

nished him with the regulation bridle, belt and sword. Ronald drew up his horse at a short distance from the two officers and saluted.

"There's no doubt about his horse," the Major said, "that is if he is sound." "What a good-looking beast!"

"That he is, Major," by Jove, I believe it's the very animal that young Boer asked me \$120 for yesterday; 'pon my word, I believe it's the same."

"I believe it is," the Major agreed. "What a splendid-looking young fellow he is! I thought that he was the right steed yesterday, but I hardly expected to see him turn out so well at first."

"That's not a regulation rifle you have got there," the Major said.

"No, sir; it is one I brought from England with me. I have been hunting for one, and as it is a regulation bore, I thought perhaps I might carry it."

"It's a trifle long, isn't it?" the Adjutant asked.

"Yes, sir; it's just two inches too long, but I can have that cut off by a gunsmith."

"Very well, if you do that you can carry it," the Major said. "Of course it's much better finished than the regulation one, and not much different. Very well, we pass the horse." Ronald saluted and rode off to the stables.

"He hasn't quite out penniless anyhow," the Major laughed. "The Adjutant agreed. 'I daresay his friends gave him a hundred or two to start on a farm, and when he decided to join us he thought he might as well spend it, and have a final piece of extravagance.'"

"I daresay that's it," the Major agreed; "anyhow I think we have got hold of a good recruit this time."

"I wish they would all like him," the Adjutant sighed, thinking of the trouble he often had with newly joined recruits.

"By the way," the Major said, "I have got this morning that the draft is to be embarked to-morrow instead of to-day. They took up a ship for each yesterday; it seems our men there are worked off their legs, for the Kafirs are stealing cattle and horses in all directions, and the Adjutant has sent in such a strong letter of complaint to the Governor that even he thinks the police force on the frontier ought to be strengthened. Not, of course, that the Adjutant is in the least alarmed, but he is ground for alarm, or believes for a moment that the Kafirs have any evil intentions whatever; still, to reassure the minds of the settlers, he thinks the troops may as well go forward at once."

"I wish to goodness," the Adjutant said bitterly, "that Sir Harry Smith would take a cottage for two or three months close to the frontier; it would be a grand thing if his eyes were opened a little as to the character and intentions of the Kafirs."

"It would be a good thing," the Major agreed, "but I don't think it would do. He will hear the Kafirs breaking in his doors, then the enlightenment would come too late to be of any service to the colony. By-the-by, the Colonel told me yesterday he should send forward a strong letter to the Adjutant. He says that of course if there is any serious trouble he shall go forward himself."

don't know that I want to go through another of these beggars fight a great deal too well. It is the pleasure of the war, and the job of carrying dispatches or escorting wagons through a bush where these fellows are known to be lurking, is about as nasty a one as a man can wish. At any moment a dozen assegais stuck in your body. And they can shoot straight, too; their guns are long and clumsy, but they carry long distances—and as far as our rifles, for as for the line muskets, they haven't a chance with them."

"Two more days' marching and the troop arrived at Grahamstown. Here they encamped near Fort England, where a wing of the Ninety-first Regiment was quartered, and the next fortnight was spent in constant drills. The rifles were then ordered forward to King Williamstown, where two days later they were joined by the infantry."

Before starting, the Adjutant had specially called the attention of Captain Twentymann to the command of the troop, to his last joined recruit.

"You will find that man Blunt, who joined us yesterday, a good soldier, Twentyman. It may be he has been an officer and a gentleman, but he is not a soldier. He seems to leave the service. Of course you noticed his horse on parade this morning; we have nothing like it in the corps. The farmer who owned it offered it to me yesterday afternoon, and I bought it for a good price. He said that both his sire and dam were English hunters, the sire he had bought from an English officer, and the grandsire was a thoroughbred roan. The man has a large camp, about 25 miles from Grahamstown, and goes in for horse-breeding; but I have seen nothing before of his good as that. I expect the young fellow has spent his last money buying it. Of course I do not know what he will find out in the way of conduct; but he will turn out, if he is all right in that respect, that he will make a first-rate non-commissioned officer, and mounted as he is, he will be a great asset to the man for carrying dispatches and that sort of thing. I confess I am very much taken with him. He has a steady, resolute sort of face; looks pleasant and good-tempered, too. I wish you would eye upon him."

