pie—for I always keep small change as bakshish when I am in camp. Gunga Dass clutched the coins and hid them at once in his ragged loin cloth, his expression changing to something diabolical as he looked round to assure himself that no one had observed us.

"Now I will give you something to est,"

mid he.

What pleasure the possession of my money could have afforded him I am unable to say; but insamuch as it did give him evident delight, I was not sorry that I parted with it so readily, for I had no doubt that he would have had me killed if I had refused. One does not protest against the vagaries of a den of wild beasts; and my companions were lower than any beasts.

While I devoured what Gunga Dass had provided, a coarse chappatti and a cup of the foul well water, the people showed not the faintest sign of curiosity-the curiosity which is so rampant, as a rule, in an Indian village.

I could even fancy that they despised me. At all events they treated me with the most chilling indifference, and Gunga Dass was nearly as bad. I plied him with questions about the terrible village, and received extremely unsatisfactory answers. So far as I could gather, it had been in existence from time immemorial-whence I concluded that it was at least a century old-and during that time no one had ever been known to escape from it. (I had to control mysel with both hands, lest the blind terror should lay hold of me a second time and drive me raving round the crater.) Gunga Dass took a malicious pleasure in emphasiaing this point and in watching me wince. Nothing that I could do would induce him to tell me who the mysterious "They" were,
"It is so ordered," he would reply, "and I do not yet know any one who has disobeyed the orders."

obeyed the orders."

"Only wait till my servants find that I am missing," I retorted, "and I promise you that this place shall be cleared off the face of the earth, and I'll give you a lesson in civility, too, my friend."

"Your servants would be torn in pieces

before they came near this place; and, besides, you are dead, my dear friend. It is got your fault, of course, but none the less you are dead and buried."

At irregular intervals supplies of food I was told, were dropped down from the landslide into the amphitheater and the inhabitants (ought for them like wild beasts, When a man felt his death coming on he retreated to his lair and died there. The body was sometimes dragged out of the hole and thrown on the sand or allowed to rot

where it lay.

The phrase "thrown on the sand" caught my attention, and I asked Gunga Dass whether this sort of thing was not likely to

breed a pestilence.
"That," said he, with another of his wheezy chuckles, "you may see for yourself subsequently. You will have much time to make observations."

NO ESCAPE.

Whereat, to his great delight, I winced once more and hastily continued the con-versation: "And how do you live here from day to day? What do you do?" The question elicited exactly the same answer as before—coupled with the information that this place is like your European heaven; there is neither marrying nor giving in mar-

Gunga Dass had been educated at a mis sion school and, as he himself admitted had be only changed his religion "like a wise man," might have avoided the living grave which was now his portion. But as long as I was with him I fancy he was happy.

Here was a Sahib, a representative of the

dominant race, helpless as a child and com-pletely at the mercy of his native neighbors. In a deliberate, lazy way he set himself to torture me as a schoolboy would de vote a rapturous half-hour to watching the agonies of an impaled beetle, or as a ferret in a blind burrow might glue himself com-fortably to the neck of a rabbit.

The burden of his conversation was that shore was no escape "ot no kind whatever," and that I should stay here till I died, and was "thrown on the sand." If it were possible to forejudge the conversation of the danned on the advent of a new soul in their abode, I should say that they would speak as Gunga Dass did to me throughout that long afternoon. I was powerless to protest or answer; all my energies being devoted to a struggle against the inexplicable terror that threatened to overwhelm me again and again. I can compare the feeling to nothing except the struggles of a man against the overpowering nausea of the Channel passage—only my agony was of the spirit and infinitely more terrible. As the day wore on the inhabitants be-

gan to appear in full strength to catch the rays of the afternoon sun, which were now aloping in at the mouth of the crater. They assembled in little knots, and talked among themselves without even throwing a glance in my direction. About 4 o'clock, as far as I could judge, Gunga Dass rose and dived into his lair for a moment, emerging with a live crow in his hands. The wretched bird was in a most draggled and deplorable condition, but seemed to be in no way afraid of

Advancing cautiousiy to the river front, Gunga Dass stepped from tussock to tussock until he had reached a smooth patch of sand directly in the line of the boat's fire. The occupants of the boat took no notice. Here he stopped, and with a couple of dexterous turns of the wrist pegged the bird on its back with outstretched wings. As was only natural, the crow began to

shrick at once and best the air with its claws. In a few seconds the clamor had attracted the attention of a bevy of crows on a shoul a tew hundred yards away, where they were discussing something that looked like a corpse. Half a dozen crows flew over at once to see what was going on. and also, as it proved, to attack the pinioned

THE CHASE.

Gunga Dass, who had lain down on tussock, motioned me to be quiet, though I fancy this was a needless precaution. In moment, and before I could see how it hap pened, a wild crow, who had grappled with the shricking and helpless bird, was entangled in the latter's claws, swittly disengaged by Gunga Dass, and pegged down its companion in adversity. Curiosity, it seemed, overpowered the rest of the flock, and almost before Gunga Dass and I had time to withdraw to the tussock, two more captives were strugeling in the upturned claws of the decoy name-continued until Gunga Dass had captured seven crows. Five of them he throutled at once, reserving two for further operations another day. I was a good deal impressed by this, to me, novel method of securing food, and complimented Gunga Dass on his skill.

