BIG MERRY-GO-ROUND

THOUSANDS TO GO SPINNING AROUND THE MONUMENT.

Sam Dinnin's Music Added to It for Additional Attraction; But It Was All a Dream—A Queer Sect.

"I had a queer dream last night," said the man from Thorntown. "You know, I usually stop at English's when I am in town, and always get a room fronting on the Circle, so that I may see the monument towering into the morning air when I arise. It is a sort of inspiration to me. Well, as I was saying, I ate two wienerwursts and a cheese sandwich last night about half an hour before I went to bed. Sleep was a long time in getting around to my room, but it arrived at last. And then came the dream. I thought that the Board of Regents had placed a wheel in the head of the statue at the top. I didn't dream whether they had bought it or grown it. At any rate the wheel was there. From the wheel there ran to the ground a great number of wire ropes, diverging to a circular arrangement running around the periphery of the Circle. I neglected to state that the ropes were festooned from top to bottom with the national colors. I wondered what the whole business could be, when all at once there appeared a crowd of people who took seats on the circular arrangement aforesaid, and it began to revolve. Then I caught the idea. The monument had been converted into a merry-go-round. Faster and faster it flew. So fast it flew, in fact, that the monument was seemingly surrounded by a red, white and blue haze. I dreamed also that Sam Dinnin had lost his case in the Supreme Court and that the Regents had bought his orchestrion for a song, and the song was being vigorously ground out of the machine, which had been placed in the basement of the monument. It was that good old air, 'Marching Through Georgia.' The man from Thorntown paused.

"Was that all?"

"Great heavens! Isn't that enough? It isn't all, though. Just at that stage of the dream I was awakened by the bell boy pounding on the door and telling me it was seven o'clock. I arose and looked out of the window, almost expecting to see the merry-go-round arrangement; but there was none. There were only those four little iron beanpoles, each one carrying a flag that hung limp in the sultry air as if it were ashamed of itself. But the dream may come true yet. Who knows?"

The man from Thorntown took another look at the obtrusive and inartistic gaspipes. Then he sighed.

"Every time I look at them blamed things," he said, "they drive me to drink. Come and have a ball."

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One of the world's queer characters is the street preacher, calling himself a Christian Israelite, who is trying to convince his fellow-men by preaching on the corner of Washington street and Kentucky avenue every evening that if they want to become one of the glorified of the first water they must get ready to accept the Bible terms of salvation by the year 1916. The preacher's name is Forney. He has large, soft brown eyes, befitting a head of uncut jet black hair worn in a knot under his dark rich brown beaver hat, and a finely-kept black beard, parted on the chin. There is no evidence of daftness in the expression of the evangelist's face. He has an intelligent and pleasant countenance, and seems to bear himself sensibly in private conversation, or at least has no offensive turn as a crank. His familiarity with the Scriptures, as shown by his ability and aptness in quotation, is rarely to be found.

His sect, he says, has about one hundred worshipers in New York city, but, inasmuch as there are only 144,000 of them in all the world through the ages of conscious humanity, the proportion is quite large. Under Forney's philosophy or theology all the world is to be saved, but in differing shades of glory. The elect, or the "first fruits," are the twelve thousand each from the twelve tribes of Israel, which are to be gathered from Jew and Gentile. These are they who are to sit with Christ, and will be equal with him in power and authority to judge the quick and the dead. The present, Rev. Mr. Forney says, is the time of the reign of the Gentiles, but this will reach an end in 1916. Then begins a period of one thousand years in which the soul will sleep with the body in the grave. The thing called a man, he says, is composed of three elements, the body, the soul and the spirit. The spirit at death goes back to God, who gave it, and the soul accompanies the body to the grave. There it remains, though the body goes back to the elements. If the soul die in peace it will rest in peace for the thousand years. If it die disturbed it will sleep a troubled sleep filled with a nightmare which shall be as the gnashing of teeth and the everlasting darkness to which the unsaved are condemned.

The soul, the sect holds, is immortal, and its period of condemnation is forever, an expression of time, and, therefore, having an end. The end comes, he says, at the expiration of the thousand years. The day of judgment lasts forty days and forty nights, and then shall appear a reign of righteousness on earth. The dead shall be raised, and the space needed for their accommodation on earth will be secured by a recession of the waters into the bosom of earth, except the rivers and lakes, and the earth will swell in size. There will be no smoke and no fire, and none will be needed, for the earth will altogether have a tropical fruitfulness.

The sect of which this man is a preacher was founded by John Wroe, who, they claim, was favored with the direct revelation from God for forty years, ending in 1863. He lived in England, and, though an unlearned man, his words were filled with wisdom, and were taken down by a scribe. His writings are now the key, to use the term used by Mr. Forney, to the Christian Bible. The sect does not admit the outside world to the services, at which there are three of Wroe's books, that are read only to believers' ears. There are four more for the world.

