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INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1894—SIXTEEN PAGES.

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SPRING

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All the new ideas of the best brains in the clothing business

Scores of novelties made to our own order. They are here.



The Progress Clothing Store

A RICH WOMAN'S WORKSHOP.

Luxurious Quarters in Which Mrs. Parson Stevens Transacts Business.

Philadelphia Times. The most comfortable room in Mrs. Parson Stevens' new house on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, opposite the Vanderbilt house, in New York, is the library. Mrs. Stevens calls it the "workshop." It looks across directly into the windows of Cornelius Vanderbilt's library. "The workshop" is located on the ground floor and occupies a whole corner of the big mansion. It has two very large windows facing on Fifth avenue, and at the back there is a fireplace into which logs might easily be drawn by horses. The entrance to "the workshop" is through the family reception room, which is in the front of the house on the left-hand side of the big front door. There are many people who suppose that women of millions like Mrs. Stevens lead a gilded life, with little thought beyond the pleasure of the hour and the latest device for preserving the complexion. But really there are few women who work harder and more steadily, with their brains, at least, than do these women of wealth who look after their own fortunes.

two-titled notlemen and New York heiresses very interesting and would make excellent society history.

Speaking of Mrs. Parson Stevens, who is so well known in Philadelphia and her new Fifth-avenue palace, a recent social writer says: She does not believe in loose gowns or anything on the "wrapper" order, as she says that such garments as these are in place only for bathing robes and invalids. But she greatly favors a kind of dress which is draped in front over a tight-fitting waist, like an Empire dress. The plainness of this robe, for it never has a particle of trimming, is intensified by a total lack of jewelry. Not even a ring is worn, or an earring. Mrs. Stevens said she learned this trick of going without jewelry during the day from a titled English woman, who said that never, until she adopted this style, had she been able to change her appearance wholly from a morning to an evening effect. From morning until the lights are turned on there is never the flash of a diamond in this Fifth-avenue house.

She writes all her letters by hand, not trusting a typewriter. She has a man secretary, but he is busy with records, and does not attend to the daily correspondence. Mrs. Stevens makes it a point to answer her letters, and to see every person who comes to the door and asks for her, so that many hours are taken up each day this way. Sometimes there are half a dozen unknown persons waiting in the big white staircase hall to get an interview.

The library, or "workshop," is usually dark red. Her working table is a low, flat one, and her working companion is a big gray cat that came to her the first day she moved into her new house, and has been a constant companion ever since. "I would have moved out the first day, I was so vexed," said Mrs. Stevens, "but this kitty came, walking in, and she brought me good luck." After the working hours of the day are over Mrs. Stevens closes the door of her constant companion ever since. "I would have moved out the first day, I was so vexed," said Mrs. Stevens, "but this kitty came, walking in, and she brought me good luck." After the working hours of the day are over Mrs. Stevens closes the door of her constant companion ever since.

is there that Mrs. Stevens spends most of her time. "I may be a rich woman," said she, "but I feel like a working woman, and I am sure I work as hard as any man in my boudoir."

A VERY SIMPLE TRICK.

Yet the Fakir Fooled the Whole Crowd on It and Sold Out.

Buffalo Express. "I will now," said the street fakir, "show you a little trick which was taught to me by Signor Blitz, the world-renowned magician. It is a trick which, although simple in itself, is mystifying in the extreme, and which can always be used to entertain a gathering." The fakir reached down into his satchel and pulled out a square paper parcel, which was criss-crossed in all directions by red string. He held it up before the crowd and said: "You see that I have here an ordinary paper parcel. There is nothing of particular value in this parcel. You will notice also that it is securely tied and sealed with string. Now, the trick which I am about to show you consists of removing from that string that package without untying the string and without cutting it." He handed the package to a man standing in front of him, and it was carefully examined by everybody. While it was being passed from hand to hand the fakir took out a number of bottles of a pale red liquid and held them up in the glare of the electric light. "As I was saying, gentlemen," he went on, "the trick consists in removing the package from the enfolding embrace of the string without untying the string or cutting it. However, before I attempt to do this, I must have your attention to this very superior article which I am now introducing in limited quantities. It is the only preparation on the market which will positively and absolutely eradicate corns and bunions, and I am offering it here to-night for the small sum of 25 cents a bottle. Who takes the first bottle?" The fakir then went on and talked persuasively about his corn cure for half an hour. He disposed of a few bottles and was about to close his satchel and seek a quiet corner when a frowzy-haired man in the crowd said: "See here, mister, you ain't done that trick yet." "Why, to be sure I haven't," replied the fakir. He pulled out the paper package again. "I believe I said I would remove the string without untying the knot or cutting it. I am prepared to do so. I will not cut the string, neither will I untie it, but—" and he put two fingers under the string and gave a sudden tug, breaking it. "I said nothing about breaking the string, which I have done, and which releases the package. Gentleman, allow me to wish you a good-day, first thanking you for your very generous patronage." "By gum!" said the frowzy-haired man, "anybody could do them there tricks if they knowed how."

