GREATEST DOMINION.

The Breadth of Our Continent Employed as an Illustration of

A WORLD UNDER ONE SOVEREIGN.

Dr. Talmage's Sunday Morning Sermon Full of Word Painting.

HE WOULD TAKE IN ALL TERRITORIES

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BROOKLYN, September 22.—It was a great anthem of praise that went up from the crowded throngs at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached as usual. The opening hymn was:

No more let human blood be spilt
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flows from Jesus' side.

The subject of the sermon was, "From Ocean to Ocean, or My Transcontinental Journey." Text: Psalms lxxii, 8: "He shall have dominion from sea to sea." The preacher said:

What two seas are referred to? Some might say that the text meant that Christ was to reign over all the land between the Arabian Sea and Caspian Sea, or between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea, or between the Black Sea and the North Sea. No; in such case my text would have named them. It meant from any large body of water on the earth clear across to any other large body of water. And so I have a right to read it: He shall have dominion from the Atlantic Sea to the Pacific Sea. My theme is, America for God!

First, consider the immensity of this possession. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage brush and with ability only to support prairie dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to His dominion. But its immensity and affluence no one can imagine unless, in immigrant wagon or stage coach or in rail train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it.

OUR VAST CONTINENT.

Having been privileged six times to cross this continent, and twice this summer, I have come to some appreciation of its magnitude. California, which I supposed in boyhood from its size on the map, was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other, California, the thin slice of land as I supposed it to be in boyhood, I have found it to be larger than all the States of New England and all New York State and all Pennsylvania added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California.

North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington Territory, to be launched next winter into Statehood, will be giants at their birth. Let the Congress of the United States strain a point and soon admit also Idaho and Wyoming and New Mexico. What is the use keeping them out in the cold any longer? Let us have the whole continent divided into States with Senatorial and Congressional representatives and we will all be happy together. If some of them have not quite the requisite number of people, fix up the Constitution to suit these cases. Even Utah will by dropping polygamy soon be ready to enter. Monogamy has triumphed in parts of Utah and will probably triumph at this fall election in Salt Lake City.

Turn all the Territories into States and if some of the sisters are smaller than the elder sisters, give them time and they will soon be as large as any of them. Because some of the daughters of a family may be five feet in stature and the others only four feet, do not let the daughters five feet high shut the door in the faces of those who are only four feet high. Among the dying utterances of our good friend, the wise statesman and great author, the brilliant orator and magnificent soul, S. S. Cox, was the expressed determination to move next winter in Congress for the transference of other Territories into States.

THE DESERT TO BE RECLAIMED.

"But," says someone, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated, heaps of dry sand, and the 'bad lands' of Montana and the great American desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within 25 years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmers' plow or miners' crowbar. By irrigation, the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven in what are called the rainy season will be gathered into great reservoirs and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years are now rich as Lancaster county farms of Pennsylvania or Westchester farms of New York or Somerset county farms of New Jersey.

Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great hydrological basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty, and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs, and drink out of them whenever they will and refresh their land whenever they will.

IMMENSE IRRIGATION ALREADY.

The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over 400 lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corraled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them. Under the same processes the Ohio, the Mississippi and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better, and great basins will be made to catch the surplus of waters in times of freshet and keep them for times of drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are to be fertilized is no new experiment. It has been going on successfully hundreds of years, in Spain, in China, in India, in Russia, in Egypt.

About 800,000,000 of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to lie waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie dog, lands enough to support whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. Here and there exceptional lands may be stubborn and refuse to yield any wheat or corn from their hard fists, but if the hoe fail to make an impression, the miner's pickax will discover the reason for it and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. God speed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the Senatorial Commissions and the capitalists and the new settlers and the husbandmen who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent!

THE GIANT TREES OF CENTURIES.

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent, I must remark it is not an immensity of monotone or tameness. The larger some countries are, the worse for the world. This continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. What a pity the United States Government did not take possession of Yosemite, California, as it has of Yellowstone, Wyoming, and of Niagara Falls, New York! Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived, These monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter. They are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds while the old ship bears on its way through the ages. Their size, of which travelers often speak, does not affect me so much as their longevity. Though so old now, the branches of some of them will crackle in the last conflagration of the planet.

That Valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half mile wide and 3,000 feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a space as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man nor beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth these are its white pillars. Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains. Yonder is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched until a bride one Fourth of July mounted it and

PLANTED THE NATIONAL STANDARD

and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with stars and stripes. Yonder are the "Three Brothers," 4,000 feet high; "Cloud's Rest," North and South Dome and heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder storm.

No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sitting and dashing through the rocks, the water comes down. The Bridal Veil Falls, so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,634 feet, 16 times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of the slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heaven. Yonder is Nevada Falls plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited.

AMERICA'S PLAY GROUND.

The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over 5,000 years growing. In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm.

At the expiration of every 65 minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulcher of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower and of gladiola. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg or a Vatican picture gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and the so-called Evangeline geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates. The so-called Pulpit Terrace from its white elevation preaching mightier sermons of God than human lips ever uttered. The so-called Bethesda geyser, by the warmth of which invalids have already been cured, the angel of health continually stirring the waters. Enraged craters, with heat at 500 degrees, only a little below the surface.

Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST.

Here and there are petrified growths, or the dead trees, and vegetation of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalmment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in murderous struggle with his keepers.

But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the grand canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed Himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, sunrise and sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alhambras, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was empearled. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the lesser hills are baptized while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors.

NOT THE WORK OF A DAY.

For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and now this last Testament written on the rocks.

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are 50 feet of emerald on a base of 500 feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eyeglass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of

our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battle field of the war of the elements. Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire nor the chrysolite nor the topaz nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst nor the jasper nor the 12 gates of 12 pearls, wanting.

BETWEEN EARTH AND HEAVEN.

If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this canyon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery in which the crystal is so bright and the red so flaming would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

Standing there in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone park, on the morning of August 9, for the most part we held our peace, but after awhile it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it? Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a judge of quick and dead. And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

Oh, the sweep of the American continent. Sailing up Puget sound, its shores so bold that for 1,500 miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom, I said: "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Fort Townsend and Vancouvers and other cities of that Northwest region I thought to myself: These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all this summer's journeying and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

APPLYING THE LESSON.

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders to let you know the comprehensiveness of the text when it says that Christ is going to have dominion from sea to sea; that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Beside that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only 36 miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Behring straits separate us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge before another century closes, and probably long before that. The 36 miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea, but have three islands, and there are also shoals which will allow piers for bridges, and for most of the way the water is only about 20 fathoms deep.

The Americo-Asiatic bridge, which will yet span those straits, will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So you see America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized. Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great grand-children will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of seasickness! and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled, "There shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all gospelized? I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore from the Santa Maria, and his second brother, Alonzo, when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother, Vincent, when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of this country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

SATAN CAN'T CLAIM IT.

Satan has no more right to this country than I have to your pocketbook. To hear him talk on the roof of the Temple, where he proposed to give Christ the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, you might suppose that Satan was a great capitalist or that he was loaded up with real estate, when the old miscreant never owned an acre or an inch of ground on this planet. For that reason I protest against something I heard and saw this summer and other summers in Montana and Oregon and Wyoming and Idaho and Colorado and California. They have given devilistic names to many places in the West and Northwest.

As soon as you get in the Yellowstone Park or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mush Pot," "The Devil's Tea Kettle," "The Devil's Saw Mill," "The Devil's Machine Shop," "The Devil's Gate" and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyor, or Congressional Committee, or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord and to a Christian nation, and away with such Plutonic nomenclature.

But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the plow of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them, and the world is sick of them.

THE BEST OF BAIT.

But it will be done by the warm hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the gulf stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia river a few days ago we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian Associations of America will also do part of the work. All over the continent I saw this summer their new buildings rising. In Vancouver I asked: "What are you going to put on that sightly place?" The answer was: "A Young Men's Christian Association building." At Lincoln, Neb., I said: "What are they making those excavations for?" Answer: "For our Young Men's Christian Association building." At Des Moines, Ia., I saw a noble structure rising, and I asked for what purpose it was being built, and they told me for the Young Men's Christian Association.