The Christian Israelite obeys to the letter both the law and the gospel, and Mr. Forney disclaims any connection with that peculiar body in Detroit known as the Disciples of the "Flying Roll," though he says that the works on which this sect was founded were commentaries upon a stolen copy of the three secret works by John Wroe. Mr. Forney does not indorse any of the practices of this lascivious set, and says that many of those who accepted the "Flying Roll" left it as soon as they found out the evil practices permitted. John Wroe's followers practice the most absolute fidelity of one man to one wife, and when they refer to the 144,000 it really means 288,000, because they believe it takes one of each sex to make a human unit.

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The Nicholson law has produced many odd things in the State. Many saloon keepers are inclined to look upon its enforcement somewhat facetiously, and use it as a means for amusement, although it is a serious enough matter with them. A sign that is on the mirror in a Martinsville saloon is probably true, but it is also an admission of previous violations of the law, which most men are loath to make. It is done in soap on the large bar mirror and reads:

OWING TO THE NICHOLSON LAW
WE DO NOT SELL ANY LIQUOR
ON SUNDAY—
AND DAMN LITTLE ANY OTHER
TIME.

CONVICTS' TRICKS.

Schemes Resorted to for Communication with Those Outside.

Tid-Bits.

"I was once offered £1,000 if I would agree to take a note from a certain prisoner in one of our big convict prisons to his friends outside," said an ex-prison warder to a Tid-Bits interviewer the other day. "The prisoner was a J. P., who had appropriated some trust money for his own use. I promised to convey the letter, but instead, of course, took it up to the Governor.

"It was found to contain a request, in a kind of abbreviated longhand, not easily readable, that certain papers at the prisoner's late home should be destroyed. On search for the papers being made, they were discovered and found to contain particulars of other misdoings on the part of the prisoner. On their being laid before the judge who tried the case, he, however, after obtaining advice from the Home Office, decided that the sentence the magistrate had already received (10 years) amply covered the other misdemeanors.

"A successful attempt to communicate with an acquaintance was made by a convict two years ago. He had contrived to become friendly—by signs rather than by anything else—with a good-conduct prisoner in the bake house. From this man he managed to get a stump of lead pencil—how the other prisoner had obtained possession of it passes my comprehension, although probably a warder had dropped it. Then on a piece of dirty brown paper he wrote a message in Pitman's shorthand, and when exercising he dropped the note, rolled up in a small compass, by the baker's side.

"The latter, however, placed it by mistake in a roll intended for the Governor's table. But it never reached the Governor until one morning, when by an accident the man mixed up the roll with some others. At breakfast the Governor's daughter was surprised to find a piece of paper in her roll. It was the shorthand letter, and the whole scheme was given away. It had, it was discovered, been the baker's custom when passing within the outer walls of the prison to throw over the roll to a certain spot, where it was found by the letter writer's friends."

THE WILDWOOD BILL

THREE CHARMING OPERAS THIS WEEK AT THE SUMMER THEATER.

"Billee Taylor," "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe" Will Have Two Nights Apiece—Special Scenery.

That summer opera is a success in Indianapolis is no longer a question. Each succeeding performance at Wildwood more clearly demonstrates the popularity of that venture. The citizens of the city and the public at large should, indeed, be grateful to the projectors in enabling them to attend the performance of comic opera in a cool, delightful park, and produced in a manner that is not second to most prominent operatic organizations that fill engagements at any of the large theaters during the winter season

The lovers of a diversity in comic opera will be much gratified this week in the following excellent programme that the management has arranged. On to-morrow and Tuesday nights the Temple company will produce for the first time during their engagement here Solomon & Stephens's "Billee Taylor," with Mr. Harold Blake in the title role, Mr. Temple, as Hon. Captain Flapper and the popular Miss Walker as Phoebe.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings "Pinafore" will be revived, in response to innumerable requests. It will be remembered that when this opera was given week before last the inclemency of the weather had a tendency to keep a large number from attending, who otherwise would have readily witnessed the revival of Gilbert & Sullivan's great success. Since that time the management has been besieged with requests for a repetition, and it is believed enormous audiences will attend both performances. The cast will remain the same, with Mr. Temple as Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. Charles Shackford as the Captain, Mr. Blake as Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. Huntington as Dick Deadeye, Miss Walker as Josephine and Miss Emmett as Little Buttercup.