The Bullfrog's Stolen Dinner.

Savannah News. Here is the queerest bullfrog story on record: A youth who lives at Bullfrog Shoals

says that his father's cows frequently came up at night with the appearance of having been milked. His father got tired of it, and sent him to the pasture with a cow to catch the thief. He spent the day near enough to the cows to watch them, he thought, but at night it was still evident that the cows had been milked again. He was scolded and sent back with them the next day. About 11 o'clock, he says, the cow went into the cane near a small lake and lowered. He crept through the brush and caught the thief in the act, and he proved to be a bullfrog as large as a hat. The frog was hanging on to the cow's udder, and seemed to be enjoying his dinner immensely.

HE HAD TWO WIVES.

Walter Besant Revives an Old and Good Story.

Walter Besant, in London Queen. "I have two wives and was held blameless? His name was the Count Von Gleichen; he was a Thuringian and it happened early in the thirteenth century. The count went forth as was customary, to fight the Saracens, and he was slain, and his body was carried off to the palace of the Caliph. The count's wife, however, was not so easily slain, and she set to cultivate the delicious shallot of Ascension in the garden of H. R. H. the Caliph. His good looks and the knowledge that he was a great noble in his own country attracted the attention of a certain princess, daughter of the sultan. She heard his simple story; she wept for him; she offered to effect his escape from the prison, and she promised to marry him on one condition—that he should marry her. Alas, Madame!—or your royal highness, or your illustriousness, whatever you like to call it—she was not to be so easily won. "Why, to be sure I haven't," replied the fakir. He pulled out the paper package again. "I believe I said I would remove the string without untying the knot or cutting it. I am prepared to do so. I will not cut the string, neither will I untie it, but—" and he put two fingers under the string and gave a sudden tug, breaking it. "I said nothing about breaking the string, which I have done, and which releases the package. Gentleman, allow me to wish you a good-day, first thanking you for your very generous patronage." "By gum!" said the frowzy-haired man, "anybody could do them there tricks if they knowed how."

THE SON OF LOUIS XVI.

Prof. Provins Thinks the Prince Did Not Die in a French Prison.

But Was Spirited Away and Lived a Long Life of Exile—Achievements of Switzerland's Sons.

Occasional Correspondence of the Journal.