TO CAPTURE ALL YOUNG MEN.

These institutions are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence, or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made our Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about $100,000,000 to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah: "In the wilderness waters have broken out and streams in the desert," and with David: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

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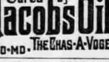

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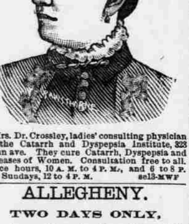

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"Oh! Why didn't I do something before it was too late?" he exclaimed bitterly. "I knew she was weakened by the heat of the Summer, all the pores of the skin were open and she was an easy victim to disease, but I might have saved her if I had only assisted Nature in time, instead of waiting, and then sending for the doctor when it was too late."

Nearly every man or woman who has passed through the Summer months is specially liable to the attack of this same demon, Pneumonia, which comes so quickly, so unexpectedly and often ends so fatally. Immediate assistance to nature of a strong stimulant is the only way by which it can be avoided, and it is for this very purpose that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has achieved such a national reputation and become so popular. The dangerous, often fatal, diseases which attack the system when it is specially weak can be quickly thrown off by this pure stimulating whiskey. The highest testimony of the leading physicians of the land amply prove this, and the thousands who have been saved from untimely graves also attest it. Great care should be exercised to secure only the genuine, as it is the only preparation on the market which has the power to cure and which does so invariably.

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Has induced me to GIVE THEM AWAY a few weeks more. With every pair of Boys' or Girls' Shoes bought at my store I will give that very useful article, either a School Bag or a Pencil Box and Ruler. So don't miss your chance and buy your Shoes

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G. D. SIMEN'S,

78 OHIO ST., ALLEGHENY.

Corner of Sandusky street. se6-MW

Latest improved Spectacles and Eye-Glasses; will fit any nose with ease and comfort. The largest and best stock of Optical Instruments and Artificial Eyes.

KORNBLUM, Theoretical and Practical Optician.

No. 50 Fifth avenue, near Wood street.
Telephone No. 1686. se19-DSu

RAILROADS.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD—Trains leave Union Station (Eastern Standard time): Kittanning Ac., 6:55 a. m.; Niagara Ex., daily, 8:45 a. m., Hulton Ac., 10:10 a. m.; Valley Camp Ac., 12:05 p. m.; Oil City and DuBois Express, 2:00 p. m.; Hulton Ac., 3:00 p. m.; Kittanning Ac., 4:00 p. m.; Braeburn Ex., 5:00 p. m.; Kittanning Ac., 5.30 p. m.; Braeburn Ac., 6:20 p. m.; Hulton Ac., 7:50 p. m.; Buffalo Ex., daily, 8:50 p. m.; Hulton Ac., 9:45 p. m.; Braeburn Ac., 11:30 p. m. Church trains—Braeburn, 12:40 p. m. and 9:35 p. m. Pullman Parlor Buffet and Sleeping Cars between Pittsburg and Buffalo. JAS. P. ANDERSON, G. T. Agt.; DAVID McCARGO, Gen. Supt.

PITTSBURG AND WESTERN RAILWAY

Trains (Ct'l Stan'd time)	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Ex., Akron, Toledo, Kane	6:40 a m	7:37 p m
Butler Accommodation........	9:00 a m	5:00 p m
Chicago Express (daily)......	12:40 p m	11:30 a m
New Castle Accommodation.	4:30 p m	7:00 p m
Butler and Foxburg Ac.........	5:30 p m	5:30 a m

First class fare to Chicago, $10 50. Second class, $9 50. Pullman Buffet sleeping car to Chicago daily.

LADIES' AND MISSES' WRAPS, JACKETS, Etc. A WONDERFUL DISPLAY.

DOUGLAS & MACKIE

Will lay out for your inspection one of the largest stocks of Ladies, Misses and Children's Cloaks, Wraps, etc., ever exhibited in this vicinity. All the newest styles of material, weave and fashion are here, while the prices are such as to be APPROACHABLE BY ANY AND ALL IN QUEST OF FALL OR WINTER GARMENTS.