"It is nothing to do," said he. "To-morrow you must do it for me. You are stronger

This calm assumption of superiority upset me not a little, and I answered peremptorily: "Indeed, you old ruffiain! What do you think I have given you money for?" "Very well," was the unmoved reply. "Perhaps not to-morrow, nor the day a ter, nor subsequently, but in the end, and for many years, you will catch crows and eat crows, and you will thank your European God that you have crows to catch and eat."

I could cheerfully have strangled him for this, but judged it best under the circumstances to smother my resentment. An

hour later I was eating one of the crows, and, as Guuga Dass had said, thanking my God that I had crow to eat. Never as long as I live shall I forget that

evening meal. The whole population were squatting on the hard sand platform opposite their dens, huddled over tiny fires of refuse and dried rushes. Death, having once laid his hand upon these men and for borne to strike, seemed to stand aloof from them now; for most of our company were old men, bent and worn and twisted with verra, and women aged to all appearance as the ates themselves. They sad together in knots and talked-God only knows what they found to discuss-in low equable tones, curiously in contrast to the strident babble with which natives are accustomed to make day hideous.

Now and then an access of that sudden

fury which had possessed me in the morning would lay hold on a man or woman, and with yells and imprecations the sufferer would attack the steep slope until, be filed and bleeding, he fell back on the platform incapable of moving a limb. The others would never even raise their eyes when this happened, as men too well aware of the futility of their fellows' attempts and wearied with their useless repetition. I saw four such outbursts in the course of that evening.

Gunga Dass took an eminently businesslike view of my situation, and while we were dining—I can afford to laugh at the recollection now, but it was painful enough at the time—propounded the terms on which he would consent to "do" for me. My nine rupees eight annas, he argued, at the rate of hree annas a day, would provide me with food for 51 days, or about seven weeks— that is to say, he would be willing to care for me for that length of time. At the end of it I was to look after myselt.

For a further consideration—videlicet, my

boots—he would be willing to allow me to occupy the den next to his own, and would supply me with as much dried grass for bed-

ding as he could spare.
"Very well, Guuga Dass," I replied, "to the first terms I cheerfully sgree, but as there is nothing on earth to prevent my killing you as you sit here and taking everything that you have (I thought of the two invaluable crows at the time), I flatly refuse to give you my boots, and shall take whichever den I please.

The stroke was a bold one and I was glad when I saw that it had succeeded. Gunga Dass changed his tone immediately and disavowed all intention of asking for my

TERRORS OF THE SITUATION. -

At the time it did not strike me as at all strange that I, a civil engineer, a man of 13 years' standing in the service, and I trust an average Englishman, should thus calmly threaten murder and violence against the for him. Everything which was possible, man who had, for a consideration, it is true, taken me under his wing. I had left the world, it seemed, for centuries. I was as certain then as I am now of my own exist-ence that in the accursed settlement there was no law save that of the strongest; that the living dead men had thrown behind them every canon of the world which had east them out and that I had to depend for my own lite on my strength and vigilance alone. The crew of the ill-fated Mignonette are the only men who would understand my

frame of mind.

"At present," I agreed to myself, "I am strong and a match for six of these wretches. It is imperatively necessary that I should, for my own sake, keep, both health and strength until the hour of my release comes—if it ever does."

Fortified with these resolutions I ate and front a much service.

drank as much as I could, and made Gunga Gass understand that I intended to be his master, and that the least sign of insubordination on his part would be visited with the north-nation on his part would be visited with the only punishment I had in my power to in-flict—sudden and violent death. Shortly after this I went to bed.

That is to say, Gunga Dass gave me a double armful of dried bents, which I thrust down the month of the last to the right.

down the mouth of the lair to the right of his and followed myself, feet foremost, the hole running about nine feet into the sand with a slight downward inclination, and be-ing neatly shored with timbers. From my den, which faced the river front, I was able to watch the waters of the Sutlej, flowing past under the light of a young moon and compose myself to sleep as best I might. The horrors of that night I snall never forget. My den was nearly as narrow as a coffin, and the sides had been worn smooth and greasy by the contact of innumerable naked bodies, added to which it smelled abominably. Sleep was altogether out of the question to one in my excited frame of mind. As the night wore on it seemed that the entire amphitheater was filled with legions of unclean devils that, trooping up from the shoals below, mocked the unfortunate in their lairs.

THE QUICKSAND.

Personally I am not of an imaginative temperament-very few engineers are-but on that occasion I was as completely prostrated with nervous terror as any woman. After haif an hour or so, however, I was able once more to calmly review my chances of escape. Any exit by the steep sand walls was, of course, impracticable. I had been thoroughly convinced of this some time be-

It was possible, just possible, that I might, in the uncertain moonlight, sately run the cantlet of the rifle shots. The place was so full of terror for me that I was prepared to undergo any risk in leaving it. Imagine my delight, then, when after creeping stealthily to the river front, I found that the internal boat was not there. My freedom

lay before me in the next few steps!