On Friday and Saturday evenings Gilbert & Sullivan's beautiful and tuneful opera, "Iolanthe," will be presented for the first time in this city in ten years. No expense has been spared to make this performance an unqualified success. Special scenery has been ordered, and the scene representing the House of Parliament, illuminated, will reflect special credit on the management. "Iolanthe" tells the story of the adventures of the simple shepherd Strephon with the fairies, and the beautiful music that fairly bubbles over throughout the entire opera will cause its immediate popularity. The leading characters are assumed by Mr. Temple, as the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Shackford as Strephon, and Mr. Blake as Tolloller. Miss Walker continues as leading soprano, and her success has already been marked. The cast for "Iolanthe" will be as follows:

The Lord Chancellor.....Edward P. Temple
Earl of Tolloller.....Harold Blake
Earl of Mount Ararat..Charles Huntington
Strephon .....Charles Shackford
Private Willis.....G. Byron Browne
The Train Bearer.....Lee Daugherty
Phyllis .....Ada P. Walker
Iolanthe .....Minnie Emmett
Celia .....Grace Lindsay
Leila .....Josie Hart
Chorus of fairies and peers.

The excellence of the week's bill assures Wildwood magnificent audiences during the entire week.

Broad Ripple Auditorium.

The new theater in Broad Ripple Park is rapidly approaching completion. It will have a seating capacity for 1,200, and has all the modern improvements. It is equipped with electric lights—in fact, all things essential for first-class productions. Moses & McDonald, the managers, have organized a stock company, and will present a series of dramas. The opening date will be Aug. 4.

Notes of the Stage.

The work of overhauling the Empire will commence next week in preparation for the opening the last of August.

Hyde's Comedians, Weber and Fields, Sam DeVere, City Club and a host of the leading road attractions are to make an early appearance at the Empire.

To-morrow night, at the opening performance of "Billee Taylor," at Wildwood Park, Harold Blake will sing "Devotedness," a pleasing little ballad by Mary Miller Fleming, an Indianapolis composer. This will be the first rendition of the song in this city.

CREATING A KNIGHT.

Elaborate Ceremony of Transforming a Plain Citizen Into a Nobleman.

London Sketch.

Some time this month the knights of the birthday honors list will repair to Widsor to receive their formal investiture at the hands of the Queen. It is an interesting circumstance that knighthood alone carries this special distinction. Your mere peer or baronet takes his patent and no more said or done; but the knight receives his honor direct from her Majesty by the literal laying on of hands. The ceremony is curious. The knights go down to Widsor and are entertained by the lords-in-waiting at luncheon. If there is any time to spare they are conducted about the castle for an inspection of the state departments and other curiosities. Then they are assembled in an ante-room, and special care is taken to impress on each the importance of following the right man in the prearranged order.

When, let us say, Henry Irving's turn arrives he will be ushered into a room where her Majesty is seated, attended by some of the princesses and ladies-in-waiting. He will make a profound obeisance, advance toward the sovereign, and kneel on the left knee. The Queen will take a sword and touch him lightly on the shoulder, uttering the words, "Sir Henry," not "Rise Sir Henry." The "rise" has no existence except in historical romances. Sir Henry will not rise just then, but will place his right arm on his right knee in such a position that her Majesty will lay her hand upon his arm to be kissed. Then he will rise and bow himself gracefully out of the room backward.

Her Majesty is very particular about this kissing of her hand. She will not have it done in the illusory fashion practiced by witnesses in a police court when they are presented with a greasy Testament. Sir John Rigby, when he was knighted, was thinking of the Testament and neglected to kiss the royal hand, whereupon he was sternly called back and compelled to go through the ceremony over again. The Queen's word in the matter of titles is absolute law. Were she to address a bystander inadvertently as "duke," a duke he would remain, unless she revoked the honor.

Using Serum for Cancer.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. William Hart, the night editor of the San Francisco Examiner, who has a virulent cancer in the mouth and jaws, which is different from any which is described in medical works, is at the Pasteur Institute for treatment.

Mr. Hart's trouble dates from a year ago, when he caught the inside of his right cheek between his teeth and bit it. Shortly after the cancerous growth began. Soon one of the larger glands began to separate. A portion of the gland was removed by an eminent surgeon of San Francisco. The cancerous growth continued, however, and baffled the efforts of the best physicians of the Pacific coast.

Mr. Hart came here three weeks ago, when Dr. Gieber returned from Paris with a fresh supply of the serum with which the Pasteur people are endeavoring to cure cancer. So far good results have been obtained in Mr. Hart's case, and the experiment is being watched with the greatest interest by the medical fraternity.

FAST HORSES COMING

DRIVING CLUB'S AUGUST MEET PROMISES MUCH SPORT.

Some of the Stake Entries Have Made Wonderful Showings Since the Books Closed—Their Records.

Two weeks from next Tuesday the word will be given to the first starters at the Indianapolis race meeting. The meeting promises in many of its classes to produce sensational performances. The stakes, which filled in April, brought together large fields and in these fields a number of fast horses have developed. Four stakes for colt classes include many baby trotters and pacers who are better than the average colt fields, but not speedy enough to place in jeopardy any age or class record. Probably the best two-year-old is the pacer Coastina, by Coastman, who has paced several times in races in and about 2:20.

