DETECTIVE'S QUEER DREAM

An Old Secret-Service Man Relates an Experience that Occurred Here.

He Had a Dream that Led to the Conviction of a Murderer—Reminiscences of Shelbyville Barbecues—Short Stories.

Detective Tom Hall, of Minneapolis, was in the city last week, and was the center of a group of friends, one evening, in the Spencer House lobby. "Do you believe in dreams?" he asked in a random way at the crowd in an intermission of tobacco smoke. Few persons care about what another dreams, and so there was but little interest manifested in the query, not knowing what was coming. Mr. Hall was not to be abashed, and taking the silence for what it meant went on to say:

"Well, I never had much credence in them, either, but I had an unusual experience one time that has almost made me a believer. A number of years ago, when I was in the secret service, I had searched the country over for a murderer. His home was in this city, and he had relatives here, but I could never get any trace of him. I came to Indianapolis, and remained here two weeks, stopping at this same hotel. I tramped this town from one end to the other, and had about given up in despair. One morning I got up rather early, and asked the clerk to take a drink with me. This he did, and then I went to breakfast. For breakfast we had bacon, and I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. After breakfast I strolled out, and made my way down Washington street and along up the canal. There was one house that attracted my attention. It was built in an unusual way, the weather-boarding being put on perpendicularly. In a building next to this house I saw the man I wanted, and just as I reached for him—I awoke. It had been a dream, but so natural was it that I could actually taste the cocktail I had drunk with the clerk and the bacon I had eaten for breakfast. When I got up the clerk and I did take a drink together, and we had bacon for breakfast, just as it occurred in my dream. I went down Washington street, and along the canal. There I saw many things that I dreamed about, but I could not find the house with the perpendicular weather-boarding. I saw a building located on the same spot where my dream-house should have been, and while I was looking at it a man came out. I recognized him as an old acquaintance, and we had quite a long chat, I, of course, not explaining to him the business I was on. In the course of the conversation I learned that the mother of my man lived next door to this house. In an hour or two I came back and went in to see her. To make a long story short, I learned that her son had joined the regular army and was stationed out here at the arsenal. There I arrested him. He was tried, convicted, and was sent over the road, and is yet serving time for his crime. The clew I had secured as to his whereabouts came to me in a dream."

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It does not take a second look about to see that an epidemic of bicycle-riding has struck this city. To be candid, riding a wheel is not just exactly the most dignified thing a man can do, but it is a mode of rapid transit he cannot afford to ignore.

When considering the bicycle there is one point that should not be omitted. The adoption of this mode of transportation brings with it many good results. If there is one thing a man who rides a wheel hates to do worse than another it is to ride over bad roads, and good thoroughfares continue to follow the bicycle on its journey around the world. The riders of wheels are generally the first to properly appreciate a good road, and are not tardy in the work of procuring the same if it lies in their power. No sooner do a sufficient number of people in a city learn to ride wheels than they begin the crusade against bad streets. This is kept up until the Board of Public Works turns to the matter of improvements in self-defense. The advent of the women on this territory affords considerable room for speculation, as indeed is generally the case where this blessed tribe of man's betters pleases to go. Owing to the fact that the proper manipulation of the wheel makes it next to impossible for the movements of the body to be handicapped, a revolution in woman's dress must follow sooner or later. Just what turn the matter may take is the subject of most doubtful conjecture. It is a peculiar fact that the remotest diversion among this consecrated sex need be only trifled with before it is adopted. There was a time when the idea of a woman putting on a bathing-suit struck horror to the feminine heart, but a few daring ones initiated the fad, which has since grown to be not only the thing but the craze. So it seems no respectable change in women's dress need be discountenanced as an improbability. To get an idea as to just how prevalent the use of the wheel has become in Indianapolis one should stand at the corner of Pennsylvania and Ohio streets, about 5 o'clock in the evening, on week days, and watch the procession of wheelmen go by. Now and then a woman will fan past, perhaps not quite so swiftly as the men and boys, but she will get home on time just the same as the former. The skill in the management of the vehicle is developing very fast. Streets cannot be so blockaded with carriages and wagons but that the wheelmen can get through. Such obstructions as street-car tracks, a few bowlders or stray pieces of timber no longer bar the way. The body is simply lifted up a trifle to escape the jar, and the wheel goes over. There is probably no other accomplishment in which so much pride is taken as in that of properly managing a bicycle. A young man, who would otherwise rather drop dead than eat an apple on the street, will possess himself of the biggest vandeveer he can get, and go munching it on his way home. In one hand is held the apple; every few yards the other hand goes into an inside pocket after a handkerchief. The face is wiped after much the same fashion a juggler balances a pea on his nose while holding up a five-hundred-pound barrel, but the face is wiped, not once, but many times on the way home. The advantage of this means of transportation cannot well be overestimated. It is cheap and expedient. It makes it possible for a man to live five miles from his work, and be there on time each morning without a serious loss of time, or the expense of street-car fare. It gives the man who is sedentarily employed exercise which doubtless prolongs his life, if that be to him any object. The bicycle is doubtless to enter into the economies of this country, in large cities especially, if it has not already done so.

