name has been in the family a good many years; how it got there I do not know."

"I almost wish it was dark again," the girl said with a little laugh; "in the dark you seem to me the Sergeant Blunt who came just in time to save us that day the farm was attacked; but now I can see you I cannot recognize you at all: even your eyes look quite different in that black skin."

"I flatter myself that my get-up is very good," Ronald laughed. "I have had some difficulty in keeping up the color. Each day before starting we have gone to your fires and got fresh charcoal and mixed it with some grease we brought with us and rubbed it in afresh."

"But your hair; what have you done to your hair?"

Ronald told her the source from which he derived his wig, and Mary Armstrong had difficulty in restraining herself from bursting out into a merry laugh. Two or three of the Fingoes had by this time returned, and in a few minutes all had gathered at the spot. Kreta listened to the reports of each of his men. There was then a short consultation. Then he came up to Ronald.

"One of my men has found a place that will do well," he said. "It is time we were going."

One of the Fingoes now took the lead; the others followed. A quarter of an hour's walk up the hill, which grew steeper and steeper every step, brought them to a spot where some masses of rock had fallen from above. They were half covered with the thick growth of brush and sod. The native pushed one of the bushes aside and showed a sort of cave formed by a great slab of rock that had fallen over the others. Kreta uttered an expression of approval. Two of the natives crept in with their assegais in their hands. In two or three minutes one of them returned with the bodies of two puff adders that they had killed. These were dropped in among some rocks.

"You can go in now," Kreta said. "There are no more of them."

Ronald crawled in first, and helped Mary Armstrong in after him. The natives followed. Kreta came in last, carefully examining the bush before he did so, to see that no twig was broken or disarranged. He managed as he entered to place two or three rocks over the entrance.

"Good place," he said, looking round as he joined the others. It was of ample size to contain the party, and was some four feet in height. Light came in in several places between the rocks on which the upper slab rested.

"It could not be better, Kreta, even if it had been made on purpose. It was lucky indeed your fellow found it."

"We found two or three others," the chief said, "but this best."

"It is lucky those men came in first and found the snakes," Mary Armstrong said, "for we have not got here the stuff we always use in the Colony as an antidote, and their bite is almost always fatal unless that can be used in time." Ronald was aware of this, and had, indeed, during the night's march had snakes constantly in his mind, for he knew that they abounded in the hills. One of the Fingoes had taken his station at the entrance, having moved the upper stone the chief had placed there, so that he could sit with his head out of the opening. Half an hour after they had entered the cave he turned round and spoke to the chief.

"The Kaffirs are hunting," Kreta said. Listening at the opening they could hear distant shouts. They were answered from many points, some of them comparatively close.

"The news is being passed from kraal to kraal," Ronald said; "they will be up like a swarm of bees now, but search as they will they are not likely to find us here. Do you think they will trace us at all, Chief?"

"They will find where we stopped close to kraal," Kreta said; "the dead leaves were stirred by our feet; after that not find, too many people gone along path; ground very hard; may find, sometime, mark of white woman's shoe; but we leave path many times, and after I carry no find at all. Mountains very big, much bush; never find here."

The chief now told his follower to replace the stone and join the others, and that all should be silent. Sitting with his ear at one of the openings, he listened to the sounds in the woods; once or twice he whispered that Kaffirs were passing close, searching among the bushes; and one party came so near that their words could be plainly heard in the cave. They were discussing the manner in which the fugitive had escaped, and were unanimous in the belief that she had been aided by the followers of some other chief, for that an enemy should have penetrated into the heart of the Amatolas did not strike them as possible.

The argument was rather which of the other chiefs would have ventured to have robbed Macomo, and the opinion inclined to the fact that it must have been Sandilli himself, who would doubtless have heard, from the messenger sent over on the previous afternoon to inform Macomo, of the return of the band with a pretty young white woman as a captive. Macomo had doubtless been drunk, and Sandilli might have determined to have the prize carried off for himself.

Mary Armstrong shuddered as she listened to the talk, but when they had gone on Kreta said:

"Good thing the Kaffirs have that thought, not search so much here. Search in Sandilli's country. Perhaps make great quarrel between Macomo and Sandilli. Good thing that."

As the day went on the spirits of the Fingoes rose, and in low tones they expressed their delight at having outwitted the Kaffirs.

No footsteps had been heard in their neighborhood for some time, and it was sure that the search had been abandoned in that quarter. Toward sunset all ate a hearty meal, and as soon as it became dark the stones at the entrance were removed and the party crept out. Mary Armstrong had slept the greater part of the day, and Ronald and the Fingoes had also passed a portion of their time in sleep. They started, therefore, refreshed and strong.

It took them many hours of patient work before they arrived at the edge of the forest on the last swell of the Amatolas. They had been obliged to make many detours to avoid kraals, and to surmount the precipices that often barred their way. They had started about 8 in the evening, and it was, as they knew from the stars, fully 3 o'clock in the morning when they emerged from the forest.

