

CONFIDENCE!

Is what we started in for six months ago, and we've won it. Farmers who fed their teams or hitched in with us then are still our patrons and new ones come to us every day. We have room for all that come, and clean quarters for your horses.

DAVIS & DAVIS.

Pike Street Livery and Feed Stable.

BOB DAVIS. WM. A. DAVIS.

Gem Laundry

ALBERT S. GALEY, Agt.

Best Work In City.

Office, 109 N. Green St.

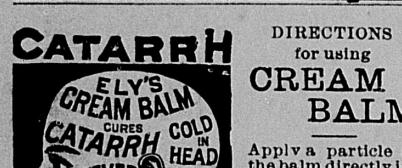
SCHLEICHER & MARTENS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTS.

India Seats, genuine..... \$1.75
Fire Screens..... 85c
Inlaid Japanese Stands..... \$3.00
Tabourettes..... \$1.25
Table Covers..... 25c
Pillow Covers, per pair..... 15c

Velour Squares, Turkish Stuffs of all kinds, fancy Cords, embroidered linens.

18 and 20 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.



Henry Sloan's MARKET GROCERY.

Candy at 5c Pound.

Candies, Fruits, and Nuts a Specialty for the Holidays.

SPECIAL PRICE

Made to Schools and Sunday Schools. Come and see me before buying.

Market Grocery.

All Promises

Look alike on Paper.

Our Garments

Are offered to substantiate the claim that we can produce the best fitting and best made clothing at prices far below competition.

John L. Callahan

1st Door W. 1st National Bank.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.
C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

NOTORIOUS FIREBUG.

HARRIS WAS THE BRAINS OF THE FAMOUS "GANGS."

HAS RECENTLY BEEN CAPTURED IN COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

Their Modus Operandi — Vernon A. Davis' Work—Organized Bands Who "Promoted" Fires to Share the Insurance Money.

HE recently reported arrest in Copenhagen for the very undignified offense of "hotel beating" of a Joseph Harris, said to be an American, and thought by the police of that city to be Joseph L. Harris, notorious for his connection with the incendiary "gangs" who swindled the insurance companies and caused the destruction of so much property in New York and neighboring cities a few years ago, and who disappeared early in June, 1895, and just on the eve of the exposure of the circumstances surrounding the fire on July 4, 1893, at Siede & Co.'s fur store, in West Fourteenth street, of which he was part proprietor, reopens the criminal annals of one of the most interesting pages.

Harris and his associates were a band of most daring scoundrels. They were organized for the practice of arson, and for years defied the police. There is no knowing how many thousands of dollars they mulcted the insurance companies, who were their victims for a decade, until Mr. Vernon M. Davis, then assistant district attorney for New York, succeeded in either trapping the ringleaders and their tools and securing their conviction, as he did in the case of a score or more, or compelling them to leave, as Harris did, for parts unknown, fugitives from



JOE HARRIS.

Justice. It was a big piece of work on Mr. Davis' part, and the testimonials presented to him by the board of underwriters indicate the importance the insurance people placed upon it.

Among the "firebugs" Harris was regarded as a master mind. He was fertile in resources, and seemed fearless of consequences. He extended the sphere of the "gangs" operations from small east side shops to big Broadway stores. Being a furrier by trade, it was he who planned and arranged for incendiary fires in furriers' establishments, just as a man named Isaac Zucker made a specialty of "fixing" clothing store fires.

Some idea of the profit that was derived from the business may be had from the fact that, notwithstanding the "long division" that had to be made of the "spoils," Harris was reputed to be worth from \$300,000 to \$400,000 when he took French leave, although a half a dozen years previous he was almost penniless. His home in President st., Brooklyn, which he owned, was magnificently appointed, and his family, consisting of a wife, five young girls and a little boy, were the envy of their neighbors. Harris had a fine stable, and the pair of mottled grays were known far and wide in the City of Churches. In fact, the Harrises lived in quite a luxurious style, and were regarded as very agreeable people, and those of their fellow citizens who knew them must have been rudely shocked when the startling truth came out that the head of the house, if he had had his deserts, would have been doing hard labor in Sing Sing instead of speeding his thoroughbreds on the Ocean Parkway.

Harris' firebug or incendiary "gang" was one of several which had a mutual understanding that neither should invade the territory of the other. An old man named Isaac was the nominal head of the Harris' crowd, although Joseph Harris was the brains of the concern.

