a movement of ill-concealed wrath.
"The life within us!" he sneered; "what Evidence That the Public Has Been true American would use such words?"
"Are we, then, of different nature, and of different birth?" "You are about to learn, Answer me

this! What think you of this stranger who is always present in our house?"
"Our lather's partner? Yes, I know
that at the bottom of your heart you hate
and have always hated him."

"Hate him! Yes! from my earliest child-hood, from the day I witnessed one terrible scene—the scene from which your own life dates. The father, at that time, thought of nothing but his work; to which he was a slave. Rough and rude he may have been, but he had earned the respect and fear of all who knew him. The other, a new comer to the country, suave and gentle in his manner, flattered and cajoled my mother to an extent which aroused even childish suspicion and dislike, One day the crisis came. I saw my mother hide her shameful blushes with her hands; the stranger's attitude was one of cowardly fear, while, I child that I was, trembled and wept at the violence of my father's threats. What had passed? Then, I could not understand, but shortly afterward you were born. As you grew up I watched you with a persistence which at first was unconscious, then voluntary, and at last the awful truth was riveted upon my brain. You were the legacy of that treachery; in you I detected an exact and absolute resemblance to this man of foreign birth. To me your very existence became a shame a crime and a derision! Do you understand me now?" From the boy's line a heartranding cry broke forth; he stretched out both his arms, as if to save himself upon the brink of some deep precipice.

A deep silence, full of agony, came between the two brothers, and neither of them dared to raise his eyes and look into the other's face. Acting his own story, An-drew paused, and two at least of his audience felt more embarrassed than ever. Over the placid usee of Johann Schelm there seemed to pass an indefinable expression in which were intermixed confusion, incredulity and desperate defiance. Andrew on his part, maintained the sang freid of some comedian exhibiting his powers of mimicry. In the minds of the two younger hearers the thinly veiled identity of the Wallholm family and the partner, Schelm, was rully established; the story of the two did but carry out the whispered gossip of the neighborhood. Clothed in fic-titious words, Andrew was publishing the secret of his own parents' life. But how came it that he could build up a romance upon such infamies? How had he learned the secret? Who had dared to reveal it? The two young men were utterly dum-

Glancing at the pages which he held with trembling fingers, Andrew once more took "They could hear the rustling of the reeds along the borders of the lake, and the drawn out sighing of the breeze amid the damp and

The strain at last became too heavy for endurance and the silence was broken by the elder brother.

It may have been the weakness of his spirit, the engrossing cares of business, or through willful blindness—I know not which-but my father seemed to have forgotten what had passed years before. For me, however, there has been no respite, but an unceasing struggle with a secret which it was torbidden to reveal. I have had to en dure this strain upon my hereditary honor, to submit to the humiliation, to hold in check the mad longing for vengeance. But now I can no longer keep silence. It is your turn, now, to submit to destiny, to measure out an equivalent for a name be-smirched, to purify the family blood of all

'What would you have me do?" interrupted the younger one, no longer a half-weeping boy but an insulted man. The elder brother drew close to the poor lad and spoke rapidly in a low, penetrating

The lake which sleeps at our feet is deep, beyond the forest which surrounds us is the open world. Choose! When right has and relative chances against the other come, keep watch and you will see behind the window of my room a light waved to and fro. Let that be the signal for you to execute your purpose, whatever it may be: and with these words he threw his run again association's auspices and protection, put across his shoulder, turned on his heel, and up the odds on Little Jim and raked in the without one parting look walked rapidly

And now the fatal hour has come! As he spoke the last few words Andrew had risen to his feet and, seizing with one hand the lamp, stood in a tragic attitude. His manner was that of a poet carried away by his own fantasy, mimicking the actions his characters embodied in himself. "The elder brother gives not the slightest sign of hesitation; inflexible, he has sworn that justice shall be done. He moves toward the window, the lamplight streams upon the darkness of the forest. Hark! —"

The light shining upon his profile showed Andrew pale us death; in his voice there was a despairing ring. Both Gibb and Fogg were almost suffocated with pent-up emotion; Johann Schelm, moved by the re cital or, it might be, by lear of the reality, showed signs of nervousness and what seemed like a threatening glance darted from his eyes.
"Hark!" repeated Andrew,

There was one moment of intense expect-ancy, then a bright flash came from the forest's gloom, and a loud report re-echoed through the trees.

Andrew gave one hurried glance at the

manuscript which he held, then fell upon "A gun shot!" he cried; "the younger brother is no more! The elder, on his knees, brother is no more! Inceder, on his ances, folds his hands as if in prayer.

