CHRISTMAS CHANCE.

Large lot of Notions, useful and ornamental, on hand.

We want to dispose of them—clean them all out.

We seize the Christmas time as the best time.

To make a sure thing of it, we have cut prices to the quick—be quick.

Leather goods in Traveling Cases, Writing Tablets, Odor Sets, Smokers' Sets (another kind of odor) and a mass of miscellaneous decorated ware.

Fancy Goods, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery—special display of them; also special prices on them.

☞ *Open every night till Christmas.*

L. S. AYRES & CO.

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Do not let your chances,
Like sunbeams, pass you by.

The sunny Christmas weather may direct you to brilliant things. The collection of such things for house beautifying and home decorating that can be seen now amid our wealth of provision in this way is well worth your investigation. To combine the useful and the beautiful, the ornamental and the serviceable, consider Interior Decorations.

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The Largest House in the State.

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What kind o' shoes do de angels wear
Way up in de pure blue air?
Holiday slippers, I declare;
It always takes two t' make a pair!

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS!

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20 per cent. less than you can get 'em elsewhere.

MORE CUT PRICES:

Boys' and Children's Shoes at like low prices:

Ladies' Kid turned Shoes, reduced from $5.50 to $4.40.
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Ladies' Dongola, from $2.50 to $1.85.
Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tips, $1.75.
Men's Calf, Goodyear welt, only $3.25.
Special bargains in Men's Patent Leather Shoes.

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We are the exclusive and only Wholesale and Retail Agents in the State of Indiana for the celebrated Steinway & Sons, Weber, Hardman, Ernest Gabler & Bros., Henning and Webster Pianos.

We have an immense stock of Grands and Uprights, in choice woods, such as American and French Walnut, Ebony, San Domingo Mahogany, Cherry, Natural Rosewood, etc.

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☞ Open every evening until Christmas.

ITS LAST MEETING.

The Celebrated Council of Coy and Hicklin Will Gather for the Last Time.

This evening the present Council will meet for the last time, and although it will have nothing of a startlingly important nature to transact there are a number of ordinances to be disposed of. Probably the most important of these is the one introduced by Councilman Austin, providing for the disannexing of the Panhandle shops. A hard fight will be made to pass the ordinance. Then Mr. Cooper's ordinance annexing Fred Kissel's gardens will no doubt provoke lively discussion. Another annexation ordinance to be voted on Monday night is Councilman Murphy's, providing for the bringing in of territory between this city and North Indianapolis. It will, no doubt, pass. Mr. Stechhan's ordinance providing for viaducts on South New Jersey and South Tennessee streets will also have to be disposed of.

Besides the above the committee on streets and alleys, to which was referred a good many ordinances at the last meeting, will submit a report which was agreed upon at a meeting held last week.

Building Permits.

Building permits were on Saturday issued to the following persons: J. Stewart, frame house, $1,800; William B. Barnes, two-story dwelling, Kenwood avenue, $1,700; W. F. Barrows, cottage, Ingraham street, $900; Carl Taux, cottage, Park avenue, $950; W. G. Rubush, frame dwelling, Home avenue, $2,000.

New side-boards at Wm. L. Elder's.

HONOR PAID TO HIS MEMORY

The Memorial Services of the Late Dr. Oscar C. McCulloch Largely Attended.

Judge W. A. Woods Presides—Eulogies on Rev. McCulloch's Character Delivered by Mr. J. L. Griffiths, Mr. Hanna and Others.

It was expected that the memorial services of Oscar C. McCulloch, in English's Opera-house last night, would have a large audience. The exercises were to begin at 7:30 o'clock, but at 7 o'clock every seat in the house was taken, except a few reserved upon the stage for those who took part in the services and others who have been intimately connected with Mr. McCulloch in his work. At ten minutes past 7 people were standing in the galleries, which had also filled, and before the hour of beginning had arrived hundreds of persons had gone away, unable to get into the house. It is estimated that fully one thousand people were thus disappointed.

The meeting was presided over by Judge William A. Woods, and opened with the anthem, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," by the Plymouth Church quartet—Miss Messing, Mrs. Matzky, Mr. Smith and Mr. Nell—with Prof. Paul Bahr at the piano. The opening prayer was by Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, D. D., who, with great fervency, gave thanks "for the life of this man, whom this city delighteth to honor." Continuing, he said, "We pray Thee that all the work upon which his hand was, all the creation of his heart, all into which his soul won him by Thy power and Thy nature—perpetuate it, that goodness may continue to go forth from it as the fragrance from the flower." He spoke of Mr. McCulloch's ministry for the poor. He prayed for the desolate home and pastorless church, "that his light may still shine upon their paths and be a help to them; that his words may be a living psalm to them, making in their lives the sweet melody of faith, of hope and of love."

