

"BEHOLD THE SHIPS."

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Glory of the Navy.

An Appropriate Sermon for Admiral Dewey's Home Coming - Useful Lessons from the Lives of Naval Heroes.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.) Washington, Oct. 1.

At a time when the whole nation is stirred with patriotic emotion at the return of Admiral George Dewey and his gallant men on the cruiser Olympia and the magnificent reception accorded to them, Rev. Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, preaching to a vast audience, appropriately recalls for devout and patriotic purposes some of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times. Text, James iii, 4: "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1872 years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the drydocks for purposes of peace the Oceanic, of the White Star line; the Lucania, of the Cunard line; the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd line; the Augusta Victoria, of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the Oregon, the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Constitution, or the Alliance, or the Constellation, that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, and meaning and overwhelming reminiscence we can cry out as we see the Kearsarge lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink it, teaching foreign nations they had better keep their hands off our American flag, or as we see the ram Albatross of the confederates running out and in the Ronoke and up and down the coast, throwing everything into confusion as no other craft ever did, pursued by the Miami, the Ceres, the Southfield, the Sassauss, the Mattabesett, the Whitehead, the Commodore Hull, the Louisiana, the Minnesota and other armed vessels, all trying in vain to catch her, until Capt. Cushing, 21 years of age, and his men blew her up, himself and only one other escaping, and as I see the flagship Hartford, and the Richmond, and the Monongahela, with other gunboats, sweep past the batteries of Fort Hudson, and the Mississippi flows forever free to all northern and southern craft, and under the fire of Dewey and his men the Spanish ships at Manila burn or sink, and the fleet rushing out of Santiago harbor are demolished by our guns, and the brave Cervera surrenders, I cry out with a patriotic emotion that I cannot suppress if I would, and would not if I could: "Behold also the ships!"

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all landlubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

Never since the sea fight of Lepanto, where 300 royal galleys, manned by 50,000 warriors, at sunrise September 6, 1571, met 250 royal galleys, manned by 125,000 men, and in the four hours of battle 8,000 fell on one side and 25,000 on the other; yes, never since the day when at Actium, 31 years before Christ, Augustus with 200 ships scattered the 220 ships of Mark Antony and gained universal dominion as the prize; yes, since the day when at Salamis the 1,200 galleys of the Persians, manned by 500,000 men, were crushed by Greeks with less than a third of that force; yes, never since the time of Noah, the first ship captain, has the world seen such a miraculous creation as that of the American navy in 1861.

There were about 200 available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships, and here and there an old vessel. Yet orders were given to blockade 2,500 miles of seacoast, greater than the whole coast of Europe; and, besides that, the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi and other great rivers, covering an extent of 2,000 more miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into guffaws of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly and done with a speed and consummate skill that eclipsed all the history of naval architecture.

In the cemeteries for federal and confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into the sea or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gunboat there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. Once a year, in the decoration of the graves, those who fell in the land were remembered. But how

about the graves of those who went down at sea? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them were gathered into naval cemeteries of the land, and we every year garland the sod that covers them. But who will put flowers on the fallen crew of the exploded Westfield and Shawheen and the sunken Southfield and the Winfield Scott? Bullets threatening in front, bombs threatening from above, torpedoes threatening from beneath, and the ocean, with its reputation of 6,000 years for shipwreck, lying all around, am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy in 1863 as it required special courage in 1898?

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing: A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep. The colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheelhouse gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a hundred pound whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the alouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up and smoke blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred.

