

NO ONE

Should miss the opportunity of seeing the great work of art which we are now exhibiting, free of charge, entitled

The MORNING of the CRUCIFIXION

By Mr. ASTLEY D. M. COOPER.

We cannot attempt to discuss the merits of this sublime painting in detail. You must see it and study it to appreciate the originality of its conception, the magnificence of its execution, and the perfect and harmonious blending of its colors.

We invite every one to call and inspect it, not only once, but often. You will discover new beauties in it every time you see it.

WHEELS

Skates go with every Suit or Overcoat bought in our Children's Department.

WE OFFER THE TRADE

A Ladies' Dongola Button, and warrant every pair free from shoddy, at \$1.25 per pair less 5 per cent. thirty days. Send for sample.

McKEE & CO.,

136 & 138 South Meridian Street, Indianapolis.

BIG 4 ROUTE

JUST THE THING.

Hotel Dining Cars

TO

CHICAGO

AND

ST. LOUIS

On trains leaving Indianapolis 11:40 a. m., en... On trains leaving Chicago 11:40 a. m., en... On trains leaving St. Louis 11:40 a. m., en...

3 TRAINS TO TOLEDO AND DETROIT

5 TRAINS TO CINCINNATI AND DAYTON VIA

C. H. & R. R.

CLOSE CONNECTIONS AT CINCINNATI FOR

All Points EAST and SOUTH. LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS,

3:40 a. m., 6:50 a. m., 10:50 a. m., 3:05 p. m., 6:30 p. m.

Daily, (Daily except Sunday.)

City ticket office, corner Illinois street and Kentucky avenue, 134 South Illinois street and Union Station.

H. J. RHIN, General Agent.

MONON ROUTE.

THE VESTIBLED FULLER CAR LINE.

LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS.

No. 29—Chicago, 11:40 a. m., Pullman vestibled coaches, Parlor and Dining car, daily, 12:15 p. m., arrive Chicago, 9 p. m.

No. 30—Chicago, 11:40 a. m., Pullman vestibled coaches and sleepers, daily, 1:30 p. m., arrive Chicago, 9 p. m.

No. 31—Monon, 11:40 a. m., Pullman vestibled coaches, daily, except Sunday, 10:20 a. m.

No. 32—Indianapolis, 11:40 a. m., Pullman vestibled coaches, daily, except Sunday, 10:20 a. m.

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CALL FOR MORE LIGHT

Senators Want to Know All About the Hawaiian Conspiracy.

Mr. Hoar's Resolution Demanding All Correspondence on the Question Adopted by the Senate.

MR. CLEVELAND CRITICISED

His Secret Methods Attacked by Several Statesmen.

Spirited Speeches by Hill, Sherman and Others Against Usurpation of Power by the President.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—A spirited discussion of the Hawaiian question occupied the Senate to-day. The debate arose over the resolution offered, yesterday, by Mr. Hoar, requesting the President to forward to the Senate all the correspondence on the Hawaiian question. Mr. Hoar said that the resolution covered the period of three administrations, and he hoped and believed that the instructions would show a settled and consistent policy, certainly down to a recent time. It is regretted that there has been no party or political difference of opinion. If the President's message meant anything it meant that the President was meditating the question whether he should, by his own executive authority, commit an act of war against a friendly power. If what was apparently proposed to be done was to get money from them, and Judge Wing said, "The Lord knows, woman, we have not any money to give you." But I never wanted any money, and told them so.

PRINCESS FLOUR

Best Made. Ask your Grocer.

MRS. FOY TALKS AGAIN

Another Sensational Story Concerning Dr. Cronin's Murder.

Wife of One of the Conspirators Says Prendergast, Finnerty and Conway Were Also Marked.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—Mrs. Andrew Foy has told another sensational story regarding the death of Dr. Cronin and gives the names of three more men who she claims were to have been killed by the alleged conspirators. The three doomed men, according to Mrs. Foy, were ex-Attorney Forrest last summer, John F. Finnerty and Mr. Conway, a real estate man. She told of three other men who, she says, were implicated in the conspiracy and had as much to do with it as the others. All these points were given to Judge Wing and attorney Forrest last summer, but Mrs. Foy says that they persuaded her not to give them to the public, and used the argument that her husband would be hanged.

