review everything, there was nothing that occurred that was unpleasant or annoying during my tour in the portion of the country that is politically opposed to me. I recall on several occasions that small street-boys ran out beside the carriage and shouted: 'How are you, Ben!' with knowing looks on their eager, childish faces. I refer to this to illustrate how observant I tried to be of all that occurred, no matter how trifling.

"When I decided to go South, I resolved to speak just as freely as I would in Indiana. I did not propose to enter into controversial discussions, but if in the course of remarks made to me in public I saw anything that I thought it was my duty to answer I would do so without hesitation. Permit me to say that the regard for the National emblem, the flag of the common country, which I everywhere beheld, was very agreeable. The men of the South realize to-day, as they never did before, that we have in the United States a great and powerful nation, of which they are proud. It is no longer, as formerly, 'I am a Carolinian,' 'I am a Georgian,' or 'I am an Alabamian.' It is, instead, 'I am a citizen of the United States.' Not that those that say this regard a native State a whit less, for love of commonwealth remains fixed in Southern minds, as we all know. The changes are a step in the universal progress which we, as Americans, are experiencing, and I was glad and proud to recognize this tendency.

"The old-time Southerner generally led an agricultural life in his land, surrounded by deferential followers. He rode about, viewed his possessions, and, being thrown largely upon his own resources, thought much. His mental vision sought not to cross the boundaries of his State. Now the Southern man is inclined to look beyond, and, beholding the grandeur of the collected States, is influenced thereby. All of which augurs well for the future.

"Nearly all of the States I have visited appeared extremely prosperous. As I approached nearer and nearer to Texas, I became more and more impressed by the opportunities which are enjoyed and are becoming appreciated by the people. The agricultural richness of the upper portion of the Lone Star State and the commercial future of the regions near the coast were carefully noted. With a rapidly increasing population and growing understanding of the possibilities that time will realize I see unlimited prosperity for those within her borders.

"I was received with warm hospitality by the Texans, and my trip down through the midland counties to Galveston was attended by a general welcome from all. At Houston I was received by a committee from Galveston, and was somewhat prepared by them for the flattering demonstrations of my reception. My remarks upon reciprocity and on the development of the trade of Galveston which ought to follow, among other things, proper and much-needed harbor improvements, were the result of my earnest convictions. If words have any meaning the responsible citizens of this Southern metropolis understand as well as any others the advantages for themselves and to their State of progress in trade facilities. I uttered some strong words concerning the need of improvement of water-ways for Galveston, which subsequent reflection has intensified.

"I held interesting conversations with many prominent citizens, one, for instance, with Governor Hogg, whom I found to be a progressive and an enlightened man. I have seen the Governor since, and he gave me information which will, I think, result well for the future of his State. His earnestness in repressing lawlessness in certain sections would result favorably to immigration in Texas. An empire of itself, it has a great hereafter.

"California, like Texas, was a new country to me. I had previously visited the northern Pacific slope—the Oregon and Puget-sound districts. The characteristic exuberance of California hospitality poured on me until I felt there was no limit. In the infrequent intervals when not occupied by the attentions of the people I feasted my eyes upon the rich fruits, the gorgeous flowers, and the peculiar and varied natural attractions the climate develops. I spoke when it was fitting that I should do so, and the sense of pleasure which was engendered at the commencement of the trip attended me throughout California and continued until I returned to Washington.

"If all men were permitted to derive as much personal satisfaction from a tour throughout their country as myself, I think the span of human existence would be increased."

GIBSON'S INFERNAL MACHINE.

The Box and Dangerous Liquid Exhibited in Court Again—Indictments Quashed.

CHICAGO, June 27.—In the Criminal Court, to-day, Judge Collins quashed all the counts in the indictment against George J. Gibson, of the Whisky Trust, charging him with conspiracy, and those for having explosives in his possession. The charge of attempt to commit the crime of blowing up the Shufeldt distillery, thereby destroying life and property, was taken under advisement. During the arguments the infernal machine, which, it is alleged, was to be used to destroy the distillery, and the bottle of inflammable liquid which, it is claimed, was found in Gibson's valise when he was arrested, were brought into the court-room and exhibited to the Judge. They consisted of a box containing a brass tube, into which a conical steel bullet was fitted, and beneath it was a string of coiled tow, saturated with a dark-colored liquid. There was also a long, slender glass phial, nearly full of a colorless liquid. To show its dangerous character a single drop of it was let fall upon a sheet of paper, which spontaneously ignited and was instantly consumed. The loosened cork in the neck of a bottle also burst into flame, and there was great scurrying around until it was extinguished by being dipped in water. Gibson himself was an interested spectator and watched the proceedings very closely.