Captain Twentymann had done so during the voyage and on the line of march, and Ronald's quickness, alacrity and acquaintance with the frontier convinced him that the Adjutant's supposition was a correct one.

"By Jove, Twentymann," an officer of the Ninety-first said as he was standing beside him when Ronald rode up and delivered a salute, "that fellow of yours is wonderfully well looked after. He's a fine, soldierly-looking fellow, too, and I don't know why, but his face seems quite familiar to me."

"I have seen him before," the Adjutant replied. "We have several in the corps—men who have been obliged for some reason or other to sell out, and who, finding nothing else to do, have enlisted with us. You see, the pay is a great deal higher than it is in the regular cavalry, and the men as a whole are a superior class, for you see they find their own horses and uniforms, so they are not so much interested in the matter of that kind than the regular service. Almost all the men are of respectable families."

"I certainly seem to know his face," said the officer thoughtfully, although when he saw it I have not the least idea. "What is his name?"

"He enlisted as Harry Blunt, but no doubt that's not his real name. Very few men of his kind, who enlist in the army, do so under their own names."

"I don't know anyone of that name," the officer said, "but I certainly fancy that I have seen you in before; however, never 'don't recognize; men who are under a cloud don't care about meeting former acquaintances."

A week later, to Ronald's great satisfaction, a party of 20 men, under troop-leader Daniels, were ordered to march that afternoon to the Kalaouie river, whence the settlers had written praying that a force might be sent to the frontier to protect the Kafirs in the neighborhood were becoming more and more insolent in their manner. Many of their cattle had been driven off, and the Kafirs were obtaining provisions from the farmers. The men chosen for the service were all in high glee at the prospect of a change from the dullness of the life at King Williamstown, and were the objects of envy by the Kafirs, who were sure to follow them.

The start was made at daybreak, and after two days' long marching they reached their destination. The country was a fertile plain, and the Kafirs were everywhere, their huts and their herds of cattle and sheep embedded in orchards and vineyards, showing signs of comfort and prosperity.

"This is the first place that I have seen since I reached the Colony," Ronald said to the Adjutant, who was with him, "where I should care about settling."

"There are a good many similar spots in this part of the country," the man said, "and I don't think you will be sorry to see them doing well, and would do better if it were not for these native troubles. They suffered a lot in the last war, and will, of course, bear the brunt of it if the natives ever get the better of us. There are a good many English and Scotch settlers in this part. They are, of course, some Dutch, but as a rule they go in more for cattle farming on a large scale. Besides, they do not care about big neighbors, they are content with a set of brutes, the Dutch, and keep themselves to themselves as much as possible."

(To be continued next Saturday.)

THE FRETTING OF CHILDREN IS frequently caused by worms, irritation in stomach and bowels, a fetid breath, constant thirst, an irregular and greedy appetite, which often terminates in cholera, and other dangerous symptoms. You will find Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge a handy remedy for them, and an excellent tonic for the dyspepsia of old and young.

OFF LONE LABRADOR.

A Rockbound Coast Haunted by Shipwreck, Death and Disaster.

THE EARLY BASQUE SEA ROVERS

Who Discovered America 1,000 Years Before Columbus Sailed

TO SEEK FOR THE LAND OF PROMISE

FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.

ON BOARD SCHOONER SOPHIE, July 22.—Our steamer passed Belle Isle, that huge island of loneliness and desolation guarding the Gulf of Newfoundland, just between Newfoundland and Labrador, just after the light swept past from the east side of the sea, and sailing all day within sight of the towering white walls whose vast escarpments of red, puce and gray, seemed set like the bases of mighty castles upon an emerald bed, the contemplation of the vastness, mystery and desolation of this most useless and peopleless portion of America, Labrador, prompted an impulse to at least skim its edges in a still more leisurely form of loitering and pilgrimage.