"Last summer I grew so miserable," said Mrs. Foy, "that I could not stand it any longer, so I went to attorney Forrest's office and told him the whole story—everything. Judge Wing was there and heard me. When I finished they both began to beg me not to say a word. They thought I was getting money from them, and Judge Wing said, 'The Lord knows, woman, we have not any money to give you.' But I never wanted any money, and told them so."

Mrs. Foy is reported as saying: "After Cronin was disposed of they began making plans to do away with the other three. But I told them positively that if they attempted to kill anybody else I should certainly tell the story. Consequently they made no further efforts to dispose of the other three. Here Mrs. Foy paused, suddenly. 'All I want is a chance to tell what I know in court, and then my mind will be at rest,' she concluded.

Mrs. Foy's story has excited much comment and wide difference of opinion. Yesterday ex-Judge Wing, of confidence in the evidence given by her in court as a "dangerous and almost cutting attorney," and who was prosecuting Judge Tuttle's decision to-day, said that he would not take the case to court, but would refer it to the jury, but that Mrs. Foy's name from his speech, "I am in doubt as to whether the story is true, but I can refer to the story, but I cannot refer to the name of the man," apparently referring to the admission of the jury to the case.

Mrs. Foy's story does not appear to place much credence in the report that he was one of the three men singled out to die, and that he was killed by the conspirators. Mrs. Finnerty, "I do not consider the matter worthy of comment."

Ex-Attorney Forrest, as mentioned by Mrs. Foy, declined to be interviewed on the subject, but he was interviewed on court upon the admissibility of Mrs. Foy's evidence attorney Scanlan began the opening speech for the prosecution, and was still talking when court adjourned until to-morrow morning.

GENERAL WEATHER BULLETIN. Forecast for To-day. WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—For Indiana and Illinois—Generally fair; slightly warmer in northern portion; variable winds. For Ohio—Fair; cooler in southern portion; northwesterly winds.

Local Observations. INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 6. Time. Bar. Ther. W. Wind. Weather. Prec. 7 A. M. 30.40 16 58 S'west. Clear. 0.00 7 P. M. 30.34 27 54 N'west. Clear. 0.00 Maximum temperature, 28; minimum temperature, 16. The following is a comparative statement of the temperature and precipitation on Dec. 6, 1893.

Normal..... 36 0.11  
Mean..... 22 0.00  
Departure from normal..... -14 -0.11  
Excess or deficiency since Dec. 1 '93..... -28 -0.30  
Excess or deficiency since Jan. 1 '93..... -72 -0.72  
C. F. WAPPAHANS, Local Forecast Official, United States Weather Bureau.

Fleeing to Mexico. KANSAS CITY, Dec. 6.—George P. Scott, secretary of the Grocers' Union, and principal figure in the recent Sunday-closing strike, is reported to have fled to Mexico, a fugitive from justice. His accounts as secretary of the Grocers' Union are short and meagre. It is stated that he is accompanied in his flight by a young woman, a typewriter in the office when Simmons' Live Register is an unfailing remedy for these maladies.

Train and Bridge Wrecked. LOUISVILLE, Dec. 6.—Freight traffic will be delayed for several days on the Louisville and Nashville, owing to the wrecking of the bridge near Bowling Green last night. The accident was caused by a freight car breaking down. It was derailed and others followed. There were thirty-one cars in the train and twelve went through the bridge. They took fire and everything combustible about them was burned. No one was injured.

Not Deserving of Sympathy. Persons who will persist in dying by inches with dyspepsia and liver disease when Simmons' Live Register is an unfailing remedy for these maladies.

NIGHT AT SEA

Sad Ending of the Long Voyage of the Good Ship Jason.

Driven on the Massachusetts Coast During a Snowstorm and Twenty-Four Persons Drowned.

WORK OF THE LIFE SAVERS

Waves Too Big and Night Too Black to Reach the Vessel.