By walking out to the first shallow pool that lay at the foot of the projecting left horn of the horseshoe, I could wade across, turn the flank of the crater and make my way inland. Without a moment's hesitation I marched briskly past the tussocks where Gunga Dass had snared the crows and out in the direction of the smooth white sand beyond. My first step from the tufts of dried grass showed me how utterly futile was any hope of escape, for, as I put my foot down, I felt an indescribable drawing, suck-ing motion of the sand below. Another moment and my leg was swallowed up near-ly to the knee. In the moonlight the whole surface of the sand seemed to be shaken with devilish delight at my disappointment, I truggled clear, sweating with terror and exertion, back to the tussocks behind me

and fell on my face. My only means of escape from the semicircle was protected with a quicksand! How long I lay I have not the faintest idea; but I was roused at last by the malevo-lent chuckle of Gunga Dass at my ear. "I would advise you, Protector of the Poor" (the ruffian was speaking English), "to return to your house. It is unhealthy to lie down here. Moreover, when the boat returns, you will most certainly be rifled at."
He stood over me in the dim light of the dawn, chuckling and laughing to himself.

THERE IS A WAY. Suppressing my first impulse to catch the man by the neck and throw him onto the quicksand, I rose sullenly and followed him to the platform below the burrows. Suddenly, and futilely as I thought while I spoke, I asked: "Gunga Dass, what is the good of the boat if I can't get out any-how?" I recollect that even in my deepest trouble I had been speculating vaguely on he waste of amounition in guarding an already well protected foreshor

Gunga Dass laughed again and made "They have the boat only in day-It is for the reason that there is a way. I hope we shall have the pleasure your company for much longer time. It is a pleasant spot when you have been here some years and eaten roast crow long enough."

I staggered, numbed and helpless, toward the fetid burrow allotted to me and fell asleep. An hour or so later I was awakened by a piercing scream-the shrill, highpitched scream of a horse in pain. Those who have once heard that will never forget the sound. I sound some little difficulty in scrambling out of the burrow. When I was n the open I saw Pornic, my poor old Por-

nic, lying dead on the sandy soil.

How they had killed him I cannot guess. Gunga Dass explained that horse was better than crow, and "greatest good of greatest number is political maxim. We are now a republic, Mister Jukes, and you are entitled to a fair share of the beast. If you like we will pass a vote of thanks. Shall I pro-

o wild beasts penned at the bottom of a pit, to eat and fight and sleep till we died. I attempted no protest of any kind, but sat down and stared at the hideous sight in front of me. In less time almost than it takes me to write this Pornic's body was divided. In some unclean way and the state of the results of the state of the results of the result write this Pornic's body was divided, in some unclean way or other; the men and women had dragged the fragments on to the platform and were preparing their morning meal. Gunga Dass cooked mine.

THE OTHER SANIR The almost irresistible impulse to fly at the sand walls until I was weary laid hold of me afresh, and I had to struggle against it with all my might. Gunga Dass was oftensively jocular till I told him that if he addressed another remark of any kind whatever to me I should strangle him where he sat. This silenced him until silence became

insupportable, and I bade him say some-"You will live here till you die like the other Feringhi," he said coolly, watching me over the fragment of gristle that he was

"What other Sahib, you swine? Speak at once and don't stop to tell me a lie." "He is over there," answered Gunga Dass, pointing to a burrow mouth about four doors to the left o my own. "You can see for yourself. He died in the burrow as you will die and I will die, and as all these men and the one child will also die.", "For pity's sake, tell me all you know about him. Who was he? When did he come and when did he die?"

This appeal was a weak step on my part. Gunga Dass only leered and replied: "I will not-unless you give me something first."

Then I recollected where I was and struck the man between the eyes, partially stun-ning him. He stepped down from the platform at once, and cringing and fawoing and weeping and attempting to embrace my feet, led me round to the burrow which he had indicated.

"I know nothing whatever about the gentleman. Your God be my witness that I do

not. He was as anxious to escape as you were and he was shot from the boat, though we all did all things to prevent him. He was shot here." Gunga Dass laid his hand on his lean stomach and bowed to the earth.

"Well, and what then? Go on." "And then—and then, Your Honor, we carried him into his house and gave him water and put wet cloths on the wound, and he laid down in his house and gave up the

"In how long? In how long?" A TERRIBLE DEATH.

He threw himself down on the ground

and clasped my ankles. But I had my doubts about Gunga Dass' benevolence and kicked him off as he lay protesting.
"I believe you robbed him of everything he had. But I can find out in a minute or

two. How long was the Sahib here?"
"Nearly a year and a half. I think he must have gone mad. But hear me swear, Protector of the Poor! Won't your Honor hear me swear that I never touched an article that belonged to him? What is Your Worship going to do?"
I had taken Gunga Dass by the waist and

had hauled him upon the platform opposite the deserted burrow. As I did so I thought of my wretched fellow prisoner's unspeak-able misery among all these horrors for 18 months and the final agony of dying like a rat in a hole, with a bullet wound in the stomach. Gunga Dass fancied I was going to kill him, and he howled pitifully. The rest of the population, in the plethors that follows a full flesh meal, watched us without

stirring, "Go inside, Gunga Dass," said I, "and fetch it out." I was feeling sick and faint with horror

now. Gunga Dass nearly rolled off the platform and howled aloud. "But I am Brahmin, Sahib—a high caste Brahmin. By your soul, by your father' soul, do not make me do this thing!" Brahmin or no Brahmin, by my soul and my father's soul, in you go!" I said, and seizing him by the shoulders I crammed his head into the mouth of the burrow, kicked

the rest of him in, and sitting, covered my face with my hands. At the end of a few minutes I heard a rustle and a creak, and then Gunga Dass, in a sobbing, choking whisper speaking to himself; then a soft thud—and I uncovered

THE MUMMIFIED CORPSE.