JUDGE WOODS'S ADDRESS.

Judge Woods then came forward and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—When I consented, a week ago, at the request of the Associated Charity Organizations of the city, to preside at this meeting, I hoped to be able to prepare for the occasion a brief but in some measure appropriate and adequate estimate of the character and work of Mr. McCulloch, in honor of whose memory we have come together. Daily employment in official duties and other considerations not within my own control have prevented that attempt, and I must be content, and beg you to be, with a statement, quite hastily prepared, of a few reflections based mainly upon personal acquaintance and observation. I first saw and heard Mr. McCulloch at the Grand Opera-house in this city. It was a dozen years or more ago. All he did was to introduce Mrs. Livermore to the audience, but he did it strikingly well and aptly—producing upon me an impression of talents, and culture, and learning, which has not since been changed, except to be enhanced.

My more intimate knowledge of him began a little more than eight years ago, in the Gentlemen's Literary Club, and it has been there chiefly that I have seen and known him since. Until within a few months—perhaps a year past—he was seldom absent from the meetings of the club, and always participated largely and interestingly in its discussions. The topics considered there have, of course, been numerous and varied—covering, or touching, well nigh every field of learning and investigation or thought. But whatever the theme was he was seldom if ever unprepared, and exhibited a remarkably extensive and accurate knowledge of the subject and its literature. This was especially so in respect to social and economic questions, in which his interest seemed to be deep and absorbing.

In respect to some of the underlying principles of social organization and government, he held views different or divergent from those held by many, and perhaps most others of the club. For instance, he rejected the doctrine asserted by Rousseau in his Contrait Social, and embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, that the state, or government, is conventional in origin and rests upon the consent of the governed. The far-reaching effect of the different views of this subject, when carried into the lives and activities of men, it would be inappropriate to consider here, and how far his individual opinions affected the character and life of Mr. McCulloch I am unable to estimate. They probably had much to do with his views of organized charity and charitable work, and led him to devote so much of his thought and energy to the endeavors, in behalf of the unfortune poor, of those societies at whose call we have assembled to-night, and in whose tribute of esteem and affection for their fallen leader we heartily join. Other and worthy tributes to his memory have already been paid elsewhere—discriminating, beautiful, loving and tender tributes—by Drs. Hyde, Haines, Cleveland, and by Mr. Milburn and others, his associates in the pulpits of the city, so that for the mere sake of speech or expression little more needs to be or could be added.

But it was in connection with these charitable societies, I think, that Mr. McCulloch did for the public the most beneficent and enduring service, the service, too, which made him most widely known, and caused him to be loved so deeply, not only by the distressed to whom he ministered, but by all generous spirits, that his name shall be long held in affectionate esteem, and his memory shall remain an incentive and a benediction for us and for our children after us. It is therefore most appropriate that these societies should have brought the people of the city together here to give this crowning recognition of the crowning achievement of his life. The leader has fallen, but the work will go on, actuated by the impetus of his hand. There are debts which we can pay only by acknowledging them. I mean the debts we owe to the good who go before us. Our debt to Mr. McCulloch is great. We are richer in mind and heart; we are stronger and purer in purpose and aspiration, because he has lived amongst us.

MR. M'CULLOCH'S WORKS.

The next speaker was Mr. Hugh H. Hanna, who spoke as follows:

As a representative of the executive committee of Charity Organization, I am requested to read, briefly, a list of some of the many causes that interested our friend, and to the establishment and execution of which he so nobly devoted so large a part of his life.

If it were possible to know and record the experiences that led up to the conception of these plans, many of which were original with him in their character and scope, it would add much to the value of the statement, but it is only granted to us to list this work and leave with you to know and love the influence left behind; to stimulate and inspire those who love the right to build the memorial in the hearts of the people, by devotion to the work he so wisely planned and so devotedly loved.

In the late fall of 1877 Mr. McCulloch heard of a family in distress. His heart was immediately touched by the miserable condition in which he found them. He soon learned from the township trustee that these people were not deserving, as they belonged to a wandering tribe, beggars by birth. Thus his mind turned to the principles which later so rapidly became a great life work for him.

The Indianapolis Benevolent Society, which had so long served so well its purpose, seemed much in need of vigorous management to restore its former usefulness, and Mr. McCulloch was chosen its president in November, 1878. He made investigation the basis of relief, and his hand was immediately felt in the activity of the work.