One Boy Who Had Floated Ashore on a Spar Rescued from the Water and Coaxed Back to Life—His Story.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Dec. 6.—The hardy crews of the Pamet river life-saving station did not get out of their oil clothes and sea boots for a brief moment all yesterday, a blinding snowstorm on the wings of an east-southwest gale drove about their little cabins. The wind whistled and whined, and the lone patrolman pulled his heavy sou'wester down over his face and turned his back to the shrieking blast that penetrated to his very heart. The mighty billows hurled on by the gale dashed to his feet and retreated with the roar of an avalanche into the misty storm. Now and then he braced himself for a gaze to windward and shielded his eyes from the piercing darts of the storm. He knew it was a day for shipwrecks, and it was not long before the vessel was seen to be lost in the December gale. Suddenly a dark outline sprang up before him seaward. It was without form at first, but the blinding storm for a moment held up, and through the lull he saw a tossing ship. She was near the sandhills. She ought to have been miles out to sea, but she was worse than all the patrolman saw her sails in tatters. He knew what that meant. Hours of hard wearing, beating off lee shore had too much for her, and the canvas had at last succumbed. He saw men in the ship working apparently with their ship's sails, or, perhaps, she was, and after that other sails were loosened. She was struggling with all the resolute persistence of a bird to dive in the gale and save herself from destruction. Then the blinding sheet of sleet drove into his face again, and he started for the station as fast as his legs would carry him. He had not progressed far when he saw a dark outline in the distance. He started in the little door of the hut where his companions were huddled and shouted with all the power of his lungs: "There is a ship out here, boys, and she is in a bad way. Her sails are in ribbons. She is trying to beat off, but I guess it's all up with her."

Every man stood up straight and looked at their comrades; their faces even blanched, hardly seamen as they were. They knew what it was to be on a lee shore in a gale like that. It meant destruction to the ship; death to the sailors. No ship could live through such a storm as that, and they would not answer her helm and crawl to windward. They stood but a moment and then they were in action.

AN INKY CHAOS. The big wagon upon which the life-saving lines are shot, rattled as it ran out to the furious storm and all hands sat tight on the long drag, they started down the beach. It was like working in the dark. They strained their very bodies in the attempt to pierce the gathering gloom, but it was a useless effort. They settled down and waited in the fringe of the dark at the point where the ship was last seen. And night settled down thus—the huge billows roaring like sea demons on the sands and an inky chaos all about. Now and then they cried a cry in the teeth of the gale. It might have been the piercing wail of a covey seaman or only the wailing of a frightened bird, still they waited, and as the midnight hour approached a broken spar was hurled at their feet. Then another and another splintered fragment came. They worked each at each other in silence. It was as they feared. The ship had given up her gallant fight for life. She had fought a noble battle with the elements and the elements had conquered. The men held a hurried consultation. It was useless. It was useless to launch a boat in that wild storm. Death awaited the crew who dared to challenge. Besides, it would be a miracle if a boat, supposing it would find the wrecked ship could return.

When the life-boat crew from Highland Light and Cahoon Shoal came racing down the beach. They had heard a ship had gone ashore, and they came with their lines, to throw them, if necessary, in the effort to save the shipwrecked crew. That is what they are paid for—and a Cape Cod life-saver never flinches from his duty. The more they argued with themselves, that they launch a boat, the more evident it became that no boat could get off shore in the face of that fierce avalanche of wind and sleet. When they examined the wreckage in the flickering light of their lanterns there was not a thing that would furnish a clew to the identity of the unfortunate ship. They sent off men in each direction to watch for signs of life on the shore, and the crew and they burned great fires of brush and hope that they might be seen.

ONE BOY SAVED. A splintered spar with the remnant of a sail showed on the beach. The men rushed to it and caught it as the undertow almost snatched it from their grasp, and there, clinging to the fragments of the ice-covered wreck, they saw a boy. Seaman Perkins seized him. He dashed into the sea and seized him, and the rest of the men hurried him into the shelter of the apparatus. His eyes were closed, he spoke not and they thought him dead, but three of the party seized him in their arms and ran for the little shanty where was housed the life-boat crew. They worked over the boy for half an hour and then he opened his eyes and spoke. He told a simple story very briefly. The British ship Jason was a galeously wrecked. Why he was not lost was the subject of all his talk. He said that he was clinging to the rigging with what remained of the twenty-five men who manned the ship. She caught in the waves, and the crew and the men went with her. He held on for life and that was all he knew. He knew no more until he found himself in the life-savers' hut.