The dry sand had turned the corpse intrusted to its keeping into a yellow brown mummy. I told Gunga Dass to stand off while I examined it. The body—clad in an olive green hunsing suit much stained and worn, with leather pads on the shoulders— was that of a man between 30 and 40, above middle height, with light, sandy hair, long mustache and a rough, unkempt beard. The left canine of the upper jaw was miss-ing, and a portion of the lobe of the right oar was gone. On the second finger of the left hand was

a ring—a shield shaped bloodstone set in gold, with a monogram that might have been either "B. K." or "B. L." On the third finger of the right hand was a silver ring in the shape of a coiled cobra, much worn and tarnished. Gunga Dass deposited a handful of trifles he had picked out of the burrow at my feet, and, covering the face of the body with my handkerchief, I turned to examine these. I give the full list in the hope that it may lead to the identification of the unfortunate man:

First-Bowl of a briarwood pipe, serrated at the edge; much worn and blackened; bound with string at the screw. Second-Two patent lever keys; wards of

both broken.
Third-Tortoise shell-handled penknife, silver or nickel name plate, marked with monogram "B. K." Fourth-Envelope, postmark undecipher-

able, bearing a Victoria stamp, addressed to "Miss Mon-" (rest illegible) - "ham" - "nt.

Fifth-Imitation crocodile skin notebook, with pencil. First 45 pages blank; 41/4 illeg-ible; 15 others filled with private memoranda relating chiefly to three persons—a Mrs. L. Singleton, abbreviated several times to "Lot Single," "Mrs. S. May" and "Garmison," reterred to in places as "Jerry" or "Jack." Sixth—Handle of small-sized hunting knice. Blade snapped short. Buck's horn, diamond cut, with swivel and ring on the butt; fragment of cotton cord attached. butt; fragment of cotton cord attached.

WHERE WAS THE GUN. It must not be supposed that I inventoried all these things on the spot as fully as I have here written them down. The notebook first attracted my attention, and I pu it in my pocket with a view to studying it The rest of the articles I cor later on. veyed to my burrow for safety's sake, and there, being a methodical man, I inventor ied them. I then returned to the corpse and ordered Gunga Dass to help me carry it out to the river front.

While we were engaged in this the ex-ploded shell of an old brown cartridge dropped out of one of the pockets and rolled at my feet. Gunga Dass had not seen it; and I fell to thinking that a man does not carry exploded cartridge cases, especially "browns," which will not bear loading twice, about with him when shooting. In other words, that cartridge case had been fired inside the crater. Consequently there must be a gun somewhere. I was on the verge of asking Gunga Dass, but checked

myself, knowing that he would lie. We laid the body down on the edge of the quicksand by the tussocks. It was my inention to push it out and let it be swallowed up—the only possible mode of burial that I could think of. I ordered Gunga Dass to go away.

Then I gingerly put the corpse out on the pucksand. In doing so—it was lying face lownward—I tore the frail and rotten khaki quicksand. shooting coat open, disclosing a hideous cav-ity in the back. I have already told you that the dry sand had, as it were, mummified the body. A moment's glance showed the gaping hole had been caused by a gunshot wound; the gun must have been fired wich the muzzle almost touching the back. The shooting coat, being intact, had been drawn over the body after death, which must have been instantaneous.

The secret of the poor wretch's death was

I pushed the corpse out hastily and saw it sink from sight literally in a few seconds. I shuddered as I watched. In a dazed, half conscious way I turned to peruse the note-book. A stained and discolored slip of paper had been inserted between the binding and the back, and dropped out as I opened

at the edges. What it meant I could not understand. I sat down on the dried bents turning it over and over between my fingers, until I was aware of Gunga Dass standing immediately behind me with glowing eyes and outstretched hands.

"Have you got it?" he panted. "Will you not let me look at it also? I swear that

will return it?"
"Got what? Return what?" I asked. "That which you have in your hands. It will help us both." He stretched out his

long, bird-like talons, trembling with eager-"I could never find it," he continued,
"He had secreted it about his person. Therefore I shot him, but nevertheless I was unable to obtain it."
Gunga Dass had quite forgotten his little
fiction about the rifle bullet. I received the
intermation perfectly calmly. Morality is
blunted by consorting with the dead who are
alless.

alive. "What on earth are you raving about?"

What is it you want me to give you?"

"The piece of paper in the notebook. It will help us both. Oh, you fool! you fool! Can you not see what it will do for us? We shall escape!"

His voice rose almost to a scream and he danced with excitement before me. I own
I was moved at the chance of getting away.
"Don't skip. Explain yourself. Do you
mean to say that this slip of paper will help

us? What does it mean?"
"Read it aloud! Read it sloud! I beg
and pray to you to read it aloud!" WHAT THE PAPER MEANT.

