10

way of varying the monotony, he movedking's knight's pawn a single square. I wondered and held my peace. There might be a gambit based upon these lines,

or there might not; but since I was quite clear that I knew no reply to such an open-ing I thought I would try a little experi-ment, and put out my hand, not with the slightest conception of any particular move in my hand, but simply to see what happened. Instantly a grasp fastened on my wrist; my hand was guided to-king's knight's pawn a single square. This was getting, from every point of

view, to be distinctly interesting. The chessmen appeared to be possessed of a property of which Bobineau had been unwould have insisted on a higher price if he had known of it. Currosities nowadays do fetch such fancy sums-and what price for a news? They appeared to be automatic most? They appeared to be automatic of the such fancy sums-and what price is a to be automatic of the such fancy sums-and what price for a what price is a sums an example a sum of the sum of the retire to bed.' I caught myself wondering if he

own. Having made my move, or having had somebody else's move made for me, which is perhaps the more exact way of putting it, 1 contemplated my antagonist. When he saw what I had done, or what somebody else had done-the things are equal-St. Servan frowned. He belongs to the bony variety, the people who would not loll in a chair to save their lives-his aspect struck me as being even more poker-like than usual. He meditated his reply an unconscionable length of time, the more unconscionable since I strongly doubted if it would be his reply But at last he showed signs of after all. action. He kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the board, his frown became pronounced, and he began to raise his hand. I write 'began,' because it was a process which took some time. Cautionsly he brought it up, inch by inch. But no sooner had he brought it over the board than his behavior became quite singular. He positively glared, and to my eyes seemed to be having a struggle with his own right hand. A struggle which he was worsted, for he leant back in his seat with a curiously discomfited air.

He had moved queen's rock's pawn two squares-the automatic principle which impelled these chessmen seemed to have a partiality for pawns. It was my turn for reflection. I pressed

the tobacco down in my pipe, and thought-or tried to think-it out. Was it an hallucination, and was St. Servan the victim of hallucination, too? Had I moved those pawns spontaneously, actuated by the impulse of my own free will, or hadn't I? And what was the meaning of the little scene I had just observed? I am a tolerably strong man. It would require no slight exercise of force to compel me to move one piece when I had made up mind that I would move another piece instead. I have been told, and I believe not altogether untruly told, that the rigidity of my right wrist resembles iron. I have not spent so much time in the tennis court and fencing room for nothing. I had tried one experiment. I thought I would try another. I made up my mind that I would move queen's pawn two-stop me who stop can. I felt certain that St. Servan in his turn

was watching me. Preposterously easy though the jest appeared to be as I resolved on its performance, I was conscious of an unusual degree of cerebral excitementsort of teeling of do or die, But as, in spite of the feeling, I didn't do, it was perhaps as well I didn't die. Intending to keep con-trol over my own muscles, I raised my right hand, probably to the full as cautiously as St. Servan had done. I approached the queen's pawn. I was just about to seize the piece when that unseen grasp fastened my wrist. I paused, with something of the feeling which induces the wrestler to pause before entering on the veritable tug of war. For one thing, I was desirous to satisfy myself as to the nature of the graspwhat it was that seemed to grasp me. It seemed to be a hand. The fingers went

over the back of my wrist and the thumb beneath. The fingers were long and thinit was altogether a slender hand. But it be a man's hand, and an old man's hand at that. The skin was tough and wrinkled, clammy and cold. On the little finger there was a ring, and on the first, about the region of the first joint, appeared

Somewhat to my surprise, and consider-ably to my amusement, St. Servan rose from his seat and stood by the table, stiff and there. straight as a scaffold pole. 'These, Monsieur, are subjects on which one 'D-

does not jest." 'Do you, then, believe in ghosts?' I knew he was a superstitions man-witness his fidelity to the superstition of right divinebut this was the first inkling I had had of how tar his superstition carried him.

'Believe!-In ghosts! In what, then, do you believe? I, Monsieur, am a religious 'Do you believe, then, that a ghost is

by you delieve, then, that a ghost is present with us now-the ghost, for instance, of M. Funichon?' St. Servan paused. Then he crossed him-self-actually crossed himself before my eyes. When he spoke, there was a peculiar

dashed forward. As I did so a hand was fastened on my throat. Instantly it was

There was an exseparating thing to say! There must be a large number of men in the world who would give-well, a good round sum, to light even on the trail of a ghost. And here were we in the actual presence of something-let us say apparently curious, at any rate, and here was St. Servan calmly talking about retiring to bed, without making the slight-est attempt to examine the thing! It was enough to make the members of the Psychi-

cal Research Society turn in their graves. The mere suggestion fired my blood. 'I do beg, St. Servan, that you at least will finish the game.' I saw he besitated, so I drove the nail well home. 'Is it possible that you, a brave man, having given proofs of courage upon countless fields, can turn tail at what is doubtless an hallucination after all?

'Is it that Monsieur doubts my courage? I knew the tone-if I was not careful I should have an affair upon my hands. 'Come, St. Servan, sit down and finish the game.

the door. That was a night of dreams. I know not Another momentary pause. He sat down, if I was awake or sleeping, but all sorts of and-it would not be correct to write that we finished the game, but we made another effort to go on. My pipe had gone out. I refilled and lighted it. strange things presented themselves to my mental eye. I could not shut them from my sight. One figure was prominent in all

'You know, St. Servan, it is really nonense to talk about ghosts.' 'It is a subject on which I never talk.'