"I have done but what I thought was right," he sobs; "if I am wrong, may God

pardon me!"
The feelings of the small audience were indescribable; what were they to say, or at what cooclusion to arrive? Their chalked looks were fixed on Andrew as he still knelt upon the floor. A clock was heard to chime the hour of 10, and at that moment a gruff and peevish voice came from the

ttom o the staircase.
"When is this noise to cease?" shouted the elder Wallholm. The effect was strange, and showed the fear in which the old man was held. For a moment all that they had just seen and heard was torgotten in the one

thought of flight. "Go, go quickly!" almost commanded Andrew, jumping quickly to his feet. Without more ado, the two young men scrambled down the stairs and through the little hall, not even pausing for another stolen glance at the two girls who were still busy sewing. When they had fairly gained the road they noticed Johann Schlem fel-lowing a few steps behind. There was no longer any doubt. Andrew had not been merely acting-a tragedy had taken place! They walked along for some time, their senses numbed and not during to so much as speak. In imagination they could already ee the unfortunate suicide floating on the lake towards which their footsteps irresistibly led them. Suddenly from out the black darkness a figure emerged, approaching them and from the opposite direction, and singing gaily as he walked along.

'Harris!" cried Gibb and Fogg together, hardly crediting their eyesight.
"Ah! that is you, my friend?" said Harris Waliholm, as he recognized their voices have I played my part all Well, boys, have I played my right? Did my gun speak acco the cue? And what do you think of that foolish old Andrew's latest library methods?

"His latest methods?" "Yes! the 'naturalism,' of which every one talks so much nowadays, satisfies him no longer. He is looking for something beyond that."
"And what?"

"Oh, that I do not know; he must find a definition some other day."
"Yes, yes, another day," said Johann Scheim, who had joined the group and stood with his arm upon Harris Waltholm's "Let us go indoors, my boy; the night air is chilly and you must not catch

DON'T irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough, when a safe and certain remedy can be had in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. RACE TRACK FRAUDS.

EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS SWINDLING. How Thousands Have Been Lost on Horse

Duped at Monmouth.

Never Out to Win.

STRINGENT MEASURES ARE DEMANDED The action of the judges at Monmouth Park, last Monday, was taken none too soor It is a question if it is not already too late. The management of this track, wherever the management is centered, is sadly defective, and has been very tardy in taking notice of most objectionable features that have been pointed out repeatedly almost since the first day by some of the leading newspapers of the country, at first mildly and kindly, but now that the hints have remained unheeded. plainly and in a way that cannot help but be heeded. It is this almost unanimous expression of hearty disapproval of the bad management and to say the least questionable character of some of the doings at Monmouth, by the dailies of the leading cities as well as by the more reputable sporting journals, that has at last compelled some action; but it would have been better if the evils had been nipped in the bud at the start, instead of in response to such a vigorous public protest. To use a popular phrase there is "something rotten in Denmark," in some official quarter connected with Monmouth Park; there is a Jonah somewhere and the sooner he is unloaded the better it will be for the association and the turi in general. It is no mere coinci-dence that has sent entire stables away, kept the owners of horses that could not afford to be beaten by trickery (rom allowng them in races, permitted a succession of unfair starts to pass unnoticed, and made winners of second-class and indifferent horses which were not under any ordinary conditions of fairness the equals in speed or

stamina of their competitors.

It is since the departure for Europe of Mr. Cassatt, the president, says the Long Branch correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, that these features have become prominent, and it is safe to say that were he here they would not have been allowed to continue so long. There is too much money invested at Monmouth Park, and the interest in baving air racing there is too great, to allow the slightest suspicion of insincere dealing with the public to remain. The ax must be laid at the root of the tree, and Mr. Withers, who is supposed to exercise con-trol, owes it to himself to see that measures are taken at once to insure a complete restoration of confidence. Ruling one poor trainer's horse and his stable boy off the track, as in the case of Shields' Camp and the horse Little Jim, will not do this while at least one of the judges is to be seen every night with bookmakers in a Long Branch gambling den, and when more than one official of the track is known to back bookmakers, and to have been betting heavily on races in which poor and indifferent horses

won, to the surprise of the public. The Public Swindled. The Little Jim episode, while probably the mildest of the objectionable things that have happened of late at Monmouth Park. is sufficient to show how the public is victimized and how bad the others must be by comparison. Here was a horse that almost everybody who goes to races knows a popular horse that is very fast and can generally be made to win a race against horses of his class. He was put down on the official programme as a starter, given a weight and his jockey's name displayed to the assembled horses. Then hundreds, probably thousands, bet on Little Jim. Women all over the grandstand took bets from the uniformed boys, and 70 odd bookmakers, under the money as offered. Then Little Jim came ambled down to the starting point, nearly got left, and came in exactly a sixteenth of a mile in the rear, while the horses that had been fixed to come in first and second and that every bookmaker in the ring knew would be first and second came in accordance to programme. There was not a bookmaker but knew that Little Jim was not out to win, and the judges knew it; everybody in and around the track and in the ring knew it-everybody but the gullible public that just threw, its money into the bookmakers' tills. To their friends the bookmakers were kind enough to mention that Little Jim was not in the race. There was such a general protest that the judges were compelled to act, and when Jimmy Shields, the presumed owner (though it is hard to tell who really owns a horse at Monmouth Park), and Camp, the stable boy who rode Little Jim, were called up, they admitted that the horse was only in the race "for exercise;" rather a huge joke were it not so serious. The question that is now being asked is how many horses have been "out for exercise" in other races since the meeting started. Shields seemed to think that it was all right, and it has been all right as long as the public stood it, but now that the public has "kicked" and says it won't stand it any longer, something has to be done and an ex-

ample made of somebody. Time to Call a Halt.

