McLeod she had taken the blue stocking

from its hiding place and emptied its pre-cious contents into the young lady's lap.

"I want my little bairn to have plenty gear like her ain mither would hae her. Babette's maething mair than a gowan o' the field,

Miss McLood; as innocent a lassic as one could find. See to it that in the gran city

she keeps near to the Laird of all, and does na' forget Him."

that some responsibility rested with her, in the step she was about to take. And Babette,

who knew absolutely nothing of money mat-ters, and had been brought up to believe

that the blue stocking was an Eldorado mine,

never-sailing, was satisfied to leave all her expenses in Miss McLeod's experienced

expenses in Miss McLeod's experienced hands. At times the girl was possessed by a longing for quiet, for a long sail in her little boat, for the old li e. But the present was very delight ul and fascinating, even if it did not give her any leisure for thought. She had dreams, too, of some day being clever enough to earn money for the dear old folks at home.

Two years passed so very quickly. Babette had been home but twice, and Miss

bette had been home but twice, and Miss

McLeod and her triends had so many plans

for that she could not stay long, "unless you need me," she said to Jennie, who dis-claimed at that, and bade her darling go

stertled at the girl's appearance at the breakfast table. She was pale, and her eyes

showed want of sleep.
"I must go home," she announced abruptly. "I am a selfish, thoughtless girl. I saw my mother so plainly last night, and

she was sick and longing for me. Dear Miss Jean, don't think that I am not grateful to

you for al! this beauti ul time; but oh, do not keep me! I must go back."

pack her trunks, and with a sinking at the heart-for she was very tond of the girl-

hanl, when a knock was heard at the door

Before he could open it, a young girl had crossed the threshold and had her arms

Babette asked in a trembling voice.

"Jeanie has taken to her bed, Babette.

tell her she's frettin' for you, but she won't let me write. Eh, but it's good to have you

home again. But Babette was already in the spotless little bedroom she knew so well. There, for the first time in her remem-

brance, the girl saw old Jesnie in bed in the

daytime. She was so white, and then it

"Oh mother, forgive me. I've been such a careless girl. I've come back to make you well." Babette sank on her knees by the little bed, and took Jeanie's rough, toil-

worn hand in hers.
"Thank the Laird, ye're hame again be-

fore I'm awa," Jeanie said, fervently. But to Babette's reliet, old Jeanie grew

better instead of worse, and in a few weeks was about again, but far more feeble than before. She and Malcolm had reached a

good old age. Babette had not fully realized the fact on account of their rugged health

and unusual activity.

If little has been said of Kenneth McLeod, it has not been because there is little to say.

His profession was his world-his every-

his beloved art. His great desire was to go

abroad. He and his sister were orphans

and until Jean had been left a fortune by the

aunt for whom she was named, they had

been poor. Jean longed to lavish every-

erous, warm - hearted girl, but he would

only accept the pleasant home her purse provided for both. Proud and ambi-

away when Babette left, and the news was

move he found, that in the days that fol-

in unexpected shock to him. To his dis-

himself with a poor, obscure fisher

girl! He painted vigorously, but between

him and the canvas came, with persistent

force, another picture—a little, gaily painted

boat holding a girl with golden hair un-

ooking upward.

bound, her winning, singularly pure face

One morning Kenneth's place at the

breakfast table was empty, and the maid gave Miss McLeod a hastily-written note,

saying that her brother had gone off for

fresh subjects for his picture, but would be

back soon, etc. This was so common an oc-

curence that Jean thought nothing of it. Meanwhile Babette, though the day was

cold and blustering, had gone for a brisk walk and to gether shells and sea treasures.

A tiny girl, ruddy, and well-protected from the wind, was playing near her, for children

loved Babette and knew her as their friend

"Man tomin"," the child announced suddenly, and Babette, turning, facing Kenneth McLeod. After the first common places, he said in an abrupt, yet strangely moved voice: "Babette, I find that I cannot

live without you; come back and be with

flashed into the girl's face, then left it so

tle that it was startling, but her voice wa

much for me Mr. McLeod; my first duty to

They ought not to keep you in this dead-and-alive place," the man said impatiently.

leave them, and besides, Mr. McLeod, it would never do for us to marry. Have I not heard your ideas about—such things? I

know you so well. You would, after the

first, repent this hasty step, and the result I could not bear, yet it would be inevitable.

No, it would never do for us to marry.

The voice lost a little of its calm toward the

last. And then Kenneth forgot his long habit of self-control, and poured forth re-

proaches and pleadings; but all in vain. And as he went back to Boston, sketches

and art were for once forgotten, and there was a wild tumnit of conflicting emotions

side of the question. Failure had not entered into his plans. The difficulty had

been with his own decision. He thought

that Babette, with her frankness and sim-

plicity, was a child to be coaxed into any-

with his sore, hurt feeling; she was a cold,

Jean had binted at her re usal of Cullen

Bryde. But after all he could go on with

his art and forget such a cool, deliberate girl. He had been crazy ever to think of

anything that would prove a drag or inter-ference with his true mistress, and then rush

off on such a fool's errand as this had

letter that Kenneth had gone to Paris to study, she said to herself: "I knew him better than he knew himself. He will never

re for anything except art. I must never leave mother again; but even if I could, I would never be Kenneth McLeod's second love." Yet Babette's plump form

grew thinner, and she was quieter than her wont. Her cheerfulness did not desert her,

and to the loving eyes watching her she was

A year passed, and old Jeanie "went hame." So peaceful and quiet was her going, that it was bard to realize the fact

now Babette missed her in the long days that collowed! Yet never had she realized

the kindness of the hearts about her unti

this sorrow came, nor the love the simple

fisher folk felt for her. And then one day old Malcolm died suddenly. He had failed

rapidly since his wife's death, and had told

Babette he "hoped he would not stay long

behind the auld wife waitin' for him awa'

After his death Babette felt terribly

the metrey was nearly gone in the expenses

she was with them no longer. And

all devotion.