Mary Armstrong had kept on well with the rest; her feet was extremely painful, but she was now strong and hopeful, and no word of complaint escaped her. Ronald and the chief kept by her side, helping her up or down difficult places, and assisting her to pass through the thorny bushes, which caught her dress and would have rendered it almost impossible for her to get through unassisted. Once out of the bush, the party hurried down the grassy slone, and then kept on a mile further. The chief now gave a long call. It was answered faintly from a distance; in five minutes the sound of a horse's hoofs were heard, and in a short time the Fingo who had been left in charge of it galloped up with Ronald's horse. Mary Armstrong was sitting on the ground, for she was now so utterly exhausted she could no longer keep her feet, and had, since they left the bush, been supported and half carried by Ronald and Kreta. She made an effort to rise as the horse came up.

"Please wait a moment, I will not be above two minutes," Ronald said; "but I really cannot ride into Williamstown like this."

He unstrapped his valise, took the jack boots that were hanging from the saddle, and moved away in the darkness. In two or three minutes he returned in his uniform.

"I feel a civilized being again," he said, laughing; "a handful of sand at the first stream we come to will get most of this black off my face. I have left the wig as a legacy to any Kaffir who may light upon it. Now I will shift the saddle a few inches further back. I think you had better ride before me, for you are completely worn out, and I can hold you there better than you could hold yourself if you were to sit behind me." He strapped on his valise, shifted his saddle, lifted Mary up, and sprang up behind her.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked.

"Quite comfortable," she said, a little shyly, and then they started. The light was just beginning to break in the east as they rode out from the clump of trees. They were not out of danger yet, for parties of Kaffirs might be met with at any time until they arrived within musket shot of King Williamstown. The Fingoes ran at pace that kept the horse at a sharp trot. It was very pleasant to Ronald Mervyn to feel Mary Armstrong in his arms, and to know, as he did, how safe and confident she felt there; but he did not press her more closely than was necessary to enable her to retain her seat, or permit himself to speak in a softer or tenderer tone than usual.

"If we should come across any of these scoundrels, Mary," he said presently, "do you take the reins. Do you think you can sit steady without my holding you firmly?"

"Yes," the girl said, "if I put one foot on yours I could certainly hold on. I could twist one of my hands in the horse's mane."

"Can you use a pistol?"

"Of course I can," she replied. "I was as good a shot as my father."

"That is all right, then. I will give you one of my pistols, then I can hold you with my right arm, for the horse may plunge if a spear strikes him. I will use my pistol in my left hand. I will see that no one catches his bridle on that side; do you attend to the right. I hope it won't come to that, still there's never any saying, and we shall have one or two nasty places to pass through on our way down. We have the advantage that should there be any Kaffirs there they will not be keeping a watch this way, and we may hope to get pretty well through them before they see us."

"Will you promise me one thing, Ronald?" she asked. "Will you shoot me if you find that we cannot get past?"

Ronald nodded.

"I am not at all afraid of death," she said; "death would be nothing like that. I would rather die a thousand times than fall into the hands of the Kaffirs again."

"I promise you, Mary, my last shot but one shall be for you, my last for myself; but if I am struck off the horse by a bullet or assegai you must trust to your own pistol."

"I will do that, Ronald, I have been perfectly happy since you took me out of the hut; I have not seemed to feel any fear of being recaptured, for I felt that if they overtook us I could always escape so. On the way there, if I could have got hold of an assegai I should have stabbed myself."

"Thank God you didn't," said Roland, earnestly, "though I could not have blamed you."

They passed at the entrance of each kloof through which they had to pass, and the Fingoes went cautiously ahead searching through the bushes. It was not until he heard their call on the other side that Ronald galloped after them.

"I begin to hope that we shall get through now," Ronald said, after emerging from one of these kloofs; "we have only one bad place to pass, but, of course, the danger is greatest there, as from that the Kaffirs will be watching against any advance of the troops from the town."

The Fingoes were evidently of the same opinion, for as they approached it Kreta stopped to speak to Ronald.

"Kaffir sure to be here," he said, "but me and my men can creep through; but we must not call to you, incos; the Kaffirs would hear us and be on the watch. Safest plan for us to go through first, not go along paths, but through bush; then for you to gallop straight through; even if they close to path, you get before they time to stop you. I think that best way."

"I think so too, Kreta. If they hear the horse's hoofs coming from behind they will suppose it is a mounted messenger from the hills. Anyhow, I think that a dash for it is our best chance."

"I think so, incos. I think you get through safe if go fast."

"How long will you be getting through, Kreta?"

"Quarter of an hour," the chief said; "must go slow. You ride four, five minutes."

Kreta stood thoughtfully for a minute or two.

"Me don't like it, incos. Me tell you what we do. We keep over to left, and then when we get just through the bush we fire our guns. Then the Kaffirs very much surprised and all run that way, and you ride straight through."