What suprises most people is that a policy so disastrous and short-sighted should be persisted in so long. Every day the attendance and the interest of the meeting and even the value of the betting and other priviliges have been suffering until on Tuesday the climax was reached when in one of the races there was not \$25 put up at all the 70 stands, not one-tenth as much as is customarily taken on an ordinary race by a single book-maker. Had it not been for the Little Jim arrangement there was not a book-maker on the track who would have made enough to cover the \$100 paid for the day's privilege to the association. As they have seen time displayed that was erroneous and witnessed proceedings in race after race that on the English turf would not be tolerated for an instant, people have asked, Where are the managers of the asso-Sheepshead Bay? and wondered how long the thing was going to continue. It is Sheepsnead Bay: and wondered now long the thing was going to continue. It is now time or somebody to act if Mon-month Park is to be saved from a reputation which will do it incalculable injury. It is known that Mr. Cassatt only consented to become President of the association on con-dition that every restriction should be thrown around races to make them as tair as possible. It is stated by friends of Mr. Cassatt that the principal reason that led him to give up racing horses himself was that he would not, under any circumstances, allow a horse of his in a race to be pulled. Whenever he put a horse in he put him in to win. The public has confidence in men like Mr. Cassatt and Mr. Belmont, and believe that when they have horses in a race they are in on their merits and meant to do the best they can. This feeling of confidence in the fairnesss of running races has had a sad set-back at Monmouth Park within the past lew weeks. Thousands of dollars have been bet and lost by the innocent public on borses that were never intended to win, and to those on the inside it was as well known as anyon the inside it was as well known as any-thing can be known that horses that lost to-day were fixed to win to-morrow, and vice versa.

Women Among the Sufferers. It can be said, "Well, if the public bet and lose it is the public's own lookout." but it is not fair for the association to ex-

pect that every woman-and there are as

and whether the owner of the horses has instructed the jockey to win or lose on that day. The men who do go into the stables and see the horses are no better off, for the horse may be at his best, but it the jockey is ordered not to win, and the owner bets against his own horse, as has been done continually, what doer the condition of the horse matter? When it provides facilities for betting and protects the bookmakers against the law, as it has done, the associa-tion should see to it that the races are run

on their merits.

There is no more extraordinary record in the annals of the turf than the series of tables which have been taken through individual effort for the New York Sporting World and for the book-makers, which shows the position of every horse in every race at the critical points in the race. The public can see nothing of this, owing to the one of preposterous starts, of gerrymander-ing and jockeying along the way and of fin-ishes that often look as if they were rehearsed. It is notable, for instance, that in races like that of the first on Tuesday, in which there were but a few horses, they won as they started, though why all the starts should be bad ones until certain horses started ahead it would be hard to say. But there was nothing in the condition of the horse to explain why, for instance, in the second race, in which there were 11 horses, Wendaway should start second in the lead and before running a quarter of a mile be passed by six horses, at least four of which were by no means his equals. No fair person who is at all familiar with the horses doubts that Wendaway could have won that race if it had been his day to win.

What is Needed.

On Monday there was an attempt at an nvestigation of the queer running of Sentiment at a previous race, and there is also to be an investigation of the running of Captain Brown's horse Reporter, but if investimade, or where it will end.

What is needed is to give the word out at headquarters in a way that will not be mis-understood that horses must be put in races to win; that owners entering two horses must declare one; that no bookmaker shall have an ownership interest in any horse in a race, and that there must be fair play all around. If this is done there will soon be a healthier atmosphere around Monmouth Park.

MARKED BY MAFIAS.

BOSTON ITALIANS WHOM THEIR COUN-TRYMEN HAVE SWORN TO KILL.

Policeman One of the Intended Victim A Man Who Helped to Bring a Murderer to Justice Another-The Plans and Plots of the League of Would-Be Assassing. ISPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.1

BOSTON, August 1 .- The Italian Mafias have marked two of their countrymen in Boston for assassination, and already efforts have been made to carry out the edicts of the order, but the victims have thus far escaped. One is Policeman John Rosatto, of Station 1, who has been largely instrumental in bringing several Italian criminals to justice. He is an Italian himself and knows all the secrets of his countrymen. The other victim for whom the stiletto is ready is Goachini Coe- ands every year prematurely to destruction. chiara, one of the Italians who was arrested in connection with the murder of Millionaire Edward Cunningham, of Milton, eight months ago. Policeman Rosatto incurred the vengeance of the Mafias by tracking down an Italian murderer named Donato, a year and a half ago.