'It something does compel us to make moves which we do not intend, it is some-

thing which is capable of a natural explanathem all through the night. And yet in the morning when I woke-for I did wake up, and that from as sweet re-freshing sleep as one might wish to have-it was all gone. It was bright day. The sun was shining into the great, ill-furnished room. As I got out of bed and began to dress the humorum side of the thing had 'Perhaps Monsieur will explain it, then?' 'I will Before I've finished! It you only won't turn tail and go to bed! I think it very possible, too, that the influence, whatever it is, has gone—it is quite on the cards that our imagination has played us some subtle trick. It is your move, but be-fore you do anything just tell me what move you mean to make.' you mean to make.

'I will move'-he hesitated-'I will move queen's pawn. He put out his hand, and, with what

seemed to me hysterical suddenness, he moved king's rock's pawn two squares. 'So! Our friend is still here, then!

suppose you did not change your mind?" There was a very peculiar look about St. Servan's eyes. 'I did not change my mind.' I noticed, too, that his lips were uncom

monly compressed.

monly compressed. 'It is my move now. I will move queen's pawn. We are not done yet. When I put out my hand you grasp my wrist-and we shall see what we shall see.' 'Shall I come round to you?' 'No, stretch out across the table-now!'

I stretched out my hand; that instant he stretched out his, but spontaneous though the action seemed to be, another, an unseen hand, had fastened on my wrist. He observed it too. 'There appears to be another hand between

yours and mine.' 'I know there is.'

Before I had the words well out my hand had been wrenched aside, my fingers unclosed, and then closed, then unclosed again, and I had moved king's rook's pawn two squares. St. Servan and I sat staring at each other-for my part I fett a little bewildered. "This is very curious! Very curious in-

to be something of the nature of a wart. I deed! But before we say anything about should say that it was anything but a beau-it we will try another little experiment, if

touch increased my rage. I snatched at them, only to find that there was nothing - you!' I cried. 'Funichon, you old

fool, do you think that you can trighten me? You see those chessmen; they are mine, bought and paid for with my money-you dare to try and prevent me doing with them exactly as I please.' Again the touch against my throat. It made my rage the more. 'As I live, I will mash them all to pieces, and grind them to

smash th My passion was ridiculous-childish even. But then the circumstances were exasperat-

ing-unusually so, one might plead. I was standing three or four feet from the table. I

joined by another. They gripped me tightly. They maddened me. With a mad-

man's fury I still pressed forward. I might as well have fought with fate. They elutched me as with bands of steel, and flung me to the ground. When I recovered consciousness I found

Funichon.

a ghost.

Bobineau.

the door the first thing which greeted me was a strong, not to say sufficiently and the incense. The room was filed with smoke. A fire was blazing on the hearth. Be ore it was St. Servan, on his knees, his hands clasped in ront of him, in an attitude of proyer. By him stood a priest, in his robes of office. He held what seemed a pestle and When I recovered consciousness I house St. Servan bending over me. 'What is thematter?' I inquired, when I found that I was lying on the floor. 'I think you must have fainted.' 'Fainted I never did such a thing in my

them away-I wondered if the ghost had in-teriered with him. I laughed to myself as I

went out-tancy St. Servan contending with

WHITE.

BLACK

They were exactly the moves of the night

before. They were such peculiar moves, and made under such peculiar circum-stances, that I was scarcely likly to mistake

"Monsieur perceives that to part

them would spoil the set, which is unique. Monsieur shall have the

whole 50'-I shuddered. I imagine Bobi-neau saw I did, he spoke so very quickly-

What a fiend of a ghost his ghost must bel

deavored to joist his puerile travesty of the

game and study of chess upon two innocent

Still the thing was curious. I flattere

myself that St. Servan would be startled when he saw the contents of the book I was

held.

Queen's Knight's Pawn, one square.

King's Knight's Pawn, one square. Queen's Rook's Pawn, two squares. King's Rook's Pawn, two squares.

Queen's Knight's Pawn, one square. King's Knight's Pawn, one square. Queen's Rook's Pawn, two squares. King's Rook's Dawn, two squares.

mortar, whose coutents he was throwing by handfuls on to the flames, muttering some doggerel to himself the while. Behind him were two acolvtes.

THE

With nice clean faces, and nice white stoles. life. It must have been a curious kind o faint, I think.' 'It was a curious kind of faint.' who were swinging censers-heuce the odor who were swinging centers-neace the odor which filled the room. I was surprised when I beheld all this. They appeared to be holding some sort of religious service-and I had not bargained for that sort of With his assistance 1 staggered to my feet. I felt bewildered. I glanced round. There were the chessmen still upon the board, the hanging lamp above. I tried to

thing when I had arranged with St. Servan to share the rooms with him. In my sur-prise I unconsciously interrupted the prospeak. I seemed to have lost the use of my tongue. In silence he nelped me to the door; half led, half carried me-for I seemed ceedings. 'St. Servan! Whatever is the meaning of this?' to have lost the use of my feet as well as that of my tongue-to my bedroom. He

even assisted me to undress, never leaving St. Servan looked up, and the priest me till I was between the sheets. All the time not a word was spoken. When he went

looked round-that was all the attention they paid to me. The alcolytes eyed me with what I conceived to be a grin upon I believe he took the key outside and locked their laces. But I was not to be put down like that.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

'I must ask you, St. Servan, for an explanation. The priest turned the mortar upside down

and emptied the remainder of the contents into the fire.

I saw-the figure of a man. I knew, or thought I knew, that it was M. 'It is finished,' he said.