The record of visits and investigation was opened Jan. 20, 1879.

In the following April an employment agency was started to assist the needy in finding work.

The Charity Organization Society was organized in December of the same year, and began its work about the first of January, 1880.

In the fall of 1880 the Friendly Inn and woodyard was begun.

During the next year a vigorous and successful effort was made to overcome the abuses practiced in the county asylum.

About the same time the Children's Aid Society was formed for consideration of the care of dependent and neglected children. Out of this work grew the present free kindergarten.

Preliminary steps were taken in December, 1882, for the opening of the Flower Mission Training school for Nurses, and the work began in September, 1883.

In this year, too, he was active in securing the establishment of the county work-house.

The free bath was inaugurated in 1885.

In the same year a district nurse commenced work among the sick poor.

The Dime Savings and Loan Association was organized April, 1887.

Early in 1889 the laws creating the State Board of Charities and the Board of Children's Guardians were passed.

The summer mission for sick children was started in 1890.

The work of establishing home libraries was begun in the present year.

No mention can be made of all the labor necessary for preparing public opinion and bringing about the organization and support of all these institutions. It is enough to say that the amount of labor performed in the comparatively few years was very great and continuous. His work was an unceasing labor of love, his courage undaunted, and his energy tireless. The words of the record but feebly portray the grand spirit of human sympathy that so completely molded every thought and step of a life consecrated to the happiness of others.

These words convey but little understanding of the exalted spirit that had such complete possession of his entire nature. A broad, catholic mind, and great, loving heart that recognized so fully the brotherhood of man—a wisdom and courage that sustained him in the great work he found to do in the modest path he chose—a gentleness that only springs from the fountain of God's love—these were the mighty forces that ruled. To bring strength, hope and happiness where weariness, misery and despair had reigned was the sweet privilege of his life. Our good Samaritan has gone on his way. His work among us ended only with his life. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Such is the record of one whose love for God found its expression in love for man. His was the refinement of sympathy that removes all doubt that man is created in the image of God.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hanna's remarks Mr. Richard Schliewen gave a violin solo, Max Bruch's "adagio," from "First Concerto." This was followed by the address of Hon. John L. Griffiths, who spoke as follows:

A GREAT CHARACTER.

This outpouring of people, representing all classes and conditions of men, all shades of opinion and all varieties of creed, is to do honor to the memory of one who walked among us a ministering spirit, a beautiful presence, a radiant promise. The quality of our grief and its universality denote the loss of a common friend. We can hardly realize his departure, so many things do testify of him. Though dead he lives, and always will in the manifold agencies for good he created and set in motion in this community. It is too early to sum up his career, to place an adequate estimate upon the value of his services to humanity. We cannot as yet take the full measure of the man. New points of view will be suggested as his many-sidedness is further revealed. The extent of our obligation to him will become more and more apparent as the years pass, and the mighty works he wrought tell with increasing emphasis of the largeness of his purposes and the beneficence of his aims. "A man," says Marcus Aurelius, "would rather leave the portrait of his spirit than the portrait of his face." What a precious legacy we have in the spiritual portrait of our friend, the glory of whose countenance was as the glory of the noon-day sun, shedding, with equal favor, its rays of light upon the rich and poor, the high and low, the just and unjust. He poured out the riches of his being not sparingly, as a miser does his gold, but freely as water upon the people's altar. He was not content with merely relieving man's physical necessities, but must do something for his starved intellectual nature. He manifested the deepest interest in those seekers after knowledge who, having lost something of great value in their youth, try later in life diligently to find it. His ripe scholarship, his genial speech and gracious manner enabled him to exert a powerful influence over inquisitive minds. His vivid personality impressed itself on all who thus came in contact with him. It is only here and there that we find a choice spirit who can assimilate the best that the master minds of all the ages have gleaned in their researches into the mysterious things, and make others partakers of the royal feast gathered from such a diversity of sources. Mr. McCulloch possessed this power in a transcendent degree. The wide range of his reading indicates the catholicity of his mind. The epitaph of the English historian might well be his epitaph, "He died learning." History, biography, science, poetry, fiction, all came within his sympathetic ken. He was a symmetrical man. The æsthetic side of his nature was as highly developed as the purely intellectual or spiritual side. His love of music was not mere sensuous enjoyment, but the love of one whose soul vibrated with the soul of the instrument as a master hand touched the bow. We can imagine that the first strains of celestial music seemed to him but a prolongation of those earthly strains whose rapturous melody made less abrupt the passage from this earthly abode to that "choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world." The spiritual light that is shed from the divine face of the Sistine Madonna, the beauty of the old Gothic cathedral, the grace and majesty of the ancient marbles, all these were inspirations to him. Nothing was lacking to make a full man. The classes at Plymouth Institute, classes for the study of Homer and Dante, Browning and Lowell, Carlyle and Emerson; classes, too, for the study of civil government and social science; the series of cheap lectures by the best thinkers; his hearty co-operation in the university extension movement; his willingness to do anything that would popularize knowledge and bring the latest and truest information within the reach of the masses, testify of the high value he placed upon an educated citizenship.