Union County's Court-House Tower.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

LIBERTY, Ind., June 27.—The excitement occasioned by the collapse of the new court-house tower has measurably subsided. The statements of G. W. Bunting, jr., which followed the dispatch first sent the Journal, while to some extent plausible, in view of the bitter contest over the court-house and the many rumors as to the cause of the collapse, were hardly warranted, as no one here now believes any foul play was resorted to. Experts investigated the cause of the collapse on Monday—Messrs. Thurtle, Hyland and Youngblood, of Indianapolis, agreeing that the accident was not due to either defective material, bad workmanship or faulty construction. Mr. Wm. H. Stewart, a Cincinnati architect and builder, however, in his report to the commissioners, points out some defects in construction and workmanship and concludes that the main entrance arch was not sufficient for the great weight of the tower. He declines to make any statement as to where the blame lies. In deference to the architects the commissioners will have other experts to investigate the matter to-day. Democratic politicians and a few malignant parties are seeking to re-open the bitterness regarding the building of the new house, which was abating, but their efforts in this direction are being rebuked by good citizens of all parties.

CRAZED BY THEORIES.

Minister's Mind Shattered by Putting Too Much Faith in Lieut. Totten's Ideas.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 27.—The theories of Lieut. G. A. L. Totton, who is endeavoring to convince people that the world will end within the present decade, have already taken root with a disastrous result. Yesterday Rev. Frank L. Stevens, a brilliant young minister, who has been taking a post-graduate course at the Yale Divinity School, was committed to the Hartford Insane Retreat, a hopeless maniac.

Mr. Stevens was the most brilliant man in his class in the theological school, and won a scholarship which entitled him to a long course of study in Europe. Before going he determined to take a year more here, and fell in with Lieutenant Totten, with whom he soon became very intimate. It was not long before the young minister was the most enthusiastic admirer of the United States army officer, and he shortly became the most sincere disciple of the dashing Totten's millennium theories. The proximity of the world's end was too much for his brain, and he has slowly but surely lost his once splendid mind. Mr. Stevens's insanity has taken the form that he is the Redeemer, who, Lieutenant Totten predicts, will again be on the earth this decade. He has been stationed in a fine pulpit at Southington, Conn., but last week was called to Brooklyn to supply a pulpit there.

While on the way his wife discovered the first symptoms of the terrible calamity, and at once took measures to discover what she feared, but dreaded to know. It took but little investigation of the family physicians to show that the once fine mind was destroyed. He is connected by blood and marriage with the best families in this State, and was marked by the theologians of Yale for a most brilliant career in the ministry.

RURAL LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

It Seems Hard and Wearing, but There Are Many Ameliorations.

Octave Thanet, in July Atlantic.

The women have a hard life, working in the fields and in the house; they age early, and die when, under happier chances, they would be in their prime. Thus it happens that so many men have three, or four, or five wives "without," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em." "I kep' 'em all decent, an' I buried 'em all in a store coffin," said he. An old planter, alluding to an unhealthy region, said, "Why, right down there I buried two or three wives, and four children, and a heap of niggers!"

They are very fond of their children and kind to them; unwisely kind, perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children; for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons. Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as yesterday, when, in buying some chickens and asking for more, the little merchant said: "They ain't no more, only but one old rooster; and we don't aim to sell him, 'cause my little brother that died, he always claimed him, and maw sayed she never would sell him!"

A queer expression (which is nevertheless a common one here), used by a poor mother whose little girl was burned to death, sticks in my memory: "It ben ten years now, but I ain't got satisfied with it yit."

And a poor man, who clung desperately to a wretched mortgaged little farm in the swamp, excused himself for unwisdom that even he could see by the plea that his two dead children were buried there, and "My woman, she hated terribly to have them die, and she cayn't git satisfied to leave 'em, nohow!"