Among the three-year-olds are Bessie Wilton, a black filly, by Wilton, that has shown much speed for Douglas Thomas this spring, and the pacer Miss Dodge, from Riverview Farm, at Fort Wayne, the last of the produce of dead Prince Regent.

The 2:30 trotters include many who are yet without records establishing their speed, but the horse that cannot trot better than 2:15 cannot win in this class. One of the entries, the Ambassador filly Abnet (3), has already trotted in 2:16¼, and others in the class have been beaten in better time in close finishes.

The 2:25 pace will bring together a fast field of side-wheelers, the fastest of which perhaps is the bay horse Antidote, by Anteros, that Harry Jones has been campaigning in the East this spring and summer. At Old Orchard, Me., Antidote received a record of 2:10¼. Another in this class is the half sister of Sallie Simmons, Margery, a four-year-old by Warfare, who was able to drive Rachel out in 2:11 at Freeport last week. Benzine is another who has shown ability to beat 2:12. Tom Taggart's Sterling R. Holt, and E. J. Robinson's L. T. Michener are not afraid of the field. The Delineator mare, Minneator, is a fast but erratic horse, and a member of this class.

The 2:22 class includes Rody Patterson's Rizpah; Nominee, by Rescue, who is now owned in the East but is a well-known Indiana horse; Don L., who won two heats in the great Merchants' and Manufacturers' Stake at Detroit last week, and a number of others who are in good form.

The 2:18 pace is made up of a remarkable field of well matched horses. The speed of the field will not be extreme, but it will be a race between four or five who are so evenly matched that one can make no mistakes and expect success. The 2:16 trot has in it the mare Maud C., by Binderton, who trotted a heat in 2:10¾ at Red Oak, Ia., the second week in June, the fastest mile ever trotted at that time of the year. Baron Dillon, Ccl. Dickey, Luzelle, Sixty-six and the four-year-old Onward mare, Cut Glass, will be the ones to make the racing for her. Jodie Allen is a member of the same field and she will probably make much of racing with Maud C.

The 2:12 pace will bring together Pixley Boy, 2:10¾; Be Sure, 2:09¼; Tommy Brown, 2:11¾; Susie G., 2:10½; Star Pointer, 2:11¾, and Jack Bowers, 2:11¼, who have contributed much toward making this class of pacers very fast this season.

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The star, outside of the free-for-all brigade, in the pacing class at present, is the bay horse Fidol, 2:05¼. Fidol is the same age as Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry; is a year younger than Robert J., but, until this year, has never shown ability to perform extremely fast miles. His meteoric appearance at Davenport, two weeks ago, where he defeated Strathberry in 2:05¼, and his subsequent victory over Frank Agan and W. W. P. at Freeport, stamped him as a horse fit to pace with the pacing kings of the year. It is the good fortune of Indianapolis to have this son of Idol entered in the 2:09 pacing class, in which he will again meet Frank Agan, 2:09¼; Venture, Seal, Coastman, Coleridge, J. H. L. and Merry Chimes. Additional interest is established in this race because of the meeting of Coleridge and Fidol. Coleridge is the bay horse owned by Hardy & Custer, Logansport, Ind., and driven by Fred D. Custer. The horse, last year, suffered from a temporary ailment from which he has completely recovered this year. He established his quality as a racehorse at Detroit last week, where he defeated Ben D., 2:06¾; Angie D., 2:07, and a large field in the fast time of 2:06¾, 2:06¼ and 2:07. Coleridge has paced a half mile in a minute and a quarter of a second, and he has also paced a quarter in :29½. He has not shown himself able this year to sustain such extreme speed for a long distance, although he is a member of the legion of hoppled horses. Outside of the race between these two horses, Coastman is not an unlikely candidate for victory over both of them. Coastman is owned by Thomas Cole, Pierceton, Ind., and he was only half a length behind Fidol when the great horse paced to his record at Davenport.

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The richest stake of the meeting is the 2:15 class for pacers for which the Grand Hotel guarantees a purse of $3,000. In it are many of the best pacers of this class who are out. It is perhaps unfortunate that the stake closed before the middle of June, as at that time there were many pacers eligible to it who have since paced sensational races. However the trotters in this class will not be easily defeated by any but a fast horse.

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The possibility of a match race between the greatest trotters and pacers over the Indianapolis track has been enhanced in the last day or two by the continued failure of the Buffalo management to offer extra inducements such as those offered by the Indianapolis management to the free-for-all classes. The possibility of a meeting between Robert J. and John R. Gentry on the Indianapolis track has almost become a probability and it is possible that the black horse, Joe Patchen, will be taken into the bargain. It is certain that neither Robert J. nor Gentry fear him, and yet Col. Taylor, owner of Joe Patchen, who gave Robert J. such a race last year, is confident that the black horse would make either or both of them establish a new world's record in a three-cornered race, if they defeated him. Col. Taylor and his driver, Jack Curry, believe that the horse lacked preparation when he raced with Gentry and was beaten at Freeport. Two or three weeks' more preparation they believe would put him on even terms with the racing kings.