We'll show you a magnificent collection of Ladies' English Seal Plush Jackets, perfection in fashion and finish, at $15 each. This is undoubtedly the lowest price ever quoted for this garment, here or anywhere else.

Then we'll lay out 100 Ladies' Seal Plush Sacques at $19 50 each; you'd consider them cheap enough at $25.

Then there's another hundred, much finer, which we propose offering to start the season, at $23 50 each. They are the regular $30 goods.

1,000 Ladies' Newmarkets, in pretty stripes and lovely checks, we've marked to sell from $3 to $25, and they're worth from $1 to $5 more.

A most surprising and fascinating exposition of Ladies' Cloth and Stockinette Jackets will range from $1 75 to $20. They're very much cheaper than you'd expect to get such goods for.

AND THO' LAST NOT LEAST.

We've got a most superb array of Alaska Seal Sacques, 38 inches long, at prices varying from $125 up. LADIES, WE'LL SAVE YOU GOOD MONEY ON THESE GARMENTS.

SPECIAL.—Every Department; Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Trimmings, Underwear, etc., etc., replete with all latest styles and novelties, ALL AT OUR WELL-KNOWN LOW PRICES.

151 and 153 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.
se22-MWF

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

GRANDEST VARIETY!	LOWEST PRICES!
BEST QUALITIES!	EASIEST TERMS!
NEWEST STYLES!	BEST TREATMENT!

KEECH'S

Cash and Credit House,

923 and 925 Penn avenue, near Ninth street.
se23-MWF

USE PEARL TOP LAMP CHIMNEYS
THE BEST IN THE WORLD
MADE ONLY BY GEO. A. MACBETH & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

☞Note! Our store will be closed next Thursday.

KAUFMANNS'

Are Winning New Trade Every Day With Their Rightly Made Clothing.

CLOTHING CUT IN STYLE!

CLOTHING FAULTLESS IN MAKE!

CLOTHING PERFECT IN FIT!

CLOTHING LOW IN PRICE!

Nobody does, nobody can make better. Fact is we find it best to even increase the cost of a garment slightly if thereby the quality of fabric, trim and make is so enhanced as to render perfectly acceptable service. Nobody objects to paying from $15 to $25 for a really good Suit or Overcoat.

Ours must be just right, otherwise you are expected to bring them back at any time; which means that we assume all the risks. In a sense, we take your money on trust. If the clothes give you full value in wear we keep the money; if they go wrong we refund it. We can afford to deal in this liberal way only because so few of our clothes ever go wrong.

MEN'S FINE FALL CLOTHING

A more complete, finer and handsomer stock than ours was never seen. The better grades of garments are equal in every particular to the most expensive custom work. In suits we have the celebrated Clay's Diagonals and English Wide Wales—in Fall Overcoats we show the finest imported Cassimeres, Meltons, Diagonals and Wales. And the price we have put on these choice garments is only $20.

At $18 and $15 we show a most extensive line of fine Fall Dress Suits and Overcoats that the most particular dresser can wear with pride and satisfaction.

Our $10 and $12 qualities of Suits and Overcoats are just the proper thing for men of limited incomes, but whose calling requires of them that they be well dressed.

We also show over 300 styles of Men's Suits and Overcoats at $7, $8 and $9—every one made of thoroughly honest and fashionable materials.

SUBSTANTIAL CLOTHING FOR THE BOYS

Our efforts to increase the durability of Boys' and Children's Clothing ought to interest every mother of both cities. So many people go crazy on price! price! price! that most dealers yield to the popular mania and sacrifice EVERY FEATURE OF PERMANENT MERIT to satisfy this clamor—it DOESN'T matter to them how rotten the linings are if YOU can't discover it until they have gotten hold of your money. THEY don't care whether the goods are all-wool or not, fast colors or unreliable, whether the fabric is serviceable or not so long as it looks sightly enough to catch your dollars. YOU CAN WHISTLE FOR YOUR SATISFACTION.

We have now on sale counter after counter of lovely Kilt Suits, nobby short-pant Suits and elegant long-pant Suits—every one of a new pattern, a taking style and a good quality. As for prices, they are marked in plain figures on every garment and we guarantee them to be the lowest in the city for the same qualities.