Donato undertook to rob a house near Genoa, Italy, but was discovered by a woman in the house. She started after him but was stopped by several thrusts with the stilleto, which eventually caused her death. Her husband came to the rescue and he was stabbed through the heart. Donato fled to this country and was arrested by Captain Cain and Policeman Rosatto, in this city. and sent back to Italy.

The first of the two condemned men to

meet death will probably be Cocchiara, as the Mafias have evinced the greatest deter-mination to dispose of him. Their animos-ity toward Cocchiara is due to the part he took in the conviction of Giuseppe de Lucca, who shot and killed Millionaire Cunningham while engaged in praching on his grounds. The Mafias, after the trial of De Lucca and his sentence to prison for 15 years, made up their minds that Cocchiara had turned traitor and informer and was to blame for the arrest of De Lucca by giving information to the police. They also be lieved that Cocchiara had secured the \$2,500 reward offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. It was decided to kill Cocchiara, This much is known, but no one save the Mafias are aware who has been selected to do the work. Cocchiara has been notified to leave Boston on penalty of being killed, but he is a man who fears no one. Three times have the Mafias arranged a plan to kill him, but he is well up in their tricks, and the Mafias dropped the matter then to await a better oppor-

THE NEW POWER HOUSE Being Built by the Birmingham Line to Be

a Beautiful Structure-Extensive Car Sheds and Botler Rooms-Providing Against a Gas Shortage.

The Pittsburg and Birmingham Traction Company are building a beautiful new electric power house at the corner of Carson and Thirtieth streets, Southside. The accompanying cut gives a fair idea of the Carson street elevation of the new building. It will be of brick, with stone trimmings, and built in the substantial style of archi

tecture now in vogue.
Mr. Verner, General Manager of the com pany, is now in the East contracting for the engines, etc. The system adopted will be an overhead electric system



The Seat of Power. The road will be built so that the power can be easily changed if the storage battery system is proven a success. Just what system will be adopted has not been given

ont by the company.

The boiler house, directly back of the power house, will be 116x50 feet, and back of that will be located a machine shop 100x 100 feet. Adjoining the machine shop coal shed will be built, 50x100 feet. This to be used in case the gas supply plays out. To the left of the power house will be built a mammoth new car shed, 369x59 feet. The offices of the company will be located

The two spans of the new bridge are in place and the bridge will be done ready for use by the time the road is finished. The road will be completed in about two months. It is promised that enough cars will be put on to accommodate all patrons without standing.

BLACK faille francaise silk, 22-in. wide, many women at the races and as many of them betting as men—must go into the stables and find out the condition of a horse

PECULIAR DISEASE. Sanday Sickness, Its Symptoms and

the Method of Curing It. SMALL ATTENDANCE AT CHERCH.

Members as Well as Pastors Now Taking a Summer Vacation.

GLEANINGS FROM CHURCH FIELDS

When preachers hanker for a rest, as they do at this season of the year, the flock can hardly be condemned for doing likewise. With the mercury traveling above the 90 mark the inducements for church going are hardly as strong as when the temperature is more moderate. And when the regular shepherd is taking in ocean or mountain breezes, the part of the flock, which by necessity is compelled to stay by the stuff, can readily find excuses for absence from church when a strange preacher fills the pulpit. What with camp meetings, watering places and hot weather the stav-at-home preacher meets with slim congregations, as a rule, these dog days.

THE ABSENT BRETHREN.

There are not a few churches in this city, of which a large proportion of the member ship are absent from the city during the months of July and August. Some churches take advantage of the summer lull to clean and renovate. It has come to be understood that the pastor is to have his rest at this season of the year, and most of the churches gations are to be the order of the day, it is stipulate this when the bond is made. In ifficult to see where a beginning is to be the line of absenteeism from church services the following from the Church Messenger, is suggestive. Under the title "Morlus Sabbatieus, or Sunday Sickness," this paper thus discusses one of the prevalent types of modern spiritual degeneracy: "The comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symp some are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and awakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until the ervices are over for the morning.'

THE DISEASE AND ITS REMEDY. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk, talk politics and read the Sunday papers; he eats hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes Monday morning refreshed, and able to go to work,

and does not have any symptoms of the dis-ease till the following Sunday. The peculiar features of the disease are as follows: (1) It always attacks members of the church. (2) It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath. (3) The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite. (4) It never lasts more than 24 hours. (5) It generally attacks the head of the family. (6) No physician is ever called. (7) It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul. (8) No remedy is known for it except prayer. (9) Religion is the only antidote. (10) It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thous

THREE of the Methodist Bishops of the United States are now taking in Europe, namely, Foss, Hurst and Warren. FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Allegbeny-W. F. Richardson, pastor, will preach in the morn-ing. No evening service. Sunday school at 9 A. M.

REV. E. R. DONEHOO, pastor of the Eighth Presbyterian Church, West End, will preach to-morrow morning on "Kindness to Dumb Animals."