An English tourist was easily persuaded into joining me in a plan for brief northern adventure; and, debarking at Rimouski, we came upon a veteran Yankee lumberman with the fever of exploration strong on him, and in less than 24 hours, having found many happenings to our liking, were sailing the lower St. Lawrence in a snug two-masted schooner of 80 tons burthen, the clean and clipper-like Sophie, manned by four sturdy French fishermen, of La Fleur de Lis harbor, headed directly for the tip of the Labrador coast, where our captain, good Monsieur Deschamps, told us was the entrance to a deep and silent harbor of the grewsome Labrador shore.

A LONELY LAND.

Labrador proper is that almost unknown land of unexplored mystery and loneliness lying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Atlantic Ocean and that well-nigh limitless inland sea, Hudson's Bay. That portion known as the northern part, or the sea-line part, we had set forth to explore upon. It properly consists of two grand coastwise divisions. The waters of the St. Lawrence divide, isolating into the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the whole of the other seek the Atlantic to the north of Belle Isle Straits, along the grander, but most forbidding shores of the Labrador coast, and the day's journey ahead of favoring gales. On the one hand, all along this frightful coast, from the lofty rocks of the Saguenay, which stand like sentinels on the shore of the Moravian missions in North America, the entire coast line is one interminable reach and reach of icebergs, and a succession of fog, icebergs and tempest, and of wreck and disaster inconceivable. On the other hand, behind this rugged coast, there is but a waste sea, so mighty in its immensity that it is a great deal more than a sea, so indifferently "the land given to Cain," as told by Jacques Cartier in 1534, that only the imagination can traverse it. It is a vast, unexplored land, where Silence sits frozen at the feet of God.

LEGENDS OF LABRADOR.

And yet there is more than fancy and legend in the tales of the old-time fishermen activities along these shores as we exhilaratingly swept these northern waters. Tales weird and strange were told; but the warm blood of Basque men, and the fire of the eyes kindled with the words of the tales of Basque adventures here 1,000 years ago—histories which, could they be proven, would compel Bancroft and Huxley to rewrite all their books, and would dampen the enthusiasm for the proposed Columbus celebration of 1892.

Briefly this is how the story runs. The old Iberian race, perhaps a race 1,000 years older than the British, came from the Mediterranean to the Archangel and Kara seas, and finally succumbed to other invasions, including the Arabians, and the Arabs, a people not only cultivated in the arts but those which gave the world its first and greatest navigators and sea adventurers. All coasts and climes were known to them. The coast of Labrador, which was the first people gave to the Basque province of Brittany their interesting and spirited folk. From among these, more than 1,000 years before Columbus, assisted by the wily though sagacious spirit of the Basque province, the domination, made the New World subject to the old, were those Iberian, or Basque navigators, who had seen every rod of coast line from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Arctic Spitzbergen groups, the far Icelandic north, past Greenland's 4,000 miles of ice and silence, the eternal ice peaks of Ellesmere Land and the unknown islands, and Nova Scotia, that great island graveyard of the sea, Belle Isle; where during all these centuries they had chased the whale and taken the mackerel and cod. From such a people, it is not known whalers and sailors, Columbus undoubtedly gained his positive knowledge of America, and through it his immortality and fame.

OFF THE LABRADOR COAST.

Before evening came we were underneath the shadows of the towering Labrador coast, close upon the Seven Islands and bay. These islands are huge rocks rising precipitously from the gulf to imposing heights, the Great Boule reaching 700 feet, a few miles to the south and west of the smaller islands. Behind the bay, in which we anchored for the night, the miles long and two broad, and when once within the capacious harbor seemed landlocked by the islands and a vast promontory of the coast, the islands are situated on an elevation of 700 feet. Two parallel ranges of mountains, rocky and dread, their bases covered by dense growths of stunted spruce, rise in dark and undulating lines, and are separated by a wide, impassable wilderness behind. Sweeping around coastward toward the Moisie river is a long, circling, sandy beach, and along this, in the edge of the stunted spruce belt, were scattered a few wild and ragged remnants of Labrador Indians. All looked greasy, lifeless, despondent, hopeless.