FREE With Every BOY'S SUIT or OVERCOAT FREE we will give a Vacuum Tipped Arrow Pistol, with a red, white and blue target. These pistols are something entirely new, and, being as accurate as a revolver, but perfectly harmless, they furnish a good deal of amusement for young and old alike. No accidents are possible with these pistols.

KAUFMANNS,

Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street.
se23-D

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—ON AND after September 21, 1889, trains leave Union Station, Pittsburg, as follows, Eastern Standard Time:

MAIN LINE EASTWARD.

New York and Chicago Limited of Pullman Vestibule daily at 7:15 a. m.

Atlantic Express daily for the East, 3:20 a. m.

Mail train, daily, except Sunday, 5:30 a. m. Sunday, mail, 8:40 a. m.

Day express daily at 8:00 a. m.

Mail express daily at 1:00 p. m.

Philadelphia express daily at 4:30 p. m.

Eastern express daily at 7:15 p. m.

Fast Line daily at 8:10 p. m.

Greensburg express 5:10 p. m. week days.

Derry express 11:00 a. m. week days.

All through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of "Brooklyn Annex" for Brooklyn, N. Y., avoiding double ferriage and journey through N. Y. City.

Trains arrive at Union Station as follows:

Mail Train, daily.......................... 8:10 p. m.
Western Express, daily.................. 7:45 a. m.
Pacific Express, daily....................12:45 p. m.
Chicago Limited Express, daily........ 8:30 p. m.
Fast Line, daily............................11:55 p. m.

SOUTHWEST PENN RAILWAY.

For Uniontown, 5:30 and 8:35 a. m. and 4:25 p. m., without change of cars: 12.50 p. m., connecting at Greensburg. Trains arrive from Uniontown at 9:45 a. m., 12:20, 5:35 and 8:10 p. m.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

From FEDERAL ST. STATION, Allegheny City.
Mail train, connecting for Blairsville... 6:45 a. m.
Express, for Blairsville, connecting for Butler .... 3:15 p. m.
Butler Accom.........8:20 a. m., 2:25 and 5:45 p. m.
Springdale Accom 9:00, 11:50 a. m. 3:30 and 6:20 p. m.
Freeport Accom...........4:15, 8:30 and 11:40 p. m.
On Sunday..........................12:50 and 9:30 p. m.
North Apollo Accom.....11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.
Allegheny Junction Accommodation connecting for Butler........................ 8:20 a. m.
Blairsville Accommodation ....10:40 p. m.

Trains arrive at FEDERAL STREET STATION:
Express, connecting from Butler.........10:35 a. m.
Mail Train......................................1:45 p. m.
Butler Accom........9:10 a. m., 4:40 and 7:20 p. m.
Blairsville Accommodation.................9:52 p. m.
Freeport Accom. 7:40 a. m., 1:25, 7:20 and 11:10 p. m.
On Sunday.................10:10 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.
Springdale Accom....6:37, 11:48 a. m., 3:25, 6:30 p. m.
North Apollo Accom......8:40 a. m. and 5:40 p. m.

MONONGAHELA DIVISION.

Trains leave Union station, Pittsburg, as follows: For Monongahela City, West Brownsville and Uniontown, 10:40 a. m. For Monongahela City and West Brownsville, 7:05 and 10:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. On Sunday, 1:01 p. m. For Monongahela City, 5:40 p. m., week days.

Dravosburg Ac., week days, 3:20 p. m.

West Elizabeth Accommodation, 8:20 a. m., 2:00, 6:20 and 11:35 p. m. Sunday, 9:40 p. m.