I did so. Gunga Dass listened delight-edly and drew an irregular line in the sand with his fingers.
"See now! It was the length of his gun barrels without the stock. I have those bar-rels. Four gun barrels out from the place where I caught crows. Straight out; do you follow me? Then left—Ahl how well I remember when that man worked it out night

after night. Then nine out, and so on. Out

is always straight before you across the quicksand. He told me so before I killed

"But if you knew all this why didn't you get out before?"

"I did not know it. He told me that he was working it out a year and a half ago and how he was working it out night after night when the boat had gone away and he could get out near the quicksand safely. Then he said that we would get away to-gether. But I was afraid that he would leave me behind one night when he had worked it all out, and so I shot him. Besides it is not advisable that the men who once get in here should escape. Only I, and I am a Brahmin " The prospect of escape had brought

Gunga Dass' caste back to him. He stood up, walked about and gesticulated vio-Eventually I managed to make him talk soberly, and he told me how this English-man had spent six months, night after night, in exploring, inch by inch, the passage across the quicksand; how he had declared it to be simplicity itself up to within about 20 yards of the river bank after turning the flank of the left horn of the horseshoe. This much he had evidently not completed when Gunga Dass shot him with his own

guu.
In my frenzy of delight at the possibilities of escape I recollect shaking hands ef-fusively with Gunga Dass after we had decided that we were to make an attempt to get away that very night. It was weary work waiting throughout the afternoon.

THE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE. About 10 o'clock, as far as I could judge, when the moon had just risen above the lips of the crater, Gunga Dass made a move for his burrow to bring out the gun barrels whereby to messure our path. All the other wretched inhabitants had retired to their lairs long ago. The guardian boat drifted down stream some hours before, and we were down stream some hours before, and we were utterly alone by the crow-clump. Gunga Dass, while carrying the gun barrels, let slip the piece of paper which was to be our I stooped down hastily to recover it, and

as I did so I was aware that the diabolical Brahmin was siming a violent blow at the back of my head with the gun barrels. It was too late to turn round. I must have received the blow somewhere on the nape of my neck. A hundred thousand fiery stars danced before my eyes and I fell forward senseless at the edge of the quicksand. When I recovered consciousness the moon tolerable pain in the back of my Gunga Dass had disappeared and my mouth was full of blood. I lay down again and prayed that I might die without further ado. Then the unreasoning fury which I had before mentioned laid hold upon me,

and I staggered inland toward the walls of It seemed that some one was calling to me in a whisper, "Sahib! Sahib!" exactly as my bearer used to call me in the mornings. I fancied that I was delirious until a handful of sand fell at my feet. Then I looked up and saw a head peering down into the amphitheater-the head of Dunnoo, my dog boy, who attended to my collies. As soon as he had attracted my attention he held up his hand and showed a rope. I motioned, staggering to and fro the while, that he should throw it down.

SAFETY AT LAST. It was a couple of leather punkah ropes knotted together, with a loop at one end. I slipped the loop over my head and under my arms; heard Dunno urge something forward; was conscious that I was being dragged face downward, up the steep sand slope, and the next instant found myself choked and half fainting on the sand hills overlooking the crater. Dunnoo, with his tace ashy gray in the moonlight, implored me not to stay but to get back to my tent at

It seems that he had tracked Pornic's footprints 14 miles across the sands to the crater; had returned and told my servants, who flatly rejused to meddle with anyone, white or blace, once fallen into the hideous Village of the Dead; whereupon Dunnoo had taken one of my ponies and a couple of punkah ropes, returned to the crater and

hauled me out as I have described. To cut a long story short Dunnoo is now my personal servant on a gold mohur a month-a sum which I still think far too little for the services he has rendered. Nothing on earth will induce me to go near that devilish spot again or to reveal its whereabouts more clearly than I have done. Of Gunga Dass I have never found a trace, nor do I wish to. My sole motive in giving this to be published is the hope that someone may positively identify, from the de-tails and the inventory which I have given above, the corpse of the man in the olive green hunting suit.

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COOPERSONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1

EVENING PLEASURES IN THE CAMP

CAMP, NEAR DOVER, N. J., June 26 .-There is something truly remarkable about the almost unchangeable reserve of the Gipsy in the presence of any other than his own people, and of his singular shifts and efforts to be as one dumb. Catch him in a city or trading in a village or come upon him in any sort of mixed company, and his reticence is so marked that the ordinary observer would set him down as inordinately stupid. This habit is universal among these people and they break through it only under great stress of badgering or necessity. A wagon load of Gipsies once halted in front of a wagon maker's in a small Pennsylvania town, where I frequently make my home, and while one of them tried to dicker for a sulky for one-half its value, a really intelligent clergyman in the presence of admiring townspeople put a set of stereotyped questions to them about their mode of lite and the state of their souls, varying the same with other preddings of like nature in An ugly word is never heard in a Gipsy camp. A selfish act is never seen in a Gipsy camp. The eternal goading of a mean woman, the brutal obscenity of a bad his line. But the lot of lost heathens were so bad as to smile at him, so dumb as to not answer him, and so downright wicked as to give him no chance for an argument; whereapon the good man lost his temper entirely, one compact and canonical sentence. Standing next the team and thinking to have a little fun at the parson's and consigned them to eternal perdition the pure air of heaven they breathe. There is a quality of tenderness and sincerity in their doings with each other that is ever simple, childlike and beautiful. Their mith little fun at the parson's expense I said wickedly in an undertone to a particularly lively old dame in the wagon:
"A shan gaugie—a grye chor! Tell him
so and jaw the drom," or, in plain English:
The man is a bad one himself—a horse thief!