There was not one picturesque characteristic about them save the queer, puggy, almond-eyed faces of the little children, and an occasional quaint cap of crimson and black, set upon the heads of the Indian women, from beneath the edge of which are peeps of black and wiry hair matted down between the eyes and ears. These people, perhaps 200 in number, and called the Moisie, were hunting a few St. Lawrence fish, a portion of the ragged, starved, emaciated remnant of the great Cree branch of the once noble Algonquin race. Seven Islands Bay and Moisie have for centuries been their summer rendezvous. At Moisie are the mission houses, chapel, one of the dreariest cemeteries your eyes ever beheld, trading houses, salmon fish stations and a scrappy village whose civilization is by these primitive Indians, the summer time salmon curers and traders, and the trifling official life, as the Canadian Government compels all sailing craft trading along the Labrador shore to take on their way to the point. It is a dreary, lifeless, dirty spot, where nothing less alert and pugnacious than soul-saving and trade could brave the wretched soddenness and desolation.

A SALMON HAUNT.

The month of the Moisie has special interest for the fisherman, as it is the month of the salmon; and fish of from 30 to 40 pounds weight have frequently been taken. The river itself winds through an un-

broken wilderness from the central treeloss stone and ice tablelands of Labrador; while the wide, fertile valley, as the old Indian trail to the great lake of St. John, 1,300 miles to the southwest.

The coast line from Seven Islands and Bay would doubtless measure 150 miles to the next trading post, a village behind the noble group of Mingan Islands which stud the Labrador coast for a distance of 45 miles; but the sailing distance is not half as long. In sailing southward, with- out trace of fog we sped eastward past huge ocean steamers, Government cutters and scores of fishing smacks, changing our course somewhat to the south, for at least a glimpse of the lonely and most greivous of all spots within these northern seas, the Island of Anticosti, the North Point and the lighthouse which are about 14 miles distant from the Labrador shore.

There is little in the way of save horror and desolation. It lies diagonally across the northern portion of the gulf, its northwestern extremity set squarely into the 90° meridian of the St. Lawrence river, and its extreme southeastern point lies about 100 miles directly north of the center of the gulf. It is 123 miles long, 30 broad, and contains an area of 270 miles, and contains about 2,000,000 acres of forest, most properly speaking, of spruce; for land it has not. Its northern shores are lofty, and present to the eye noble terraces of mountainous rock, and the hills are covered with a green, blending into purple, mist-covered indentations, or black and forbidding crags.

A FORBIDDING SPOT.

No one can describe, or justly conceive, the desolation and dangerous character of this great Gulf island. Canadian geologic and geographic journals have been repeatedly used to foist into notice and invite popular belief. But its history is one of death to mariners, ruin to capital, and starvation and death to emigrants, who, to further the purpose of the government, are sent from time to time being left to die alone upon it. Its entire interior is one vast utterly irrealizable wilderness of rock, and the stunted spruce in many places so matted, that a storm, broken, that wild animals cannot penetrate it, and shipwrecked men have walked on top of the murderous mass for miles. There are no trees on the upper portion of the island into the Gulf limestone reefs to entrap and wreck.

The only humans existing upon it are the keepers of the lighthouses and wrecking stations, and a few trappers and hunters who are set down on its shores from venturesome sloops; an occasional "egger" who has pursued his mad passion for a moment through fire and sword, and who, through his long gun, came hant; or downright outlaws who consign themselves to an inconceivably more wretched imprisonment than any known government could provide. The island is a sort of a hell; a few wild animals devour each other upon it; its deadly shores are strewn with ever bleaching wrecks; every hoarse song of the sea beating against its shores of ice, and the waves of the sea beat beneath; but curiously enough, as if in keeping with that seeming law of compensation which holds danger and sacrifice as the price of life, the island is a sort of a heaven, and the most beautiful of the world.

BEAUTIFUL MINGAN.