Funichon. He was a lean old man, and what I noticed chiefly were his St. Servan rose from his knees and crossed himsel hands. Such ugly hands! In some fan-tastical way I seemed to be contending with

"We have exorcised the demon,' he said. "You have what?' I asked. We have driven out the evil spirit which

ossessed the chessmen. I gasped. A dread ul thought struck me.

'You don't mean to say that you have dare to play tricks with my property?" 'Monsieur,' said the priest, 'I have ground it into dust.'

dress, the humorous side of the thing had returned to me again. The idea of there

He had. That fool of a St. Servan had actually letched his parish priest, and his acolytes, and their censers, and between eing anything supernatural about a set of ivory chessmen appeared to me to be exthem they had performed a comminatory service made and provided for the driving tremely tunny. I found St. Servan had gone out. It was actually 10:301 His table d'hote at the Hotel de Bretagne was at 11, and before he out of demons. They had ground my ivory chessmen in the pestle and mortar, and then burned them in the fire. And this in the breakfasted he always took a petit verre at days of the Psychical Research Society! the club. It he had locked the door over-night he had not forgotten to unlock it be-And they had cost me a hundred france And that idiot of a ghost had never stretched fore he started. I went into the rambling, barn-like room which served us for a salon. The chessmen had dis-appeared. Probably St. Servan had put out a hand or said a word!

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Liberals gain a seat in Carnaryon.

-Emperor William visited Count Herbert Bismarck yesterday.

-France suggests arbitrating the Newfound-land fisheries dispute. The proprietor of the Hotel de Bretagne is Legitimist, so all the aristocrats go there -of course, St. Servan with the rest. Pre-sumably the landlord's politics is the point,

-Captain F. G. Fechet, of the Eighth Caval-ry, has been acquitted of drunkenness. -Mail Collector William Berringer was ar-rested at Toledo for robbing the mails. to his cooking they are apparently indiffer

ent-I never knew a worse table in my life -The penalty for polygamy in Canada has been increased to five years' imprisonment. The landlord of the Hotel de l'Europe may be a Communist for all I care-his cooking

is first-rate, so I go there. I went there that morning. After I had breakfasted I strolled off toward the Grand Rue, to M. -Bellatre window glass men are looking for a substitute for natural gas, which is almost

-Mrs. Mary Emery has been arrested at Belleville, Out., for the murder of her husband last September. When he saw me M. Bobineau was all smirks and smiles-he must have got those chessmen for less than 25 francs! I asked

-A number of Russian university students have been expelled for participation in the re-cent disturbances. him if he had any more of the belongings of M. Funichon. 'But certainly! Three other sets of chess-

-Ontario grain dealers are shipping large quantities of barley into the United States to evade the proposed increase of duty. -The Pennsylvania Civil Service Association find much to condemn and little to praise in

at all improbably they might think the case sufficiently remarkable to send down a mem-ber of their body to inquire into the thing upon the spot. I almost began to hug my-self on the possession of a ghost, a ghost, too, which might be induced to perform at will -almost on the principle of 'drop a coin into the slot and the figures move!' It was cheap at 100 france. What a stir those chess-men still might make! What vered prob-LAVA BUILT Impressive Evidences of Etna's Destructive Power Afforded by

cheap at low trance, what a stir those chess-men still might make! What vexed prob-lems they might solve! Unless I was much mistaken, the expenditure of those 100 francs had placed me on the royal road to THE CITIES OF MODERN SICILY.

Half-Rained Structures That Are Famous immortality. Filled with such thoughts I reached our rooms. I ound that St. Servan had rein Classic Literature.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

ning with almost a straight wall of shore, cuts a thin segment out of this circle. But within this extraordinarily distinct circle of

within this extraordinarily distinct circle of 170 miles, there is not a square inch of the earth's surface over which the lava has not at some time noured; which one cannot now distinguish to be unadauterated lava soil; and which is not subject to-day, or any other time nour subject to-day.

other time, to a new conting o molten lave

SICILIAN PEASANTS.

SIGLIAN PEASANTS. The entire majestic contour of the moun-tain, broken here and there by lesser vol-cances, is visible from any point at this tre-mendous base-edge; but more strange than all else is the density of population within the lower and cultivably luxuriant rim. Threading the base show the context

Threading the base, along the seashore, around to the north by the shores of the Al-

cantars, around to the south along the inner or northern shore of the Simeteo, and crowd-

ing up to the very edge of its lesser vol-cances, are between 60 and 70 cities and

villages, housing-and every human being in life-long danger of destruction-upward of 300,000 souls.

It is a singular fact that within all the

Etna mountain area there is but one road leading to the cone. That is from Catanis.

Therefore Catanians block the way to the

peak with every device known to the imagi-nation of man for yielding tribute. Swarthy

boatmen at the quays, muleteers in the

ordinarily made for less than \$100. Per-mission to make this move, then that one,

then another, comes through apparent diplomacy; but always after an outlay of

ASCENDING THE VOLCANO.