AT the First U. P. Church, Seventh avenue, the quarterly communion service will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Reid, pastor, at 10:30 A. M. No evening service. WYLIE Avenue Cumberland Presbyterian Church, corner of Congress street, Rev. J. B.

Kochrie pastor. Subject for the morning, "Woman's Rights." In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Beazell, the pulpit of Methodist Episcopal-Caurch will be filled to-morrow by Rev. T. R. Beacom, of Sharpsburg.

Among the Pittsburg preachers who are now enjoying ocean breezes at Asbury Park are Drs. C. A. Bolmes and T. N. Boyle, who have long been pillars of Methodism in this section. FOURTH U. P. CHURCH, Penn avenue and Seventeenth street. The pastor, J. D. Turner will preach at 10:30 A. M. Subject: "The Advantages of Meditation." No evening service. AT the First English Lutheran Church, on Grant street, Rev. Edmond Belfour, D. D., will conduct services and preach in the forenoon, Evening services are suspended for the present. REV. DR. KUMLER, of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, is taking his vacation at

Asbury Park. His pulpit will be supplied for this mouth by Rev. W. L. Ledwith, of Phila-AT the Third U. P. Church, Ridge avenue, Allegheny, Rev. J. A. Douthill will preach at 10:30 to-morrow morning. No evening service. Pastor McKitrich is taking a well-carned vaca.

EMORY M. E. CHURCH, East End, Rev. C. V. Wilson, pastor—Services at 11 o'clock A. M. conducted by pastor. In the evening the congregation will join in the union services at Silver Lake Grove.

AT the Fourth U. P. Church, Allegheny, Arch street and Montgomery avenue, Rev. George McCormick, of California, will conduct the morning service, beginning at 10:30. No service in the evening.

AT the Bethel Presbyterian Church, Taggart street, Allegheny, the Sunday school will take the place of the regular morning service in the absence of Pastor Donaldson, who is rusticating among friends in Minnesota. CENTRAL Christian Church, Pride and Col-

well streets, H. W. Talmage, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Subject, morning, "The Pure in Heart;" evening, "True Great-ness." Sunday school at 3 P. M.

AT the Forty-third Street Presbyterian Church, H. H. Stiles, pastor, services are discontinued for the month of August, for painting and repairs. Pastor Stiles expects to be at his post on the 24th of this mouth. SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Alle-

gheny, North and Grant avenues-Rev. Wil-

liam McCracken, pastor—subject for the morning: "The faith of Gideon;" evening, "The ways in which truth comes to men." THE Shadyside Presbyterian Church has suspended services for the month of August. The new church is fast approaching completion, and is expected to be ready for occupancy soon after the close of the summer vacation. REVS. JOHN R. SUTHERLAND, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church; D. S. Kennedy, of the First Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, and S. B. McCormick, of the Central Church, Allegheny, are all absent on summer trips. In the absence of Pastor Leak, of the North venue M. E. Church, Allegheny, Rev. Mr. McGaw will occupy the pulpit to-morrow. In the evening there will be a praise service and the subject of praise will be "Bethlehem," SHADY AVENUE Baptist Church, East End., Dr. W. A. Stanton, pastor. Morning subject,
"Remembering Christ," and communion service to follow sermon. Evening subject, "The
Prodigal's Brother." Bible school at 9:20 A. M. CENTRAL Reformed Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, Rev. J. W. Sproull, D. D., pastor, will, by request, repeat his lecture on "Glimpses of Eastern Life" next Thursday evening. The lecture will be illustrated by persons dressed in

native costumes, RIVERSIDE M. E. CHURCH, Allegheny Rev. W. G. Mead, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 A. M. by Rev. J. H. Lancaster, of Bellevue. A praise and prayer service will be held in the evening. Pastor Mead is taking his summer rest at Tarentum camp.

GRACE REFORMED CHURCH, Grant street GRACE REFORMED CHURCH, Grant street and Webster avenue, Rev. John H. Prugh, pastor. Subject, morning: "The Discipline of Delay." No evening service, The church will be closed for repairs, after to-morrow, until the first Sabbath of September.

The present paster is A. P. Leonard. The congregation is on the lookout for a more suitable location. At to-morrow's services former pastors and members who have moved away are expected to participate.

expected to participate.

REV. G. M. REED, of Newville, Pa., will preach in the Sixth U. P. Church. Collins ave nue, East End, to-morrow morning and evening. Mr. Reed is a native of Washington county and is related to the Market street jewelers of the same name.