GENEVA, March 9.—Professor Provins, of Paris, a literary celebrity and a handsome man who dresses well, and who, while on the rostrum, in true French style, drinks water sweetened with loaf sugar, gave a lecture the other day to an invited audience of the upper part of Geneva society. His subject was an inquiry into the fate and true history of Louis XVII, of France, and during two hours he discussed the much controverted question of whether the ten-year-old boy who, on June 21, 1793, died at "The Temple" in Paris, was really the son of the guillotined Louis XVI, the deposed King, or a substitute only. He argued from voluminous data, and, to him, incontestable evidence, that the young Prince, the veritable Louis XVII, did not die, but was by Barras, then one of the heads of the revolutionary government, whom Thiers calls "la Roi de la canaille," and Josephine Bonaparte spirited away, and that it was discovered by the physicians that the dead body produced had on it unmistakable evidence of scrofula, when nothing of the kind had ever existed in the royal family of the Capets. The Professor told us that the delivery had been effected by and with the connivance of his jailors, the shoemaker Simon and his wife, and, in order to cover up the release, it was given out that he had died, and the body of a young boy of the same age who much resembled the Prince was substituted. His existence thereafter seems to have been hidden from public knowledge, and during a considerable time of his life he is said to have led the humble existence of watchmaker. The lecturer traced him as playing that trade in Germany under the name of Naundorf, and when at the age of near sixty he died, which event occurred on Aug. 10, 1815, in Holland. The etat civil or certificate issued by the Ministry of the Netherlands speaks of the deceased as Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duc de Normandy, Louis le dix-septieme, et chateau de Versailles le 25 Mars, 1785, fils de S. M. le Roi Louis le Seizeieme Roi de France, et de Marie Antoinette, Archiduchesse d'Autriche, Reine de France." Much has been said and written on this subject, and even at the present day opinion in France is much divided as to whether this Prince, born in the royal purple, actually died in his youth during the reign of terror, from neglect and cruel treatment, or whether, as Dr. Provins asserts, he dragged a life of a sorrowful existence, unobserved and unknown. On the Place Neuve, in Geneva, between the opera house and the public garden, stands the bronze equestrian statue of General Dufour. He was a Genevese, and in his day a soldier of great distinction. In 1817 he commanded the Swiss of the Swiss confederation in the war against the seven seceded cantons, and in less than a month. This man used to relate that in 1830, while traveling from Bern to Thonon, he fell in with a companion who shortened the weary hours of stage-coach travel for him with interesting conversation, and impressed him with his lofty bearing and refined manners, and who, on parting at the end of the voyage, astonished him with the disclosure that he was Louis XVII, of France, deposed King and forgotten by his country long ere then.

THE CARNIVAL SEASON.

When the sun is so disposed it takes but little effort on his part to coax from willing mother earth responsive smiles. Already in sheltered nooks she is decking herself out with early violets, wild, large-leaved and fragrant; from the Mediterranean we at this early season receive anemones in all shades of colors, and pinks and mimosa of much splendor and in great profusion. They raise flowers enough around Nice and Cannes to supply half of Europe, and then have left an abundance to peck each other with, while in the time of the carnival, flower corsos and battles of flowers are indulged in. This year these occasions were not so successful as in former seasons. Home, which for years and years witnessed the eccentric capers of the carnival in its gayest humor and most resplendent glory, this season neglected it entirely, and the footed riders horses which used to run races the whole length of the corso from the Piazza del Popolo to the Vatican Palace, were things of the past, as are other great spectacles of the ancient city. Paris keeps up a very faint echo only of the time-honored custom, and the sole and only attempt at public amusement is made by the honorable guild of the washerwomen of the city. The masquerade balls at the Grand Hotel degenerated into very sad and commonplace affairs. The only occurrence of any note in this line took place a year ago at the Moulin-Rouge, and consisted of a masked ball which was given by the "Four Arts"—painters, sculptors, engravers, architects. They and their invited guests numbered in the neighborhood of four thousand, and the general public was not admitted. This saturnalia would have been a thoroughly successful one, had it not been for the attempt at arrest of some of the artist-dresses, Phrynes and Messagines, protected as they were by their male friends, students from the art schools and attendants of Italian, Cosarosse, Bougureau, Delou and other famous names. Their attempt about a revolution of serious consequence, and it had especially large proportions. The attempt to paint a description of the gauzy feast of the Olympian realms which had been planned, nor would the Journal print it if it did.

A GLORIOUS RECORD.