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Some weeks ago a dark-haired, swarthy-skinned young man, a foreigner in appearance and speech, as it proved, was arrested at the State fair grounds as an insane person. When carried to the station-house he could only jabber away in an unknown tongue in an excited manner. Queries in English, German, French, Italian only seemed to excite him. Nothing could be learned of him except that his first name was George. Without knowing what else to do with him, the police authorities sent him to the poor-house as an insane pauper. There he became composed and when set at tasks, he comprehended what was to be done and did his work well. Superintendent Yeager watched his new ward closely and came to the conclusion that he was not insane. A Polish Jew peddler was sent for, and it was found George, the unknown, and the peddler could converse. Here was encouragement, but a new difficulty was presented when the peddler was not much better able to talk in English than George. It was gained, however, that George has a surname of Showoski—George Showoski being his name.

Superintendent Yeager came to the conclusion that his first idea was correct. He sent for another Polish Jew, who could act as an interpreter. It has proved that Showoski was one of the Baron Hirsch immigrants to America. After reaching this country he became separated from his friends. He was without money, without knowledge of the language of the land, and being yet scarcely more than a boy in years, his excited manner was taken for mental disturbance.

"This case," said Mr. Johnson, secretary of the State Board of Charities, "reminds me of that of a woman who is an inmate of the Tippecanoe county poor-house. She has been there twenty-five years. When she first came to America as an immigrant in some way she became lost from her party, and finally landed on the streets of Lafayette. She began to beg from store to store, and was arrested. No one knew what to do for her, and she was at last sent to the poor-house. What a life was hers! I could not help imagining how easy it might have been for Showoski, a young foreigner, healthy, active and intelligent, to have remained unknown, and perhaps all his life to occupy a pauper's place! He is certainly not a pauper, and will be able when he learns the language, to make his way."

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The recent Shelbyville barbecue and its attendant deeds of lawlessness bring back recollections of those that have gone before. Charles Wiltsie tells of one that was held in 1876 by the Republicans. The principal speaker at it was President Harrison, then United States Senator. Shelbyville at that time was as much of a lair of the Democracy as it is to-day, and whenever the Republicans attempted a demonstration of any sort there or in the surrounding country it was at once the delight and the so-called duty of the said element to do all they could to injure and suppress it. Mr. Wiltsie was at that time a member of the Carthage (Ind.) drum corps, and that organization made the trip to Shelbyville overland in wagons, accompanied by several marching organizations from that place. The little town of Manilla, in Rush county, had to be passed through, and just before it was reached the drum corps fell considerably in the rear of the rest of the delegation. When it did reach the village its half-dozen members were corralled by a blustering, threatening mob of Democrats, who informed them that they didn't propose to allow any more Republicans to go through that town. The drum corps decided that discretion was the better part of valor, as they were outnumbered twenty to one, and beat a hasty retreat, being compelled to retrace their steps some five miles to a cross road, by which they might circuit the stronghold of the belligerents. They got into Shelbyville too late to enjoy any of the day's proceedings, but they aired their grievance among their fellows with all its ignominy. A council of war was held, and it was decided that every organization that had to go that way on the return should descend in a body on Manilla and wipe it off the face of the globe, if necessary to do so, in order to sustain Republican honor. They found Manilla waiting and anxious for them to come. Her commons were black with people, and the fighting men of the town were in the van, armed with clubs. The returning Republicans formed their wagons in battle array, and advanced. The fight that ensued was brief, but it was exceedingly fierce. Heads were laid open, eyes blacked and noses bloodied, but the onslaught of the avengers was not to be stayed, and they found themselves in possession of the village common. From the center of that common there rose a hickory pole, tall and tapering, and from it flaunted a pennon bearing Tilden's name. Around it the victorious Republicans circled with shouts and yells, until it resembled a scalp-dance of the aborigines. Suddenly some one suggested that it be cut down. A squad was counted off to go in search of an ax, and they located a woodshed, the door of which was locked. They applied to the owner for the key, and he responded by shoving an old musket out of the window and blazing away. Luckily his buckshot went wide of the mark, and the next instant revolvers began popping promiscuously and bullets began to pepper the house. Under cover of this fusillade the searching party battered down the woodshed door and secured the coveted ax. Another circle was formed, and one lusty-armed Carthageite hewed away at the pole until it toppled over, and its pennon trailed in the dust. The Manilla crowd stood by in moody silence, only occasionally making some effort to break the circle around their emblem. When the Republicans had done with their gibes and taunts they loaded up in their wagons and departed. Such were the days of '76.