The modus operandi of these "gangs" was very much the same in each case. For instance, one of the ring leaders would go to a man in the clothing business and say:

"This is a pretty fair stock of goods you have. Of course, you are insured?"

"No," the storekeeper might reply.

"Ah," would come the response in a tone of surprise. "That's not businesslike. You ought to be insured. Besides"—with a sly wink—"times are hard, and under those circumstances a little fire isn't such a bad thing."

Of course the storekeeper would at first seem horrified at the indirect suggestion of arson, but the "firebug" generally knew his man.

"No trouble about having a fire," he would continue. "Just let me get you insured and I'll see to that. You can make some money and I can make some money. You needn't be anywhere around when the fire takes place. All

you have to do is to follow my instructions and on the night arranged for go to the theater, or pay a visit to some of your friends in Jersey."

The cupidity of the storekeeper having been aroused, moral scruples were easily overridden, and the interview generally ended by the "firebug" being commissioned to have the stock insured for as high an amount as possible.

The night for the fire was duly selected. A few days prior to it the "mechanics" or underlings in the employ of the "gang" saw to it that a supply of naphtha, benzine or kerosene had been smuggled into the building. On the night agreed upon these same "mechanics" managed to get themselves locked in, always providing for an easy and unobserved exit. The fire broke out at the proper time, and their work was done.

Then the "firebug" leader chose a public insurance adjuster—if he was not one himself—to estimate the loss and present the case to the insurance companies. When the latter had rendered their decision as to the sum to be paid, the insurance adjuster or some other person in the "gang's" employ called upon the storekeeper.

"You're going to get \$50,000," he would say. "I want \$25,000."

"What for? Do you take me for a fool?" was the exclamation he was likely to meet with.

"That's all right, old fellow," said the other, "but I have learned that you had your place fired. Either you give me half of the money or I'll notify the police."

Very often, as the storekeeper was ignorant, this threat did the business, and the agreement was made. The "firebug's" share was divided among the "gang" by the man who received it. The "mechanics" who did the firing rarely got more than \$25 or \$50 for their part of the work, the big fellows who did the plotting getting almost all.

It was through a fire in a Canal st. clothing store that Mr. Davis got the first clew to the methods of the organized incendiary "gangs," the existence of which had been suspected, although the proof was not forthcoming. For reasons best known to himself and the authorities, an acquaintance of Louis Rothman and Sarah Silbermeister—who are now doing terms of fifteen and twenty-five years respectively in the state prison—gave information to the district attorney's office, with a view of exposing the "gangs." The authorities had not been quite convinced of the man's truthfulness, and to substantiate his statements he said:

"If you don't believe me, wait and see if there won't be a fire within the next two weeks at No. 148 Canal street."

A room opposite the store designated was hired and detectives were put on watch. The Sunday following the storekeeper was seen to come out of his place, look anxiously up and down the street, and go in again. Presently Rothman and the Silbermeister woman came in sight. A block away they separated, the man approaching alone with a bag and entering the store, and the woman following a few minutes later. A short time afterward the storekeeper reappeared and, locking the door on the inside, went away. It wasn't long before there was a loud explosion, and the front wall was blown out and an ugly fire ensued. The detectives caught the "firebugs" as they were attempting to get away in the crowd. Rothman had on three pairs of trousers and a new hat, on the inside of which was printed the name of a clothing store keeper in Clinton street who had been burned out a few weeks before. The result was the conviction of Rothman and Sarah Silbermeister and the verification of the informer's statements.

The arrest of Harris was at once ordered, but the bird had flown, and no clew could be obtained as to his whereabouts. Some time afterward the detectives thought they had their man in New Mexico. The individual in question was shadowed for awhile, but he turned out to be somebody else. He little thinks, if he still lives, that he was for weeks supposed to be a notorious criminal.

Some idea of the profit that was derived from the business may be had from the fact that, notwithstanding the "long division" that had to be made of the "spoils," Harris was reputed to be worth from \$300,000 to \$400,000 when he took French leave, although a half a dozen years previous he was almost penniless. His home in President st., Brooklyn, which he owned, was magnificently appointed, and his family, consisting of a wife, five young girls and a little boy, were the envy of their neighbors. Harris had a fine stable, and the pair of mottled grays were known far and wide in the City of Churches. In fact, the Harrises lived in quite a luxurious style, and were regarded as very agreeable people, and those of their fellow citizens who knew them must have been rudely shocked when the startling truth came out that the head of the house, if he had had his deserts, would have been doing hard labor in Sing Sing instead of speeding his thoroughbreds on the Ocean Parkway.