"But they might overtake you, Kreta."

"They no overtake," the chief said confidently. "We run fast and get good start. Williamstown only one hour's walk; run less than half hour. They no catch us."

When the Fingoes had been gone about ten minutes, Ronald, assured that the Kaffirs would be gathered at the far end of the kloof, went forward at a walk. Presently he heard six shots fired in rapid succession. This was followed by an outburst of yells and cries in front, and he set spurs to his horse and dashed forward at a gallop. He was nearly through the kloof when a body of Kaffirs, who were running through the wood from the right, burst suddenly from the bushes into the path. So astonished were they at seeing the white man within a few yards of them that for a moment they did not think of using their weapons, and Ronald dashed through them, scattering them to right and left. But others sprang from the bushes. Ronald shot down two men who sprang at the horse's bridle, and he heard Mary Armstrong's pistol on the other side. He had drawn his sword before setting off at a gallop. "Hold tight, Mary," he said, as he relaxed his hold of her and cut down a native who was springing upon him from the bushes. Another fell from a bullet from the pistol, and then he was through them. "Stoop down, Mary," he said, pressing her forward on the horse's neck and bending down over her. He felt his horse give a sudden spring, and knew that it was hit with an assegai; while almost at the same instant he felt a sensation as of a hot iron running from his belt to his shoulder, as a spear ripped up cloth and flesh and then glanced along over his shoulders.

A moment later and they were out of the kloof and riding at full speed across the open. Looking over his shoulder, he saw that the Kaffirs gave up pursuit after following for 100 yards. Over on the left he heard dropping shots, and presently caught a glimpse in that direction of the Fingoes running in a close body, pursued at the distance of 100 yards or so by a large number of Kaffirs. But others had heard the sound of firing; for a minute or two he saw a body of horsemen riding at full speed from Williamstown in the direction of the firing. He at once checked the speed of his horse.

"We are safe now, Mary; that is a troop of our corps. Are you hit?"

"No, I am not touched. Are you hurt, Ronald? I thought I felt you start."

"I have got a bit of a scratch on the back, but it's nothing serious. I will get off in a moment, Mary; the horse has an assegai in his quarters, and I must get it out."

"Take me down, too, please; I feel giddy now it is all over."

Ronald lifted her down, and then pulled the assegai from the horse's back.

"I don't think much harm is done," he said; "a fortnight in the stable and he will be all right again."

"You are bleeding dreadfully," the girl exclaimed, as she caught sight of his back. "It's a terrible wound to look at.''

"Then it looks worse than it is," he laughed. "The spear only glanced along on the ribs. It's lucky I was stooping so much. After going through what we have we may think ourselves well off indeed that we have escaped with such a scratch as this between us."

"It's not a scrach at all," the girl said, indignantly; "it's a very deep, bad cut."

"Perhaps it is a bad cut," Ronald smiled, "but a cut is of no consequence one way or the other. Now let us join the others. Ah, here they come, with Kreta showing them the way."

The troopers had chased the Kaffirs back to the bush, and, led by the Fingo, were now coming up at a gallop to the spot where Ronald and Mary Armstrong were standing by the horse.

"Ah, it is you, Sergeant," Lieutenant Daniels said, for it was a portion of Ronald's old troop that had ridden up. "I never expected to see you again, for we heard the day before yesterday from the levy officer who came in with the ammunition wagons that you had gone off to try to rescue three ladies who had been carried off by the Kaffirs. It was a mad business, but you have partly succeeded. I am glad to see," and he lifted his cap to Mary Armstrong.

"Partly, sir," Ronald said. "The wretches killed the other two the day they carried them off. This is Miss Armstrong. I think you stopped at her father's house one day when we were out on the Kabousie."

"Yes, of course," the lieutenant said, alighting. "Excuse me for not recognizing you, Miss Armstrong, but, in fact——"

"In fact, I look very pale, and ragged, and tattered."

"I am not surprised at that, Miss Armstrong. You must have gone through a terrible time, and I heartily congratulate Sergeant Blunt on the success of his gallant attempt to rescue you."

"Have you heard from my father? How is he?"

"Your father, Miss Armstrong! I have heard nothing about him since I heard from Sergeant Blunt that you had all got safely away after that attack."

"He was in the wagon, sir," Ronald explained, "he was hurt in the fight with the Kaffirs, and Mr. Nolan brought him back in the wagons."

"Oh, I heard he had brought a wounded man with him; but I did not hear the name. Nolan said he had been badly wounded, but the surgeon said that he thought he might get round. I have no doubt that the sight of Miss Armstrong will do him good."

"Perhaps, sir," Ronald said, faintly, "you will let one of the troop ride on with Miss Armstrong at once. I think I must wait for a bit."

"Why, what is it, Sergeant?" the lieutenant asked, catching him by the arm, for he saw that he was on the point of falling. "You are wounded, I see; and here am I talking about other things and not thinking of you."