We set out on foot, encumbered by no im-

rooms. 1 ound that St. Servan had re-turned. With him, if I may say so, he had brought his triends. Such friends! Ye Goths! When I opened the door the first thing which greeted me A JOURNEY TO THE CRATER'S MOUTH

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] CATANIA, SICILY, March 24 .- One has to resist the strongest possible temptation to classic musings at Catania. In the pagar and Christian history of the eastern shore of the island of Sicily, or that portion extending from Messign at its northeastern 'ex-

tremity past Catania, about midway between, to Syracuse, in a nearly direct northand-south line, one can simost read the history of the world. Exactly half way between Messina and Syracuse, its summit about the same distance from that part of the Ionian Sea known as the Strait of Messina, as it lies a trifle west of north of Catania, stands that origin of countless mythologic furies and incalculable actual destruc-

boatmen at the quays, muleteers in the plazas, porters at your inn, consuls' attaches everywhere, all manner of officials, and even members of the nobility, dig pitfalis for the stranger, that he may be robbed, gracefully and under the law, be ore seeing Etna. The guides are represented to the world as the chief robbers here. They are simply trifling incidents in comparison to all the catastrophes of extortion. "Etna de-stroys us," said an official in smiling ex-planation; "we utilize its grandeur to re-build our fortunes!" A pleasant arrange-ment this for the Catanians; but let me tell those who are to come here the truth. You cannot make the ascent of Etna si it is ordinarily made for less than \$100. Pertion, the most majestic and fearful volcano of all Europe, Mt. Etna. From any of the tiny lava peaks in the suburbs of Catania, within one's range of vision the fancy can summon to their olden places the myth-wraiths of Jove's most power ul helpers, rowning from Etna's smoky crest; the wraith of Empedocles wandering on Etna's side, clothed in purple and bearing a Delphie crown, five centuries before Christ; of Dionysius, the elder, 200 years later, after destroying Naxos scaling the walls of little Mola above, like a ferocious beast to butcher its defenders; of the silver-tongued Alcibiades, down there in the amphitheater, built between 400 and 500 years before Christ, which you can to-day see BENEATH AGES OF LAVA.

enthralling the Catanians with his loving speech, while the Athenians were treacherously entering the city along the shore; of the demigod warriors and philosophers flashing like meteors within the scenes of the Roman Amphitheater, scarcely less majestic than the Coliseum, whose tragcousin at Catania, who also kept an al-berghetto or small lodging house in the ments still exist beneath the street of Slesichoros; of that old lawmaker we ought to have at Washington, Charondas, who de-Gambayita quarter. creed that legislators should only make, or unmake laws while standing with a halter around their necks before the people, ready for hanging, should their propositions fail as a piece of lava, tender as a Sicilian fig. and his name was Balbino. He had been a guide's attendant; then a guide; had saved to prevail; of St. Paul fervidly preaching a simple taith in a simpler way than Christianity now enforces its unyielding and aggressive creeds, down there among the lowly upon the Ionian shore; away to the south, the wraiths of countless hosts so many Napoleons as would purchase his tiny alberghetto; and, having arrived at ease and competence, could now and then indulge a kindly impulse, or enjoy an unselfish act. We were good friends at once. Constant talk about Etna and his adored Sicily brought

the south, the wraiths of countiess hosts of invaders who perished upon the Catanian plains, once the granary of the world, where Ceres, with her own divine hands, sowed the first wheat and taught men to till the soil; and beyond, skirting the Ionian blue, those myriad wraiths of myths and humans that knew the birth acms descendencing and destruction the old mountaineer spirit back to Balbino; and shortly, not as a service but a delight, he became my guide for the ascent of pedimenta whatever. Flung over Balbino's shoulder was an ancient hide double pouch, birth, acme, decay, despair and destruction of that most magnificent of all Hellenie cities, glorious, sad, transcendent, pitiable, Syracuse, For truly all this and a thousandsimilar to our old-time saddle-bags. These were filled with oranges, with which, as we sat and rested by the way, we refreshed our-selves. Balbino was like a chattering schoolboy, and his tales of eruptions, lava fold more are seen with the eyes of sense and thought, while the lightning flashes of fancy course the realms of mythology and history. There, at Etna, Enceladus, bound beneath floods and loss of life and property, were ap-Jupiter's earthly throne, turning upon his fiery bed every century or so, shakes the world with his earthquakes. Here, at Cata-nia, 20 centuries of storied treasure and art

palling. The land marks of his simple old memory flamed along reaches of liquid fire. The present, the languor and ecstacy of the budding year, the sea of flowers zoning old Etna's base, the maze of vineyards and olive groves on every hand, the cascades lie buried beneath seas of liquid fire. Beyond, at Syracuse, the noblest magnifileaping from the mountain sides and houndcence of Greek achievement is crumbling beneath centuries of filth. The sea, the moing melodiously to the sea, as Acis once leaped, changed into a stream, from the rasses with their deadly miasma, and the ever threatening furies of Etna, alone resame spot to sport in the Ionian waters with his mermaid-love, Galatea, and the match-less threnodies of Sicilian birds from every main. Resulendent civilizations are an-ninilated. Etna roared, the seas engulfed, covert, copse and grove, he neither saw nor the morasses swept hosts away. That was heard,

volcano.

diplomacy; but always after an outlay of money. Then there are the animals, their attendants; the cooks, their attendants; needed and needless provisions; necessary and unnecessary clothing; requisite and dangerous liquids; and altogether such an outlandish paraphernalia of compulsory out-fit that one truly stands appalled by a applicative of activity for the stands. sublimity of extortion before the city's gates are passed. Fortunately I was an observer o', rather than a victim to, this manner of plucking. I had lived at a little Cicilian lodging house in Algiers. Its landlord, halt Moor and halt Italian, had a Sicilian

He was thin as a stick of maccaroni, brown

verify it at any time." Mr. Weinkauf can be seen at the above ad-dress, and this statement easily verified.

HOME TREATMENT.