Ticket offices—Corner Fourth avenue and Try street and Union station.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

PITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY—Schedule in effect June 2, 1889, Central time. DEPART—For Cleveland, 5:00, *8:00 a. m., *1:35, 4:10, *9:30 p. m. For Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, 5:00 a. m., *1:35, *9:30 p. m. For Buffalo, 8:00 a. m., 4:10, *9:30 p. m. For Salamanca, *8:00 a. m., 4:10 p. m. For Youngstown and New Castle, 5:00, *8:00, 10:15 a. m., *1:35, 4:10, *9:30 p. m. For Beaver Falls, 5:00, *8:00, 8:30, 10:15 a. m., *1:35, 3:30, 4:10, 5:15, *9:30 p. m. For Chartiers, 5:00, ‡5:30 a. m., 5:35, 6:20, *6:55, 7:15, *8:05, 8:30, 9:25, 10:15 a. m., 12:05, *12:45, 1:40, 3:30, ‡4:30, 4:50 *5:05, 5:15, *8:06, *10:30 p. m. ARRIVE—From Cleveland, *6:30 a. m., *12:30, 5:35, *7:55, 9:40 p. m. From Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, *12:30, 7:55 p. m. From Buffalo, *6:30 a. m., *12:30, 9:40 p. m. From Salamanca, *12:30, *7:55 p. m. From Youngstown and New Castle, *6:30, 9:20 a. m., *12:30, 5:35, *7:55 9:40 p. m. From Beaver Falls, 5:25, *6:30, 7:20, 9:20 a. m., *12:30, 1:10, 5:35, *7:55, 9:40 p. m. P., C. & Y. trains from Mansfield, 8:30 a. m., 3:30, 4:50 p. m. For Essen and Beechmont, 8:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m. P., C. & Y. trains from Mansfield, Essen and Beechmont, 7:08 a. m., 11:59 a. m. P. McK. & Y. R. R.—DEPART—For New Haven, ‡*5:30 a. m., *3:30 p. m. For West Newton, ‡*5:30, 10:05 a. m., 3:30, 5:15 p. m. ARRIVE—From New Haven, ‡*7:50 a. m., *5:00 p. m. From West Newton, 6:15, ‡*7:50 a. m., 1:25, *5:00 p. m. For McKeesport, Elizabeth and Monongahela City, *5:30, 10:05 a. m., *3:30, 5:15 p. m. From Monongahela City, Elizabeth and McKeesport, *7:50 a. m., 1:25, *5:00 p. m.

*Daily. ‡Sundays only. ‡Will run one hour late on Sunday. ‖Will run two hours late on Sunday. City ticket office, 401 Smithfield street.

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY'S LINES—May 12, 1889. Central Standard Time. TRAINS DEPART As follows from Union Station: For Chicago, d 7:25 a. m., d 12:20, d 1:00, d 7:45, except Saturday. 11:20 p. m.; Toledo, 7:25 a. m., d 12:20, d 1:00 and except Saturday. 11:20 p. m.; Crestline, 5:45 a. m.; Cleveland, 6:10 a. m., 12:45 and d 11:05 p. m. and 7:25 a. m., via P., F. W. & C. Ry.; New Castle and Youngstown, 7:05 a. m., 12:20, 3:45 p. m.; Youngstown and Niles, d 12:20 p. m.; Meadville, Erie and Ashtabula, 7:05 a. m., 12:20 p. m.; Niles and Jamestown, 3:45 p. m.; Massillon, 4:10 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 6:10 a. m., 12:45, 3:30 p. m.; Beaver Falls, 4:00, 5:05 p. m., Rock Point, S 8:20 a. m.; Leetsdale, 5:30 a. m.

ALLEGHENY—Rochester, 6:30 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 8:15, 11:00 a. m.; Enon, 3:00 p. m.; Leetsdale, 10:00, 11:45 a. m., 2:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:30, 7:00, 9:00 p. m.; Conway, 10:30 p. m.; Fair Oaks, S 11:40 a. m.; Leetsdale, S 8:30 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE Union station from Chicago, except Monday 1:50, d 6:00, d 6:35 a. m., d 6:50 p. m.; Toledo, except Monday 1:50, d 6:35 a. m., 6:50 p. m., Crestline, 2:10 p. m.; Youngstown and New Castle, 9:10 a. m., 1:25, 6:50, 10:15 p. m.; Niles and Youngstown, d 6:50 p. m.; Cleveland, d 5:50 a. m., 2:25, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:25, 7:00 p. m.; Erie and Ashtabula, 1:25, 10:15 p. m.; Massillon, 10:00 a. m.; Niles and Jamestown, 9:10 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 7:30 a. m., 1:10 p. m., Rock Point, S 8:25 p. m.; Leetsdale, 10:40 p. m.