"What a life!" our Northern friends say. Yet it is a life with huge ameliorations. In this country every one has the climate to begin with. There are only two months in the year when we can be said to have cold weather, and even through those months are scattered lovely days of truce, filled with sunshine. Neither need we pay for our mild winters with hot summers. There are but two months that are really uncomfortably warm for more than a few days at a time. These are August and September. They tell us that the nights are cool then; but I receive this statement with a degree of apathy, because I never was in any climate so torrid that I did not hear it, or that two blankets did not make a handsome figure in the story. We sleep under two blankets, like the dwellers in St. Augustine, Nice, Algiers, and I dare say all the citizens of the equator that respect themselves.

HOW THE TREASURY IS GUARDED.

Watched Night and Day by Vigilant and Veteran Sentinels.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The money vaults are located in the basement of the Treasury Building. They are massive iron and steel structures, which are faithfully guarded night and day. In the different vaults and safes are millions of dollars in treasury notes, in gold and silver coins and in United States bonds, all representing a value between four and five hundred millions of dollars. Sometimes the vaults will contain many tons of the precious metals.

At every door leading to and from the department sits a silent, vigilant watchman in plain clothes, and his keen eyes narrowly inspect all comers. Beside his chair is a common pine table, in the drawer of which is a Colt's revolver, army size, loaded. At the first intimation of danger the iron doors would swing into position, with the watchman ready to defend his post with his life.

At 2 o'clock the department is closed to visitors, and a slight iron grating slides into place to keep out the public. Only those provided with passes can then gain entrance. At 4 o'clock the employes take their departure, and the huge building is turned over to the night-watch, who take charge until 8 o'clock the next morning.

A guard of sixty men comprises the force, nearly all old soldiers. They are divided into two reliefs, each commanded by a lieutenant. All of them carry in their belts a regulation revolver. All have their stations, and every half hour each one turns in a signal from a watchman's box. In the captain's office a mahogany case contains forty improved repeating rifles and saber bayonets, with accoutrements to match, and eight hundred rounds of ammunition. It comprises all the fighting material kept within the walls of the Treasury Building.

English as She Is Spoke.

Robert J. Burdette, in Philadelphia Press.

After the examinations; pupils comparing notes—"Say, Bill, watch ge gittin rithmetic?"

"Eighty-seven, unni diddun texpect morn forty. Jew pass in grammar?"

"Betcher boots; got ninety-three, anni ony made two mistakes in parsin, anni got hundred din spellin."

"Sodi; George Goodie failed in spellin."

"Yessanni nodewood, too, furry always looked in the book innoral. He wont gittin ice-cool furnuther year. Ime gonin in nex fail."

"Somi, Gooby."

"Gooby. Cummout tafters upperan navsomfun."

"Cant; got to go to meetin with mummuther."

Great Britain's Most Famous Regiment.

Boston Herald.

We met the officers of the famous Black Watch, and a finer set of fellows I never saw. They are all Scotch, and splendid, stalwart men, but one is struck by their unusual youthfulness—some of the subalterns are barely twenty years of age, and the colonel is still in the thirties. Nor is this strange, in view of the fact that the Black Watch claims as a right that it shall be ordered to the front whenever England has fighting to do, and this she always has somewhere. It is hard to live long under these circumstances. Yet they are a jolly set of fellows, always ready for sport, and squeezing all the enjoyment out of life that they can while there is a chance.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY'S DEED

Revival of the Story of the Beautiful Peasant Girl Who Killed Marat.

In Disguise She Journeyed to Paris, Forced an Entrance to Marat's Chamber, and Slew Him as He Lay in a Bath-Tub—Her Death.

B. V., in Kansas City Star.

In the leafy month of July, 1793, when the birds were warbling their gladdest carols and the fecund earth pregnant with golden grain, a tragic crime was committed in the sunny land of France by a mad enthusiast who, in mistaken zeal, conceived that this was the only method of restoring peace to her distracted country.

The crime referred to was the murder of the loathsome fanatic Marat by the most beautiful and accomplished woman in all France—Charlotte Corday.