Two of the troop leapt from their horses and laid Ronald down, for he had fainted, overcome partly by the pain and loss of blood, but more by the sudden termination of the heavy strain of the last four days.

"It is only a flesh wound, Miss Armstrong. There is no occasion for fear. He has fainted from loss of blood, and I have no doubt for a moment but he will soon be all right again. Johnson, hand your horse over to Miss Armstrong, and do you, Williams, ride over with her to the hospital. We will have Sergeant Blunt in the hospital half an hour after you get there, Miss Armstrong."

"It seems very unkind to leave him," the girl said, "after all he has done for me."

"He will understand it, my dear young lady, and you can see him in the hospital directly you get there."

Mary reluctantly allowed herself to be lifted into the saddle and rode off with the trooper.

"Now take his jacket and shirt off," the Lieutenant said, "it's a nasty rip that he has got. I suppose that he was leaning forward in the saddle when the spear touched him. It's lucky that it glanced up instead of going through him."

The soldiers removed Ronald's coat. There was no shirt underneath, for he had not waited to put one on when he mounted. The troopers had heard from their comrades, on the return of the escort, that the sergeant had, before starting, got himself up as a native, and they were not therefore surprised, as they otherwise would have been, at his black skin.

"Put your hand into the left holster of my saddle," the lieutenant said. "You will find two or three bandages and some lint there; they are things that come in handy at this work. Lay the lint in the gash. That's right. Press it down a little and put some more in. Now lift him up a little, while I pass these bandages round his body. There; I think he will do now; but there's no doubt that it is a nasty wound. It has cut right through the muscles of the back. Now turn him over, and give me my flask from the holster."

Some brandy and water was poured between Ronald's lips, and he soon opened his eyes.

"Don't move, Sergeant, or you will set your wound off bleeding again. We will soon get you comfortably into hospital. Ah, that is the very thing; good men," he broke off, as Kreta and the Fingoes brought up a litter which they had been busy in constructing. "Miss Armstrong has ridden on to the hospital to see her father. She wanted to stop, but I sent her on, so that we could bandage you comfortably."

"I think I can sit a horse now," Ronald said, trying to rise.

"I don't know whether you can or not, Sergeant; but you are not going to try. Now, lads, lift him on to the litter."

Kreta and the two troopers lifted him carefully on to the litter; then four of the Fingoes placed it on their shoulders. Another took Ronald's horse, which now limped stiffly, and led it along behind the litter; and with the troop bringing up the rear, the party started for King Williamstown.

[To be Continued.]

THREE DWARFS; *With only three legs among them, do a poor horseshoer who releases them from captivity, a lasting favor. Read Ernest Heinrichs' story in to-morrow's* DISPATCH, *and you'll know all about it.*

THE CANAL FAVORED.

Home and Western Rivermen Approve the Project to Lake Erie.

ITS ADVANTAGES POINTED OUT.

A Strong Protest Made Against Filling Up the Rivers With Slag.

INTERFERING BRIDGES CONDEMNED

Captain W. B. Rodgers, Captain Snowden, S. R. Patterson, Captain John A. Wood, Harry Brown, Captain J. A. Blackmore, Captain John F. Dravo, Captain McDonald and other rivermen, about half of the Pittsburg delegation to the Waterways Convention at Cincinnati, returned home yesterday morning. The other members of the party are expected to arrive this morning.

The Pittsburg delegation is highly pleased with the work done by the convention. It was the largest assemblage of river men ever held in America. Fifteen States were represented. About 1,000 men were present from the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, and all the actions of the body were harmonious. Captain Wood, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, called the convention to order, and made a stirring speech concerning the wonderful progress of inland navigation. Captain Dravo was appointed to represent Pittsburg on the Committee on Resolutions, and made one of the most effective speeches in the convention.

FOUR OBJECTS IN VIEW.

The Pittsburg delegation went to Cincinnati to secure the approval of four distinct ideas in the line of navigation improvement. The first was the freedom of the Monongahela river; the second, the project of constructing a canal from the Ohio river to Lake Erie; the third, the improvement of the upper Ohio river by the movable dam system; and the fourth, prohibition of the further obstruction and narrowing of the channels by bridges and filling-in on the part of manufacturing establishments. The delegation secured the complete indorsement of these four ideas by the convention.

Captain Dravo, in a speech which he made to the convention, called its attention to the encroachments which are being continually made on the Monongahela river by iron mills and other manufacturing establishments, which are dumping slag, cinders and other rubbish over the banks, "making land," as they call it, but steadily narrowing the river channel. Captain Dravo declared that the safety of the public demanded that steps be taken at once to stop this filling up. The convention, by resolution, authorized its Executive Committee to appeal to Congress on the subject.

The following resolution, of special importance to Pittsburg, was passed:

That this convention heartily approves the connection of the waters of the upper Ohio river with the great northwest lake system through the waters of Lake Erie, by the construction of a ship canal, if, upon a survey, the same be found practicable.