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A CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

William McCaleb Kills His Wife and Then Himself.

Impelled by the hand of an enraged husband, a small but sharp-pointed paper knife became the instrument for the accomplishment of a murder and aided in the commission of a suicide at Chicago last week. The husband, murderer and suicide was William McCaleb. His victim was his wife Annie. The place of the double tragedy was the room occupied by the pair in a lodging house kept by Mrs. Fannie Blaine on the fourth floor of 84 Wells street. When the occupants of the house broke into the room they found the furniture and clothing of the couple strewn about the room, evidences of a terrible struggle. Blood lay in pools on the floor and was spattered over various articles and on the walls. The actors in the terrible crime were almost unknown. They came to Mrs. Blaine's three weeks ago. She describes them as middle-aged, well-dressed and seemingly respectable. They lived a strange, mysterious existence during the three weeks of their residence with the Blaines. They quarreled Sunday, the wife upbraiding the husband for his attentions to another woman, and on Monday morning at 11:20 the pair engaged in a struggle which resulted fatally for both.

The life and death of the husband and wife seems cloaked in mystery. The Blaines, who claim relationship with the late James G. Blaine, knew nothing of them. McCaleb had been employed at the factory of the Chicago Hotel Cabinet Company, but his em-

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every *PITCHER'S CASTORIA* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



WILLIAM McCALEB.

Employers knew little of him except that he said that he had once been employed as a freight agent.

Lots of Surplus Fingers and Toes.

Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago recently inserted an advertisement asking for information concerning six-fingered people. Almost immediately answers began to pour in from all quarters from persons who claimed to have an over-supply of fingers or toes, and during the past ten days replies have been so numerous that the total number reaches 155. The great majority of replies have come from people who say they have either six fingers on one hand or six toes on one foot. Only a few have been received which state that the writer has twelve fingers or twelve toes.

Immodest Money.

Rev. Mathew Evans, a Milwaukee preacher, is leading a crusade against "immodest money." The poor, dear soul thinks the figures of women on some of Uncle Sam's bills of exchange are insufficiently draped. We think we see the reverend gentleman refusing a nice fat roll of said bills!—Ex.

One of Portland's careful men always requires a receipt for his street car fare.

There are four millionaires in England and one in France.



The Boundary Line.

When a young girl steps into womanhood, she enters a new and strange country. A land of promise and hope, yet full of hidden dangers. Whether she will happiness or misery depends largely upon the health and condition of the delicate, special organism which is the source and centre of her womanhood.

The lives of young women are often wrecked because of a mistaken sense of modesty, which leads them to neglect the early symptoms of feminine weakness.

These troubles unless corrected, develop into serious chronic diseases which become a drain on health, ruining life's best opportunities and blighting all possibility of happy wifehood and motherhood.

Any woman suffering from these delicate complaints needs the health-giving power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals and strengthens the womanly organs; stops weakening drains; gives vitality to the nerve-centres, and restores perfect organic soundness and constitutional energy. It is the only medicine devised for this purpose by a skilled and experienced specialist in diseases of the feminine organism.

Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of Arlington, Mo., writes:

"I have used your Favorite Prescription and never failed of success. When my friends complain, I say 'Why don't you take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription?' I told an anxious mother, whose daughter (8 years old) had not been right for five months, and taken two-thirds of a bottle of Favorite Prescription, she was all right. She had been treated by two of our best doctors."

Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent paper-bound on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Or, a handsome cloth-bound copy for 31 stamps. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE CHICAGO WEEKLY DISPATCH

DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY) AND WEEKLY.

THE CHICAGO EVENING DISPATCH is the only Free Silver Newspaper in Chicago, and under its new management has met with phenomenal success.

\$3.00 a Year.

12 Pages—Special Price, 50 Cents.

THE CHICAGO DISPATCH, 115-117 Fifth-av., Chicago.

"A FAIR FACE CANNOT ATONE FOR AN UNTID