* *

When Babette read in Miss Jean's

ing not wrong. He was mistaken, he said.

ertless girl, and he remembered now, that

his heart. Yet surprise was uppermost.

Again the quiet voice spoke:

quite steady and self-possessed. "You forget the dear old people who have done so

Was ever wooing like this? The color

me always. Be my wife, Babette.'

Kenneth worked on. He had been

thing on her brother; she was a gen

Nothing was too great a sacrifice for

saw her on board the train.

about his neck.

And Miss McLeod, when she found that

Old Malcolm was just home from a fishing

How is mother? Oh, is she sick?"

emonstrance was useless, helped her

Reserved Jeanie was stirred to the heart in letting Babette go. Miss McLeod became strangely sober at Jeanie's words and solemn manner. For the first time she felt torrent of rain! Babette kept firm hold of

But one morning Miss McLeod was flash of lightning and Babette was conscious

somewhere.

Kenneth," she said.

n Prize.

ments, appears:

don't she sat up with a start; the sky was dark and threatening; she must row back to shore. But how far she had gone!

the cars, and fought bravely against the blinding storm. The waves dashed high,

threatening each moment to upset the frail boat tossed here and there. Babette still

kept her place, though she soon felt the use

kept her place, though she soon felt the use-lessness of any attempt to reach shore in such a storm. In all the confusion and darkness her thoughts went back to that other storm which had cast her beautiful mother and herself on this shore. Perhaps now she was to know that mother at last! Would she and Jeanie meet her in that far-off, mysterious land so that she would not be affaid? How stranges that the sea which

on, mysterious land so that she would not be afraid? How strange that the sea which she had loved so ardently, should now prove her death—or life, which would it be? God still ruled. Her thoughts were not very clear, yet she was suddenly brought to a keener consciousness by a call which she had heard above the water's roar. A great way dashed over her and the was in that

wave dashed over her, and she was in that

of being clasped by human hands and lifted

When she opened her eyes she was sur-

rounded by familiar faces, anxious, kind. "She is all right," said Pamela Lowden's

hearty voice. Babette closed her eyes wearily. When next she opened them, only

one face bent over her-Kenneth McLeod's

"I found you in the storm, Babette. I can-

not live without you. Art is cold and dreary without you, darling. I have forgotten my pride and come to you again. Oh, Babette, cannot you love me and trust

on, Babette, cannot you love me and trust me and come to me now?" Such a new humility and yearning was in his voice. Babette was keenly alive now—only surprise was utterly tacking. She stretched out her arms with irrepressible longing—"I have loved you so long, and I trust you now, Kenneth." she said.

THE LOTTERY SCHEME.

THE OPPOSITION LEAGUE ISSUES AN AD-

DRESS TO THE NATION.

How the Company Gained Its Power-Its

Tremendous Income and Immense Divi-

dends-The Chance There is of Drawing

BATON ROUGE, LA., August 8 .- The

Anti-Lottery League has issued an address

to the nation, in which, among other state-

We desire briefly to state to you the facts

In 1888 the Carpet-bag Legislature of Louisiana at the Instigation of a syndicate of gamblers formed in New York in 1883, composed of John A. Morris, Ben C. Wood, C. H. Murray and others, chartered the Louisiana Lottery Com-

pany, with a capital of \$1,000,000, giving it a monopoly of drawing lotteries in the State for

25 years. This grant was obtained by brib-

ery and corrupt means. At that time the pub-lic regarded it with horror, and the men con-

nected with it were pursued with public and private condemnation and disgrace. For ten

years it maintained itself against constant

In 1879 the Legislature repealed this charter, a result accomplished by a majority of only two

votes in the Senate. This repeal was practi-cally nullified by an injunction issued by

Edward C. Billings, United States District Judge for Louisiana, who held, in the very teeth

of the decision of the Supreme Court of the

United States, rendered in the similar case of Boyd versus Alabama, that an immoral bargain, such as this charter, was a sacred contract, pro-

lessees, Howard and Morris.

Definite information as to their list of stockholders, officers, profits and business affairs cannot be obtained, as they are quite studiously concealed from the public.

the better, with percentage of from 22 to 41 percent in favor of the lottery.

THE RESORT OF BOODLERS.

The Migration of Thieves to Canada Not a

The migration of thieves and swindlers to

Canada is by no means a new thing nor yet

a Yankee idea. The credit of starting the exo-

dus belongs to the New Yorkers of Colonial

days, and is an English suggestion, you know.