ANONG the recent popular religious books which have appeared is one by Cardinal (inb-

which have appeared is one by Cardinal (abbons entitled "Our Christian Heritage." The profits of the book are to go toward defraying the expenses of improvements in progress on the Baltimore Cathedral. AT the Y. M. C. A. rooms to-day at noon the

Sunday school lesson for Sunday, August 3, will be taught by Rev. D. Jones, of the Protest ant Methodist Church, Fifth avenue. The subject is the "Prodigal Son," Luke 15th chapter. The lesson is one of the most interesting ones ONE of the promising students of the Alle-

gheny Theological Seminary of the U. P. Church, William H. Foster, died at his home near Morning Sun, Ia., on July 24. The professor and fellow students of Mr. Foster speak in the highest terms of his Christian character and excellent gifts. THERE will be service at St. Peter's Protes ant Episcopal Caurch, Grant street, to-morrow morning at 10:30. This church will not be

closed during the month of August. The Rev. Arthur D. Brown is minister in charge during the absence of the rector, Rev. W. R. Mackay, who is summering in Europe. REV. DR. EWING, former pastor of the Sixth U. P. Church, who is now residing at Wilkins burg, was recently remembered by a number of

his old parishioners for a way that must have been pleasant. As a token of esteem a purse of about \$800 was presented, and both givers and receiver were made happy. THE union services of the First and Third resbyterian Churches, which were held in the First Church in July, will be held in the Third for this month. Rev. Dr. Jeffers, of the Allegheny Seminary, and J. V. Bell, of DuBois, Pa., will conduct services for August. Dr. Jeffers will preach to-morrow on "Certain Elements of Character Worth Thinking About,"

THE Union meetings at Silver Lake Grove have thus far been a great success. More than 1,000 people gathered at the grove last Sunday evening. A choir, of 50 persons leads the musical part of the service, assisted by a number of instruments. To-morrow evening Rev. E. S. White, pastor of the Homewood M. E. Church, will preach. Services will begin at 7:45 sharp.

MISS ANNA K. DAVIS, a former member of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, who has been engaged in missionary work in Japan the past nine years, has been taking her first rest among American friends this summer.
She will return to her field of labor on the latter part of this month, after visiting friends in Dubuque, Iowa. The vessel on which she expects to sail from San Francisco, August 23, the "Peking," is the vessel on which she first sailed to Japan nearly ten years ago.

LAST Sunday was a big day at Valley Camp Bishop Andrews, of the M. E. Church, preached at the morning service to the delight and ediffat the morning service to the delight and edifi-cation of a large congregation. An interesting episode of the service was the ordination of Rev. J. T. Headland to the offices of deacon and elder under the missionary rule, he being under appointment to the North China Mis-sion. Mr. Headland was admitted to the Colo-rado Conference last week and elected to or-ders, and then transferred to the Pittsburg Conference, where he will hold his member-ship.

THE American Board of Commissioners for foreign Missions will meet in Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, Minn., October 8, 1890 Dr. Arthur Little is to preach the sermon, and Dr. Arthur Little is to preach the sermon, and
the invitation to free entertainment includes
corporate members, missionaries, officers of
Woman's Boards, teachers and students in
theological seminaries, and "all friends of the
Board." Accommodations will be secured at
hotels for all who wish to meet their own expenses; and due notice will be given of reduction in railroad fares. The last meeting of
the Board in Minneapolis was in 1873.

PRETTY LASSES AT THE HELM. How Girls Are Helping the People's Munici

pal League in New York. NEW YORK, August 1 .- The headquar ters of the People's Municipal League have been formally opened in the annex to the Victoria Hotel with Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall in charge. The arrangement of these headquarters and the method of conducting business are something novel in local politics. Nearly all the employes are girls, and they are so young and neat and pretty that

boarding school for young ladies than a political machine. "I selected these girls," said Mr. Teall, because they do their work better than men. They are all eminently respectable, and, as anyone can see, they are good looking and well dressed. Unlike the ordinary employes of political machines. they have been appointed solely for their ability and not through any political pull. They do their work thoroughly and expeditiously, and have already made great headway with the labor of the campaign. We started out with 51,000 names that we had enrolled in the ballot reform movement, and we have added 24,000 others, so that we have 75,000 names already. recognize the fact that we have got to fight organization with organization, and we are sparing neither pains nor labor to make our organization as complete as possible. There is no individual interest being subserved

far we are only perfecting our arrangements for the coming campaign. The headquarters occupy the entire sec-ond floor of the Victoria Annex, and the 35 pretty girls are distributed among the various departments, the majority of them, however, being in the addressing and type-writing departments. Each department has a masculine head.

here. Nobody has been considered or dis-cussed as a candidate for any position. Thus