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The failure of the 2:10 trot to fill at the Indianapolis meeting was unfortunate, as there would have been entered in it William Penn, who trotted Thursday at Detroit in 2:07¼; Hamlin's Nightingale, David B., 2:10½; Miss Nelson, trial 2:06, and many others who are now rapidly moving toward the front. In the place of such a race the Driving Club is making an effort to attract the best horses that are out. They are handicapped in this effort much by the pre-engagement of such horses as Azote (2:07¼), William Penn, Klamath (2:08½), Alix (2:03¾), Ryland T. (2:07¾), and others. While the engagements call for rich returns to their owners, the club is nevertheless seeing if the power of greater money will not turn them to Indianapolis during the week of the meeting here.

So Very, Very New.

Chicago Post.

"Oh, she was so new."

The young man chuckled as he recalled the scene.

"She was so very, very new," he went on. "I saw her last Sunday on the Alley L road. She had evidently been out on her wheel in Washington or Jackson Park, and was coming back down town. She sauntered into the car with a nonchalant air, just as some male cyclist might, and she looked like one, too. In fact, in some ways—mark, I say in some ways—it was difficult to tell her from the young man who accompanied her.

"Both wore knickerbockers, both wore sweaters, both wore caps, and both wore men's ordinary sack coats. Of course, they created something of a sensation. Every one in the car stared at them, and there was a lot of sport when an old-fashioned woman entered a few stations farther along. She did not notice them at first, and took a seat beside the girl. Then, as she saw that all eyes were turned in her direction, she looked around to see what the trouble was. She saw the bloomers, or, more properly speaking, knickerbockers, and was instantly seized with a haunting fear that she might be considered one of the party. To prevent this she turned around in her seat so as to present her back squarely to the young woman in the bloomers. The object was so apparent that every one in the car smiled at it.

"But that is not the point that impressed itself on me most. This young woman was dressed like a man in every way that seemed possible. Even her knickerbockers had not the fullness of ordinary bloomers, and in every detail, with two exceptions, she had copied the dress of man. It looked as if she had really undertaken to pose as a man—her belt was as tight as that on any woman you ever saw, and when I glanced at her hands I found she had five big stone rings displayed upon them.

"That is where the new woman always fails. She won't give up the small waist and the essentially feminine finger rings."

BEATEN AT THEIR OWN GAME.

How an Old Plantation Owner Won $1,500 from a Sharp Gang.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"It was late in the fifties, and I, then quite a young man, was first mate on the Tempest, that ran from St. Louis to Memphis and New Orleans. One of our trips down the river there were three men on board whose dress and manners made me think they were professional gamblers, and shortly after we left St. Louis I found out that their business just then was to 'skin' an oldish man who looked like a planter and who had in his possession a large sack containing $20,000 in gold that he said was the amount he had just received for the sale of his plantation in Tennessee.

"I warned him about keeping the money in the stateroom, and told him to look out for any one who tried to get him into a game of cards, but he only laughed and said he wanted to learn how to play poker, and if he saw he could win a few hundred dollars he would stick to the game until he had won or lost everything. Just as he made this rash remark I chanced to look around and saw one of the three suspicious-looking men standing right behind us and listening to every word we said. I then tried to tell Wright—that was his name—that if he got in a game with those men he could not help from losing, although they might let him win a little at first, but it was no use; he wanted to play cards, and that afternoon I saw him with the gamblers on deck, and a little later the four went into a stateroom together, Wright carrying his precious bag of gold that was marked on the outside in great, big numbers $20,000, and underneath, written with a pen, was the name, 'Thurston Wright.'

"I went up on the roof, and, fortunately, the gamblers' cabin had a large skylight, whereby I could look down and watch the game. After a few instructions to Wright, who was ignorant of any rules of the game, the cards were shuffled, and when several hands had been played I saw Wright go down on the floor and lift on to the table his canvas bag, which he opened and counted out two thousand bright ten-dollar gold pieces.

"I thought it was all over, but he put it all back but $500, which he put in the center of the table to cover a bet of that amount made by one of the men, the other two coming in. The cards were fixed for Wright to win and he put his $500 back in the sack and the other $1,500 in his pocket. The three men congratulated him on winning and said they were tired of playing, but would play some more that evening. Wright did not see their game and promised to come to their cabin about 8 o'clock and I knew then that they would take all he had.

"That night at 8 I was again on hand at the skylight to see the game, and, as I feared, the game went Wright's way for awhile and then the betting grew big and finally on one hand he threw bags of money on the table without even opening the bags and called his opponent. Only one of the other men had stayed in and when Wright, after some lively betting, thus threw down four sixes and reached over for the money the gambler showed four jacks, and all Wright's money except the $1,500 he had won was gone. He sneaked out of the room, looking as pale as a ghost, and as soon as he was gone the three men laughed over the easy way in which they had gotten the money and put the bag in their trunk.