The New York Gazette for September 9,

1751, says editorially that it has received ad-

vices from Halitax, in Nova Scotia, that

to that place as will nearly fill one of the

largest streets in the town." These gentle-

men had agreed to enter into a trust under

the name of the "Free New York Fishery

Company at Nova Scotia." The gist of the announcement lies in the very candid post-

script, that "all that shall hereafter come here from New York, provided they come

as one of King David's soldiers (see I Sam.,

xxii. ch., 2 verse), shall be permitted to join

them."
Reference to the Bible shows that the

verse speaks of David's flight to the cave

Adullam, where he gathered under his bap-

ner "everyone that was distressed and every-

one that was in debt and everyone that was

discontented"-a precious set of soreheads and pirates. The boodlers, defaulters and

embezzlers of New York seem to have been as welcome guests at Hulitax in 1751 as in

are sure to gratify cranks and all the fussy old women if nobody else.

THE child's strengthener is Dr. D. Jayne's

Tonic Vermifuge, which corrects all acidity of the stomach, restores digestion and im-parts strength and vigor to adults and chil-

dren alike. Delicate children are almost always benefited by its use; and, if worms be present, it is the mildest and safest of

remedies. Sold by all druggists.

lone. Even Miss McNeod was abroad with her brother. The little home was hers, but the mency was nearly gone in the expenses Hugus & Hage.

the present year of grace.

Modern Custom.

New York Sen. I

egislative assault by similar corrupt means.

THIRTY-THIRD Street United Presbyterian Church—Preaching in the morning by Rev. J. M. Wallace. In the evening Rev. J. McD. Henry, pastor, will preach on Two Life Prin-ciples." Sabbath school at 2 P. M.

REV. W. G. WILLIAMS, D. D., of Columbus

SHADY AVENUE BAPTIST-Preaching by the pastor, W. A. Sianton, D. D. Services at 11 A. M. Subject: "The Roman Catholic and Protestant Positions on the Bible in the Public School." Bible school at 9:30 A. M. No evening

ing the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Kumler, of East Liberty, during this month. Dr. Kumler is in search of rest and recreation at Asbury Park. Dr. Ledwith will preach to-morrow morning and evening.

The meetings so far have been a great success. The congregations the past month have been largely interspersed with whites. THE Shadyside Presbyterian Church is closed

A MEMORIAL service in commenoration of the life and labors of the late Rev. James Rob inson will be held in the Idlewild Methodist Protestant Church to-morrow evening. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. John Gregory, and brief ad-dresses by other friends of the deceased vet-

the Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopa Church, corner of Seventh avenue, will preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "Christians' Impregnable Fortress." Evening subject, "Is the World Getting Better." Sunday school at 2 P. M.

morning and evening, conducted by Rev. Dr. Thomas Hanna, of Monmouth, Ill. Communion service in the morning. Dr. Hanna was formerly pastor of the Sixth Avenue U. P. Church, and was, for a number of years, one of Pittsburg's foremost preachers.

Other East End ministers will participate in the services. Music is one of the prominent of about 50 persons gathered from the various churches of the East End.

THE lawn fete of the St. James Roman Catholic Church, of Wilkinsburg, Father Lam-bing pastor, held on Thursday and Friday even-ings, was a great success. It will be remembered that this church was deprived of house and home by the fire flend a year and a half ago. Pastor and people are now rejoicing in the midst of great prosperity.

Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, who was in attendance at the Catholic Temperance Congress. The Bishop is a native of Blairsville. Pa. He has a warm side for Western Pennsylvania. A brother of his is one of our leading attorneys. His mother died at Lawrenceville a few years ago. Bishop Watterson is one of the rising men of the R. C. Church, and hosts of his friends here wish him no more harm than that he may yet wear the Cardinal's cap. JOHN BRIGHT has told me that he would be content to stake upon the Book of Psalms, as it stands, the great question whether there is or is not a divine revelation. It was not to him

BIG BACK PAY.

A Kansas Ex-Soldier Draws \$36,503 in One Lump.

mustered out until about a year ago. Last fall he put in a claim for services during the entire time, from date of enlistment to the date of discharge, and there be-ing no law covering his case he succeeded through friends in Congress in gretting a special act passed in his behalt. He has just received information from the Treasury Department that a draft for \$36,503 would be forwarded in a few days.

There are many white soaps, each

represented to be "just as good as the Ivory."

but like all counterfeits,

Ask for

WYLIE Avenue Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. Kochne, pastor. Subject, morning, "A Storm Center in Our Modern Pol-itics." No evening service.

J. T. McCrory pastor. Preaching 10:30 A. M. Subject: "A Dream That Was More Than a Dream." No evening service. FIRST Christian Church, Allegheny-W. F.

Richardson pastor. Subject for morning service: "The Assurance of Faith." Sunday school at 9 A. M. No evening service.

POINT Breeze Preabyterian Church-Rev. W. P. Stevenson, of Mauch Chunk, will preach in the morning on "The Proof of God's Fidelity. Sabbath school at 2:15. No evening service. EMERY M. E. Church, East End-Rev. C. V.

THE First and Third Presbyterian churches rill unite a service at the First Presbyterian

REV. JOHN CROZIER, of Tolone, Ill., was one of the Western preachers who took in Pittsburg the last week. Rev. Mr. Crozier, though

born in Illinois, sprang from an old Fayette REV. S. H. MOORE, of the Wilkinsbur

in the evening.

BURNA VISTA STREET M. E. CHURCH, Allegheny, Rev. J. H. Miller, Pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Evening subject, the first in a series of addresses for young people, "Conditions of Success."