A PNEUMATIC FIRE ALARM

successfully Tested by the Salvage Corps of the City of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, August 1 .- The Salvage Corps of this city has successfully tested the Pneumatic Fire Alarm Telegraph System, invented by Albert Goldstein, of Bultimore. This system is automatic, and consists of thermostats of passable metal arranged every five feet apart on the ceiling of each floor. When a fire starts from any cause the heat of the room will melt at 130 degrees the nearest themostat, each of which is connected to an automatic fire alarm, announcing the special number of the building and the floor upon which the fire is located, so that the fire department, in immediately responding to the alarm, can proceed instantly to the exact location of the fire without the necessity of breaking open the front doors if the fire is above the first floor. The system is pneumatic from the fact that the alarm is produced by air pressure, which avoids the necessity of local electric batteries in each building, which are com-

alarm systems, and which, of course, cannot always be relied upon for the various reasons which make the use of electric batteries contingent upon all the conditions being favorable. Mr. Goldstein had charge of the test, which was made through the use of Ameri-can District wires. He held a lighted lamp inder one of the wires on the ceiling of the building selected for the test. The wire broke, the alarm was sounded and in one

mon to all other forms of automatic fire

NINETY-TWO DEHTHS. A Slight Falling Off in Last Week's Mortnary

and a half minutes the Salvage Corps was

Report. The mortuary report for the week ending July 26, shows a total of 92 deaths. The leading causes were typhoid fever, 10. choleraic diarrhea, 18; pneumonia, 6; diarrhes, 4; phthisis pulmonalis, 5; tabes

diarrhea, 4; phthisis pulmonalis, 5; tabes mesenterica, 5.

At the Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Charles Edward Locke, pastor, will preach morning and evening. Evening subject: "The Bible From God, an Argument in a Nutshell." Young people's meeting at 3:45 F. M.

A FAREWELL service will be held in Simpson Chapel, Allegheny City, to-morrow. The
chapel has been sold, as the encroachments of
railroads make it no longer an eligible site.

diarrhea, 4; phthisis pulmonalis, 5; tabes
mesenterica, 5.

Of the deaths, 87 were white and 5 colored;
14 were married, 68 single, 6 widows and 2
widowers; 56 were natives of Pittsburgh, 13
from Ireland, 2 irom England, 6 Germany,
1 Italy, 1 Russia. There were 34 deaths in
the old city, 25 in the East End, 23 South
Side, 10 in institutions. The annual death
rate per 1,000 was 19.9.

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN.

Holmes' Poem on the Electric Car in August's Atlantic Monthly. Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track! The witches are here! They've all come back! They hanged them high, but they wouldn't lie

For cats and witches are hard to kill; They buried them deep, but they wouldn't Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

-A couple of hundred years or so They had knocked about in the world below, When an Essex deacon dropped in to call, And a homesick feeling seized them all; For he came from a place they knew full well, And many a tale he had to tell. They longed to visit the haunts of men, To see the old dwellings they knew again, And ride on their broomsticks all around Their wide domain of unhallowed ground

In Essex county there's many a roof Well known to him of the cloven hoof; The small square windows are full in view Which the midnight hags went sailing through,

On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high, Seen like shadows against the sky; Crossing the track of owls and bata, Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives.
The sights we see in our daily drives;
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea.
Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree,
(It wasn't then as we see it now,
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow);
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
Glide through his forests of fern and brake;
Ipswich river; its old stone bridge;
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,
And many a scene where history tells
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells—
Of "Norman's Wee?" with its tale of dread,
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
(The fearful story that turns men pale:
Don't bid me tell it—my speech would fail).

For that "couple of hundred years or so"
There had been no peace in the world below;
The witches still grumbling, "It isn't fair;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!
We've had enough of your sulphur springs
And the evil odor that round them clings;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice—
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice;
We've served you well on earth, you know;
You're a good old fellow—come, let us go!"

I don't feel sure of his being good, But he happened to be in a pleasant mood— As flends with their skins full sometimes are-(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston bar.)
So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let'em out?"

To mind his orders was all he knew; The gates awing open and out they flew.
"Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams

"Mare are our broomsticks?" the beldams cried,
"Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.
"They've been in—the place you know—so long. They smell of brimstone uncommon strong:
But they've gained by being left alone—Just look and you'll see how tall they've grown."
"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.
"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled, And began to call them all by name.
As fast as they called the cats, they came:
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call—
It would take too long to count them all,

And many another that came at care—
it would take too long to count them all,
All black—one could hardly tell which was
which,
But every cat knew his own old witch:
And she knew hers as hers knew her—
Ab, didn't they curl their tails and purr!

No sooner the withered hags were free Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree; I couldn't tell all they did in rhymes, But the Essex people had dreadful times. The Swampscott fishermen still relate How a strange sea monster stole their bait; How their nets were tangled in loops an

How their nets were tangled in loops and knots.

And they found dead crabs in their lobster pots.
Poor Danvers grieved for her biasted crops,
And Wilmington mourned over middewed hops.
A blight played havoc with Beverly beans—
It was all the work of those hateful queans!
A dreadful panic began at "Prides".
Where the witches stopped in their midnight rides.

rides, And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms. Now when the Boss of the beldams found That without his leave they were ramping

round, He called—they could hear him twenty miles, from Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone,
"Come here, you witches! Come here!" says the place has more the appearance of a ne—
"At your games of old without asking mel
I'll give you a little job to do
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!"