AN EXPERT INQUIRY NEEDED.

On this point Captain W. B. Rodgers said yesterday: "The representatives from points down the river look upon the canal scheme as a good one. They are not skeptical about its benefits, but the last clause of the resolution simply means that rivermen will wait for the report of the engineers to be appointed to make the survey. There is some question whether a sufficient supply of water can be obtained, and some other points of detail which can be decided only by an expert inquiry and survey. All the delegates to the convention seem to appreciate the importance of the project. It is evident that it would be of wonderful advantage to this city, more particularly to the iron and coal interests. The Western delegates especially from Iowa and Illinois, were very energetic in support of the canal project. It would, they saw, make a continuous circuit of water communication by way of the lakes, taken in connection with the Hennepin Canal. That canal would connect the Mississippi river with Lake Michigan, while the Lake Erie and Ohio river canal would close the other side of the circuit, leading from the lakes back to the Ohio and the Mississippi. The Hennepin Canal scheme was approved by the convention.

"The convention also approved the project of purchase, by the Government, of the locks on the Monongahela river. Its sentiment was that all slack waters should be free to navigation.

"Our Executive Committee will urge these matters upon Congress at its session this winter. A number of Congressmen were present. Congressman Holman, of Indiana, presided."

THE EVERETT PIANO CLUB,

Or Co-Operative Plan of Selling Pianos.

Offers inducements which can be secured in no other way, while the club members have the privilege of the easiest payments ever offered, viz., $1 00 per week. They at the same time get the benefit of the lowest possible cash price, obtained by contracting for 350 pianos at one time. If you have not seen the plan send for our circular at once, or come and see the piano. Application for membership should be made immediately, as the club is filling up. Address or call on Alex. Ross, Manager, 137 Federal street, Allegheny.

Prof. Carl Retter, Prof. Jos. H. Gittings, Prof. H. Rohbock, Prof. F. Albrecht and a host of others say the Everett Club is a thoroughly honest and practical plan of securing a first-class piano at the lowest possible cost.

John Howard, the great voice teacher, and author of Physiology of Artistic Singing, says the Everett piano pleases me. It has a most delightful quality of tone, a pliant, responsive touch, and is in every respect a most satisfactory instrument. WTHS

Special Notice to G. A. R. Members and Others Attending the Reunion at Gettysburg.

In addition to the special train to Gettysburg, which leaves Pittsburg on Tuesday, September 10, at 9 A. M., the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run through coaches to Gettysburg to-day, Saturday, September 7, on train leaving Pittsburg at 8:10 P. M., arriving at Gettysburg about 7 A. M., following morning.

You also have the advantage of the following regular trains leaving Pittsburg as follows: 3:20 and 8 A. M. and 8:10 P. M.

No Excuse.

Let no one after to-day have any excuse for not having a stylish fall overcoat. Four dollars to-day takes choice of about 320 fine cassimere fall weight overcoats, sizes 33 to 44 breast measure. Don't let this chance escape you. You would have to pay $8 to $10 for these garments when the season opens, but we intend to present the public with the greatest bargain ever heard of, and it is our $4 overcoat for to-day.

P. C. C. C., cor. Grant and Diamond sts., opp. the new Court House.

Last Niagara Falls and Toronto Excursion,

Via Pittsburg and Lake Erie R. R., Tuesday, September 10.

Niagara Falls and return, $7.

Toronto and return, $8.

Tickets good 15 days for return, giving ample time to visit the great International Fair at Buffalo and Colonial Fair at Toronto. MWSSu

USE "Una" flour—finest spring patent in the world. "Golden Wedding"—the best of bread flours. "Duquesne" has no equal as a pastry flour. Horning's "Ivory," gem of all family flours.

THREE DWARFS, *With only three legs among them, do a poor horseshoer who releases them from captivity, a lasting favor. Read Ernest Heinrich's story in to-morrow's* DISPATCH, *and you'll know all about it.*

TO WIDEN CECIL ALLEY.

The Committee on Public Works Unanimously Recommend It—Some Other Ordinances Favorably Received.

After two failures to get a quorum the Committee on Public Works finally had a meeting yesterday, there being present the full membership. A large number of ordinances were recommended to Councils affirmatively, among them one for the widening of Cecil alley, between Liberty street and Duquesne way. The petition for the improvement and the ordinance were read at length.

The former provides for making the alley a street 50 feet wide, and states that the improvement would open Fifth avenue out to the Allegheny river, add materially to the business property of the city, and relieve the overcrowded condition of Sixth street. No better time, the petition states, could be taken for the improvement than now, as the work on the new buildings at the corner of Fifth and Liberty streets has been suspended pending the result of the petition, and no other buildings on the east line of the alley would be materially damaged. The ordinance provides that the cut is to be made on the east side of the alley, from the north side of Liberty street to the south side of Duquesne way, the work to be done by the Chief of the Department of Public Works within 60 days of the passage of the ordinance. T. C. Jenkins, R. H. Johnston, President of the North Sub-District School Board, John S. Scull, Cashier of the Diamond National Bank, and C. L. Magee, through his attorney, are the signers to the petition.