HOME TREATMENT. Jacob Altmeyer, of Risher, opposite McKees-port, Pa., states: "I commenced treatment for my catarrhal trouble with Drs. Copeland & Blair on June 29, 1839. I now feel like a differ-ent man, and shall be pleased to state my case and recommend their treatment to anyone ad-dressed." Mr. William Barnes, of Hickman. Pa., was afflicted with catarrh, and had lost all sense of taste and smell. He was under the care of Drs. Copeland & Blair, and now states: "I am perfectly well, and owe my recovery to their treatment."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTA

All Former Records Broken. STAPE WORMS IN 16 MONTHS. Dennis O'Donall, of No. 1 Wharton's

row, Southside, Pitts burg, suffered for six years with tane worm, being nearly killed in that time by other doctors treatment for it. He came to me on March 25, and three hours after commencing my treatment was relieved of a mon ster black mouth

tape worm measur-

ng 143 feet stretched. Also Max Koebler, of Frankstown avenue, a short distance from the Pennsylvania Railrond depot at East No. 44 Wylie avenue, Pittsburg, was relieved of a large tape worm on March 29. He will testify Liberty, and widely known throughout all the East End district. to the mildness of the treatment. Also two is iles were successfully treated on Thursday, April 3, one from Allegheny, the other from the Southside, and on April 7, three persons were treated successfully: a lady from Leechburg, Pa., Charles Popland, of Latrobe, Pa., and a gentleman of Pittsburg, making 80 in 16 months, and at this writing I am preparing two more for treatment. Thousands are afflicted who do not know it. Send stamp for circular and symptoms. Remember Dr. Burgoon does not only treat for worms, but treats all curable dis-eases. Call at drug stores for his SYSTEM RENOVATOR and use it for all kidney, liver, stomach and all blood troubles. Also call for his Catarrh Remedy, the only sure care for

> remedies, have him send for them or send for them yourself to Dr. BURGOON, ENOW ME BY MY WORKS. apl0-62-Thssu 47 Ohio st., Allegheny, Pa.

> catarrh. If your druggist does not have the

THE . DISPATCH BUSINESS OFFICE

Has been removed to corner Smithfield and Diamond sts.

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ESTABLISHED 1870 **BLACK GIN** -FOR THE-

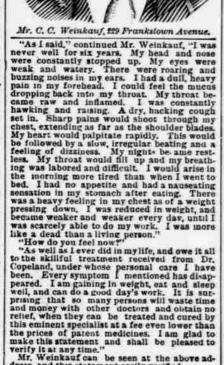
KIDNEYS Is a relief and sure cure for the Urinary Organs, Gravel and Chronic Catarrh of the Hladder. The Swiss Stomach Bitters

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WHITTIER

S14 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA. As old residents know and back files of Pitts-burg papers prove, is the oldfest established and most prominent physician in the city, de-voting special attention to all chronic diseases. From respon-NO FEE UNTIL CURED sible persons NO FEE UNTIL CURED

The Swiss Stomach Bitters are a sure cure for Dyspensia, Liver Complaint and every TRADE MARESpecies of Indigestion. Wild Cherry Jonic, the most popular prepar-stion for cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Lung Troubles. Either of the above, SI per bottle, or \$6 for \$5. If your druggist does not handle these goods write to WM. F. ZOELLLER, Sole Min. .oc8-71-TTS Pittabure, Pa MEDICAL DOCTOR



PRICELESS BOON

The Skillful Work Performed by Drs.

Copeland and Blair

IN THE CASE OF MR. WEIKAUF.

"I cannot tell you the exact cause of my

ouble, but it dates back over six years, and

during that time, I have scarcely known a

weil day. I tried various physicians, and

countless remedies, spending a great deal of

noney, but could obtain no relief, until I

placed myself under the care of Drs. Cope-land and Blair."

The speaker was Mr. C. C. Weinkauf, the

proprietor of a large provision market at 229

tifel hand, it was altogether too attennated. and clawlike, and I would have betted that it was yellow with age. At first the pressure was slight, almost as

slight as the touch of a baby's hand, with a gentle inclination to one side. But as I kept my own hand firm, stiff, resolved upon my own particular move, with, as it were, a sudden snap, the pressure tightened and not a little to my discomfiture, I felt my wrist held as in an iron vise. Then, as it must have seemed to St. Servan, who, I was aware, was still keenly watching me, I began to struggle with my own hand. The spectacle might have been fun to him, but the reality was, at that moment, anything but fun to me. I was dragged to one side. Another hand was fastened upon mine. My fingers were forced open-I had tightly clenched my fist to enable me better to resist-my wrist was forced down, my fingers were closed upon a piece, I was compelled to move it forward, my fingers were untastened to replace the piece upon the board. The move completed the unseen grasp instantly relaxed, and I was tree, or appeared to be free, again to

call my hand my own. I had moved queen's rock's pawn two squares. This may seem comical enough to read about, but it was anything but comical to feel. When the thing was done I stared at St. Servan, and St. Servan stared at me. We stared at each other, I suppose, a good long minute, then I broke the pause.

'Anything the matter?' I inquired. He put up his hand and curled his mustache, and, if I may say so, he curled his lip as well. 'Do you notice anything odd aboutabout the game?' As I spoke about the game I motioned my hand toward my brand new set of chessmen. He looked at me with hard, suspicious eyes. 'Is it a trick of yours?' he asked.

'Is what a trick of mine?'

'If you don't know, then how should I?' I drew a whiff or two from my pipe, look-ing at him keenly all the time, then signed toward the board with my hand.