REV. J. F. CORE, pastor of the Wilkinsburg M. E. Church, will occupy his pulpit to-mor row morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Core is one of the preachers who seems to be able to dispense with a summer vacation.

the city a few days ago on his way to Valley Camp, where he preached on Sunday last to the edification of a large congregation. CENTRAL Christian Church, Pride and Colwell streets, Rev. H. W. Talmage, pastor—Ser-vices morning and evening. Morning theme, "The Peacemaker: evening, "What Must I Do With Jesus." Sunday school at 3 P. M.

REV. DR. LEDWITH, of Philadelphia, is fili-

THE colored campmeeting at McKee's woods, near Wilkinsburg, is in full blast. Services there to-morrow morning and evening.

worship is fast approaching completion and will be, when completed, one of the most at-tractive churches of the city. The new pastor, Rev. Mr. Holmes, is taking his summer rest.

REV. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE, paster of

COLLINS AVENUE U. P. CHURCH-Services

AT a congregational meeting of the above church, held on Wednesday evening, a unanimous call to the pastorate was extended to Rev. R. M. Russell, of Caledonia, N. Y. It is confidently expected that he will accept. This is regarded as one of the most important churches of the U. P. denomination. REV. JOHN GORDON, D. D., pastor of the

Westminster Presbyterian Church, Omaha, Neb., was one of the visitors to our city this week, spending a few days with friends here on his way East. Dr. Gordon was born and raised in Pittsburg, and in early days was a member of the Third Presbyterian Church of this city. THE John Wesley congregation will continue campmeeting services at the Wilkinsburg Grove. The pastor, Rev. George W. Clinton, will be assisted by Bishop S. T. Jones, D. D., of Washington, Rev. P. L. Cuyler, of Salem, and J. E. Luttle, of Homewood. Excellent singing by the church choir under the management of Mr. R. W. Jenkins.

Union service at Silver Lake Grove, 7:45 sharp. Rev. W. G. Westfall, paster of the Park Avenus M. P. Church, will preach.

AMONG the visitors to our city this week was or is not a divine reveletion. It was not to him conceivable how a work so widely severed from all the known productions of antiquity, and standing upon a level so much higher, could be accounted for except by a special and extraordinary aid calculated to produce special and extraordinary results,—Mr. Gladstone's Recent Article on the Bible.

ATCHISON, KAS., August 8 .- Thomas F. Williams, of Atchison county, in 1861, enlisted as a Second Lieutenant in a Kansas cavalry regiment and served during the war. He received a wound at the battle of Wilson's Creek, which, in a few years, caused total disability and on account of which he draws a pension of \$72 a month. By some oversight, however, he was not

They are not,

they lack the peculiar

Chapel, Wood street, morning and evening Rev. Harry F. Meens, of West Fairfield, wil

Makes a Remarkable Statement.

"I presume I can lay the blame of a reat deal of my trouble to the trade I folow," said Mr. Griesar. "At any rate it was through exposure incident to my work that I contracted the severe cold which was

the commencement of my ailment." Villa street, Allegheny, a well-known resident of the Seventh ward, in which he resides. It was of his successful treatment for

on me for six years, until it had developed in a pain ul case of catarrh. "My nose would stop up, first on one side, and then on the other. There was a feeling

of tightness across the bridge of my nose. had a dull, heavy pain in my forehead. My eyes were weak and watery. There were roaring and buzzing noises in my ears. My hearing was so impaired that at one time feared that I should lose it altogether.



Mr. J. J. Griesar, 63 Villa street, Allegheny

my recovery to the wonderful treatment I re-ceived from these eminent specialists.

Mr. Griesar lives as stated, at 63 Villa street,
Allegheny, and this interview can be readily
verified.

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ELECTRIC BELT



FEMALE BEANS



PERFECT CURES ASSURED TO MEN OF ALL AGES. ABSOLUTE MANHOOD

(WILCOX'S COMPOUND)

PITTSBURG DISPATCH. of the funerals and doctor's bills. Babett WHERE BURNS LIVED. telt the necessity of bestirring herself from her grief and planning for the future. Three weeks after old Malcolm's death, the girl found herself as usual in her little boat and salling far away, her oars resting, her-self unheeding, and lost in thought. Sud-Spots in and About the Quaint Old Town of Dumfries Enriched by

> of an ancient canny deal would have been razed to the ground 100 years ago, were it not the treasure house of stacks of rusty war pikes ready for valiant service, when the the visitor at old Dumfries town, if he be a lover of Burns, there await almost endless

Where shall we find a locale for Lowell. sweet and stately bard and man? Those who in secret have wept and smiled over the tender pages of "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor," only know in a dim way that somewhere between the rugged Connecticut hills there is still a doughty old farmer, "Ik Marvel," pothering among his stumps, stone walls and early vegetables. Who can tell of one nesting place where Willis was, save in the brief hours by "The Bridge" in the little backwoods cabin; and his noble sister, "Fanny Fern," died, Parton tells us, without being able to find the house in Portland in which she was born, and which she so bitterly longed to know? Where is most left the seal of the personal presence of Hawthorne—at Dingley's, at Concord, or at Salem? There is but one