Maria-Anne Charlotte Corday was born at St. Saturnin des Lignerets in the year 1768, and was one of the descendants of a noble Norman family. She numbered among her ancestors the great tragedian, Corneille, and Fontenelle was a near relation. The greater portion of her youth was spent in the solitude of a convent, and, it is said, like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself forever from the world in her monastic retreat, but, impregnated with the skepticism of the age, she abandoned the project. After the closing of the convent in consequence of the revolution Charlotte Corday resided with her aunt, Madam de Bretteville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. Here she spent her lonely hours in eagerly devouring works of the philosophers, especially Voltaire and the Abbe Raynal.

Plutarch, however, was probably her favorite author, and the heroism of the ancients not only excited her enthusiasm, but probably incited her to the performance of the deed that has immortalized her name.

The fall of the Girondists, her interest in their cause and the presence of their fugitive leaders in Normandy, who proposed to make Caen the headquarters of an army of volunteers, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of accomplishing a purpose, the bare thought of which had deprived her of many a night's sleep.

Charlotte Corday was a woman of dazzling loveliness. She is described as being "rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity. Her hands, arms and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. Her open forehead, dark and well arched eyebrows, and eyes of gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance. Her nose was straight and well formed, her mouth serious, but exquisitely beautiful." Her disposition was characterized by a dignified reserve and her heart was never allowed to be swayed by personal feelings—her friendship and affectionate sympathy she gave to all, but to love's solicitation she turned a deaf ear, for this lofty-minded woman early resolved that she would devote her life to the public.

SOURCE OF HER INSPIRATION.

Madame De Bretteville, entering Charlotte's apartment one morning, found an old Bible open on her bed; the verse in which it is recorded that the "Lord had gifted Judith with special beauty and fairness" for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil. Upon another occasion Madame De Bretteville found her weeping. Upon being questioned as to the cause of her tears, Charlotte replied: "They flow for the misfortunes of my country."

Devoted to the cause of the Girondists and brooding over their overthrow, Charlotte believed that the death of Marat alone could bring peace to distracted France.

Animated with this idea and possessing all the republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, Charlotte Corday, with her mind full of the sacrifices she had read in the eloquent pages of Plutarch, determined to become the assassin of the man to whom she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists and the misfortunes of the republic.

In the month of July, 1793, the heroic girl started for Paris without having the courage to say farewell to her father and aunt. Her journey was uneventful, with the exception of the persecuting attentions on the part of some Jacobins, lired with her beauty, with whom she traveled.

On entering Paris she procured a room in a dark and miserable attic not far from Marat's dwelling on the Rue des Cordeliers. Here she remained two days, spending the greater part of her time reading her beloved Plutarch and probably writing that spirited address to the people which was in her possession at the time when she was led before her judges.

Charlotte understood that the only way to accomplish her purpose was to call upon Marat. Accordingly she wrote him a note requesting an interview. But she was refused admittance. A second note was dispatched in which she intimated that she had news of importance to impart, and representing herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Admittance was again refused. But this time she paid no attention to the remonstrating porter at the lodge, but brushing hastily by climbed the staircase, penetrating as far as the door of Marat's apartment. Here Albertine, a woman who lived with Marat as his wife, with great caution opened the door, for the whole household shared the master's morbid terror of assassination. Upon beholding Charlotte, Albertine would not permit her to enter, but Marat hearing the altercation, called out, "Admit the stranger." Charlotte was then ushered through two other rooms until she came to a narrow closet where Marat, who was suffering from a loathsome disease, lay wrapped in towels in a bathing-tub. The "friend of his people," as he was called, had a soiled handkerchief bound around his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath; a board likewise placed transversly supported his papers. Charlotte, while she shuddered with disgust; was outwardly calm. In reply to his rapid questions with wonderful composure she informed him that she had come from Caen in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the Girondists there. He eagerly wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added with a diabolical smile: "Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine." "These words," afterward said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing the fatal knife she had concealed in her bosom, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He cried out, "A moi, ma chere ami!" (help me, dear!) and sank back dead in the bath. Albertine, the woman before referred to, rushed shrieking into the room, followed by a delegate, who felled Charlotte with a chair, while the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her foot.

Charlotte expected to be torn to pieces by an enraged Parisian mob, but she was saved from such a hideous fate by the National Guards.

THE TRIBUNAL AND THE GUILLOTINE.