'It's your move,' I said He merely inclined his head. There was a momentary pause. When he stretched out his hand he suddenly snatched it back sgain, and half started from his seat with a

stifled execration. 'Did you teel anything upon your wrist?' I asked. 'Mon Dieul It is not what I feel-see

that !'

He was eyeing his wrist as he spoke. He held it out under the glare of the lamp. I bent across and looked at it. For so old a man he had a phenomenally white and deli-cate skin-under the glare of the lamp the impressions of finger-marks were plainly vis-ible upon his wrist. I whistled as I saw

'Is it a trick of yours?' he asked again. 'It is certainly no trick of mine.' 'Is there anyone in the room besides us

two? I shrugged my shoulders and looked round. He too looked round, with something I thought not quite easy in his

glance. 'Certainly no one of my acquaintance, and certainly no one who is visible to me!"

With his fair white hand-the left, not the one which had the finger marks upon the wrist-SL Servan smoothed his huge mustache.

Someone, or something, has compelled me -yes, from the first-to move, not as I would, but-bah! I know not how."

'Exactly the same thing has occurred

I laughed. St. Servan glared. Evidently the humor of the thing did not occur to him, he being the sort o a man who would require a surgical operation to make him see a joke. But the humorous side of the situation struck me forcibly. 'Perhaus we are avored by the presen

of a ghost-perhaps even by the ghost of M. Funichon. Perhaps, after all, be has not yet played his last game with his favorite set. He may have returned-shall we say from-where?-to try just one more set-to with us! It, my dear sir'-I waved my pip affably, as though addressing an unseen per-sonage—'it is really you, I beg you will re-yeal yourself-materialize is, I believe, the expression now in vogue-and show us the sort of ghost you are!

men.' I didn't want to look at those, apparently you don't mind. I will come over to you. I went over to him. 'Let me grasp your wrist with both my hands.' I grasped it, as firmly as I could, as it lay upon his knee. 'But no! very magnif

'Now try to move queen's pawn.' He began to raise his hand, I holding on to his wrist with all my strength. Hardly had he raised it to the level of the table when two unseen hands, grasping mine, tore them away as though my strength were of no account. I saw him give a sort of shudder-he had moved queen's bishop's pawn

two squares. 'This is a devil of a ghost!' I said. St. Servan said nothing. But he crossed himself, not once, but half a dozen times. 'There is still one little experiment that I wish to make."

St. Servan shook his head. 'Not I!' he said.

"Ah, but, my friend, this is an experiment which I can make without your aid. I sim-ply want to know if there is nothing tangible about our unseen visitor except his hands. It is my move.' I returned to my side of the table. I again addressed myselt. as it were, to an unseen auditor. 'My good ghost, my good M. Funichon-il it is youyou are at liberty to do as you desire with

my hand. I held it out. It instantly was grasped. With my left hand I made several passes in the air up and down, behind and before, in every direction so far as I could. It met

with no resistance. There seemed to be nothing tangible but those fingers which grasped my wrist-and I had moved queen's bishop's pawn two squares. St. Servan rose from his seat. 'It is enough. Indeed it is too much. just as they were given there:

This ribaldry must cease. It had been bet ter had Monsieur permitted me to retire to 'Then you are sure it is a ghost-the

ghost of M. Funichon, we'll say."

'This time Monsieur must permit me to wish him a good night's rest.' He bestowed on me, as his manner was. stiff inclination of the head, which would have led a stranger to suppose that we had met each other for the first time ten minutes ago, instead of being the acquaintances of 12 good years. He moved across the room. 'St. Servan, one moment before you gol

them. So far as we had gone, St. Servan and I, assisted by the unseen hand, had re-You are surely not going to leave a man produced M. Funichon's initial game in the first volume of his 50-and a very peculiar game it seemed to be. I asked Bobineau alone at the post of peril!" "It were better that Monsieur should come too. what he would take for the volume which I 'Half a second, and I will. I have only

one remark to make, and that is to the ghost.

I rose from my seat. St. Servan made half-movement toward the door, then chauged his mind and remained quite still. 'It there is any other person with us in the room, may I ask that person to let us hear his voice, or hers? Just to speak one word.

Not a sound

'It is possible-I am not acquainted with the laws which govern—th-ghosts-that the faculty of speech is denied to them. If that be so, might I ask for the favor of a sign-for instance, move a piece while my friend and I are standing where we are.'

Not a sign; not a chessman moved. 'Then M. Funichou, if it indeed be you,

and you are incapable of speech, or even o and you are incapable of spece, of other of moving a piece of your own accord, and are only able to spoil our game, I beg to in-form you that you are an exceedingly ill-mannered and foolish person, and had ar better have stayed away."

As I said this I was conscious of a cur-rent of cold air before my face, as though a swiitly moving hand had shaved my cheek.

"By Jove, St. Servan, something has happened at last. I believe our triend the ghost has tried to box my ears!" St. Servan's reply came quietly stern. 'I think it were better that Monsieur it were a thing to be proud oi! Certainly none but a criminal lunatic would have encame with me.'