Tell him so and go away.

A GIPSY IN ANGER. The woman gave me a duick look of half inquiry and recognition, which I returned with all good assurance. Then she called the Gipsy from the wagon shop by a word. He came out nimbly, looked quickly at the crowd, and sprang into the wagon. Just as they started rapidly away, she turned full on the clergyman, who was still forensic-ally disposing of their souls in different forms of future torture, and said, quietly: "Hit's said ye're no better nor a horsethief versel. Howsumdever hus be, mebby ve might be a-tendin' yer own soul wi' profit!"

Everybody was too astonished to laugh; and the good man sorely feit that his powder had been burned for naught. Ashamed

as I was at my own part in the retort, my astonishment was in the unheard-of depart-ure of the brave Gipsy rule to never betray spirit or the brightness of indignation under the most exasperating circumstances. Full retribution came in a learned disquisition from the clergyman on Gipsies, the burden of which was that Gipsy writers and students were in league to give the race place as the most canny and cunning of men, when everything proved them the most brainless and stupid people on earth. Nor was his idea an uncommon one.

That it generally prevails is not singular when it is remembered that their whole life motive seems to be to appear to all but themup with three-fourths of its members, who have been away during the day on divers expeditions, and the breeziness and activity consequent upon the return have brought the camp a wonderful life and vigor The substantials for the meal have been sizzling and simmering from the kettle sticks for hours. These selves just that sort of people. It is only selves just that sort of people. It is only with the most ignorant country-side folk, or among those not of their race who are thoroughly known and have been unqualifiedly tested, that they relax from this sodden manner and pretense of brainlessness. Test this at any time and in any way and ing from the kettle sticks for hours. These are all accounted for; but there is an element of pleasure and surprise in many little garnishments which find their way into camp with the incoming troop of Gipsies. The cloths—usually rubber blaukets with linen spreads upon them—are laid upon the clean grass plats. Everybody helps at bringing the dishes and food. Laughter and badinage go hand in hand with preparation; and the repast itself, be it sumptnons. you will find it to be true. A CUNNING RUSE.

I had been generously entertained by several families of Gipsy friends in the spring of 1878 near Chicago, in the little village of Lyons, on the Desplaines river, a sleepy, old, and nest-like place which the Gipsies much frequent. Thinking to return their goodness, I proposed a trip to the theater. They consented only after great urging; and, looking forward to a rare treat in the enjoyment of their enjoyment and wonder-ment, on returning to the city I bought and mailed them 20 seats for a Wednesday evening's performance at the Haverly Theater, then occupying the site of the present First National Bank. Full of delighted expectancy I arrived at the theater, only to find that the seats I had purchased for my Gipsy friends entirely filled with ordinary olk. After sitting out a part of the play, I left the place disappointed and dis-gusted, not, however, without catching a glimpse of one of the Gipsies lurking near the entrance, who, as soon as he was seemingly sure of having seen me in my discom

fiture, skulked away in the darkness. Business called me away from the city for a few days, but this desertion by my Gipsy proteges worried me. Hoping for some clew to their action, when I returned I applied to the box office, where I learned, and with some asperity from the management, that my Gipsies, who had kept the audience in on uproar the entire evening of their visit, on receiving the tickets by mail at Lyons had immediately sent one of their number to the city and secured an exchange of seats from Wednesday evening's performance to that for Friday evening. I could thus see that their natural and unchangeable race suspicion and caution of one not of their people, though a tried friend, prompted the cunning ruse to first defeat my entire plan, hen to set a watch upon me to observe whether my action was consistent with genuinely disappointed friendly interest, and then to deceive me as to the true motive of such action.

A REMARKABLE EPISTLE. The latter was attended to on their part in the following epistle taken from my Gipsy relics, which is now before me as I make its

exact copy: LYONS, il 6th May, 1878. deer Fren

i tak the tim to adres you theas
fu lins and Thanks for the Ticus welcomly
resefd we cudn cum wensdy For the old Foks
didn grt Hoam, and the riverSide rodes was Bad
we Cum fridy and was Loken at Oaver for you
And had a Hi old Tim that Acten was wunful deer Fren

where was you hopin this Fids you in God helt i Cloas and best Regars from Al your Fren George W. Carpenter.