Among his many virtues let it not be forgotten that he loved his city and earnestly desired to see its welfare advanced in every possible way. In a sermon delivered shortly after the organization of the Commercial Club he said: "Let once a public spirit come to this city and the men who are making fortunes will love to make their city beautiful. In Athens the private buildings were plain and simple, but the public buildings were noble and beautiful. Beautiful parks and breathing spaces, childrens play-grounds, streets lined with trees, and here and there a fountain or a statue, public baths, people's halls, pure water and pure air, the whole interspersed with a noble public spirit, these things enter into and give permanence to the city, which hath foundations—whose architect and master-builder is God." His thought was ever of doing something that would give a broader outlook on life to the many who toil, with little to relieve the monotony and drudgery of toiling. He was the friend and often the spokesman of organized labor. He believed in the dignity of labor and in its ultimate enfranchisement. He advocated the passage of the eight-hour law to the end that the mechanic and artisan and all who earn their bread by manual labor might be placed more nearly on an equality with those engaged in other pursuits; that they might have greater leisure to spend with their families, and more abundant opportunities for self-culture. He believed that

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

It is seldom that we have the privelege of contemplating a life so entirely consecrated to high aims and lofty ideals. It is not as a lover of books, or of music, or of painting, however, not as a patient investigator or critical student, that we will most frequently recur to Mr. McCulloch, but as a lover of men, as an intelligent and a sympathetic helper of the needy and distressed.

"His was a spirit that, to all the poor,
Was kind as slumber after pain."

He never preached the gospel of despair, but always the gospel of an infinite hope. He believed that "through the ages an increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," that the world is growing ever better; that the remnant who labor for righteousness is being constantly augmented; that in the battle between light and darkness in the spiritual world the light is slowly but surely and steadily pressing back the darkness. "To be a great soul hereafter," writes Emerson, "you must be a great soul now."

Oscar C. McCulloch was a great soul on earth. He lifted men out of their selfishness, and narrowness, and littleness, and deadness, and made them vital forces for good. He had the faculty of infecting others with his own enthusiasm in well-doing. His religion did not consist in assumption and pretense, in emotional fervor which spends itself in vain aspiring and worthless rhapsodizing, or in a formalism which chills if it does not utterly destroy all the best impulses and energies of our nature. With him religion meant love and service—love for all mankind, and service, of whatever character, which would raise his fellow-men to higher levels of thought and action.

A GREAT AWAKENING.

The latter part of the present century has been characterized by varied manifestations of philanthropic impulse and endeavor. There has been a mighty awakening of the individual and national conscience. The recognition of duties to be performed, as well as of privileges to be enjoyed, is more general to-day than at any other period of the world's history. That "humanity doth owe a debt to all humanity unto the end" is a truth which acquires new power as the vital spirit of Christianity penetrates deeper and deeper into the life of the people, revealing the dignity of man, and his capacity for right achievment. This truth finds expression in literature through myriad books discussing religious, social, economic and industrial problems from every conceivable humanitarian point of view. It finds practical demonstration in Toynbee halls, palaces of delight, university settlements, free kindergartens, noon-day rests, circulating libraries, public baths, Plymouth institutes and kindred efforts to ameliorate conditions and improve environments. This movement, so uplifting in its tendencies, and so far-reaching in its consequences, though going back nearly 2,000 years for its inspiration, is of comparatively recent development and expansion. It seems almost incredible, does it not, that the work of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to whose career the career of our fallen leader offers so many parallels, should have been very largely accomplished, and over great opposition, too—the opposition of such men as Bright and Gladstone—during the reign of the present Queen. Through his efforts the inmates of the asylums for the insane in Great Britain were treated as the "afflicted of God," not as if guilty of crime; the hours of labor of children working in factories were greatly reduced; ragged schools were established in the wretched slums of East London, and the chimney-sweeps even were released from their bondage to cruel task-masters and perilous employment. At his funeral a poor man in tattered clothing remarked, "Our Earl's gone—God knows he loved us and we loved him. We never shall see his likes again." How many a poor man in Indianapolis felt thus when he heard that Mr. McCulloch had passed away. To the work to which the Earl of Shaftesbury, Arnold Toynbee, William Robertson, Charles Kingsley, and others of like high-mindedness devoted themselves—Mr. McCulloch gave his time, his labor, his intellect, his heart, his soul, his health, even life itself. More than this no man can do. He was in profound sympathy and intimate touch with the great democratic movement of the age, which recognizes kinship between the most degraded and the most exalted—the lineage of a common brotherhood. He possessed those qualities which have characterized the wise leaders of men since time began, clearness of vision, depth of insight, intensity of purpose, nobility of aim, serene faith and sublime courage. He saw, it is said, the end of an undertaking from the beginning. When he planted the seed he perceived the fruition. The intervening stages of growth must needs proceed in orderly sequence, for he knew that the seed was good. He belonged to the order of prophets, who anticipate and announce fulfillment, while less emancipated souls are burdened with anxious doubts and grave forebodings, and think the dawn will never come.