"A few minutes later I heard a loud splash up near the stern, and the cry of 'man overboard' soon brought the boat to a stop, but although a search was made all night no trace of the missing man, who turned out to be Wright, could be found.

"The gamblers left the boat the next day. But, strange to say, they were not as happy as they had been the night before, and were cursing each other like pirates, and did not look like men who had suddenly come into the possession of $20,000.

"When they left I went to the cabin and there on the floor was the canvas bag, with Wright's name on it, but filled with iron washers just the size of $10 gold pieces. Wright had changed bags on the men and was ahead just $1,500 on the game. I knew he could not have swum ashore with that gold on his person, and so I began a search for him, and finally found him down among the freight, sitting on his sack of money and his pockets bulging out with the additional $1,500. He told me he had rolled a keg of nails overboard the night before and started the cry of 'man overboard' himself."

MAN AS A MACHINE.

The Work He Does Reckoned in Mechanical Terms.

Electrical Review.

If the human heart be considered as a pump it can be shown that it does 124 foot-tons of work in twenty four hours; the work spent by the muscles in breathing amounts to about twenty-one foot-tons in twenty-four hours. If these figures, which are given in a contemporary, are correct, a few interesting, though otherwise useless, deductions from them may be made. The power of operating the heart is then equivalent to 3.89 watts, and that of the lungs to 0.66, making a total of 4.55 watts. This amount of power would develop a light of about two candles in an incandescent lamp; a man is, therefore, continually, day and night, doing an amount of work necessary to keep him alive at a rate equal to that of a 5-cp incandescent electric lamp. If the luminous efficiency (or better, inefficiency) of the incandescent lamp is 5 per cent. of this amount of power if converted into cold light would represent forty candles, which would make every man, wise or otherwise, a shining light, and would supply all the other light necessary for him to live without artificial lighting; or, in other words, if he had some organ similar to that of the fire fly, he could, by exerting the same power as it takes to operate his heart and lungs, surround himself with a flood of light. A man power is usually rated as about one-eighth hp, which is equal to 93.* watts, his efficiency, when "fully loaded," would, therefore, be about 95 per cent., which is remarkably high, especially when we consider that he is supposed to have been designed many thousand years ago, and to have been degenerating ever since. But this does not take into account that both heart and lungs will work much harder when he is performing external work; the good result is, therefore, only apparent and not real. Nevertheless, some men are most efficient when doing treadmill work. As we do not know the foot-pound equivalent to the food which he eats, nor the amount, it is not possible to carry these useless figure any further. It is of interest, however, to note in this connection that Professor Thurston considers a man a very efficient machine, by which, we suppose, he means as a converter of the energy of food into mechanical power.

THE SUMMER GIRL'S LOVE.

The First Six Chapters of a Seasonable Novel.

W. J. Lampton, in Life.

—Chapter I.—

"And will you love me always?" she murmured, with her head on his manly and throbbing bosom.

"Always," he responded, kissing her rose-leaf lips.

—Chapter II.—

"And will you love me always?" she murmured, with her head on his manly and throbbing bosom.

"Always," he responded, kissing her rose-leaf lips.

—Chapter III.—

"And will you love me always?" she murmured, with her head on his manly and throbbing bosom.

"Always," he responded, kissing her rose-leaf lips.

—Chapter IV.—

"And will you love me always?" she murmured, with her head on his manly and throbbing bosom.

"Always," he responded, kissing her rose-leaf lips.

—Chapter V.—

"And will you love me always?" she murmured, with her head on his manly and throbbing bosom.

"Always," he responded, kissing her rose-leaf lips.

—Chapter VI.—

"And will you love me always?" she murmured, with her head on his manly and throbbing bosom.

"Always," he responded, kissing her rose-leaf lips.

(To be continued.)

A monotonous sameness may seem to pervade the chapters of this novel, but we hasten to assure the reader that it is of thrilling interest in view of the fact that, while the young woman remains the same, there is a different young man in each chapter.

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ESTABLISHED 1853.

Big Stocks Like Ours

Can't be Cleared Up in a day, nor in a dozen days. That is why we start the

THIRD WEEK of Our Grand MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

With a list of bargains as good as any yet and better if possible.

Third Week | *READ EVERY LINE BELOW* | Third Week

Third Week!
Colored Dress Goods WEST AISLE
30-inch Dark Ground Silk Stripe Challies, reduced from 25c to
9c a yard
Ten more pieces of that 38-inch Navy Blue Storm Serge will be placed on sale at 29c a yard. It's a standard 39c quality, and no more will be sold for less than the regular price.
Seventy-five pieces 46-inch all-wool fine French Serges, in every desirable color, at 39c a yard. It's owing to the season you get these for this. Later you will pay 65c for the same quality.
45-inch French Storm Serge, in two shades of navy, a regular 69c quality, at 50c a yard.
48-inch Navy Blue Pluette Cloth, waterproof, shrunk, and absolutely fast color, at 85c a yard.