Oh, men of the American navy returned from Manila and Santiago and Havana, as well as those who are survivors of the naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the western gulf squadron, of the eastern gulf squadron, of the South Atlantic squadron, of the North Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron and the Potomac flotilla, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way, we would get you not only a pension, but a home and a princely wardrobe and an equipage and a banquet while you live and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in its shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flag ship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the admiral, and He watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and He leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in Heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor patriots just now returned we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals or spending their old days in their own or their children's homesteads. O ye veterans, I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the wartimes. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. You have in nerve and muscle and bone and dimmed eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your lifeblood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red river expedition or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did the illustrious Weehawken. Good cheer, my boy! The memory of man is poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hand organs on the street to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them were turned out of office that some blot of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under 45 years of age who has any full appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865, inclusive. But, while men may forget, God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock. He remembers the forcecastle. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury and the heavens glowed with ascending and descending missiles of death and your ship quaked under the recoil of the 100 pounder, while all the gunners, according to command, stood on tiptoe, with mouth wide open, lest the concussion shatter hearing or brain. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to him and the world the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected the British navy, maneuvered before them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the czar and czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1775, 1812, 1863 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire rafts, gunboats and men of war! There they

come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal looking from their cutting prows.

And now all the squadrons of all departments, from smallest tugboat to mightiest man of war, are in procession, decks and rigging filled with men who on the sea fought for the old flag ever since we were a nation. Grandest sight the world ever saw! Sail on before all ages! Run up all the colors! Ring all the bells! Yea, open all the portholes! Unlimber the guns and load and fire one great broadside that shall wake the continents in honor of peace and the eternity of the American union! But I lift my hand, and the scene has vanished. Many of the ships have dropped under the crystal pavement of the deep, sea monsters swimming in and out the forsaken cabin, and other old craft have swung into the navy yards, and many of the brave spirits who trod their decks are gone up to the Eternal fortress, from whose casements and embrasures may we not hope they look down to-day with joy upon a nation in reunited brotherhood?

All those of you who were in the naval service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, six o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 60. Many of you have passed into the seventies. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians. Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer meetings and conducted a revival on the receiving ship North Carolina and on Sabbath, far out at sea, following the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop of war Natchez, impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible and at the end of that declared openly: "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words while dying at the Astor house, New York, were: "I thank God for all His goodness to me. He has been very good to me." When he entered Heaven, he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admirals will be honored on earth until the day when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast Bears a white sail And God's soft stars to rest Guide through the gale, Men will Him ne'er forget, Old heart of oak— Farragut, Farragut— Thunderbolt stroke!

We hail with thanks the new generation of naval heroes, those of the year 1898. We are too near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century from now poetry and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infinitesimal disaster. Foreign nations not over-fond of our American institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months past would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. It took this country three years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have required to recover from a defeat at Manila in the opening of the Spanish war I cannot say. God averted the calamity by giving triumph to our navy under Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose welcoming cheers will not cease to resound until to-morrow, and next day in the capital of the nation the jeweled sword voted by congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade and embannered hosts.

Especially let the country boys of America join in these greetings to the returned heroes of Manila. It is their work. The chief character in all the scene is the once country lad, George Dewey. Let the Vermonters come down and find him older, but the same modest, unassuming, almost bashful person that they went to school with and with whom they sported on the playground. The honors of all the world cannot spoil him. A few weeks ago at a banquet in England some of the titled noblemen were affronted because our American minister plenipotentiary associated the name of Dewey with that of Lord Nelson. As well might we be affronted because the name of Nelson is associated with that of our most renowned admiral. The one man in all the coming ages will stand as high as the other. So this day, sympathizing with all the festivities and celebrations of the past week and with all the festivities and celebrations to come this week, let us anew thank God and those heroes of the American navy who have done such great things for our beloved land. Come aboard the old ship Zion, ye sailors and soldiers, whether still in the active service or honorably discharged and at home having resumed citizenship. And ye men of the past, your last battle on the seas fought, take from me, in God's name, salutation and good cheer. For the few remaining fights with sin and death and hell make ready. Strip your vessel for the fray. Hang the sheet chains over the side. Send down the topgallant masts. Barricade the wheel. Rig in the flying jib boom. Steer straight for the shining shore, and hear the shout of the great Commander of earth and Heaven as He cries from the shrouds: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Hosanna! Hosanna!