The men wrapped the boy in warm blankets and put him into a cot. They dosed him with brandy and he slept. And while he slept the crew of the life-boat came up and down the beach and dashed into the surf after every piece of wreckage and hauled it high upon the beach and looked for more clinging unfortunates. But no more came. Then the first gray streaks of dawn appeared and with them the storm abated. Slowly daylight approached, and then, 4:30 yards from the beach, where the little group had spent a fearful night, the broken hull of a mighty ship was seen. The great seas dashed high over her and whirled about the broken strips of her spars. The life savers moved their eyes to the sea and saw the remnants of the wreck. They were looking for men clinging to the battered hull. Every strip of wood that remained was scrutinized a dozen times by a dozen pair of eyes. Not a human body was visible. Like the good ship Jason they had given up the struggle in the surf of Cape Cod. Twenty-four souls

had found their graves on those lee shoals, and the hospitable ship in which they made their home across the wide expanse of Indian and Atlantic oceans was now their tomb. In an hour or two, as they watched, the hull parted and great balls of ice poured out and dotted the ocean. It came in on the tops of the still mounds of ice and washed upon the beach by the side of the broken spars.

THE LADY'S STORY. It was while he was lying weak and helpless upon the life savers that the boy, who gave his name as Samuel Evans and his age as nineteen, and his home as Greenock, Scotland, told his story to a reporter this afternoon. He said: "We sailed from Calcutta last February with a cargo of jute bolls for Boston. Two days after leaving port we were nearly dismasted in a storm and had to put in at Mauritius for repairs. During the repairs the crew was reduced to several and lost. We came in through South channel last Monday and shaped our course for Cape Cod. At 3 p. m. we were off to east, southeast, and at 9 o'clock snow began to fall. We had no observations for two days. But Captain Nicholson thought we were off Cape Cod, and we kept on our course. At 3 p. m. in the afternoon we made breakers right under our lee, and a few moments later saw the land. We struck our upper top sails and tried to drive by the cape, but had no sea room, and at 7:15, finding that we must soon strike, the ship was headed for the beach. The captain had been below deck for some time, and on reaching the deck he cried: 'We are lost! The ship struck with fearful force, and we all fell overboard. Before we could cut the lashings the spars began to fall and the vessel to go to pieces. I felt myself dashed into the sea, and my knowledge were shut out and I was left powerless. I knew nothing more until I found myself clinging to the rigging of the life-saving men. My companions acted as I did and all sprang on to the rigging, and the boats went by the board. All had on life-ropes."

Evans recalled the names of some of those drowned as follows: Captain McMillan, of Greenock; First Mate Walker, of Falkirk; Second Mate Galbraith, of Glasgow; Third Mate, of Cork; Mike Mulligan, of Glasgow; Mr. Quisenberry, of Glasgow; Mr. O'Leary, of Plymouth; Mr. M. Carse, of Portland, Ore.; Murphy, of Glasgow; Johnson and Henningson, of Sweden.

At sunset to-night a body could be seen bobbing and downing in the sea. The boat to which the crew were clinging, and all attempts to rescue were abandoned. At dark the United States life-boat crew, who were on either side for a half mile, and extra patrol, at 10 o'clock, is at the weary task of watching for the bodies of the drowned.

Ice-Bound Vessels. DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 6.—Many vessels are fast in the ice floe at the head of Lake Erie, and all efforts to release the boats have been abandoned. The steamer Susquehanna and Kittery M. Forster attempted to force their way out of the river, but were now securely fastened in the ice at Bar Point. The schooner Lem Eilsworth, which was caught in an ice floe yesterday, was carried to the shore of the Detroit tug returned at midnight unable to move. The schooner Swepstakes, which was in the ice floe off Colchester. The tug Kate and the schooner Wotan, which were in the ice floe, but so far without success. The steamer Wotan, with lumber for Buffalo, was in the ice floe at the head of the lake. The steam barge Weston and barges Eleanor and Jennette will stay here until the ice is cleared. The tug Kate will take the keeper of the Colchester light-house, but did not succeed.