This George Carpenter is a wonderful fel-low in his way; a veritable American Gipsy John Bunyan; and anthor of many goodly Gipsy rhymes in my possession. The letter pore every evidence o serious effort, and I visely let it stand as a friendly regret rather than an unpleasant deception. The entire matter was simply a true expression of a universal Gipsy trait. Had they met me at the theater according to agreement in a straightforward manner, that would have been indubitable proof that they were not Gipsies at all. But in the home-life of the camp, safe and

secure in the seclusion of the sheltered spot which holds all he owns and loves, then it is that the Gipsy has a happy heart, a radiant face, a laughing eye, a waggish tongue, and many lightsome ways, merry, care-free, and jubilant as the birds. Nor would I be just to these strange people did I not bring this truth about them into the strongest light and best relief. To know Gipsies they are so rapidly increasing in numbers through wonderful fecundity, care of their children, with constant vast additions from Europe, that by the close of the present century they will comprise from 2 to 3 per cent of the entire population—and they must ere long be well and wisely known, we must be large and generous enough to perceive and appreciate their own hearthside, heartful life. We must see that they love and treasure and hope, not just in our way, but in a way which, to their kind, is full of the simple truthfulness, the patient and true

affection, and THE DEVOTED LOYALTY which with us have been set as types for

the world to love by eloquent tongues and inspired pens, since true sentiment thrilled the heart of man. Hence, whatever Gipsies are to you and the world at large, while you may judge them never so harshly for what you may call vagabondism, there is behind what you conclude in your superior intelligence to be wholly bad, a condition you know nothing about which must enter into any honest estimate of the race. This condition is one which all Gipsy instinct resents your participation in or your knowledge of. But it is a condition which, if tully known and recognized, would immeasurably redeem the race from contumely and reproach. And because the worldemine is narrowed and fixed upon a determined notion that Gipsies are utterly worthless to the world to love by eloquent tongues and AT SHADYSIDE.

he loves, he has another side, a cheery,

good and manly one, too, which, without one iota of the prompting all modern socie-ty possesses, glows with kindness, generosi-ty, helpfulness, good cheer and a spirit of positive loveliness.

MANY EXCELLENT TRAITS.

man, the hateful jealousies of neighbors, the contemptible rivalries of pretended friends, each and all are as unknown as poison in

mirth, merriment and jollity are all consid-

good spirits, and

ALL SORTS OF PRANKS

are allowable. The camp has suddenly filled

up with three-fourths of its members, who

ration; and the repast itself, be it sumptuous,

as it often is, or meager, as it is not o ten, is

washed down by more genvine mirth and

hearty merriment—and, I must confess, with something a thought stronger, some-times—than falls to the lot of but few in

this world, however much good fortune en-

them with exasperating calmness, as if the Gipsies were animals in some zoological

garden, a sudden hush falls upon the feast

until the intruders retire, or the merriment

goes on in their own tongue and under faces of ridiculous solemnity. From the

return, however, until the long, slowly taken meal is ended, there are such rally

ings of friends, such greetings of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and

children, such kindly notice of the old, old

folk, such revelries with the babies, and

such proud, glad heart-word for everybody, that no earnest eyes can look upon it all,

and not moisten; because all this is true of an outcast race, and so barren and meager

in the homes of our own people, where too often insincerity, ambition and heartless-ness have taken the place of those tender

PLEASURES IN THE CAMP.

Then the eventime grows and glows again

with this good nature. There is not an-

other care or thought-weight on the Gipsy's mind. All give themselves up to unre-

strained enjoyment. The great fires are piled high, and seem to crackle and sing an

added accompaniment of happiness. High up along the tree-trunks are hung cressets filled with flaring knots. The fires below shut out even the light of the blazing stars

above, and draw the night and the dark, lovingly interlaced with century-old tree

arms, over the bright place like a protection

canopy. By this camp fire is a crowd merrily playing at cards, which the Gipsies love. By another and another are groups

In between and all about are happy children playing at hide-and-seek in the flash and shadow of the camp. Over there is a

score of tawny forms dancing with the free-dom of lads and lassies to the music of some

tinkling violinist who sways and weaves

and stamps and shouts, enraptured by his

own vociferous melodies. Everywhere are simple hearted peace and content; while in the harder world of your cities and towns countless hearts are breaking from their loads of ambition, rivalry, greed, injustice, mercilessness, envenomed malice as the

mercilessness, envenomed malice, as the stars and the God above them look down

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WThS

If stragglers from town come and stare at

ters into their condition.

through its homes.

Mr. Charles Turner Makes an Interesting Statement.

NEARTOWN NOTES.

"There is no man in this city who will more gladly give his testimony than 1, and I am only too pleased to be able to do it; indeed, I feel that it is my duty to do so." The speaker was Mr. Charles Turner, a resident of Shadyside, well known throughout the East End and Pittsburg proper. notion that Gipsies, are utterly worthless to

society at large, the task of conveying any adequate and true revelation of the slightest good in them is a woful one indeed.

Here is a likeness to that which I wish I "I had been losing health and strength un-der my trouble for four years," continued Mr. Turner. "Not rapidly, for at times I would seem a little better, but steadily and surely. It was a catarrhal trouble, I was told, and I tried many physicians and remedies, but could

ould convey fully: Take the average man of the world, the business man, weighed down by interminable duties and responsibilities, which none but themselves realize. Of these how few are there who have not gained a reputation, among the most who lock horns in business affairs with them, for cruelty, nigoguiliness, hard heartedness. tried many physicians and remedies, but could obtain no relief.