TOO SPANISH FOR HER.

The Tribulations of an Army Nurse Who Didn't Understand the Language in Cuba.

An army nurse but lately returned from Cuba to Washington declares that never again will she go to a country whose language she cannot understand, reports the Washington Post. It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked. The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Cuban's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst. In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life and death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death. She led the Cuban woman to the bedside and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

"She says," he whispered feebly, "she says the stripes in your pink shirt waist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."

"That same nurse confesses to having been desperately homesick down in Cuba. "It gave me the blues," she said, "not to be able to make even the children understand me, and one day, one indigo day, a great big sleek cat walked into my room. I was so glad to find something that could understand me. "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" I said. The cat didn't turn its head. "Pussy, pussy!" I said. The cat took no notice. The cat—the very cat spoke Spanish. It was more than I could bear. I couldn't even call a cat."

OFFERS TO A QUEEN.

People Who Wanted to Care and Pray for Her Majesty of Belgium.

The queen of Belgium did not lack sympathy in her recent illness, for, in addition to the most patriotic expressions from her subjects, telegrams and letters came piling into the Belgian court from all quarters, says the Boston Transcript. Perhaps the most original communications were from England.

An Englishman addressed a letter to Princess Clementine offering to forward some remarkable device which had cured him of broncho-pneumonia, inclosing a photograph which showed into what a healthy specimen of humanity he had since developed. Another, believing her majesty's illness due to cancer, sent a triple-weight letter describing several cures for this disease. A third said his valise was packed and he was only waiting a telegraphic call, when he would go at his own expense, and guaranteed a cure within 24 hours.

There were also several letters from clergymen offering to go to Laeken to pray for the queen's recovery, averring that on a similar occasion they had saved the prince of Wales' life by inter-mediation.

INHERITED HEALTH.

There Are Men Who Are Self-Made Physically as Well as Financially.

There is, it is true, as great an inequality in the inheritance of health as in the heirship of wealth or brains, says the North American Review. Some are born with a fortune of vigor and soundness so large that not a lifetime of eager squandering will leave them poor and others enter the world paupers of need so dire that no charity from medicine can ever raise them to comfort; but most of us have just that mediocre legacy of vitality which renders us undistinguishable units in the mass. It lies in the hands of each to improve or waste that property as he chooses, for there are self-made men physically as well as financially; those who, because of ancestral wastefulness, have only a sixpence of health and turn it into a fortune; and there are spendthrifts of health who come to as sorrowful case as spendthrifts of gold. The body is a realm where a wise and frugal ruler brings happiness as surely as a foolish one insures distress, and wisdom here, as elsewhere, lies in learning and obeying natural laws.

FREAK CLUBS.

Red-Headed Men and Dyspeptics in New York City Each Have an Organization.

New York has a new feature in clubs. It is the "Dyspeptic club," and the test of eligibility for membership is a doctor's certificate that the applicant is suffering from a weak stomach. The object of the club is to promote "cheerfulness" among dyspeptics—a much-needed quality—and, further, to furnish to the members the latest results of science in treating indigestion. In Vienna there is a "Red-Haired club," and to prevent fraudulent admissions every candidate is obliged to submerge his head thoroughly in hot water and soda before the committee. In the same city there is a "Lazey club," no member of which does anything for a living.

The Parisian head cooks of eminence in their profession have formed an association known as the "Culinary academy." The members of this institution number 30, and meet once a month, when they discuss at length various matters concerning their art, compare notes, invent new dishes and touch up old ones.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FORTNEY & WALKER, (D. F. Fortney and W. Harrison Walker) Attorneys-at-law—Office in Woodring building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Attorneys-at-law—In Fruner's building, Practices in all the courts. German and English.

WILLIAM G. HUNKLE, Attorney-at-law—in Crider's Exchange. English and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

J. H. WETZEL, Attorney-at-law—Office in Crider's Exchange. Special attention given to surveying and engineering.

W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law—in building opposite court house. Consultation in German and English.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law—Office in court house. District attorney.