July 17, 1793, Charlotte Corday appeared before the tribunal. Never had she appeared more serenely lovely, and it is said that those who most abhorred her crime gazed at her in her proud beauty with involuntary admiration. "Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed many years afterward to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene. "Beautiful!" he echoed enthusiastically, adding with the eternal regrets of old age: "Aye, there are none such now."

Chauveau Lagarde was appointed by the president as her counsel. "When she appeared in the auditorium," wrote her defender, at a later day, "all judges, jurors and spectators seemed to look upon her as a judge who had summoned them before the tribunal of God. Her features may be painted and her words repeated, but no art can portray the noble soul that breathed through her whole countenance."

"What induced you to assassinate Marat?" asked the president.

"His crimes."

"What did you hope to gain by killing him?"

"To restore peace to my country."

"But do you think you have killed all the Marats?"

"No; but being dead the others may be struck with terror."

"What do you understand by energy?"

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

She answered all other questions with the same brevity and firmness. Gladly would the President have saved her and, indeed, suggested to her counsel that he might plead her insanity, but her advocate understood too well that this devoted woman scorned to be saved at the expense of her self-respect.

Charlotte Corday was condemned.

Carlyle, in his masterly way, gives us the following account of this judicial tragedy:

"The doom is death as a murderess. To her advocate she gives thanks, in gentle phrase, in high flown classical spirit. To the priest they sent her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

"On this same evening, therefore, about half past 7 o'clock, from the gate of the conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in a red smock of murderess; so beautiful, so serene, so full of life, journeying towards death—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently, for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Guy, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her. The head of this young woman seems turned. At the Place de la Revolution the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioner proceeds to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology.

"As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it, when the executioner lifted the severed head to show it to the people."

One of the assistants stepped forward, and, holding up the lifeless head for the crowd to behold, smote it on both cheeks derisively. This ghoulish act excited a feeling of horror, and there is a legend to the effect "that as though even in death her indignant spirit protested against this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday."

Mr. Randall's Point.

Minneapolis Tribune.

H. C. Randall, of Richmond, Ind., walked up to the register at the Nicollet last evening and signed his name. The name of the State he abbreviated "Ia."

"Didn't know there was a Richmond in Iowa," said a bystander who glanced over the signature.

"There isn't, that I know of," replied Mr. Randall. "That's the abbreviation of Indiana, and I can prove it. A great many persons are willing to bet their last cent that 'Ia.' stands for Iowa, but you take any dictionary that has the abbreviations of the names of the States and you'll find that 'Ia.' means Indiana and 'Ioa.' means Iowa."

Castles in the Air.

Puck.

Insurance Agent (to his partner)—What a shame animals can't insure their lives! Think what business we could do among cats—each of 'em has nine lives!

Bloomingdale Glens, July 4.

Trains will leave Indianapolis at 8:30 A. M. via I., D. & W., returning will leave Marshall at 5:30 P. M., giving you all day at the Glens. Excursion rate. For full information and tickets call at city ticket office, 134 South Illinois street.

Parrots! Parrots!

We have received a lot of fine young parrots, all talking varieties, from $5 and upward. Call or write for information.
SCHRADERS, 74 E. Washington st.

For the Fourth of July

The Vandalia Line will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip between all points within a radius of two hundred miles. Tickets on sale July 3 and 4, and good to return including July 6, 1891. Excursion tickets will also be sold to points on the E. & T. H. and L., N. A. & C. railroads within two hundred miles of initial point, and to all points on the Illinois Central railroad, regardless of distance, at one-and-a-third fare for the round trip.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 22, 1891.

L. G. Hough, City Agent Travelers' Insurance Co.:

Dear Sir—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of $5,000 in full payment of life policy held by Wm. D. Ernst, auditor of the stockyards company, now deceased. The claim was paid in less than ten days after we filed the papers, and every assistance possible was cheerfully rendered by you in arranging the necessary proofs, and the settlement of the claim was in every way satisfactory. I can cheerfully recommend the Travelers' Insurance Company.

Yours very respectfully,
W. P. IJAMS, Administrator.

Fourth of July Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

The rate from any ticket station to any other station on the Pennsylvania Lines within two hundred miles thereof will be one fare for the round trip July 3 and 4, good to return until July 6. No excursion tickets to adults for less than 25 nor to children for less than 15 cents.