Six hundred years have rolled around since the peasantry of three small cantons in what is now the heart of the Swiss confederation, tired of submitting longer to the yoke of the feudal lords, swore to stand by each other in defense against their common enemy, the Dukes of Hapsburg. They also pledged themselves to each other that the compact made should stand perpetual, and wonderful to relate, it has so proven up to the present day, at least in their exalted examples and steadfastness of their purpose in time brought to their neighbors, and, as our own Republic, from the small beginning of four colonies, grew to the present empire that it is, so this sturdy democracy, with the years, has grown from what, in one of our Western States, would be not much more than so many townships, to the present extent of twenty-two cantons, or states, with a population of three millions, prosperous commercially, united politically, and respected by all of its neighbors for the prowess and undaunted valor of its people; serving by virtue of its geographical situation and topographical conformation, as a neutral bulwark, one against the other, of hostile neighboring states. It holds the key to the great highways of southern Europe in its unassailable mountain passes of the Alps, and offers a safe asylum to the persecuted from the tyrannies of other lands. What these miniature states lack in size their people make up in patriotism and bravery. That the Swiss confederation fought its way through all surrounding and often recurring difficulties which the centuries brought them up to its present state of security, prosperity and unassailability, is due solely to the great prowess of its people and their undaunted love of liberty. We seldom find during these six centuries, beginning away back in the middle ages, a defeat marked upon the tablets of history against them, but, on the contrary, the record of many remarkable victories achieved over their enemies. Twenty-four years after the formation of the perpetual league entered into in the year 1291 by the three forest cantons—Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden—all three of whose shores are washed by the same lake of Lucerne, they limited forces defeated at Morgarten one of the then formidable Dukes of Austria, and their success was the result of a plot in 1286 upon another Austrian Duke at Sempach, where Arnold von Winkelried immortalized his name by throwing himself upon the serrated ranks of spears of the enemy, receiving as many of their sharp blades as he could gather into his devoted breast, in order that his countrymen might have an opening into the hostile line, unto which they could gather up to that moment, for their short swords and pikes, with which weapons the peasantry at that

time at short range were in the habit of fighting. In each of these battles These mountaineers fought on foot and against vastly superior numbers of mailed knights and armed cavalry. At Sempach, later, at Naefels, they again beat their hereditary foes, six hundred of their defeated in 1444, the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XI, lay near Basel with an army of thirty thousand men, and a small force of overland patriots, being the advance guard of the Swiss forces, numbering thirteen hundred, and the banks of a little river called the Birs, attacked the army of the French prince in the open field, and fought against these terrible odds from early morning till noon, the mercenaries, struck dumb by this daring display of courage, and the patriots, who were unequal fight, but their Austrian allies and leaders urged them on to the extermination of the French army. The patriots, however, only, every man of them wounded, survived the fight. A priest who witnessed the unequal battle reported that "the Swiss tore the bloody arrows from their bodies and threw themselves upon the enemy even after their hands had been cut off, not breathing their last until they had themselves killed their murderers." Jean Carrier, the French historian, vividly remarks: "Thereupon the Dauphin, seeing it was a strange and amazing country, returned to Nancy."

Later on, in 1476, when the confederation counted eight cantons, no less a warrior and hero than Charles the Bold of Burgundy made known to English readers by Walter Scott in his "Annals of Glencain" and "Quentin Durward" the indomitable prowess of these mountaineers, for at Grandson and at Murten he was beaten with, respectively, twenty and thirty thousand men, losing in the first engagement immense quantities of arms, equipment, supplies and money, and in the second ten thousand of his men slain. One year later this great warrior lost his life at the Duke of Lorraine and his Swiss allies under the walls of Nancy. An old German rhyme says of Charles the Bold that he lost "Bei Grandson das gut (his wealth), Bei Murten den mut (his bravery), Bei Nancy das blut" (his blood). J. A. LEMCKE.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

The Leader of the Senate Has a Unique Position—Runs No Errands.

Washington letter in Philadelphia Press. Senator Sherman has a unique position in the Senate. He is not only the foremost Republican, but he is the foremost Senator, recognized by both sides as the greatest of them all, and as perhaps the only Senator whose place in history is securely established among the few great names. He does not have to run on errands for his constituents or placate them with documents and seeds. He does not even have to write bushels of letters every day, as most of his colleagues do, in fact, he does not do just about as he pleases, and take his own time to do it. He is a methodical, businesslike man; so that he keeps up the routine of work which he established when he was younger, and is particularly careful to see that his clerks answer the letters that he receives, but he gets through his daily task without fatigue, without fret. He has plenty of time in the morning to attend to his large private business, and in the evening to prepare for publication his correspondence with his brother, the General, and other prominent men and other more or less historical matter preserved in his fine memory and his capacious pigeon-hole.