There was no opposition offered to the ordinance, and several members made brief speeches, pointing out the benefits that would result from making this alley a business street, as it would be if widened.

A resolution giving the Pittsburg and Castle Shannon Railway Company the right to cross Williams street and Bailey avenue was referred to the City Engineer. An ordinance granting W. Green & Co., Limited, right to lay a switch track on Thirty-third street was affirmatively recommended, as were also the following:

Opening Duff street from Wylie to Bedford; Soho street from Wylie to Mahon; Hamber alley from Kirkpatrick to Chauncey streets; Webster avenue from Jefferson to Craig streets; Conrad street from Penn avenue to Breeds Hill; Evaline street from Liberty street to Breeds Hill; Lowry street from Second avenue to the Monongahela river; Ross street, from Miller to Crawford; Blair street from Lowry to Vespucius.

A number of other ordinances for grading streets and building sewers were recommended.

WHAT IT MEANS.

The Old Summer Resort, Frankfort Springs, to Have a New Lease of Life—Extending the Imperial Road.

The proposed extension of the Imperial Coal Company's railroad from Imperial to Frankfort means more than many have any idea. If the road is completed a syndicate composed of prominent Pittsburgers and several New Yorkers propose to revive the old-time prestige of Frankfort Springs, about a mile from Frankfort, as a summer resort. Their capital will be about $50,000, to be increased if necessary to develop the springs.

The land on which the springs are situated, with the beautiful park scenery surrounding them, includes about 150 acres. The company will build a hotel, to cost something like $25,000, and use the remaining sum to beautify the grounds.

With the proposed extension completed, it would give direct communication with Pittsburg and be less than an hour's ride to Frankfort. The springs are about a mile from the town and could be made easy of access. The route would be via the Lake Erie road to Montour Junction, about ten miles, thence over the Imperial Coal Company's line to Imperial, about 11 miles, and from the latter place to Frankfort, via the new extension, about 13 miles, making the total distance from Pittsburg 34 miles.

The scenery about the springs is said to surpass anything near the city.

It is the intention to dam the stream running through the grounds and form a lake a mile or so long and 200 or 300 feet wide. It will be just at the foot of a small mountain gorge, and it is thought will form a great attraction.

One of the projectors said that he had lately seen foxes, partridges, porcupines, rabbits, grouse and other wild game in the region. Beautiful drives will be made, running out some distance from the grounds.

It is a pretty sure thing that the railroad will be completed in the near future. Public meetings have been held by its promoters in the towns on the route and considerable interest manifested. The section has no direct communication with Pittsburg.

Frankfort Springs, in the years gone by, was a favorite resort for Pittsburgers before railroad transportation to other points cut it off from the world at large. The old hotel, then used, now stands on the grounds.

INCREASED ATTENDANCE.

The High School Makes a Fine Showing for the First Week.

The High School Committee met last night and received Principal Wood's report of the attendance in the first week of the session. The total attendance was 704, an increase of 13 over last year. Of this number there were 140 males and 326 females in the academical department; 41 females in the normal department; 141 males and 56 females in the commercial department. This makes 281 males and 423 females, or 704 pupils in all. In the academical department there is an increase of 29, in the commercial a decrease of 14 and in the normal a decrease of 2 as compared with last year.

The principal also reported that 31 pupils entitled to re-examination had passed and been admitted.

A new teacher may be appointed as assistant. The Philadelphia Company will furnish the gas for $775.

FEEBLE, tired women, needing a mild strengthener and stomachic, will find generally just what they require in the use of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, in the small or tonic doses. It corrects acidity of the stomach, gives tone to the organs of digestion, improves appetite and assimilation of food, thus assisting nature in the restoration of wonted health and strength. Where the liver is inactive the Sanative Pills, taken in conjunction with the Vermifuge, will be of much service. The Vermifuge is inexpensive, and thus within the reach of all; but for the above uses it will be cheaper to buy the double or half dollar size. Sold by all druggists.

Pittsburg Female College.

Academic year opens next Tuesday, September 10. Courses of study in Literature, Science, Music, Art and Elocution. Experienced teachers in all departments. Rates moderate. Convenient for pupils coming on trains and street cars. Apply at College, Eighth street, near Penn avenue. TuS

Maryland Exposition.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets at rate of $9 for the round trip, from September 7 to 14, inclusive, good to return until the 21st, inclusive, to the Maryland Exposition, at Baltimore. Trains leave depot at 8 A. M. and 9:20 P. M.

PART of that beautiful property known as the "Ross estate," adjoining Sharpsburg, at Aspinwall station, has been laid out into building lots. Plans can be had from W. A. Herron & Sons, 80 Fourth avenue. TTS

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.,

401 Smithfield Street, cor. Fourth Avenue.

Capital, $100,000. Surplus, $45,000.