"It commenced with a series of colds. I would caten cold almost with a change of the wind. My nostriks would be clorged up first on one side and then on the other. Mneus would drop back into my throat. I coughed and raised constantly. I could never get my throat clear. There seemed to be something there which I could neither get up nor down. I had a duil, heavy pain in my forehead directly over my eyes. There were roaring and buzzing noises in my ears. My eyes were weak and watery. cruelty, niggardliness, hard heartedness, and, may be, downright meanness? And yet these men's true natures are not that at all. Within the circle of their chosen friends, and in their homes, these men's true natures are in the main of generosity, idelity, goodness. And it is in some way like this the Gipsy should be made known. Crafty, stupid, wary, hard, unworthy, vagabond though you deem him, as he aces you and mankind in his battle for life and those



mirth, merriment and joility are all considerate. Raillery is tolerant; wit never a murderous weapon. With them good cheer is not license; merry-making leaves no sting; liberty never knows lewdness. Ignorant as they may be of your books; obstinately as they refuse the civilization of which we heart according to the property of the constitution of which we heart according to the property of the constitution of which we heart according to the property of the constitution of the const Mr. Charles Turner, Shadyside.

"I lost flesh steadily. Night sweats set in and weakened me. Sharp pains would shoot through my chest, extending as far as the shoulder blades. The spells of choking and coughing were very painful. I could not sleep at night, owing to these coughing spells, and the nervous, weakened condition I was in. "My appetite failed me. The very sight of food caused a nauseating feeling at my stomach. What little I did manage to force down seemed to lay like a heavy load on my stomach, causing me much distress. The slightest exertion would tire me. My heart would beat rapidly. The palpitation would be followed by a slow, irregular loading and a feeling of faintness. I would arise in the morning more tired than when I went to beat the night before.

"I grew weaker and weaker, and was hardly able to stand on my feet. I was indeed a sich man when I called on Dr. Copeland for treatment." I dit the benefit of his treatment the first Mr. Charles Turner, Shaduside, which we boast; secretly proud as they are of the ostracism which brands them as an outlaw race; heathenish as you will con-tinue to call them because they hold your creeds in contempt, they are yet more than the peers of any living people in everything tender and true and loyal growing into and out of the domestic relation, and in all that which yields, without law or force, and as if unconsciously, the helpful goodness which ever prompts and ever exceeds exact justice to one? fallows. ever prompts and ever exceeds exact justice to one's fellows.

Probably at meals and in the long evenings, bright with camp fires and melodious with merriment, is the Gipsy man or woman most truly this good natured and enial animal that never reveals meanness and ever acts with genuine, unstudied goodness. The breakfast, though always a meal of cheery brightness, is taken with little jollity, for the duties and doings of the day are shead

ment.
"I felt the benefit of his treatment the first "I feit the benefit of his treatment the first week. Gradually each symptom disappeared. My head and throat are no longer stopped up. My eyes are clear and strong. I have a good appetitite, sleep well and arise refreshed and ready for a good day's work. To state it briefly, I am now as well as I ever was, and shall be glad to verify this statement at any time."

Mr. Turner lives, as stated, in Shadyside, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, a short distance out of Pittsburg, and this interview can be readily verified. the duties and doings of the day are ahead of them all. The dinner is seldom a regu-lar meal, for there are but few in camp, and the old men, old women, children and dogs have everything their own way. But the supper is overflowing with good things and

Trented by Mall.

Mrs. Robert Ramsey, of Washington, Pa., speaking of her successful treatment with Drs. Copeland & Blair, says: Every fall for the past five years I have been troubled with chronic dyspepsia. Have tried countless remedies and various physicians without any relief. I could not get ease from pain in any position I would assume. Every breath I drew was like a knife cutting me. I became weak and pale, losing greatly in weight.

Since I have been with Drs. Copeland & Blair all these symptoms have disappeared, and I now feel as well as I ever did.

Jacob Altmeyer, of Risher, opposite McKeesport, Pa., states: "I commenced treatment for my catarrhal trouble with Drs. Copeland & Blair on June 29, 1889. I now feel like a different man, and shall be pleased to state my case and recommend their treatment to anyone addressing me."

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."

fectly well, and owe my recovery to their treatment."
Mr. Harry Phillips, of Hulton, Pa., has this to say of his successful freatment for cata with Drs. Copeland & Blair: "I was in very shape, but now feel like a different being, as well as I ever did in my life."

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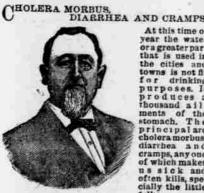
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t hat Mr. James
Streets has experienced is not unlike
that of many others.
He had much pain
and soreness across
the small of his back,
and it felt very weak.

DR. SHAFER. would often change from a light to a very dark color. The desire to void it was frequent. He had a weak, tired feeling. Had dark circles about his eyes, and lips were dry and parched. His appetite finally failed him, and what little food he did eat he would often vomit up. He had a constant pain in his heatt, was dizzy, had a pain in his right side, and in fact there was hardly any portion of his body free from pain. He had palpitation of the heart, yellow skin, and he continued getting worse until he lost much flesh. He sayst "I had been sick for several months, the most of the time being confined to my bed. During all this time I employed my family doctor, but received no benefit whatever. I became discouraged and gave up all hope of ever being cured.

couraged and gave up all hope of ever being cured.

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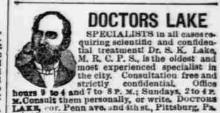
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