Mr. E. J. ESPY has opened an office at Room 6 Odd-fellows' Block, for the sale of town lots and stock in the new town of Grand Dalles, Washington, located on the Columbia river, at the head of ocean navigation. Any one desiring to make sure, safe and very profitable investment will do well to call on him. He would be pleased to have you call and get one of their descriptive booklets of Grand Dalles. Any information he can give will be cheerfully given.

Summer-Resort Notes.

Waukesha, Wis., the great Northwestern "Spa," and the most popular, fashionable and successful summer resort in the Northwest, anticipates a brilliant season. The Fountain House opens June 15, under the management of J. M. Lee, of Florida.

Take the Pennsylvania Lines to Chicago

For safety and personal comfort. Its excellent road-bed and fine train equipment make it the popular route. Two fast trains carrying Pullman parlor and sleeping-cars in each direction daily.

Artificial Teeth Without a Plate

Or bridge-work. A. J. Morris, 36½ E. Washington St., opposite New York Store, Indianapolis.

BUY watches at Marcy's auction. You can pay the amount by the week, saving the high prices. This beats the club sales.

BABY A SOLID SCAB

Torturing Disease of Blood and Skin. Many Doctors Fail. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

I have a sister troubled with blood or skin disease. It commenced when about one year old. We would try one doctor and then another, and it seemed like they were glad to get rid of it. When they would commence they would say it is easy dried up and cured, but at last they would say it could not be cured. It ran on about two years. We had tried all the doctors around, and they had failed. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and wrote you for directions and you sent me a copy of your book at once. We then got CUTICURA REMEDIES and used it. It dried up the sores and healed them up right away. Her face, head and parts of her body were a solid scab. The way it would commence it would raise a small lump under the skin, then became a small pimple and itched so that she got no rest night or day, and she would scratch them, and yellow matter would come out of them, and they would keep spreading and itching. I am sure from what I know of the CUTICURA REMEDIES they are the best medicines for scrofula, or blood or skin diseases that any one can use. GEORGE G. GARTON,
High Point, Decatur Co., Iowa.

Cuticura Remedies

These grateful testimonials tell the story of great physical suffering, of mental anguish, by reason of humiliating disfigurations, and of threatened dangers happily and speedily ended by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers and Humor Remedies the world has ever known.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, externally (to clean the skin and scalp and restore the hair), cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin cured by Cuticura Soap.

No Rheumatiz About Me

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, muscular and chest pains. The first and only instantaneous, pain-killing strengthening plaster.

ENCAMPMENT WEEK BARGAINS

—AT THE—

MODEL

It will pay any resident of Indiana, Illinois or Ohio to come to Indianapolis this week and share in some of the wonderful bargains we are offering our patrons. We have an enormous stock of fine Tailor-made Clothing—a stock altogether too large for this season of the year. We are making a desperate effort to reduce it through an awful cut in prices—our present figures being, in many instances, less than half the real value.

THIS WEEK ONLY

We give you unlimited choice of any light-weight Sack or Frock Suit in our house (Clay worsteds alone excepted) for

$13.75

These suits are the finest tailor-made garments in the country. The cloths are the highest grades of imported and domestic fabrics; the trimmings are superb and the workmanship is A1. They are what are left of the suits we have been selling all season for $28, $25, $22, $20, $18 and $15. This week you can have any one of them for $13.75.

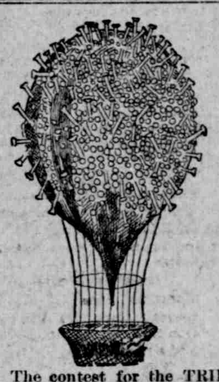
FURNISHING BARGAINS

Black Sateen Shirts, 50c.
Sold by others at 75c.

JERSEY RIBBED UNDERWEAR, 50c
Apiece. A delightfully cool summer garment.

SILVER-HEADED CANES
IN HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS, 50c
Apiece; worth $1 and $2.

Combination Sale of
Shirt Scarf and Ring, 75c.
Only a limited quantity on hand.



The contest for the TRIP TO EUROPE OR CALIFORNIA ends July 4. The pins in the big balloon will be counted Monday, July 6, by representatives of the Journal, Sentinel and News, and the award made immediately upon the completion of the count.

BOYS' SUITS
$4.99
For Boys' two-piece knee-pants Suits that are worth $10, $9, $8, $7 and $6. Any two-piece knee-pants Suit in the house goes this week only for $4.99.