For some reason St. Servan's almost con-

For some reason SL Servan's almost con-temptuous coldness fired my blood. I be-came suddenly enraged. 'I shall do nothing of the kind! Do you think I am going to be fooled by a trumpery conjuring trick which would disgrace a shalling seance? Driven to bed at this time the truth of the second s ot day by a ghost! And such a ghost! If it were something like a ghost one wouldn't mind; but a tool of a ghost like this!" Even as the words passed my lips I felt the touch of fingers against my throat. The

one set was quite enough for me. Was that the policy of the present auministration. -Willie Talbot, 16 years old, of Pineville, La., opened fire on six men and women who had porrowed his skiff. He wounded four of the 'But no! There was an ancient bureau, very magnificent, carved---' I thanked him-nor did I want to look at

that. In the Grande Rue at Morlaix old -Socialist members of the Reichstag will meet at Dresden to morrow to discuss the cele-bration which the workingman propose to hold on May 1. bureaus carved about the beginning of the fi teenth century-if you listen to the vendors-are as plentiful as cobble-stones. 'But I have all sorts of things of M. Funichon. It was I who bought them nearly all. Books, papers and _____' M. Bobineau waved his hands toward a

-Thomas Kerins, ex-Councilman of Brazil, Ind., is charged with embezzling the funds of a lodge of Catholic Knights, of which he was Treasurer. -Owing to the recent embezzlement of 1,000,-000 francs by the Treasurer of the Canton of Tictno, the Liberals propose to impeach the Cantonal Government multitude of books and papers which crowded the shelves at the side of his shop. Cantonal Government I took a volume down. When I opened it I found it was in manuscript.

-The President has approved the act making an appropriation to supply the deficiency occa-sioned by the defaction in the office of the late Sergeant at Arms. 'That work is unique?' explained Robineau. 'It was the intention of M. Funichon to give it to the world, but he died before his purpose was complete. It is the record of all the games of chess he ever played—in 50 volumes Moreiene will

-H. S. Hopper, of Philadelphia, has been elected President of Bucknell University, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father-in-law, William Bucknell. 50 volumes. Monsieur will perceive it is unique.' I should think it was unique! In 50

-At Philadelphia Peter Culkin and wife have entered suit arguinst the Philadelphia Traction Company for \$25,000 damages. Their 3-year-old child was fatally injured by a car March 12. volumes! The one I held was a large quarto, bound in leather, containing some 600 or 700 pages, and was filied from cover to cover with matter in a fine, clear hand -Joseph L. Taylor applied to Superintenden

Osborne for permission to show some friends through the Evansville (Ind.) cotton mills. Upon being refused, Taylor shot Osborne fatally. writing, written on both sides of the page. I pictured the face of the publisher to whom it was suggested that he should give to the world such a work as that. -Samuel Millmore, an ex-member of Select I opened the volume at the first page. It

Council, has been arrested at Braiford, Pa, on the charge of emberziement as Treasurer of Division No. 1, Railroader's Brotterhood It is charged that he is short over \$1,000. was, as Bobineau said, spparently the rec-ord, with comments, of an interminable ord, with comments, of an interminable series of games of chess. I glanced at the initial game. Here are the opening moves,

-Mrs. Griffith and daughter, arrested at Oswego, Kan., on suspicion of being the Ben-ders, have been released upon proving they were serving sentencess for manslaughter at the time the Bender murders were committed.

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'tor a 5-franc piece, which is less than the value of the paper and the binding.' I knew then that he had probably been paid for carting the rubbish away. How-ever, I paid him his 5-rane piece, and EVERYBODY recommends Pearson's cab inet photos, as the best made in the two cities. Try for yourself and see if this is not the truth. 96 Fifth ave. and 43 Federal marched off with the volume under my arm st., Allegheny. WS giving him to understand, to his eviden

BLACK GOODS-A very complete assort lisappointment, that at my leisure I would give him instructions as to the other 49. As I went along I thought the matter ment of all the newest plain and novelty lightweight fabrics for spring and summer

over. M. Funichon seemed to have been a singular kind of man-he appeared to have HUGUS & HACKE TTSSU carried his singularity eyen beyond the grave. Could it have been the cold-blooded intention of his chost to make up plan the The Allegheny Ball Club intention of his ghost to make us play the whole contents of the 50 volumes through?

Had Aufrecht photograph them at Recreation Park yesterday. The negative is splen-did.

Children's Carringes.

I opened the volume and studied the initial game. The people were right who had said that the man was mad. None but Why pay exorbitant prices when you can an imbecile would have played such a game -bis right hand against his left -and none be suited reasonably at Harrison's Toy Store, 123 Federal st., Allegheny? but a raving madman would have recorded his imbecility in black and white, as though

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carrying home. I resolved that I would in-stantly get out the chesamen and begin an-other game-perhaps the ghost of M. Funichon would favor us with a further ex-REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.

401 Smithfield Street, cor. Fourth Aver position of his ideas of things. I even made up my mind that I would communicate with the Psychical Research Society. Not Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$50,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and nterest allowed at 4 per cent. TTS

2,500 years ago. We say of that time, Super stition was the mother of Mythology. Let Etna roar, a tidal wave engult, or a stinking swamp breed a pestilence to girdle the earth, a more sodden superstition and fatalism are here to accept the old, and create new, bugaboos to-day. What availed St. Paul's aus-terity, St. Peter's benignancy, or even that

Christ was born, to such as these? EVIDENCES OF ETNA'S WRATH.