Deposits of $1 and upward received and interest allowed at 4 per cent. TTS

HER REFORM DRESS.

Thorn Branch Gives a Sprightly Account of Her Own Experience

WITH JENNESS MILLER'S SYSTEM.

Timely Hints for Pittsburg Women Who Heard the Lecture.

STEEP PRICES FOR REFORM GARMENTS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

During my two weeks' residence in Pittsburg I have noticed that the Jenness Miller costumes are "conspicuous only by their absence," but as Jenness herself has now been here, the epidemic of "Physical Culture" and "Dress Reform" that will result from her lecture will certainly satisfy the most devoted admirer and advocate of the system unless Pittsburg ladies differ from their sisters. Over a year ago I first heard Mrs. Miller lecture in the city of Chicago.

Of course I was converted. Every one is that hears her. I could hardly wait until I reached home to discard my corset—that was as much of the reform as I could afford to adopt just at that time, for I had "in stock" a wardrobe which, although not made by "Worth," was worth considerabl to me, and it behooved me to wait until new garments were necessary and my pocket-book attained a more rounded appearance before I reformed entirely. Last June I found myself in Oberlin, O., and again had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by the same talented lady. It was much more interesting in some respects than the Pittsburg talk. In the first place we had a "horrid newspaper man" in female attire to be gotten rid of, and then the college students climbed up the outside of the chapel and looked down the skylight, and the college girls (by whose invitation Mrs. Miller was lecturing) hissed as only college girls can, and sent for the marshal, who arrived on the scene with two assistants and arrested the disturbers, who I believe were given the opportunity of buying tickets for home the next day. Talk about "woman's curiosity," nonsense, for the real genuine article give me man; but to return to my subject.

SHE GETS PRICES.

After hearing the second lecture I was more than ever converted and concluded, as I was to have a week's vacation in the city of Chicago, to utilize the time in having some new garments made. Of course I knew I couldn't be as graceful nor have the magnificent physique that Mrs. Miller has by simply adopting her style of dress, out I could be comfortable. Accordingly I visited a dressmaker in the fashionable part of Chicago. She was robed from the skin out in the new style. She formed a very "fetching" picture and a telling advertisement.

After exchanging greetings I said: "I am desirous of adopting the Jenness Miller reform system, and would like to know your schedule of prices for the underwear, you furnishing all the materials, of course." With the most bewitching smile possible, she replied:

"The chemisetts in silk range from $15 to $25 apiece; in cambric from $6 to $10."

"What in muslin?" I ventured to ask, with what breath remained after hearing the preceding figures. I immediately repented my rashness and "sank into my proper insignificance," as the madam gave me a surprised, injured look, and informed me that muslin was not made up in her establishment. As soon as I recovered my equilibrium I said:

"Well, what are the leglets worth?" fearing she would not think me worthy further conversation unless I questioned her after mentioning such a democratic fabric as muslin. I am inclined to give her the benefit of the doubt, however. I don't think there was any intended malice in her reply, but it was as follows:

"In silk, $25; in cambric, from $12 to $18."

"But," I said, "I want something more reasonable, and something that will not require laundrying often."

"Well, I can make you some of black Henrietta finished farmers satin for $8 a pair."

HER FINAL FITTINGS.

I felt like answering Shakespeare's query, "What's in a name?" with the word money, but I refrained, and said instead, "What is your estimate upon a dress like you are wearing, which was the simplest style of the Jenness Miller patterns—a full skirt, shirred waist, and wide belt made of India silk." After a certain amount of figuring on the materials it would require, she said, "Thirty-five dollars would be the lowest estimate I can possibly make." I began to realize that I was not one of "fortune's favorites," but a woman dependent upon her own resources entirely for funds. The figures were enormous, but as my time was limited, I knew no alternative, so gave my order and signed over a check for nearly two months' salary.

At the end of the week, after various fittings, I went for the final "try on." The chemisettes were lovely, dainty as could be, but as I looked at them I thought it would be much more sensible for me to wrap them up in tissue paper and put them in my trunk than to wear them and send to promiscuous washwomen. The leglets were not so pretty, and when I got into them I felt as if some unseen power was trying to lift me off my feet, but when I remarked the sensation the Madame silenced me with, "Of course they will feel strange to you until you become accustomed to them, but you will soon like them, everyone does. See mine," and she raised her dress displaying as trim and neat a little foot and leg (Jenness says that is the proper name for that extremity) as ever leglets encased.

AND HER EXPERIENCE.

My purchases were sent home Saturday evening and Sunday morning I came out in my full glory. I tried to imagine that I was more comfortable than ever before in my life, but the leglets would make their presence felt. I was conscious of their existence at all times, but determined if possible to become accustomed to them. So I practiced Christian science on them for a few days, but with no effect, they were still unreasonable and just as anxious to lift me off my feet as ever. Finally I became disgusted and made a "savings bank" of those garments—that is, I have some $24 laid away in them which is liable to remain there, for in the words of the poet, "they fit too soon."