spot where we can put our loving hands on Poe; at the Fordham cottage where the poet, his dying wife, Virginia, and her devoted mother starved in gloom and obscurity. MEMORIALS OF THE GRBAT. Irving's personal presence remains fixed at just three places—Sunnyside, at the old Dutch Church, Tarrytown, and among the mist-crowned Catskills. The two Alcotts, great souled father and drudging, tender-beauted development and Concerd market. searted daughter, made Concord more famous than did Emerson, whom we feel we can only find behind the prim, white walls, can only find behind the prim, white waits, of the prim, white house on the Lexington road, and beneath the great Scotch granite boulder upon the grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The spirit of Thoreau, intangible and fleeting of communion and companionship as his own wanderings, seems but now and then to hover about and haunt the reeds of sedgy Malden pond, as if finding vanishing embodiment in the lonely bittern's mournful cry. Even the master-singer, Longiellow, left but four songs by which we may trace his identification with the first 20 years of his own life at old Port-land town; and for nearly all the remainder of his time and work our mind-picture of the man is with his calm face bent over his library desk in Craigie House, Cambridge, Suan we 100k for carry and Extremely, Craigenputtock or at Chelsea? Where is the one strine at which we shall find Byron? The whole of old Eugland and the tiny

Renowned by His Songs.

pleasures within and near the ancient

burgh, in the constant, and, to the stranger,

unexpected, identification of place with per

sonality. Indeed I do not know of another

spot in the whole world, where the place it-

self and the whole country roundabout seem

to have taken on such an individuality and

permanent coloring from the brief presence

of one man. We place beloved, saintly

trundled for more than a quarter of a cen-

tury between Cambridge and Beacon street,

and on to the Atlantic Monthly office

when the found that in the days that followed the weeker, maked the feeling, sure that eventually art would win; but the struggle waged stronger instead of weaker. He reasoned with he laughed at himself; he, after all his toil and self-denial, with his turning desires and lofty ambition, with his ancient lineage of which the McLeods were so proud, to run atter and hamper himself with a poor, obscure fisher. brass plate sunk in the pave of Westminster Abbey confuse the mind and heart concentration upon Dickens.

Where are we finally to find a Tennysonic shrine—at dear old Somersby, in Lincoln-shire, at Aldworth, or at Farring ord House, Isle of Wight? Edwin Arnold flits between a London editorial sanctum and an Oriental pagoda. Ruskin, dimmed and voiceless be hind the veil of a mental sleep from which the wakeless sleep must be entered, looks, ghost-like, from the windows of Conisto Hall, upon fair Coniston Water, and in all he has done and written how many have discovered his Lancashire environment? Even the shrine of Shakespeare is in a meager church, beside a pinched theater, in an insignificant town that knows only his ashes and the gratuities they bring. Burns and Scott of all the luminous host of the great and good in prose and verse, living and dead had their actual every-day being in, and gave the palpable and imperishable life-throb of their personalities to, and environment of place and people, which thus be-

not be obtained, as they are quite studiously concealed from the public.

They receive annually \$1,500,000 from the written policies sold on the numbers of the daily drawing, apart from the sale of the regular printed tiokets. They receive annually about \$22,000,000 from their monthly and semi-annual drawings. The schemes of the last drawings are so arranged that they can sell \$5 per cent of their tickets, pay 10 per cent for selling them, lose all the prizes provided for in the schemes, pay \$1,000,000 for expenses and still make \$3,000,000 profit per annum.

What is known as the daily drawing takes place every day except Sunday, 313 per annum. The scheme is based on the tenary combination of the natural numbers from 1 to 78, and on some days from 1 to 75, giving in the one case 78,076, and in the other 67,525 different combinations of three numbers each. The prizes paid are out of all honest proportion to the cost of tickets or the chances of winning. For instance, for a \$1 ticket the chance of winning a prize of \$6 cents as 1 in 3; winning a prize of \$15.1 in 19, and of winning a prize of \$2.55 is 1 in 1,237. In addition to these printed tickets, written policies or bets on the numbers of the daily drawings are taken at the fancy of the bettor, with percentage of from 22 to 41 per cent in favor of the lotters. grander than the loftiest column or cenotaph that ever pierced the clouds. ANCIENT MAXWELTON. But come with me in and out of old Dum-fries, and up and down the songful Nith, or if your legs are not "braw and weel eneuch," climb with me to the ancient Observatory, over here in Maxweltown, the Maxwelton whose "braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew," and we can from this one place see and feel the tenderness of the identification. From this point the eve may range, to the east, over and beyond fair Annandale; across Kirkcudbrightshire, to the west, to the noble hills skirting Ayr; to the north, up the dreamland Nithsdale to the far grim turrets of Drumlanrig Castle; and, to the south, to the vast expanse of Solwa Firth, where, to the right of Nithsmouth, looms gray-browed Criffel, and, to the left, is caught a gleam of the sands by Brow Well at whose waters Burns too late struggled to save his life. Thus at a glance not only does the bewitching evelorama give the beholder the entire field of the everyday "there is such a number of New Yorkers got scenes of the poet's life during his last eight memorable years, but at the same instant a comprehension of the three most impressive epochs in his career of which we can have nemory-the home-heaven of Ellisland farm life, the wretched fight against poverty in the gray old border town beneath us, and that last unavailing struggle at Brow Well, by Solway's shifting sands; all made inexpressibly more impressive by the lotty

dome of the silent mausoleum, over there in that shadowy kirkyard, looming before us wherever we may look for the recognition of his old-time presence within the fair region roundabout. In Dumfries itself one cannot look upon a single olden structure, or follow with the eye any close, wynd, venuel or street, without knowing that at sometime it was mor familiar to Burns, than any portion of the old city is to any one of its inhabitants to-day. In the ancient Bank street house where he first lived in Dumfries in the three SMOKELESS TORACCO.