ARRIVE ALLEGHENY—From Enon, 8:00 a. m.; Conway, 6:50; Rochester, 9:40 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 7:10 a. m., 5:45 p. m.; Leetsdale, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 a. m., 12:00, 1:45, 4:00, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.; Fair Oaks, S 8:55 a. m.; Leetsdale, S 6:05 p. m.; Rock Point, S 8:15 p. m.

S, Sunday only; d, daily; other trains, except Sunday. 3e5

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD—Schedule in effect May 12, 1889. For Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, *8:00 a. m., and *9:20 p. m. For Cumberland, *8:00 a. m., ‡1:00, *9:20 p. m. For Connellsville, ‡6:40 and *8:00 a. m., ‡1:00, ‡4:00 and *9:20 p. m. For Uniontown, ‡6:40, *8:00 a. m., ‡1:00 and ‡4:00 p. m. For Mount Pleasant, ‡6:40 and ‡8:00 a. m., and ‡1:00 and ‡4:00 p. m. For Washington, Pa., *6:45, ‡9:40 a. m., *3:35, ‡5:30 and *8:30 p. m. For Wheeling, *6:45, ‡9:40 a. m., *3:35, *8:30 p. m. For Cincinnati and St. Louis, *6:45 a. m., *8:30 p. m. For Columbus, *6:45 and 9:40 a. m., *8:30 p. m. For Newark, *6:45, ‡9:40 a. m., *3:35, *8:30 p. m. For Chicago, *6:45, ‡9:40 a. m., *3:35 and *8:30 p. m. Trains arrive from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, *6:20 a. m. and *8:50 p. m. From Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago, *7:45 a. m. and *9:00 p. m. From Wheeling, *7:45, *10:50 a. m., ‡5:00, *9:00 p. m. Through sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washington and Cincinnati.

Wheeling accommodation, 8:30 a. m., Sunday only. Connellsville accommodation at §8:35 a. m.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday. §Sunday only.

The Pittsburg Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences upon orders left at B. & O. Ticket Office, corner Fifth avenue and Wood street. CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt. J. T. ODELL, Gen. Mgr.

PITTSBURG AND CASTLE SHANNON R. R. Summer Time Table. On and after May 1, 1889, until further notice, trains will run as follows on every day, except Sunday. Eastern standard time: Leaving Pittsburg—6:20 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Arlington—5:40 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m. Sunday trains, leaving Pittsburg—10 a. m., 12:50 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Arlington—9:10 a. m., 12 m., 1:50 p. m., 4:20 p. m. 6:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m.

JOHN JAHN, Supt.

PANHANDLE ROUTE—JULY 8, 1889. UNION station, Central Standard Time. Leave for Cincinnati and St. Louis, d 7:30 a. m., d 8:00 and d 11:15 p. m. Dennison, 2:45 p. m. Chicago, 12:05, d 11:15 p. m. Wheeling, 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 6:10 p. m. Steubenville, 5:55 a. m. Washington, 5:55, 8:35 a. m., 1:55, 3:30, 4:45, 4:55 p. m. Bulger, 10:10 a. m. Burgettstown, S 11:35 a. m., 5:25 p. m. Mansfield, 7:15, 9:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 6:30, d 8:35; 10:55 p. m. McDonalds, d 4:15, d 9:45 p. m.

From the West, d 2:10, d 6:00 a. m., 3:05, d 5:55 p. m. Dennison, 9:30 a. m. Steubenville, 5:05 p. m. Wheeling, 7:10, 8:45 a. m., 3:05, 5:55 p. m. Burgettstown, 7:15 a. m., S 9:05 a. m. Washington, 6:55, 7:50, 8:40, 10:25 a. m., 2:35, 6:45 p. m. Mansfield, 5:30, 8:30, 11:40 a. m., 12:45, 3:55, 10:00 and S 6:20 p. m. Bulger, 1:40 p. m. McDonalds, d 6:35 a. m., d 9:00 p. m.

d daily; S Sunday only; other trains, except Sunday.