However, the idea is all right and the garments ditto, when properly made, but profit by my experience, ladies, you who will desire to adopt the reformed dress, and don't go to modistes who will charge fancy prices, secure a good seamstress who will come to the house, then have her under your supervision, cut and make your garments according to the Jenness Miller patterns and your purse. Try the whole system. If you don't want to abolish the corset entirely wear the Jenness Miller waist, manufactured especially for just such people, and if your verdict does not agree with mine, that you have never been comfortable in your life before, you will be an exception to the rule. In my case it was the old "chestnut," one had the experience and the other the money at the beginning, and it was reversed at the end, but I am so much improved in both health and temper that I do not regret the experience, and as far as wrapping the bones of the festive whale around my body again and resuming the abominable draperies and reeds that made life a burden nothing would induce me to do so. THORNE BRANCH.

CALL for Frauenheim & Vilsack's celebrated Pilsner beer, on draught at all first-class bars.

A BEAUTEOUS QUEEN. *Margherita of Italy, her mode of life, trials, aspirations, love of jewels and green robes, form the subject of an interesting article by Olive Weston in to-morrow's* DISPATCH.

A MONK'S CONFESSION.

Padberry Makes a Confession—Other Court News.

Henry Padberry plead guilty yesterday in criminal court to the charge of larceny of two watches. The defendant stated that he had been a monk in a monastery in Milwaukee, and left there unknown to the people. He became addicted to the use of opium and liquor, and while under their influence took the two watches. Judge White sentenced him to the workhouse for six months.

He Asserts His Rights.

John F. McDavitt, of McKeesport, yesterday filed a bill in equity against the McKeesport Passenger Railway Company, J. C. Smith, President and E. F. Wood Secretary. Davitt alleges that one-sixth of the stock of the company was owned by Martin Horne, of McKeesport. In April, 1889, the stock was increased from $18,000 to $36,000 and he purchased from Louisa Horne, widow of Martin Horne, all of her deceased husband's stock; that when he went to the company the President and Secretary refused to make the transfer or give him any information. Mr. Davitt now asks the court to compel the company to make the transfer and open their books to him.

Grand Jury Work.

The grand jury yesterday returned the following true bills: Frank Washington, malicious mayhem; Elmira Ashton, Christ Backer, John Davis, John Lamb, larceny and receiving stolen goods; Charles Kinney, larceny by bailee; Thomas Graham, attempted larceny from the person; John Golden, Edward George, Mike Lacey, Mike Connors, burglary; John Crawford, entering a building with intent to commit a felony; Pasquali Clone, Andy Smith, felonious assault and battery; Jeff Dittman, aggravated assault and battery; John Anderson, assault and battery; John Yost, assault and battery; James McCarthy; malicious mischief; Barney Scanlon, selling liquor without license.

The ignored bills were: Hugh Coyle, aggravated assault and battery; Gabriel Kelly, larceny and receiving stolen goods; F. A. Parsons, forgery; Sam Sing, larceny by bailee.

What Lawyers Have Done.

ALBERT JOHNSON, a colored man, convicted of burglary, was sentenced to the workhouse for 30 days yesterday.

THOMAS COOK yesterday entered proceedings in ejectment against Jacob Louerbaugh and other tenants in possession of a lot in Vernon borough.

THE register assessors of the county made their returns to the County Commissioners yesterday and were paid off. The amount paid out to them was $2,200.

RICHARD FOLEY, James O'Conner, J. Morrison and Thomas Jenkins, four boys, were placed on trial in Criminal Court yesterday for the larceny of a lot of junk from Thompson's landing, on the Southside.

THE Criminal Court trial list of surety and desertion cases for to-day is as follows: Commonwealth vs Andrew Lefgreen, John Orgill, Henry Miller, C. C. Kerr, John H. Davis, Geo. Hoehn, Lewis Reiff, Peter Rees, Victor Klages, Karl Grusse, John Conboy, James Thompson, Wm. A. Hall.

A CHARTER was filed in the Recorder's office yesterday for the Pennsylvania and Lake Erie Dock Company. The intention of the company is to construct and maintain wharves in the Grand river, Lake county, O., for public and private use. The capital stock is $275,000, divided into 2,750 shares, at $100 per share. The directors are H. W. Oliver, H. C. Frick, H. C. Fownes, John W. Chalfant, Horace Crosby, John Z. Speer and C. O. Fraser.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER and Philip Dall were tried in Criminal Court yesterday on a charge of criminal libel. Jacob Beuscher, a baker, at No. 93 Center avenue, was the prosecutor. The suit grew out of the bakers' strike of 1887, and it was alleged that the defendants circulated printed matter that libeled the proprietor's name and injured his business. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, but placed the costs on the defendants.