They came, of course, at their master's call. The witches, the broomsticks, the cats and all; He led the nags to a railway train He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run. The driver may just unbitch his team, We don't want horses, we don't want steam; You may keep your old black casts to hug. But the loaded train you've got to lug."

Since then on many a car you'll see A broomstick plain as plain can be; On every stick there's a witch astride, The string you see to her leg is tied. She will do a mischief if she can, But the string is held by a care ul man, and when ever the avil minded witch And when ever the evil-minded witch Would cut some caper he gives a twitch. As for the hag, you can't see her, But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr, And now and then, as the train goes by, You may catch a gleam from her wicked eya.

Often you've looked on a rushing train, But just what moved it is not so plain. It couldn't be those wires above: For they could neither pull nor shove; Where was the motor that made it go You couldn't guess, but now you know. Remember my rhymes when you ride again On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

MADE A NIGHT OF IT.

Pleasant Social Event in Honor of the Most

Pepular Policeman. At the last meeting of the Eleventh Ward Hustlers' Club, Mr. Hugh Beatty was surprised by the presentation to him of a handsome gold watch and chain. The gift was from the other members of the club, in token of the appreciation of Mr. Beatty's work in conducting the campaign of the club, when working in the interests of Police Sergeant Gray, one of the members, who was elected the, most popular policeman in the county. The presentation speech was made by Mr. John Scholler, and the gift received by P. J. Lavell, on behalf of Mr. Beatty. Speechmaking and music were in order for the rest of the evening, the Montooth band, of 32 pieces, rendering several fine selections. An adjournment was had to the house of Mr. Beatty, where retreshments were served and several songs sung by the Smoky City Quartet.

There are many white soaps, each

represented to be "just as good as the Ivory." They are not. but like all counterfeits, they lack the peculiar and remarkable

and insist upon having it. 'Tis sold everywhere.

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the genuine.

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STILL ANOTHER.

The Long Series of Local Test Cases Remains Unbroken.

SOME VERY PLAIN FACTS.

For many reasons it was a notable interview that the writer had with Mr. Joseph Marsh, residing at 303 Renfrew street. In the first place Mr. Marsh is well known and very popular among the citizens of the East End, and his story will be of great interest to them, as well as to the general public. The interview is notable in the second place for the remarkable experience it describes. During a recent interview with the writer,

"Eight years ago I contracted the whooping cough. Although to all appearances I got rid of it, the bad effects were still left in my system, and for many years I have not known what it was to enjoy a really well day. That may sound strange, but it is the

"At first it was not very bad. Cold followed cold, however, and soon I found the slight trouble had grown to a serious matter. My head and nose were constantly stopped up. I had a dull, heavy pain in my forehead directly over my eye. There were roaring and buzzing noises in my ears.



As old residents know and back files of ourg papers prove, is the oldest estaand 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 NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical NERVOUS decay, nervous debility, lack of energy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered sight, self disfrust, bashfulness, dizziness, sleeplessness, pimples, eruptions, impoverished blood, failing powers, organic weakness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, untiting the person for business, society and marriage, permanently, safely and privately cured. BLOOD AND SKIN diseases in all blotches, falling hair, bones, pains, glandular, swellings, ulcerations of tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly eradicated from the system, URINARY, ments, weak back, gravel, catarrhat discharges, inflammation and other painful symptoms receive searching treatment,

"The mucus would collect in my throat and nearly smother me. Night after night I have sat up in bed and coughed continuously. When I did get allittle sleep it did me no good. I would arise in the morning tired and unrefreshed. In the morning matters were equally as bad. It would take two or three hours' coughing and raising to raise the phlegm that had gathered in my throat. Sharp pains would shoot through my chest. My heart would beat rapidly at the slightest exertion. I had given up all hopes of ever getting well, and really felt that death would be a relief, when I read of the wonderful success Drs. Copeland and Blair were having in treating catarrhal troubles and determined to see them. I found their charges very reasonable, so placed myself under their care.

Mr. Joseph Marsh, 303 Renfrew Street.

"There was a feeling of tightness across the bridge of my nose. My eyes were weak and watery. I was continually hawking and sais-ing large quantities of mucus, which would drop back into my throat. Often this phlegm

"The result has been truly miraculous. My "The result has been truly miraculous. My head and heart no longer trouble me. The cough has disappeared. I eat and sleep well. My eyes are strong. I am refreshed in the morning and can do a good day's work. In fact all the symptons I complained of have left me, and I am a different person from the one I was when I first went under the doctors' treatment."

Mr. Marsh lives as stated at 305 Renfrew street, and this interview can be readily vari-fied.

DRS. COPELAND & BLAIR treat with success all curable cases at 66 Sixth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Office hours 9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M. (Sundays included). Specialties—Catarrh and all diseases of the eye, ear, throat and lunga chronic diseases. Consultation, \$1. Address all mail to DRS, COPELAND & BLAIR, 66 Sixth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

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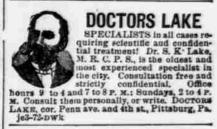
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