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William Collier, who divides the honors with Charley Reed in "Hoss and Hoss," prides himself on being something of a boxer, but he picked up the wrong man in San Francisco, where the company played three weeks ago. He felt like sparring some of the boys in the company one night, and adjourned to the California Athletic Club, of which he was a member. Being a clever hitter, he pestered Charlie Reed, Martinette and some other actors until he could get no one to put on the gloves with him. Finally a smooth-faced, determined-looking fellow walked in, smoking a cigarette.

"Say, young fellow, do you want to spar a bit? I won't hurt you," said Willie.

The youth put on the mits and knocked Willie all over the ring.

Collier's friends roared.

"What is your name? Who are you?" groaned Willie with his hands on his jaws.

"It's Tommy Warren, the fedder-weight, see," said an attendant.

"Glad to see you are a fighter, anyway! Let's have a drink," said Willie.

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Several small boys, at the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Delaware street were interrupted the other evening in a feat of extraordinary cruelty. A little bon-fire had been lighted near the curb-stone and the boys were clustered about it. Several startling screams issued from the group, which caused a passer-by to investigate the cause. He found two of the boys holding a cat down to the asphalt with its feet tied and a cord drawn tightly around its neck; and a third was lighting paper at the blaze and applying it to the dying cat. The cat was making futile efforts to get away, was terribly scorched and managed, somehow, to occasionally scream. All the young fellows were intent on their work, and when ordered to disband and relieve the cat indignantly replied that they guessed they had a right to have a barbecue if they wanted to. Convincing arguments at last persuaded them to give up the job, but, as the intruder left them, a chorus of voices shouted: "Rah for Cleveland!"

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County Attorney A. V. Brown found himself compelled to visit Brightwood the other day on business, and not being of that restless turn of temperament which keeps a man posted on the street-car system of this city, walked into the transfer car to inquire about the time cars left for Brightwood. The street-car dispatchers at the transfer informed him that the cars left every half hour, and doubtless concluding he had given the gentleman as much information as went free with one fare, left off at that point. Mr. Brown sat down in the transfer stranger to await the car. Having a few newspapers in his pocket he passed the greater part of an hour, and then asked the dispatcher why a Brightwood car did not come. When the latter gentleman informed him that the car he wanted did not pass the transfer car, but crossed Washington street on Meridian (for Mr. Brown is an amiable gentleman who has thorough control of his passions) simply smiled.

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An enterprising newspaper man noticed an item in the Journal the other day to the effect that a certain saloon-keeper in West Indianapolis had been a preacher and had given up his call to go into the liquor business, and at once started off in search of the man. Taking a Haughville car by mistake, he canvassed that town for his man, and at last learned that a gentleman named Beatty answered the description. He then started after Beatty, coming back to the city and going out near the Belt via the Virginia-avenue line, at which place, he had been informed, a man by that name was in the saloon business. But the people out there told him the man he was looking for was the president of the State Liquor League, and had an office in Mozart Hall. At last he found Mr. Beatty, who smiled serenely, and informed his persecuter that he had got his drinks mixed—he had once been a teacher!

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Yesterday Rass Everson, whose unfortunate infirmity for drink has made a great many people of this city familiar with him, approached a gentleman on Market street.

"Look here, Charley, I don't want a drink," pleaded the old veteran. "I have not had anything to eat all day, and I do want a good square meal. Last Wednesday the Democrats offered me a dollar to go with them to the Shelbyville barbecue as one of their 'old veterans.' I have been drinking a great deal—you see I am filthy, ragged and hungry, and I've got down pretty low, but I was not as low as they thought I was. The dollar made my mouth water, but I said no." Mr. Everson dined yesterday at Foster's restaurant until he was "too full for utterance!"