But it is a more pleasant thing to turn one's sight from such accursed shores to the beautiful Mingan Islands, to the north. Beautiful, amethyst and emerald, and the sea-line part, we had set forth to explore upon. It properly consists of two grand coastwise divisions. The waters of the St. Lawrence divide, isolating into the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the whole of the other seek the Atlantic to the north of Belle Isle Straits, along the grander, but most forbidding shores of the Labrador coast, and the day's journey ahead of favoring gales. On the one hand, all along this frightful coast, from the lofty rocks of the Saguenay, which stand like sentinels on the shore of the Moravian missions in North America, the entire coast line is one interminable reach and reach of icebergs, and a succession of fog, icebergs and tempest, and of wreck and disaster inconceivable. On the other hand, behind this rugged coast, there is but a waste sea, so mighty in its immensity that it is a great deal more than a sea, so indifferently "the land given to Cain," as told by Jacques Cartier in 1534, that only the imagination can traverse it. It is a vast, unexplored land, where Silence sits frozen at the feet of God.

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LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Mexican steamer Yere has landed five shipwrecked German sailors, who were picked up at sea, at Vera Cruz. The lead mine in Nuevo Leon, Mexico, are shutting down, owing to the fact that the United States Government of duties on lead ore.

George Siler killed the Rev. Sam Sharpe at Lebanon, Ky., yesterday. Both were colored. Sharpe was living with Siler's sister, claiming she was his wife.

The low grounds in Central Illinois were visited by a frost early yesterday morning, which did considerable damage to growing vegetables. Corn and melons are ruined in places. Tobacco was also severely injured.

Plainfield, N. J., was in a state of great excitement yesterday, owing to the fact that the big dam above the city was about to burst. Finally the gates were forced open, a portion of the water drawn off, and the danger averted.

M. C. Kimberly has been appointed General Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railroad to succeed S. B. Fisher, who recently resigned to become General Manager of the Wisconsin Central. Kimberly has been Assistant General Superintendent, with offices at Helena, Mont., for some time past. He is an old-timer.

THERE IS NO LIMIT

That Can Yet be Seen to the Manifest Uses of Electricity.

A NUMBER OF NEW INVENTIONS.

The Subtle Fluid Furnishes Power at the Paris Exposition.

A FIRE ENGINE WITH THE NEW FORCE

Max J. Becker, President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, in a recent address to that body, draws a vivid picture of the future of electricity, which, he says, is naturally destined to excel all the forces of nature in the extended range of its useful application. In the prosecution of subterranean or subaqueous operations, such as tunneling, mining, sinking of caissons, the use of the electric light is found to be of special benefit; in its incandescent form it is absolutely safe against the dangers from explosive gases, and in caisson work it removes the risks and inconveniences incident to the ready and rapid combustion of inflammable substances under the influence of high atmospheric pressure. In discussing electric street railways, and their ready adaptability where cable lines and horse traction are out of the question, Mr. Becker refers to an electric railway at Allegheny City, which, in a distance of one mile out of a total length of four miles, ascends, with a speed of fully four miles per hour, a hill over 400 feet high, upon a gradient of 12 1/2 per cent, with numerous curves of 40 feet radius, the cars being often loaded with 75 people. Upon the lower portion of this line the electric current is supplied by means of an underground connection, and on the upper portion of the line by the ordinary overhead conductors.

Sharpshooters.

Some very sharpshooters came off a little while ago on the African coast, where the correspondent of a well-known electrical paper happens to be stationed. Two Arab chiefs had come down from Yemen to Aden, and a trial ensued, in which the Arabs, who were crack shots with their long guns, came off quite the best. Our American resolved upon a surprise to these gentlemen, and invited them to a grand test on the morrow. Meanwhile he prepared a fine incandescent lamp, and a coil of insulated wire, to a point on the sand hills some quarter of a mile away, carefully placed the fuse, covered it with sand, and on this placed a small glass bottle. Next day the Arabs were invited to fire at the minute speck in the distance. They fired half a dozen times, naturally far wide of such a mark. Our marksman then took his place, his attention being with his hand on the trigger, and he fired. That bottle burst into thousands of fragments at the first shot, and the Arabs left with the most awestruck idea of the wonderful skill of the American.

Electric Detection of Icebergs.

The narrow escape of the Saale when colliding with an iceberg, brought out a number of suggestions for the prevention of such accidents in future. In most of these the idea of an electrical indicator, which would denote the presence of icebergs at a sufficient distance to avoid a collision, was put forward. F. H. Colvin suggests that an interesting article on the subject, demonstrates that, while such a device might be quite effective under some conditions, its action could not invariably be depended upon. The fault lies in the apparatus itself, but in the conditions which exist respecting the currents surrounding an iceberg and involving the direction in which the ship approaches, the action of the indicator is not invariably to be depended upon. The fault lies in the apparatus itself, but in the conditions which exist respecting the currents surrounding an iceberg and involving the direction in which the ship approaches, the action of the indicator is not invariably to be depended upon.