To an extraordinary aptitude for affairs he united the soul of a poet. What a rare and matchless combination! The man of business is too often inclined to regard the poet as a mere dreamer, a weak sentimentalist, an idler whose time might be more profitably employed with the crowding details of trade. The poet, on the other hand, sees in the merchant, perhaps, one who is wholly given up to gain and altogether oblivious of the world of beauty which lies about him, though he knows it not. Each is doubtless unfair to the other—but when the sagacity of the reason is joined to the warm touch of the imagination, and both are responsive to the appeals which weakness makes upon strength, a power results which corrects abuses and hastens the coming of the time when oppression shall cease and inquiity no longer flourish. "The poet," says Emerson, "is a sovereign and is at the center of things. He is not any permissive potentate, but emperor in his own right." When a divine singer enters this commonplace world of ours, what a marvelous transformation is effected. How our thought are broadened and our sympathies enlarged by the message he brings, until life takes on a richer coloring, and is penetrated with a finer meaning, and infused with a deeper and holier purpose. It was Mr. McCulloch's poetical temperament which made him solicitous of the welfare of the humblest thing that lives—sensitive to the rights of the lowest form of life. He loved not only his fellow-man, but the birds and flowers, the overarching sky, flecked with clouds by day and tremulous with stars at night; the mountains, "lofty sentinels of the valley;" the streams, as they merrily danced along or chafed in their narrow channels between the rocks; the ocean, emblem of eternity; all manifestations, indeed, of created beauty and power he loved as only a poet can love. It was his poet's soul, too, which enabled him to enter into the feelings of the wretched ones of earth, those who had fallen by the wayside, while the great army of the well-to-do marched on with blare of trumpets, and flying banners, and songs of triumph, giving scarcely a thought to their baffled, and discouraged, and defeated comrades. He believed in the regenerative power of the poor, if intelligently assisted, and sought to inculcate habits of industry, and thrift, and economy by providing a depository for the safe-keeping of small earnings. He could say, with one of the Toynbee hall men, that, "in spite of that which is accomplished, those who are most active are most conscious of that which remains to be done: those whose knowledge of the poor is deepest are most inclined to recoil from the light that their knowledge throws on the proportions of the social task awaiting them. Yet the same knowledge reveals so much that is true and sterling, it teaches such lessons of the unselfishness of the poor, of their readiness to help each other, of their response to kindness that does not patronize, and to sympathy that is not intrusive, that hearts grow warm again with trust in the worth and possibilities of human character." He insisted that a receptive soul has not the natural complement of an empty stomach. The needs of the body must be supplied, he maintained, before the beauty of a higher life can be appreciated. Proper clothing, food and shelter, then spiritual nourishment. Much wretched bangling has resulted from a disregard of this order of things. With a self-abnegation as beautiful as it was unusual, he refused to accept any compensation for his philanthropic work, unceasing though its demands were on his time and energies. "For what dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? Just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing or the feet for walking." So spake a Roman emperor when Christianity was young; so Mr. McCulloch believed, and with him practice and belief were always in accord.

TESTS OF GREATNESS.