Third Week!
Silks, CENTER BARGAIN TABLE
Corded Kaiki Wash Silks, a bargain at 25c, now
15c a yard
Fancy Taffeta Stripes, new and choice designs, silks that sold early in the season at $1 a yard, now
59c a yard

Black Dress Silks For Half, WEST AISLE
It's a chance that doesn't come very often. Silk manufacturers with the reputation of this firm don't get in so tight a pinch as they just did more than once in their career. Safe to say you or we will never get another chance to buy Black Dress Silks like these for half. The prices:
The $1 grade for 59c a yard.
The $1.25 grade for 69c a yard.
The $1.50 grade for 85c a yard.
The $1.75 grade for 95c a yard.
The $2 grade for $1.15 a yard.

Third Week!
Parasols and Umbrellas WEST OF ENTRANCE
98c—$1.50
Just these two prices on all the Parasols in our stock. Take your choice. The biggest Parasol values you ever saw.
Umbrellas, too. At $1 and $1.50 two splendid values.

Third Week!
Ribbons, CENTER AISLE

At 5c a yard	At 14c a yard	At 25c a yard
No. 7 Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons, worth 10c.	Fancy Silk Ribbons, worth up to 40c a yard.	Fine Dresden Ribbons, 5 inch-wide, worth up to 65c.

Third Week!
Buttons, WEST AISLE
White and Smoked Pearl Buttons, sizes 18, 20 and 22, at 5c a dozen.
Finely carved Pearl Buttons at 15c a card of two dozen.
One lot of small Brass, Silver, Jet and Horn Buttons to sew through, worth up to 15c, now 5c a dozen.

Third Week!
Millinery, SECOND FLOOR
Roses, Wild Flowers, Violets, all 39c and 50c Flowers now 10c a bunch.
Fifty Untrimmed Children's Hats, former price 39c, now 10c each.
A few Ladies' Dress Hats, regular 98c, $1.25 and $1.50 ones, now 19c each.
Trimmed Hats at 75c, $1.25, $1.69 and $3.39.
Sailors at 39c, made of good white straw with ribbon band.
Children's Wash Tam O'Shanters, in white and navy blue duck, only 50c.

THIRD WEEK!
Laces, CENTER AISLE
Black and Cream Silk Lace, 4 inches wide, at 5c a yard.
Imitation Torchon Lace, 2½ inches to 4 inches wide, for 5c a yard. Usual price 8c and 10c.
Linen Laces at 2c, 3c, 5c, 7c, 9c and 12½c a yard.

THIRD WEEK!
Out-of-Doors Furniture FOURTH FLOOR
All Porch and Lawn Goods now reduced. The last call. Cost and profits lost sight of.
Rockers at 69c, 98c, $2, $3 and $3.50.
Settees at $3, $3.25, $3.50, $4 and $4.50.

THIRD WEEK!
Neckwear, CENTER AISLE
Silk Bows, with elastic, the 25c ones, now 15c each.
Silk Windsor Ties 12½c each.

Third Week!
Waists and Suits, SECOND FLOOR
250 Fine Percale Shirt Waists, worth $2 and 2.50, now reduced to
75c each
Desirable Duck Suits, swell blazer style, white and yellow pique, maker intended them to sell at $5 and $6, but he was late getting them made up, so they go at
$1.49 Each

Third Week!
Fine Wash Goods WEST AISLE
30-inch Fancy Ducks, early season price 35c, now
19c A YARD
Short ends of Printed Dotted Swisses, Imported Batiste and Linen Lawns, reduced from 29c and 39c to
5c a yard
10 and 12-yard lengths of Dark Ground Satin Ombre, regular 39c quality, at
10c a yard
Swivel Silks, desirable patterns, regular 39c silks, at
15c a yard

THIRD WEEK!
Handkerchiefs REAR CENTER AISLE
Ladies' and Children's white hemstitched, revered and hand-embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs, all 1c each.
Gents' white hemstitched and colored border Handkerchiefs, now 5c each.
Ladies' all-linen hand-embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs, 25c ones, 15c each.
Gents' white hemstitched all-linen Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c.

THIRD WEEK!
WASH GOODS, WEST AISLE
The cleaning up continues at a rapid rate. Glad to know you appreciate our efforts.
More Soft Finish Lawns at 3c a yard; regular price 9c.
More Shantong Pongees at 4c a yard; regular price 12½c.
More Organdie Lawns at 7c a yard; regular price 15c.
More Irish Lawns at 6¼c; regular price 12½c.
New lines of Lousaines at 10c and Percales at 12½c. Just in last week.