Electrically Treated Sewage.

Mr. Webster, the inventor of the latest treatment of sewage by electricity, has been visiting Malden, England, with a view to the formulation of a scheme for the purification of the river Medway, which is now very much polluted by sewage. In connection with the successful results which have attended recent experiments in the economical precipitation of sewage by electrolysis, a prominent New York electrical journal suggests that an application of this system might be made to do away with the foul condition of the water front along New York City.

Primary Battery Improvements.

Very worthy of note are the recent improvements of P. B. Delany, the well-known electrician, in primary batteries. Having

UNABLE TO REMAIN.

A Machinist Who Was Compelled to Leave at Last.

COMPLETE AND PERMANENT.

"I have lived in this city for a long time," said Mr. Creahan, "and have a large circle of acquaintances both in Pittsburgh and Allegheny. Up to about three or four years ago, as any of my friends can attest, I was as hale and hearty a man as you could find in the State. At that time I caught a severe cold. After a while it seemed to leave me; but whether it was not entirely well, or I had contracted fresh colds, I do not know. At any rate, my head became stopped up, my throat grew sore, and I had a continual hacking cough."

The gentleman in question is Mr. James Creahan, No. 41 Mulberry street, Allegheny. He is a machinist, and has been engaged for some time at Lindsay & McCutcheon's machine shops, at the foot of Ridge avenue, Allegheny. Previous to his engaging with them he was with the Westinghouse Company.

"The trouble at first," he continued, "seemed trifling, and I paid no attention to it, but it steadily grew worse. My nostrils would clog up, and sometimes when I used my handkerchief to clear them, my nose would commence to bleed. My throat got worse, and it was a painful operation for me to swallow my food. My eyes would fill with water and were so weak and inflamed that I could scarcely see. There was a buzzing noise in my ears and after a while I began to have severe pains there. My head ached continually, feeling as if someone had a steel band tightened around it."

"This continued for at least two years, when I found that the trouble was more rapidly extending. I first noticed this in a pain around my heart and in my groin. The former was the more severe. It would come on suddenly, completely prostrating me for a time. Indeed, only about two months ago I had an attack that nearly caused my death. In addition to these pains, I had palpitation of the heart. It would be followed by a slow, irregular beating, and a feeling of faintness around it."

"I slept well enough, but it did me no good. I would feel more tired in the morning than when I went to bed. My throat at this time would get choked up, and I could feel the mucus dripping back into it."

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The New Opera Becomes the Exclusive Property of G. C. Jenks. J. D. Watson and Harry McFarland, Esq., yesterday completed the negotiations between George C. Jenks, who wrote the words, and Charles W. Fleming, who wrote the music, of the "United States Mail," by which the latter relinquishes, for a sum of money not named, his proprietary interest in the production. It will be put on the road next month. Among the backers are Dr. C. S. Scott and A. P. Moore.

That Colored Driver's Troubles.

James Thomas, the colored man accused of stealing shoes from the firm of A. I. Scott & Co., was held by Alderman Cassidy yesterday afternoon for trial at the September term of court. The hearing in the case of parties engaged with receiving the stolen goods was continued until to-day.

Their Contract for Advertising.

At a meeting of the Pittsburgh Exposition Society yesterday the contract for their advertising, exclusive of the city papers, was awarded to Remington Bros.

CLARA BELLE, in a letter to the Dispatch, tells us in which she describes some amusing happenings in New York.

"I would keep hawking and spitting continually. There was always something there that I could neither get up nor down. I could never eat in the mornings. I had to force my food down, and what little I did eat made me feel as though I had a big load on my stomach. I would often have a nauseating feeling, with an inclination to vomit. I tried all the remedies that were recommended to me, and was under a physician's care. But I grew steadily worse, and finally had to lay off from work."