One of the tests of the true greatness of a man is the manner in which he meets criticism; is his attitude toward misrepresentation of motive and misconception of the quality and scope of his work. Some men are brittle and break easily under the weight of false accusation; others answer their accusers with upbraidings and recriminations, while still others—few in number—"stand four-square to all the winds that blow," unruffled, undismayed, without perturbation of spirit; calm, and resolute, and trustful in the belief that the right point of view will finally prevail. In the midst of the most grievous misunderstandings Mr. McCulloch was unmoved. He did not indulge in denial or waste time in controversy. He simply waited with the patience born of a knowledge that those who reviled would approve as soon as the scales fell from their eyes and they could see that he was doing the Master's work in the Master's way. No finer vindication of motive and method could be imagined than this memorial meeting. The voice of criticism was indeed hushed long before he "crossed the bar, and met his pilot face to face," but in the last few weeks we have come to know him, and respect him, and love him as we never did before. He was brave, simple, earnest, manly, generous, tender, loving and true. In his last sermon, speaking of William of Orange, he said that "while he lived he was the strength and support of his people, and when he died the children cried in the streets." The children of this city never had a sweeter, gentler, truer friend than Mr. McCulloch. He loved them and loved to be with them. In the beautiful circle of his charities he made bountiful provision for the neglected and outcast little ones. In the transparency of his nature he preserved to the end, I think, much of the simplicity and innocence of childhood. The courage of the man—for he was brave as well as gentle, and had a "strand of heroism in his composition"—must not be overlooked. He never avoided a theme or abandoned a position because of its unpopularity. He spoke the truth as he found it and believed it to exist, let the consequences be what they might. If he thought an injustice had been perpetrated on any person or class, however despised or rejected, he did not pause to ask whether others shared his belief, but, with the courage of a knight of old who challenged all comers, he offered wager of battle, and struck his lance full-tilt against the shield of public opinion. He was tolerant, though, of the opinions of others, and free from the slightest taint of bigotry. His charity was not restricted to the giving of alms or helping the unfortunate. Under its broad mantle his bitterest opponent might find shelter. In one of her letters Mrs. Browning writes of one of Lincoln's speeches that "what affected her most was not the eloquence, no, but the rare union of largeness and tolerance, with fidelity to special truth." "in our age," she adds, "faith and charity are found, but they are found apart. We tolerate everybody because we doubt everything, or else we tolerate nobody because we believe something. The pastor of Plymouth Church displayed the tolerance which Mrs. Browning speaks of as being so rare—the tolerance which sprang from the breadth of his knowledge and the depth of his heart. It has meant much to the city to have a pulpit which was a common platform on which Catholic and Protestant and Jew might stand and feel that they could fraternize as brothers, notwithstanding honest differences of opinion. From that platform all questions relating to the moral and social well-being of the people have been freely and peacefully discussed, without bitterness or narrowness. The words spoken there from Sunday to Sunday have been words of wisdom and of power; words of beauty and of truth; words of sympathy and of hope. They have inspired those who listened to them to disregard self and regard others; to give not only a part of their means, which is a small item, but to give a part of themselves, which is a matter of great moment, to the holy work of reclaiming men from poverty and crime to careers of usefulness. It has not been a platform for doctrinal exposition or theological hair-splitting, but for an earnest and manly insistence upon the privilege we enjoy of being permitted to help others. Brave soul transferred. Well might his friend Myron Reed exclaim: He never wavered or faltered or lost hope in his work, for he believed that, with "each cycle in the world's history man grows nobler, governments become better, laws more divine, until, at last, all sects and nations will merge into one, to be governed by nature's mighty law—freedom and justice to all."

Availing himself of opportunities which others neglected, "he took an open but unfrequented road to immortality." Thousands of weary and discouraged ones, whose sorrows he comforted, whose burdens he lifted, whose lives he enriched, will rise up, in the years to come, and call him blessed. They will tell their children of the beauty of his life to incite them to finer endeavor.

"Gracious natures leave their love behind
To work for mercy still."

And if at any future time a stranger should pause before the monument which will be erected to commemmorate the man and his work and inquire who he was, a fitting answer might be given in the language of Lowell's beautiful tribute to Hood:

* * * "Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure;
If thou wouldst learn how truly great he was,
Go ask it of the poor."

The quartet then sang the anthem, "Rock of Ages," which was followed by the benediction, delivered by Rabbi Mayer Messing, of the Market-street Temple.

Death of a Former Resident.

Word has been received in this city of the death of Judge Eugene L. Perham, a former resident of this city, at Portland, Ore., on the 9th inst. Judge Perham's father in early days had charge of the old cotton-mills which were located north of the city. His relatives now reside at Martinsville. Mr. Perham left this city in 1850 in company with John J. McFarland and Theodore Wygant, and traveled across the plains to Oregon. Mr. McFarland died several years ago, but Mr. Wygant still resides at Portland. Mr. Perham leaves a wife, six sons and two daughters.