THIRD WEEK!
COTTONS, EAST AISLE
9-4 ready-made Bleached Sheets, worth 59c, at 45c each.
9-4 Bleached Sheets, the very best quality, were 75c, now 65c each.
11-4 Bleached Sheets that were made to sell at $1.10 go at 80c each.
Ready-made Pillow Cases from 8c up.
All fine Madras and Cheviot Shirtings now going at reduced prices.

Third Week!
LINENS CENTER AISLE
50 more pieces Cotton Crash at 2c a yard.
50 pieces Brown Twill Crash at 4c a yard.
8c Check Glass Cloth at 5c a yard.
10c Check Glass Cloth at 6c a yard.
26-inch Huck Toweling going at 12½c a yard.
20 dozen all-linen Huck Towels go at 12½c each.
50 dozen 23x45 all-linen Huck Towels at 21c each.
Bath Towels, 25x50, for 19c.
Good all-linen Fringed Napkins 5c each.
20 dozen 24x32 all-linen Tray Cloths for 15c each.
52-inch Cream Damask at 21c a yard.
56-inch Cream Damask at 25c a yard.
62-inch Cream Damask at 39c a yard.
66-inch fine Bleach Damask at 50c a yard.
72-inch heavy Bleach Damask at 75c a yard.

THIRD WEEK!
Hosiery and Underwear EAST AISLE
Children's full regular made Fast Black Cotton Hose, some double knee, others double heels and toe, some ought to sell for 35c; your choice, 12½c a pair.
Ladies' Maco Cotton Hose, high spliced heels, double soles and toes, a leader at 3 pairs for $1, now 25c a pair.
Ladies' jersey ribbed Gauze Pants, knee length, have been 50c, now 25c a pair.
About 10 dozen Ladies' High Neck and Sleeveless Vests that were 35c, now 10c each.

Third Week!
CHILDREN'S WEAR Second Floor, West.
All our best Imported Gingham Dresses that sold for $2.25, sizes 2 to 5 years, go on sale Monday at $1.59 each.
Pink and Blue Lawn Dresses, the $1.25 quality, go at 75c each.
Lovely Muslin Caps and Hats, all sizes, at 25c, 39c, 50c and 75c.

Third Week!
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR Second Floor.
A few more of those 75c and $1 line Muslin Gowns, trimmed as $1 Gowns are trimmed, at 50c each.
A wide Black Sateen Umbrella Skirt, fine quality, only $1.

THIRD WEEK!
MEN'S WEAR EAST AISLE.
52-inch length good Muslin Night Shirts, trimmed neck, front and cuffs, at 35c each.
Men's flowing end four-in-hand Silk and Satin Neckwear at 12½c; the price was 25c.
Full regular made Fast Black Cotton Hose, spliced heels and toes, at 10c a pair.

THIRD WEEK!
SHOES REAR MAIN FLOOR
500 pairs Burt's fine New York city made Shoes at half price. Button Shoes, in plain toes, $5 Shoes, for $2.50.
400 pairs Ladies' Sample Shoes go on sale at $1.98 a pair.
Tan Oxfords, in square and razor toes, at $1.49 a pair.
Ladies' Side Lace Shoes, in black and tan, white stitched, a fine dress shoe, at $4 a pair.
Ladies' regulation L. A. W. Bicycle Shoes at $1.98 a pair, B, C and D widths.

THIRD WEEK!
BASEMENT
6-quart Gem Ice Cream Freezer, $1.98.
Quart-size Tin Fruit Cans, 45c a dozen.
4-quart Painted Sprinkling Cans, 19c.
45c Ice Chippers, 10c.
Lemon Squeezers, 5c.
Wire Jelly Strainers, 12c.
Enterprise Cherry Stoner, regular price 75c, now 29c.
Hardwood Cutting Table, 49c.
Bicycle Toe Clips, 15c.
Genuine triple-plated hand-engraved Silver Water Pitchers, another lot at $1.98; regular price $6.
6-piece Decorated Toilet Sets, an extra value at $1.29.
New line Fancy Decorated Jardinieres 89c and up. Jardiniere and pedestal, $1.98.
Fancy Colored Glass Water Sets now $1.48.
Mason's Fruit Jars, pint size 59c a dozen, quart size 69c a dozen, half-gallon size 79c a dozen.
Jelly Glasses, one-third and one-half pint sizes, now 25c and 28c a dozen.
Jam Jars 80c a dozen.

NOTOX the great Summer Drink. | SAMPLES FREE! | HEINZ'S Pickles, Catsup and Preserves.

Swan Bicycles $49.00
The more you know about Bicycles the more you will appreciate the Swan and its price. Bring your Bicycle friend with you. He will say it is the equal of any $85 wheel ever made. Riders for many miles around Indianapolis never grow tired of telling of the merits of the Swan. A strictly high-grade wheel for **$49.** Get a catalogue for the asking.
Bicycle Dept.--Basement.

Here's a Chair

That beats them all for solid comfort. Frame of