JOHN M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace—in opera house block, opposite Court house.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-law—High street, near court house. Practices in all the courts.

WILLIAM J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law—in Temple Court building, room No. 2, fourth floor.

J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law—in Crider's Exchange. Ex-district attorney. German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

H. S. TAYLOR, Attorney-at-law—Office in Temple Court. Tax collector of Bellefonte borough. Collections promptly attended to.

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D. R. GEORGE B. KLUMPF, Physician and Surgeon, Bellefonte, Pa. in Office the Larimer building, opposite the Court House, High street. Telephone 1363. Office hours: 9 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., 9 to 8:30 p. m.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:50 p. m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m.; arrive at Tyrone 2:20 p. m.; at Altoona 5:05 p. m.; at Pittsburg 7:00 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4:45 p. m.; arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p. m.; at Altoona 7:40 p. m.; at Pittsburg 11:10 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m.; at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m.; at Philadelphia 5:45 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone 2:20 p. m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p. m.; at Philadelphia 11:15 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4:45 p. m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p. m.; at Harrisburg at 10:20 p. m.; at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p. m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4:45 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a. m., leave Williamsport, 12:30 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:30 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p. m., Williamsport, 3:50 p. m., Harrisburg, 7:10 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 4:45 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 5:30 p. m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:00 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47 a. m., Harrisburg, 7:10 p. m., Philadelphia at 11:15 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:30 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:00 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47 a. m., Harrisburg, 7:10 p. m., Philadelphia at 11:15 p. m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

B. & B. 75cts For new dollar goods. All wool black storm serges. 58 inches—over a yard and a half wide. Can't be equaled in the market, either width or excellent quality, under a dollar. Isn't this the kind of opportunity you'll want to get samples of without delay, and save 25 per cent on a dreasy black suit or skirt? A great store for Black goods. Right kinds priced right.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for the BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.

SPECIAL LOT ALL PURE LINEN NAPKINS 23 inches square

\$1.50 dozen —right from the best linen looms of Ireland. People say this is an unrivaled place for good linens. We import extensively. Get them for less—to sell for less.

BOGGS & BUHL DEPARTMENT X. ALLEGHENY, - - - PA. THE PRACTICE. Of charging all that the article will bear is not our way of doing—we have TOOTH BRUSHES from 5c to 50c but you must not expect too much from a 5c or 10c brush—we sell the best we can get to sell for that price—Our "UP TO DATE" tooth brushes at 25c are good value—they are well made—do not shed their bristles and have our name and guarantee on each brush—the same guarantee goes with our AROMATIC ANTISEPTIC TOOTH WASH. Nothing better at any price—2 oz crown stoppered bottle at 25c.

GREEN'S "UP TO DATE" TOOTH BRUSHES. GREEN'S PHARMACY, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Duff's College. Gives a specialized Broad-winning Education. P. DUFF & SONS, 244 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for the BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for the BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Special lot all pure linen napkins 23 inches square

\$1.50 dozen —right from the best linen looms of Ireland. People say this is an unrivaled place for good linens. We import extensively. Get them for less—to sell for less.

BOGGS & BUHL DEPARTMENT X. ALLEGHENY, - - - PA. THE PRACTICE. Of charging all that the article will bear is not our way of doing—we have TOOTH BRUSHES from 5c to 50c but you must not expect too much from a 5c or 10c brush—we sell the best we can get to sell for that price—Our "UP TO DATE" tooth brushes at 25c are good value—they are well made—do not shed their bristles and have our name and guarantee on each brush—the same guarantee goes with our AROMATIC ANTISEPTIC TOOTH WASH. Nothing better at any price—2 oz crown stoppered bottle at 25c.

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E. K. RHOADS. At his yard opposite the P. R. R. Passenger Station, Sells only the Best Qualities ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS. ALSO ALL KINDS OF Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand. Telephone Calls: Central No. 1312 Commercial No. 682