Central Christian Church Site.

The building committee of the Central Christian Church yesterday took a vote favorable to one of the two sites upon which they have an option. It was decided, however, as not all the committee were present, that the site approved would not be finally accepted until next Sunday. The sale of the old church was approved.

"TH' GOBBL'UNS HAS GOT 'EM"

Indiana School-Book Company Has Fallen Into the Arms of the "Octopus."

Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., and Their Confederates in the Book Trust, Now Control the Copyrights of the Indiana Series.

It is not unlikely when the next Legislature meets, should it be Democratic, that a Democratic editor or two, aided by a clique of politicians, will appear to lobby in favor of some change in the school-book law, whereby they may be more successful than in the raid which, after the passage of the law, took form in the Indiana School-book Company. It will be remembered that these Democratic editors were specially ferocious against Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., and did not hesitate to call them robbers and cry out that the people over the State who bought school-books for their children should be protected from them. These lobbyists played the role of philanthropists in fine form, but their services were not given wholly without consideration of future reward. Some of them became members of the Indiana School-book Company when it was formed, and others, though their names do not appear as connected with that company, have not gone wholly unrewarded. It is said that some of these last were given stock in blank for services rendered.

The Indiana School-book Company came, and the various book-publishing concerns that had hitherto competed for the trade were brushed away, out of sight, and never more would the hydra-head of book monopoly show itself in Indiana. The Indiana School-book Company, which at first gave out that it would have a great publishing house here in this State to give employment to our own people and keep Indiana money at home did not erect an eight-story building, bought no printing presses, employed no printers, no bookbinders. It made a five years' contract with D. D. Merrill, of St. Paul, who published two different kinds of geographies, to furnish those two text-books, and also another five years' contract with the Standard company, of St. Louis, the latter company to furnish readers and arithmetics, which are their principal publications.

But nobody appeared to care for the fact that the Indiana series, as it was called, was the debris of educational shipwrecks in Minnesota and Missouri, and everything went smoothly, Democratic editors holding up to the people the great cause everybody had for thankfulness in having escaped from the claws and jaws of "the octopus," that being one of the mildest names applied to Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.

About two years ago the awful octopus, Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., D. Appleton & Co., Ivison, Blakeman & Co. and Barnes & Co. formed the American Book Trust, which is largely controlled by the first-named company. This trust bought out the Merrill publishing-house in St. Paul, and thus got control of the geographies. The trust next went to St. Louis and bought a controlling interest in the Standard. Thus the control of almost the entire Indiana series passed to the "octopus" and its confederates.

A short time ago four car-loads of spellers were received by the Indiana School-book Company. They came direct from Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.'s bindery. The Indiana company, which has heretofore been given the innocuous name of "syndicate," has fallen from its high estate. It is now merely a distributing agent for the "octopus," not even owning the copyrights of the books that have been foisted upon the people of the State. When the five years' contract that the Indiana School-book Company has with the "octopus" expires something else will happen. What this will be the Indiana company cannot even conjecture. As it doesn't even own the copyrights there is a doubt as to whether they will be tolerated by the "octopus," even as middlemen.

If there is to be more school-book legislation it may be the next lot of lobbyists will look further ahead to escape the "octopus." The present company can give pointers, and might raise the warning cry, "The gobble'uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch out!"

WANT THE EARTH.

The Objective Point of the Single-Tax People According to an Advocate.

The usual number of gentlemen—a baker's dozen—congregated in the rooms of the Progress Club, in the Mansur Block, yesterday afternoon, to listen to an address by C. H. Kraus, secretary of the club, on the beauties of the single-tax theory. Like a gilded star in the galaxy of uncontroverted facts, one thing shone forth with radiant brilliance in Mr. Kraus's address—that the advocates of the single-tax idea want the earth, with a few words of grace by the donor thrown in. There was nothing particularly new in Mr. Kraus's thesis on the facts and fancies of the single-tax theory, yet he said some things that were rather out of the ordinary. Among other things he said the single-tax people were working on a new law—the emancipation of the industrial slave; and as one of the means of eradicating this evil he advocated free trade. The tariff, he said, was a form of robbery. All taxes, he thought, on labor's products and labor's capital should be abolished. Improvements should not be taxed. Mr. Kraus proposed to get the earth, which he named as the objective point of the desires of the one-idea people, by ground rent. The address was listened to with a good deal of interest, and at its conclusion his remarks were pretty generally discussed.