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This story has just enough age on it to make it good:

A young Greenfield man, who was beginning to get bald, had for a long time been bringing home different hair vigors and applying them recklessly to his scalp. His brother had often noticed damp spots in the carpet, when walking about the room barefooted, and had often cautioned him to be more careful of his applications of his restoratives, inasmuch as the Brussels carpet was not yet in need of tonics. Things continued, however, for some time after much the same manner, until one night the fellow who was in the habit of detecting damp spots in the carpet about the dresser, happened to examine his feet, and to his surprise found a beautiful growth of hair growing on either sole. If the truthfulness of this story can be kept in the background until the jury goes out, the teller of it may hope to escape with a light sentence.

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Last Friday a man with a pleased countenance entered a department store on Washington street and asked the floor-walker to direct him to the stocking department. The lady at the counter accosted him with a smiling ?, and the purchaser promptly asked for a pair of ladies' hose.

"What color, please?"

"Why—flesh color," was the reply.

"What size?"

"Why——?"

The hesitation was fatal!

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A well-known lawyer relates that he was in the old Greenlawn Cemetery the other day copying names from grave-stones for use in preparing a plat of the grave-yard. A curious passer-by approached him and inquired what he was doing.

"I am taking the sixty-day poll for the Democratic party," was the answer. "I'm bound to show a gain for Cleveland and Bynum in my ward."

"My questioner," said the attorney, in telling about it, "looked at me in surprise, but believed what I said."

"We recommend that the prohibitory 10 per cent tax on state bank issues be repealed."—Democratic Platform, 1892.

BASE-BALL NEXT TUESDAY.

The Cincinnati and St Louis League Clubs to Play Here.

The base-ball crank, and he lives in Indianapolis very "numerously," who wants to see a scientific exhibition of that sport, will have an opportunity next Tuesday, when the Cincinnati and St. Louis National League clubs will play a postponed game at the East Ohio-street park. President Brush, of the Queen City club, has arranged for this contest at the risk of a financial loss. In his team are such celebrities as Arlie Latham, who does more to entertain a base-ball crowd than any other man in the business, Charles Comiskey, Peter Browning, George Smith, a great shortstop, Morgan Murphy and others. The St. Louis team includes Dick Buckley and Frank Genins, both of whom have played in local clubs, Jack Crooks, Bobby Caruthers and other famous ball players. The game will be called at 3 o'clock, and grand-stand seats can be secured down town in advance at Jose's cigar store.

Academian Brotherhood.

The Academian Brotherhood was organized at the home of Ralph Miller, No. 280 Prospect street, last Friday evening. The following young gentleman—High-school graduates and High-school pupils—constitute the charter membership: Charles J. Orbison, Frank C. Olive, Frank Pierson, Egmont Sauder, Bertrand B. Downey, Fred Hesman, Charles W. Boaz, Leo Leopold, E. Monroe Power, Ralph Miller, George Tucker, William D. Shepherd. The officers elected for the ensuing term are: President, Ralph Miller; vice-president, Leo Leopold; secretary and treasurer, E. Monroe Power; editor, Charles J. Orbison.

Song Service.

There will be a service of song at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Delaware and Ninth streets, this evening, at 7:45. The following programme will be rendered by the choir and Morrison Quartet:

"Haven of Rest" ..... Choir. ..... Helmund
"Gloria in Excelsis" ..... Quartet. ..... Wilson
"Gently, Lord" ..... Quartet. ..... Morey
"Consider and Hear" ..... Quartet. ..... Pheuger
"Spirit Immortal" ..... Quintet. ..... Trom Attila
"Ashamed of Jesus" ..... Choir. ....

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

A Mood.

How strange it is that while I sit
With Sorrow brooding year by year,
Bright-tinted Joy should sometimes flit—
And perch beside her crouching here!

Sometimes within his laughing eyes
I catch a gleam so blithe and gay,
I give my dull old friend surprise
By being merry for a day!

—Juliet V. Strauss.

An Old Song.

It sings to me in sunshine,
It whispers all day long,
My heartache, like an echo,
Repeats the wistful song;
Only a quaint old love-lilt
Wherein my life is hid—
"My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

I dream, and wake, and wonder,
For dream and day are one,
Alight with vanished faces
And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me
As long ago they did;
"For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

Through inland hills and forests
I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
The rush of mighty seas,
The lift of angry billows,
Through which a swift keel slid;
"For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

Oh, fair-haired little darling
Who bore my heart away!
A wide and woful ocean
Between us rolls to-day;
Yet I am close beside you,
Though time and space forbid,
"For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

If I were once in heaven
There would be no more sea,
My heart would cease to wander,
My sorrows cease to be;
My sad eyes sleep forever,
In dust and ashes hid,
And my body leave Segovia,
—Would my soul forget Madrid!