A Possibility That Would Spoil the Plensure of Cigar and Cigarette.

Boston Herald.]

Smokeless powders are coming into use, and presently some one will go and tamper with tobacco, and the comforting weed will be smokeless, too. But when that happens, the cigar and cigarette fiend will cease to exist. Half the pleasure of smoking, the true smoker will tell you, is to see the white rings that so gracefully curl, and when tobacco once loses that suffocating, but fragrant, accompaniment, the consequences are sure to gratify cranks and all the fussy

where he first lived in Dumfries in the three tiny apartments, more than one-third of the more than 100 poems he produced in Dumfries were composed. Then in the Mill, now Burns, street home, which was his last, the remainder were given birth. Among these were, "Auld Langsyne," "My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing," "The Soldier's Return." "Willie Wastle," "Contented Wi' Little, and Cantie Wi' Mair," "Thou Hast Left Me Ever, Jamie," "Ye Banks and Brase o' Bonnie Doon," "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," "My Heart is Sair, I Dauron Tell," "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "Duncan Gray," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and that grand martial ode, "Bruce's Address."

THE VERSE ON THE WINDOW.

THE VERSE ON THE WINDOW. The old, though still spruce, King's Arms Inn, could never have so long stood the assaults of time and tourists had not Burns, in a forgivably irreverent and deliciou od, scratched upon its window pane: Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering 'Gainst poor excisemen? Give the cause a hearing.

What are your landlords' rent-rolls? Taxing

what premiers, what? even monarchs' mighty gaugeral
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly
wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?
Set squarely in the middle of High street

is one of the oddest old structures to be found in all Scotland. It is now called the Mid-Steeple. When built, 200 years ago, it was known as the Tron Steeple. At that time, on the sale at auction of the customs and excise of Scotland, the Dumfries Town Council took a large share in the plunder; in turn sold it to a fellow burgher, one Sharpe, so by name and fine in dealing. The citizens revolted; and, on compromise, burgher Sharpe was permitted to retain his "tack" on payment of 20,000 marks, Scots, with which the outlandish structure was erected. In its upper uncouthness it con-MEMORIES OF THE SCOTTISH BARD. The Ancient Tavern and the Auld Brig erected. In its upper uncouthness it cona complaining weather cock surmounts the spire. Middle Spire, clock and bells and all, is an unreliable old "tongue of the town" to this day. But the ridiculous relic THE POET'S TOMB NOW A SHOW PLACE DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND, July 25 .- To

> exerciseman poet roused everybody in Great Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
> Then let the loons beware, sir;
> There's wooden walls upon our seas,
> And volunteers on shore, sir,
> The Nith shall run to Corsintou,
> The Criffel sink in Solway,
> Ere we permit a foreign foe
> On British ground to rally!

"The auld brig," built by the devout De-vorgilla over 700 years ago, when London's population did not exceed 35,000 souls, and Whittier at Danvers town. But his work bich still spans the Nith below the New and personality are intensest in our minds Bridge, the latter completed before Burns' death, does not possess a tithe the interest because of its having sustained wondrous along in the dark days before the great conflict, and in thought we see the man Whit-tier plainest, when and where his burning kingly cavalcades and been fought over by countless Border legions, that it does for having innumerable times been the haunt words had their most aggressive power. Good old Dr. Holmes shines along in a of this one man, and because "in his suit of beaten path upon which he has cheerily plain dark clothes with his sword cane in hand" and his children by his side, he loved to loiter upon it, or wander about near it, upon the White Sands, or near its westapproach along Maxwelton's sunny

> BURNS MADE A BURGESS. Not a stone's throw from its last red old arch is the spot where Burns, on his first ap-pearance in Dumfries, clad in the familiar blue coat and yellow vest which Nasmyth has made us unconsciously associate with his sturdy figure, just after the publication of the second edition of his poems, was of the second edition of his poems, was made an bonorary burgess; the burgess ticket to the already illustrious plowman reading: "The said day, 4th June, 1787, Mr. Robert Burns, Ayrshire, was admitted burgess of this burgh, with liberty to exercise and enjoy the whole immunities and privileges thereof as freely as any other does, may or can enjoy; who, being present, accepted the same and gave his oath of burges, while the burges of the same and gave his oath of burges, while the his Malesty and burgh in comgess-ship to his Majesty and burgh in com-mon form." But for Burns Dumfries would not to this day be as well known as Kalamazoo. Still the marvelous condescension of these pompous old nobodies made Burns a freeman. He had been but a hind until

> this memorable "4th June, 1787." At the foot of George Inn Close, Irish street, is a little academy. It was here at a county ball that the gentry were gathered on an autumn evening of 1794, when the now poverty-stricken poet passed and was given the "universal rejection" or cut direct by all save the noble David McCulloch, of Ardwell, which made those concerned, as well as their descendants, infamous to this day. Near this was the hall of St. Andrew's Masons' Lodge, to which Burns belonged and which he made famous. Its record for April 14, 1796, "Burns present," is the last minute containing the poet's name. At the corner of Shakespeare street and Queen's place still stands the little old Theater Royal, which was opened in 1790, Burns being present, and of whose first week's career he wrote so enthusiastically to his friend Nicol: "Their (the performers') merit and character are indeed very great, both on the stage and in private life, not a worthless creature among them. * * There have been repeated instances of sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight, and ten property in the sending away six and eight.