New Apartment-House.

Tilford Burnham, of Chicago, is at the Bates. His business in the city is to learn the feasibility of erecting an apartment-house on the corner recently purchased by himself and others, of R. R. Shiel, at the intersection of Illinois street and Indiana avenue. He is the architect of the proposed flat, and has arranged it so that the suites may contain two, three, four, or eight rooms, with bath. It is proposed to connect a restaurant with the house and to have accommodations by which meals may be served in the rooms of occupants if so desired. The erection of the flat depends upon it promising to be a profitable venture.

Fire at the Grand Hotel.

A still alarm of fire called a detail of the fire department, yesterday noon, to the Grand Hotel. Smoke was discovered issuing from the floor of the lobby near the Illinois-street entrance, but the cause was soon removed. Some rags which had been wrapped around a steam pipe under the tiling became overheated and were about to burst out in flame. There was no loss.

Grip in the Fire Department.

The fire department is in a badly crippled condition owing to the great prevalence of the grip. At least twenty men, about one-third of the working force of the department, are laid up.

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$75,000 WORTH

Jewelry, Watches and Diamonds, Silverware, Silver-plated Ware, Clocks and Bronzes,

To be closed out cheap. Big cut in prices. Elegant stock. We can save you big money.

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All From the Same Pig.

She was pretty and piquant, and betrayed the fact that she had not been long married by the half-maidenly blush that crimsoned her fair young face, as she then addressed the grocerman:

"My husband—bought a couple of Hams here some time ago. They were very nice—very nice indeed. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer, pointing to a row hanging from the ceiling.

"Are you sure that they are from the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer, without a quiver.

"Then you may send me two more," and she tripped out of the store as she had tripped in—while the grocer smiled a wicked smile.

"GUILTY GROCER," we hear you say. And yet this lapse from strict veracity was not designed to deceive but merely words to facilitate business. He had that honest faith in the familiar design, "the man at the wheel," and the legend,

"KINGAN'S RELIABLE,"

which adorned his Hams, that he confidently staked his reputation that, even though not "from the same pig," they were the product of the same faultless Hoosier Hog Family, and just as good.

"In the Swim."

Will you be in society this winter? If you intend to go in and be in the swim you will find a "full dress suit" or, as our English cousin's put it, 'Evening wear for a gentleman," as necessary as a bathing suit at Coney Island or Long Branch.

$25 TO $40 Is our price for this class of raiment. Other merchant tailors ask from $40 to $70. Come and see us or send for samples and rules for self-measurement.

KAHN TAILORING CO.,
14 East Washington Street.

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HOLIDAY PRESENTS — AT — W. H. ROLL'S — 30 TO 38 SOUTH ILLINOIS ST.

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PHONOGRAPHS are daily gaining favor among the business men of Indiana. The following is a sample letter:

INDIANAPOLIS.

G. P. BENJAMIN MFG CO., LAFAYETTE, IND.:

Gentlemen—In answer to your letter of the 25th, relative to the use of the Phonograph in our office, we will say that we have been using the same for a matter of two or three months, and find it a practical success in every particular.

We are able to dispose of our correspondence at times when our stenographer is busy with other work, or when she is not here, such as evenings and holidays. In addition to this, we utilize the time that was formerly used in the dictation of letters for the transcribing of them, and therefore get more work out of our type-writer by about half than we did formerly.

Furthermore, we get better letters, as our stenorrapher can read the dictation to the Phonograph much easier than she can the direct dictation, and transcribing from short-hand, and the letters can be given and taken by the Phonograph very much faster, about two to one, than they can be taken by short-hand.

Thanking you for the opportunity given to praise the machine, which we now consider invaluable in our office, we are, Yours very truly,

CHANDLER & TAYLOR CO.

Call and see the Phonograph at LEEDS & CO., Agents, 47 South Illinois street. Also, Agents for the Smith Premier Typewriter.

CHINA CLOSETS.

The modern China Closet gives an opportunity to display and enjoy fine china and cut glass, instead of keeping it in dark cupboards to be brought out only on rare occasions. I have a full line. They will make handsome and useful presents.

WM. L. ELDER, 43 AND 45 SOUTH MERIDIAN ST.

SAKES ALIVE!
One—Two—Three—Four—Five!
THEN CHRISTMAS!

Provide for the feast. Parrott & Taggart's "Old Fruit Cake."
Parrott & Taggart's "Reception Flakes."
Parrott & Taggart's "Vienna Bread."

For sale by all grocers.

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