—Rose Terry Cooke.

Plantation Parting Hymn.

Oh, shoutin's mighty sweet
When yer shout when yer meet,
An' shek hab's roun', and say:
"Bless Gord fur de meetin'!
Bless Gord fur de greetin'!"
Shoutin' comes mighty easy dat a-way.

But ter shout when yer part,
An' ter shout f'om yo' heart,
When yer gwine far away, far away,
Wid a-lettin' go han's
An' a-facin' strange lan's,
Shoutin' comes mighty hard sech a day.

"Glory" sticks in yo' th'eat
At de whistle o' de boat,
Dat cuts lak a knife thoo yo' heart;
An' "Hallelujah" breaks
At de rai'din' o' de stakes
Dat loosens up de ropes ter let her start.

But ef yer fix yo' eye
On de writin' in de sky,
Whar de "good-byes" is all strucken out,
An' read de promus clair
Of another geth'rin' there,
You kin say far'well, my brothers, with a shout.

Den shout, brothers, shout!
Oh, tell yo' vict'ry out,
How neither death nur partin' kin undo yer;
Look fust at yo' loss,
But last at de cross,
Singin' glory, glory, glory hallelujah!

—Ruth McEnery Stuart, in Harper's Bazar.

Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be said;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Alter Ego.

I have not found the best life holds,
Nor yet am I what I shall be;
The future from my sight enfolds
Some other, better part of me.

There is a joy I do not know,
There is a music running free
Across the hills where wind-tides flow
With hints of larger life for me.

I long for much I shall not gain,
I seek for things I shall not see;
Fields yet untilled will grow the grain
To give the bread of life to me.

The soul of man has latent power,
And, as the fruit comes to the tree,
My hidden life will bud and flower
To prove the better self of me.

—Meredith Nicholson.

When You Are Old.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book
And slowly read and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sad: "From us fled Love.
He paced upon the mountains far above
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars."

—W. B. Yeats, in The Independent.

Called Back.

Chicago Tribune.

The man was unconscious, breathing heavily, and his half-closed eyes had a glassy stare.

"Yes," said the physician who had been hastily called in, he must have blown out the gas."

The man on the couch opened his eyes and looked with stern reproach at the doctor.

"No!" he said feebly. "I wish it to be clearly understood that I did not blow out the gas. I blew out the flame!"

And the homeless wanderer from Boston lapsed again into unconsciousness.

What's In a Name?

Detroit Free Press.

A Detroit man was visiting a farm with his six-year-old boy, and in passing a field the boy's attention was called to a machine in it.

"What's that, papa?" he inquired.

"A reaper and mower," replied the father.

"How much more, papa?" asked the boy, innocently, and the father began to think how the name might really strike one who was ignorant of such things.

The New York Store

[ESTABLISHED 1853]

THE TRADE TIDE

Gathers strength and volume. Every department fortified with

TEMPTING BARGAINS

All clamoring for recognition in print. MARVELOUS VALUES WE OFFER FOR THIS WEEK. PLEASE NOTE THEM.

IN THE

CLOAK DEPT.

There has been great activity ever since the opening of the season, two weeks ago. The weather cannot be credited for this. The prime reason is we are contiually offering such wonderful values that the public are anticipating their wants by a week or two, thereby securing the choice things which are always shown early.

TWO SPECIAL LOTS OF

JACKETS

Will be on sale Monday morning.

Fifty stylish Jackets, 38 inches long, two plaits in back, with strap across, Pearl Buttons, a good $10 garment; price **$6.75.**

Fifty very handsome Fur-trimmed Top Coats, 34 inches long, made of Oberon Cheviots, head ornaments; a $13 garment for **$10.**

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

This part of our Cloak business receives special attention. We justly claim to show the largest and most complete lines of Misses' and Children's Cloaks to be found in the State. We invite your inspection of some exceptional bargains this week.

100 Children's and Misses' Jackets, in Tan, Blue and Black, worth $6, at **$4.75.**

A new line of Gretchens, made of wool mixtures, with two plaits and hood. Price, for six years, **$6.50.**

ON MONDAY WE BEGIN A GREAT SALE OF

KID : GLOVES.

Note the Bargains.