Then aside from countless lesser facts and places of association there is the old "Globe Tavern," in which, unhappy as is the fact for contemplation, one seems now to almost for contemplation, one seems now to almost hear his thrilling voice, mingled with the laughter of Syme, Maxwell, Landlord Hyslop and his wife, Meg, and their siren barmaid, "Anna of the gowden locks," as the poet reship of the place has prompted, or sings SONGS OF OLD SCOTLAND

he had rescued from ill-fitting sentiment and wedded to his own deathless verse; there is the staunch little cottage and its memories of the hours he passed in it with his family, or at the "folding-down desk, between the fire window of his parlor, transcribing in his bold, round hand the remarks which occur to him on Mr. Thompson's last letter, to-gether with some of his own recently-composed songs;" there is old St. Michael's Par-ish Church, whose now most precious memorial is the place pointed out where Burus and his family worshiped; and, at last, the great mausoleum itsel', in St. Michael's kirk yard, where the poet, his bonnie Jean and

all their children, in an undivided family, Every square yard of Dumfries town is aglow with some touching reminder of Burns. His memory is the very breath of life of the place. There is but one stain on its surpassing tenderness. That forms an insult to the whole world in permitting his tomb, the property by actual subscription and a common heritage of all nationalities and men, to lapse into a mercenary show-place, in the clutch of two beggarly brutes lacking the common placid and kindly nature and intelligence of ordinary animals. These two creatures, man and wife, stand guard with lock and key, with tiger-like claws and ruffianly demands for coin, and thus secure, it is said, from £600 to £700 annually, from reverent pilgrims to this sacred shrine. Whether the ghouls rob for themselves or for intelligent human hvenus

behind them, the desecration is the same. Burns was starved and bullied into his grave by an infamous system and environ-ment, compelled to do the work of half a dozen men, at from £50 to £70 per year. Scotchmen in Scotland and the world over scottanmen in Scottand and the world over will be lacking in the noblest of Scotteh qualities until this revolting defamation of the illustrious dead is abolished; and the abuse partially atoned for through some form of international association and action which, in purging this one shrine from the taint of shame ul venality, and rendering free and unsullied approach by all the world to these sacred ashes, shall attach more honor and dignity to the memory of Burns than that echoed in the mere bawling of his name in connection with a hilarious annual toast, all unmindful of its defamation here, at a thousand St. Andrew's festive boards.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

NO MOURNERS PRESENT.

A Clergyman Alone With the Bend, Reading the Burial Service. New York Sun. A gentleman who was on a visit to Ward's Island one day last week witnessed a little

scene which made a deep impression on him, though it is by no means an uncommon spectacle there. While walking along the bluff that runs to the east of the Homeopathic Hospital he noticed a gentleman in clerical dress step down upon the whar! and inspect the cards on three white pine coffins that were piled up in a corner and covered with a black rubber blanket, waiting for the steamboat to carry the bodies down to the morgue. It was the hospital chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Hoskins.

Presently he seemed to have found what he wanted, for he took out a little book, uncovered his head, and read the burial service. He was alone with the dead, and yet there was something so solemn and real about the rite that the party on the binff. 100 yards away, paused reverently until it was ended. It touched the heart of the business man who was a visitor there, and he said to his friend that he was glad to see it, and know what reverence the city paid to its pauper dead, and that he honored the minister who went through his service in such a place and under such drawbacks.

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DRIFT TOWARD UNION The Tendency Toward Closer Relationship Steadily Growing

MONG THE PRESBYTERIAN SECTS.

Great Evident Need of United Effort in

Missionary Work. GLEANINGS PROM CHURCH FIELDS Christian union is in the air. The same

progress toward a pnion of the Protestant

churches the next 25 years as we have seen

in the 25 years past will bring the great maority of the denominations into one fold. The Presbyterian Church a generation ago was divided into old and new schools. In this city a little more than a score of years ago, these branches were married. Some ten years before this marriage two branches of the Presbyterian flock known as Associate and Associate Reformed Presby-

terian denominations, came together in this city after years of struggle under the title of the United Presbyterian Church. The signs of the times now point to the union of the latter body with the Presbyterian Church, and although there have been no movements in this direction on the part of the powers that be, the same progress toward Christian union the next 20 years that we have seen the last 20 will bring the entire Presbyterian Church into one fold. A vote of the membership to-day would bring this union.

The tendency of our times is toward union: A generation or two ago, when a man was aggrieved with the action of an ecclesiastical court, he started a church on his own hook. Hence the divisions of Protestantism which have been the scandal t Christianity since the Reformation. The recent ecclesiastical drift is toward union nstead of division.