KNEE PANTS
FOR
87c
That are worth $1.50 to $1.25. All sizes from 4 to 14.

OXFORDS
In all grades from 98c to $4.50. Best qualities and lowest prices.
Don't overlook our Basket Bargains, broken lines of Shoes for men, women and children, marked just about half price.

STRAW HATS.
10c
For a lot Men's Straw Hats worth 25c and 35c.
Our Yacht Hats, in white and black, at 48c, 69c and 98c are stunners.

MODEL

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

From Indianapolis Union Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

East—West—North—South.

Trains run by Central Standard Time.

Leave for Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. d 4:45 a m. d 3:00 p m. d 5:30 p m.

Arrive from the East, d 11:40 am., d 12:50 pm. and d 9:00 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 9:00 am.; arrive from Columbus, 3:45 pm.; leave for Richmond, 4:00 pm.; arrive from Richmond, 9:00 am.

Leave for Chicago, d 11:05 am., d 11:30 pm.; arrive from Chicago, d 3:45 pm.; d 3:30 am.

Leave for Louisville, d 3:40 am., 2:00 am., d 3:55 pm. Arrive from Louisville, d 11:00 am., 6:00 pm., d 10:50 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 4:30 pm. Arrive from Columbus, 10:25 am.

Leave for Vincennes and Cairo, 7:35 am., 4:10 pm.; arrive from Vincennes and Cairo; 11:00 am., 3:05 pm.

d. daily; other trains except Sunday.

VANDALIA LINE—SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows:

Leave for St. Louis 7:30 am. 11:50 am, 1:00 p m. 11:00 p m. All trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on 11:00 p m. train. Greencastle and Terre Haute Accom'dation, 4:00 p m.

Arrive from St. Louis, 3:45 am, 4:15 am, 2:50 p m, 5:20 p m, 7:45 p m.

Terre Haute and Greencastle Accom'dation 10:00 am.

Sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through trains. For rates and information apply to ticket agents of the company, or W. F. BRUNNER, District Passenger Agent.

MONON ROUTE — THE VESTIBULED PULLMAN CAR LINE.

Leave Indianapolis.
No. 32—Chicago Lim., Pullman Vestibuled coaches, parlor and dining car, daily ..... 11:35 am
Arrive in Chicago 5:20 pm.
No. 34—Chicago Night Ex., Pullman Vestibuled coaches and sleepers, daily ..... 12:40 am
Arrive in Chicago 7:35 am.
No. 38—Monon Acc. ..... 5:20 pm
Arrive at Indianapolis.
No. 31—Vestibule, daily ..... 3:20 pm
No. 33—Vestibule, daily ..... 3:25 am
No. 39—Monon Acc. ..... 10:40 am

Pullman vestibuled sleepers for Chicago stand at west end of Union Station, and can be taken at 8:30 p. m., daily.

Ticket Offices—No. 26 South Illinois street, and at Union Station.

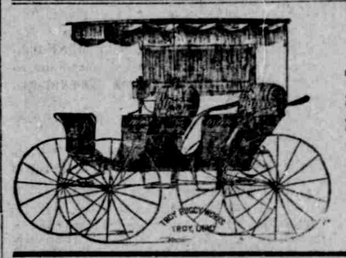
D. KREGELO. J. L. KREGELO
D. KREGELO & SON,
Undertakers,
97 NORTH ILLINOIS ST.
TELEPHONE 1154.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

The Indianapolis Water Company's Office has been removed from No. 23 South Pennsylvania street to No. 75 Circle street.

ELLIS & HELFENBERGER,
ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY AND FENCE CO.,
176 SOUTH PENNSYLVANIA STREET.
—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Wrought-Iron Picket Fences and the Champion Iron and Steel-Ribbon Lawn Fence. TELEPHONE 958.



JUST ARRIVED:
The newest and finest line of TROY SURREYS, in all the latest styles of finish. Also, a full line of PONY CARTS.
H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO.,
76 and 78 West Washington St.

WROUGHT-IRON PIPE
Gas, Steam and Water Goods.
GEO. A. RICHARDS
68 South Pennsylvania St.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL
Will be sent to any address in the United States for
$2 PER ANNUM. $2