I see no reason why he should not be in the Senate ten years from now, for he has lived temperately, regularly and without excitement, except at rare intervals. He has often been in exciting scenes, but personally has seldom been excited; although whenever he speaks earnestly he seems for the time being to be all on fire. If he is, it is like Mowbray's horse, whose covering is not melted by its eruption. Every time that Senator Sherman has been requested to be his brother's executor he has known the treachery and duplicity which accomplished it, and, feeling the full keeness of the blow, he has manifested in private such passionate feelings as no one who saw him only in public would ever have suspected; but he has never heard of any such demonstration on his part at other times. His impulses, unlike those of his brother, the general, have always, except on these unusual occasions, been held strictly under the control of his strong will. It would seem, as his enemies claim, that saved him from the wear and tear of feeling which sympathetic souls sustain, although selfishness is not always serene; but at all events, while he is not ice, as he has sometimes been represented to be, he has an exterior which only those who know him well have penetrated. He can be most genial, and delightful company, and his conversation is full of anecdote and humorous observations. I think I never heard more interesting conversation than that of Senator Sherman, heard from him, sitting in his library as he smoked his after-dinner cigar. But in the Senate his side of him is seldom apparent.

Senator Sherman realizes, I believe, at least that he can never be President, although in his case, as in the case of every other man who has really been a presidential candidate, nothing but death will cure the desire for the presidency. I hope he will become sufficiently philosophical to write out the history of his own life, for the contest for the nomination, for there is no more interesting story in American politics. If we did not know how the presidential fever affected the greatest intellect, it would be incredible that such an acute mind as Senator Sherman's should have been deceived, as it was again and again, by false friends and dishonest agents. It is astonishing, however, that a man like money maker like Sherman, who has made a fortune by shrewdness, should have been swayed out of his money as he was in campaign after campaign by politicians who could not have cheated him in any business transaction.

Senator Sherman is one of the largest real estate operators in Washington. He owns whole blocks of ground and built rows of houses, mostly of the cheaper sort, many of which he sold and many of which he rents. He has especially large tracts north of the Capitol and on Capitol Hill. He looks after them sharply, too, at the Capitol, where legislation affecting them favorably or unfavorably is almost always pending, and at the office of the District government, where decisions of great importance and so forth are being made all the time, which may add to the value of his holdings. Senator Sherman is fond of social life, contrary to the general impression, going out a good deal with his friends, and in season and entertaining very pleasantly at his own home. He has lived for years on the north side of Franklin Park, in the heart of the West End, moving three times, as he built one house after another, each more than the one before it, until now he lives in an elegant home. Senator Sherman is the most dignified and most distinguished member of the Senate. When he rises, slowly straightening out his spare form, and begins to speak, he has a grandeur of manner, and a recall for the moment the great traditions of the Senate. At first he seems round-shouldered and awkward, but as he speaks he becomes as straight as a pine tree, and he grows twenty years younger. His long, thin gray hair is tossed in the air, his eyes flash like electric sparks, his long, thin nose seems to grow twice as long as it is, as he points his thin finger at the other side, while hot words fall thick and fast, and the lips, though his tongue stammers over them every now and then, so as to show that his ideas are crowding him. It is like watching a man who has been long-necked bottle. Every few minutes the eloquent orator becomes a stammerer, hesitating as though he were not sure of his word, and as often as not mispronouncing it in a comical manner. If there is any word of a mispronouncing it proper name, Senator Sherman is almost sure to hit upon it. The Senate watches for his mispronunciations now, and secretly chuckles over them.

Lost Bank Notes.

London Daily News. A few days ago the Bank of England presented a return to the House of Commons showing that there were notes of theirs to the amount of nearly £10,000,000, and had never been presented for payment. Bank notes like other slips of paper, occasionally get destroyed by accident. The Bank of England has always proudly declined to take advantage of any accidents befalling their notes, provided they can be traced to the original issue. They had not a great while ago, in a little glazed frame, a note of the same value, which had been taken out of the fire of Chicago. As a note it had been completely burnt, but the material of which Bank of England notes are made is of such a character that it was still possible to establish the fact that it had been a bond, and the number and value were still discernible. It was therefore cashed.