UNION A NECESSITY. The Pittsburg Christian Advocate in an editorial this week, congratulates the Presbyterian in its Christian union efforts in

he following style:

*The union of our forces in mission fields seems to us an almost imperative necessity.
With what consistency can different
branches of Presbyterians, having substantially the same creed and the same govern-ment, go into a mission field to preach the same gospel, and yet set up separate altars. The same is true of Methodists. And besides, we are squandering the Lord's money in supporting two sets of agencies where one would do the work. The Methodists of Japan are not wise in not having followed Presbyterian example, and made a united Methodism in that country. That is the end to wnich we should aim. And if the result should be to bring the churches of the Methodist family at home closer together, so much the better; and if the end should be a closer bond among all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in all the world, amen." ides, we are squandering the Lord's money

WORK IN HEATHEN LANDS. There is no department of church work where the necessity of union is so keenly felt as in missionary operations. The little differences which divide the Protestant sects become very small in the eye of the missionary who undertakes to plant the standard of the Cross on heathen soil. The following from the Presidential the following from the Presbyterian shows the drift of opinion as to the importance of com bined effort on the part of Protestant churches: churches:

It is generally conceded that Presbyterians in heathen lands have made the largest times.

missionary forces. In Japan the union has en complete, and the various divisions of Presbyterians have there melted into one In India the proposition to unite the var-Presbyterians engaged in the work of evan-gelization are under the control of one synod. We rejoice in this movement, and hope that these minor unions among men of the same faith may be the precursor and herald of more extended reunions among

those who hold and proclaim the evangeli cal faith. A PREACHER AT THE BAT.

care and sin, but we will not get that until we get beyond the region of shadows. "The little boys of our Sabbath school have given a formal challenge to the older men to play them a game of ball at our picnic. I told the youth'ul Captain 'Joe'' that I wanted to know who would be their pitcher. He replied that it would be my son Harry. I accepted the challenge, re-marking that Harry would certainly them. son Harry. I accepted the challenge, re-marking that Harry would certainly throw slow balls to his father. 'Joe' however told me that Harry would be watched when I was at bat, and if he was seen to favor his father in the least he would be 'bounced.' Now it is hard that a man's own son will throw 'courses' and 'swift hath' when his throw 'curves' and 'swift balls' when his father is at the bat. But the boys have a keen sense of justice, and will show no favors to one who is too awkward to 'strike' and too old to 'run' and too fat to 'slide, There are some advantages in being young,

Paster and People. REV. A. A. MEALY, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, is rusticating at his old home, Claysville, Washington county, Pa. REV. DR. JAMISON, of Youngstown, O., will

tween Wylie and Center avenues, at 10:20 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Bird.

THIRD U. P. CHURCH, Diamond street, Rev.

PROVIDENCE Presbyterian Church, Liberty near Chestnut street, Allegheny—Rev. A. W. Kinter pastor, will preach in the morning serv-ice, beginning at 10:30. No evening service,

Rev. Dr. Meloy, United Presbyterian minister of Chicago, is responsible for the following, which appeared in the Pittsburg United Presbyterian of recent date:

"Some of the churches are closed for the summer, and many of the pastors are away on their vacations. Dr. Noble, of the Congregational Church, started two weeks ago for Europe. He was about to sail, when he was called home to attend the funeral of his daughter. The deepest sympathy was felt for the grief-stricken pastor, by hundreds to whom he had ministered the consolations of the gospel, as now he sat with his own soul filled with grief. The doctor was formerly pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, and has many friends in your city. Vacation month is not always pleas-ant. The best rest is one from sorrow and

but they are fast passing away, and the boys had better improve them."

EIGHTH Presbyterian Church, West End, Rev. E. R. Donehoo, pastor. Communion service in the morning. Subject, "Oneness of Believers." No evening service.

Wilson pastor. Service at 11 A. M. Subject "What is Man?" This church joins in the evening with the union services at Silver Lake Grove.

preach at the Third U. P. Church, Ridge street, Allegheny, in the absence of the pastor, Mc-Kitrick. In Fulton Street Evangelical Church, be-

and remarkable qualities of the genuine.

Ivory Soap and insist upon having it. 'Tis sold everywhere.

BOTTLES Burdack Cured me of Erysipe-iss. My face and head were Terribly Swell-en.—MRS, C. S. LORD, Brood

THE NORTHSIDE. Prominent Citizen of Allegheny MR. GRIESAR' INTERVIEWED.

The speaker was Mr. J. J. Griesar, of 63 sides. It was of his successful treatment for his estarrh trouble with Drs. Copeland & Blair that he was speaking.

"Yes, sir," continued Mr. Griesar, "I was in bad shape when I went to see Drs. Copeland & Blair. My trouble, which I had at first paid but little attention to, had ground an major six years pagil it had developed.



"I could feel the mucus dropping back into my throat. I was constantly hawking and raising, but could not get my throat clear. There seemed to be something there that I could neither get up nor down. A dry hacking cough set in. Sharp pains would shoot through my chest, extending as far as the shoulder blades. When I would stoop over, my heart would beat rapidly and then slowly. This palpitation would be followed by a feeling of faintness.
"My appetite was very poor and I grew weaker every day. The slightest exertion tired me. I slept well, but would arise tired and languid, I had read of the notable success of Drs. Copeland & Blair, so determined to see them. I did so, and was so favorably impressed with their treatment and reasonable charges that I commenced treatment.

"I improved steadily from the first, and now feel better than I ever did in my life. My head, nose and throat do not bother me, and my hearing has improved wonderfully, and all the other symptoms I enumerated have disappeared. I feel that I am cured, and attribute my recovery to the wonderful treatment I received from these aminent specialists.

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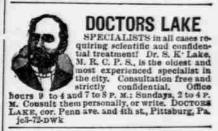
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