ARRANGING FOR PYTHIANS. General Carnahan Is Trying to Secure the "White Lot" at the Capital. WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Gen. James R. Carnahan and his staff of officers are receiving marked courtesies during their stay here at the hands of the Knights of Pythias of this city. They are bending their efforts to secure the monument grounds, and "white lot," just north of the White House, for camping and parade grounds during the convalescence of the Kansas City company of the Knights of Pythias of the country will hold here next August. They will ask Congress for special authority to use the grounds, as did the G. A. R. here during September of last year. It is believed, as heretofore stated, that 200,000 Knights will be on the parade ground, General Carnahan, who is the business manager to-day, that the monument grounds and "white lot" must be had, if possible, before the Knights had to travel several miles to get to and from the city and camp on the grounds during their convalescence. The G. A. R. did not injure these beautiful grounds during their convalescence, but they are now objecting to permitting their use again. A meeting was held to-night, which was attended by the business managers of the Knights and the arrangements for the encampment are being perfected to the satisfaction of the Hooper officers present.

AGAINST THE CITY. New Orleans Probably Defeated in the Lynching Case. NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—The Bagnetto case against the city of New Orleans for \$20,000 damages, a case growing out of the lynching of the Italian Mafia at the parish prison in this city about three years ago, was argued before Judge Johnson in the United States Circuit Court to-day. The case was given to the jurors quite late, and court having adjourned, they delivered a sealed verdict, which will be read to-morrow. Judge Boardman virtually decided that Bagnetto was an Italian citizen, and damages should be given to the city. The jury gave a verdict in favor of the city for several hundred dollars.

Indicted for Opium Smuggling. PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 6.—The United States grand jury to-day returned indictments against twenty-four persons, fourteen white and thirteen Chinese, for conspiring to smuggle Chinese laborers into the United States from French Columbia. Those indicted were Major John Wilson, of Victoria, B. C., agent of the Merchants' Steamship Company; Nathan Egan, who pleaded guilty to smuggling opium last week; William J. Cutler, an attorney, who pleaded guilty to smuggling opium; E. P. Thompson, partner of Egan and Dunbar in the steamship business; and several others. The grand jury also indicted for opium smuggling; Glen O. Holman, a well known attorney; J. E. Marks, a student in Holman's office; J. E. Barron, an attorney; Capt. John Ross, of the steamer Haytian Republic; James Curtan, ex-collector of customs; Thomas Jordan, ex-captain of the inspectors of customs; C. B. Cardwell, ex-collector of customs; and Alexander Ross, son of Captain Ross. The thirteen white and thirteen Chinese were indicted among them Sid Back, the wealthiest Chinaman in the Northwest. All but four were arrested. Each furnished \$2,000 bail.

Prendergast's Trial Begun. CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—Mayor Harrison's trial, Prendergast, was placed on the trial to-day before Judge Trumbull. When the trial began, the Attorney General announced that the prosecution would be assisted by A. S. Trade. The prisoner, pale and thin, was brought into the courtroom and the examination of witnesses was begun. It is expected that at least a week will be consumed in securing a jury.

Victims of Explosions. BLENHEIM, Ont., Dec. 6.—The head of the jointing machine in a stove mill here blew out at 11:30 to-day with terrific force, and the explosion killed three men and injured several others. The men who were killed were Thomas Boyd, William Akin and Harry Baycraft. They were injured and seriously wounded William Becker and Edward Lewis.

The Housekeeper Lost Her Case. DULUTH, Minn., Dec. 6.—The famous Hulet will case has been decided in favor of Pomeroy Hulet's housekeeper, who claimed to be the wife of Hulet by a common law marriage. The estate was worth half a million, and will go to the heirs.

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