But how can you long continue with the gods, when vile beggars chase you from one classic point to another, and alert and venturesome fleas, brave as another Italian whose discoveries we are about to celebrate, swarm over new world's of conquest upor your toothsome American anatomy? It is impossible. And so you see Catania with eyes of to-day. The streets are paved with lava, fountains are carved from lava, floors are tiled with lava, interiors are built from lava, the very dishes one eats from are turned

out of lava, and the bread one gets is hard, tory faces. shiny and tasteless as lava itself. You can never get away from a constant consciousness of the source of destructiveness and revivification howling Etna is to Catania, to its near cities, the dense population herding all about its base, and even to smiling and

exultant nature itself. Over 80 eruptions of Etna are of historic record. It spews out rivers of liquid fire every generation or so. These obliterate cities, villages, the very face of nature. The people run away and let the lava cool. Then they come back and dig out their homes, or composedly cut blocks from the handy substance and build anew. Perhaps 90,000 souls exist in Catania, The

palaces which border her principal streets are very new, splendid and great; perhaps the Biscaria Palace, which houses vast stores of Greek sarcophagi, terra cottas, vases and sculptures, excavated from the lava, being the most imposing. Then there is the Ma-rina, where the lowly gather and listen to the music of Government bands, a filthy place much loved by the lazzaroni. But the Bellini Garden, out on the heights to-ward Etna, is surpassingly beautiful; and in this you will see military officials re-splendent in uniforms and decorations, lords

d princes covered with INSIGNIA OF RANK.

all the really interesting aristocracy of Catania, and truly the most winsome, soul-tul-eyed, empty-headed women of Sicily. Of the Greco-Roman remains the theater can be visited by the use of guides and torches. The ancient Odeum is near; and in Archebusiri street will be ound what is lett of the Roman Amphitheater. Under the Piazza del Duomo, adjacent to the great Cathedral are the Roman baths; but the best preserved specimens of these are seen underneath the Carmelite Church, where there still remain, in marble, the warm bath, the hot water bath, the vapor bath, and the fireroom and the disrobing room. There are many medieval halt-ruined structures of in-

terest in Catania; while the unfinished Monastery of San Nicola is, excepting that of Mafra in Portugal, the largest and most imposing in all Europe. But the traveler is not so much attracted

to Catania by its reminders of a mighty past as he is to put eves and feet upon the mon ster which all through that known time stood moaning or thundering above it. Its ascent is begun within the very streets of the city. Strada Etna, Catania's longest street, beginning at the very edge of the port-side leads almost due north toward the volcano's peak, within a few feet of 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and fully 28 miles away. The area of country domi-nated by the mountain, and at all times subject to overflow of lava is astounding. Its circumference is fully 170 miles, and it 150 Cups describes an irregular circle, of greatest di-ameter from north to south. Catania stands for \$1.00. U. S. DEPOT, 35 Mercer St., N. Y.

at the extreme of a southern deflection in its southern segment. The Alcantara river, rising in its northwestern toot-hills, flows to the northeast, thence circles its northern edge, and finally sweeps around to the southeast into the sea. The Simeteo river, having its source at the northerst, near that of the Alcantara, circles the buse, first to the south-west, then southward, and then flows around

and into the sea to the southeast, below Catania. From Catania to the mouth of the Alcantara, the Ionian sea on the east, run-

Etna is said to have three elimatic zones. the torrid, the temperate and the frigid. The tropic land lies at its extreme base. The Sicilians call this the Piedimontana. It reaches almost to Nicolosi, where after vagarous loitering we arrived toward evening. For about eight miles further stretches

Il Bosco, the wooded region, forming the temperate zone. From the upper edge of this to the crest of the cone lies tude in the trigid zone. This they term Discoperta, the uncovered; Netta, the bar rens; and Diserta, the desert.

In the little white mountain village of Nicolosi, Balbino took me to the house of his triends. Some of the family were goatherders around the bases of the lesser craters on Etna's side; one was the village musician, a ne'er-do-well who piped at mountain wed dings and festivities; and three were stal-wart guides who contemplated Balbino's strange freak of permitting any straniero to escape plucking with mournful and depreca-

A DANGEROUS JOURNEY. In the morning necessary provisions for the ascent were secured. These were interesting to me, for they were only those which an old guide would provide for actual needs. Each were given an extra woolen waistcont. These would be needed higher up. Two pewter canteens, each of which held three pints, one filled with wine and the other with water, were ordered. Each of us carried a tremendous woolen blanket twisted, hung tremendous woolen blanket twisted, hung from one shoulder, the ends tied with thongs of kid-skin. A little belt full of tiny pouches was tied around Belbino's waist. In one was stowed a package of resnous kindlers. Another held a goodly measure of ground coñee. In snother were pepper and salt. And in two of the front pouches, carefully wrapped, reposed a half dozen fresh eggs. Over my own shoulder hung a pouch filled with a generous allowance of fresh bread and cold broiled fowl. Packages of cigars and plenty of matches in metal cases completed our outfit. We passed out under the Red Mountains

and straggled along the entire day through the Bosco, a wooded region. Occasionally we would reach an opening from which the grandest scenes were visible; but for nearly the entire distance the way is but an inse cure bridle-path beneath stupendous oaks and chestnuts, along the shadowy bases of mountainous rocks of lava, or above the eiges of dark and yawning chasms. We tarried with some picturesque charcoal-burners for an hour in the atternoon; and just at dusk came upon the high, desolate lava plateau where stands the only shelter of upper Etna, the indescribably dreary Casa degli Inglesi. It is simply a hut o lava blocks, built in 1811 by English officers and now a miserable ruin. We found on room of this inhabitable, and after warm ing at a little fire and partaking of some cold food and wine, wrapped our great blankets about us and disposed ourselver



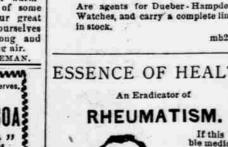
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