"About six months I read in one of the newspapers that was similar to mine, which Doctors Copeland & Blair had treated successfully. I went to them, and finding their charges reasonable and within my means, placed myself under their care."

"I soon began to feel better. The soreness in my throat, pains in my ears and headache all left me. My eyes ceased to be watery and no longer troubled me. The pain around my heart, which caused me so much suffering and kept me from my work, was entirely gone. The morning feeling perfectly rested. I have a good appetite and enjoy my meals. Indeed, I feel as though I were a new man, and as a temporary improvement. I continued to get stronger and better until the last trace of my complaint had disappeared. I am now as healthy as I was four years ago, and I feel as though I were a new man."

VERY PLAIN TALK. When a person with a delicate constitution has a tendency to catarrh or consumption—whether this tendency is inherited or results from taking cold easily—it is noticeable that that person invariably loses flesh and loses strength, showing that the nutrition is interfered with.

It is to be remembered in every case the presence of catarrh is an evidence of predisposition to consumption, and no matter how slight the attack may be, it should be treated with the greatest care, and corrected by a specialist. If left to itself it is rarely cured without a change of climate, but with each new cold it gets more and more troublesome, extending always a little deeper into the lungs until a cure becomes difficult and sometimes impossible.

"I should like to be treated," a lady remarked the other day, "but I would not like to have my name in the paper." Let it be stated that Dr. Copeland & Blair never publish a name, or statement without the full and free consent of the patient, and do they publish one hundred parts of the correspondence, letters and statements received by them from grateful patients, and never correct or modify any of them, and are entirely voluntary, and are given to patients for publication. Dr. Copeland and Blair never receive a cent for their services, and their testimonials unless the patient gives his consent.

DOCTORS COPPELAND & BLAIR. Are located permanently at 66 SIXTH AVENUE.

Where they treat with success all curable cases. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M.; 2 to 5 P. M.; 7 to 9 P. M. (Sunday included). Specialties—CATARRH, and ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, THROAT and LUNGS. Consultation, \$1.00. Address all mail to DR. COPPELAND & BLAIR, 66 Sixth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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"About six months I read in one of the newspapers that was similar to mine, which Doctors Copeland & Blair had treated successfully. I went to them, and finding their charges reasonable and within my means, placed myself under their care."

"I soon began to feel better. The soreness in my throat, pains in my ears and headache all left me. My eyes ceased to be watery and no longer troubled me. The pain around my heart, which caused me so much suffering and kept me from my work, was entirely gone. The morning feeling perfectly rested. I have a good appetite and enjoy my meals. Indeed, I feel as though I were a new man, and as a temporary improvement. I continued to get stronger and better until the last trace of my complaint had disappeared. I am now as healthy as I was four years ago, and I feel as though I were a new man."

VERY PLAIN TALK. When a person with a delicate constitution has a tendency to catarrh or consumption—whether this tendency is inherited or results from taking cold easily—it is noticeable that that person invariably loses flesh and loses strength, showing that the nutrition is interfered with.

It is to be remembered in every case the presence of catarrh is an evidence of predisposition to consumption, and no matter how slight the attack may be, it should be treated with the greatest care, and corrected by a specialist. If left to itself it is rarely cured without a change of climate, but with each new cold it gets more and more troublesome, extending always a little deeper into the lungs until a cure becomes difficult and sometimes impossible.

"I should like to be treated," a lady remarked the other day, "but I would not like to have my name in the paper." Let it be stated that Dr. Copeland & Blair never publish a name, or statement without the full and free consent of the patient, and do they publish one hundred parts of the correspondence, letters and statements received by them from grateful patients, and never correct or modify any of them, and are entirely voluntary, and are given to patients for publication. Dr. Copeland and Blair never receive a cent for their services, and their testimonials unless the patient gives his consent.

DOCTORS COPPELAND & BLAIR. Are located permanently at 66 SIXTH AVENUE.

Where they treat with success all curable cases. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M.; 2 to 5 P. M.; 7 to 9 P. M. (Sunday included). Specialties—CATARRH, and ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, THROAT and LUNGS. Consultation, \$1.00. Address all mail to DR. COPPELAND & BLAIR, 66 Sixth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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