Fifty dozen Biarritz Kid Gloves—Tans and Modes—never offered under $1; a choice of these for **79c.**

Twenty-five dozen 4-button Kid Gloves—also $1 kind—for **79c.**

Your choice of our 8-button length Suede Mosquetaires, valued at $1.50, for **$1.19.**

A special importation 4-button Kid Gloves, all selected skins, new Fall Shades, also Blacks. Valued at $1.25. A choice of these at **$1** a pair.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Our line for the fall is now replete with all the leading Novelties in Foreign and Domestic manufacture.

PRUSSIAN BANDS in all the latest combinations and Columbian Braid effects.

GIRDLES and BODICES in Jet, Silk and Iridescent effects.

BOLERO and FIGARO JACKETS, Pearl Trimmings, in great variety for evening wear.

OUR NEW MARABOUT, a combination of Ribbon and Chenille, is in great demand.

JET and BRAID TRIMMINGS in all widths, from ½ inch to 4 inches wide. An immense variety of Patterns to select from.

FEATHER TRIMMINGS, FUR EDGES and ASTRACHANS, in the latest coloring and designs.

A full line of Pearl Buttons in Round, Square and Sexagon Shapes, suitable for Jackets and Dress Trimmings.

DRESS GOODS.

We have added some new things to our already unapproachable line of *Exclusive Foreign Novelties.* No two alike; beautiful in design and coloring. The prices range from **$12** to **$25** each.

A new case of Habit Cloths will be displayed on Monday. The goods are woven in a fine invisible check. The width is 58 inches, 5 yards make a suit and the price is only **$1** a yard.

Fifty different shades of the popular Crystal Serges. They are in great demand. The width is 46 inches, the price **75c.**

Seventy-five pieces all-wool Two-toned Mixtures, 38 inches wide. The price is **50c.**

A special assorted lot Double Fold Illuminated Serge and Zig-Zag Suitings, regular 37½c goods; a choice for **25c.**

The Millinery Parlors

Are daily visited by throngs of ladies, some admiring the exquisite styles, but most of them making selections from the great profusion of early fall Hats and Bonnets. Our Milliners are very busy getting out orders, while our sales of made-up

PATTERN HATS and BONNETS

Is unprecedented.

On Monday we shall display a large lot of new productions. The large and ever increasing patronage enjoyed by this department is accounted for by the fact that we sell Millinery fully 25 per cent. lower than any other house in Indianapolis.

DRESS-MAKING NOTICE.

Our Miss Trimble is at present in New York attending the Grand Special Openings. She will be absent until Thursday morning, when she will again be glad to welcome her many friends.

☞See FURNITURE, CARPET and WALL-PAPER AD. on PAGE 14.

PETTIS DRY GOOD COMP'Y

-$3.50-

For the best STIFF HAT ever made—will wear a year—perfect style—all the heights, widths and fashionable blocks.

DANBURY HAT CO.

23 West Washington St.

PEARSON'S MUSIC - HOUSE

PIANOS

Easy Monthly Payments

82 and 84 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis

V. H. LOCKWOOD,

(Successor to CHARLES P. JACOBS,)

PATENT ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR,

60 East Market St., Indianapolis

THE NEWEST IN

STERLING : SILVER

A beautiful line of ODD SPOONS. Please examine.

CHARLES MAYER & CO.,

29 and 31 West Washington Street.

It LEADS all Others in Popularity. Unequaled in Speed and Durability.

THE NEW IMPROVED

: CALIGRAPH :

WRITING MACHINE. Type-writer supplies of all kinds. Machines rented. Also, POMEROY DUPLICATOR. The best duplicating machine on the market.

H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO., General Agents, 76 & 78 West Washington St., Indianapolis.

100 Miles, 7 Hours, 150-lb. Man. 27 lbs. What?

BICYCLE,

Of course. Is there another invention of man in this wonderful century (man propelled) that will equal the performance? Point it out and the fortune you are looking for is yours. The miles were National Road miles, and the dust flew in clouds. The time standard, and it flew! Rather the man, Ellis Hunter, flew; but there were no "flies" on the "JAMES." Of course, the "James" is too light to ride on the road? It was made to ride on the carpet! That is what the man in the woods tells you. It was just built to look at. That is the kind of a builder a man gets to be on 23 years' experience. You can see this wheel and learn what we have been telling you all the year at

MINOR & HUNTER'S, 203 N. Meridian St., "Shadow of the Monument."

SMOKE

Havana Cross Club.

CIGAR

PURE TOBACCO AND NO FLAVOR

JNO. RAUCH, MFR.