boot-laces. He was traveling in haberdashery then. And I have got some little things put away here," said she, going to the cupboard and taking down an old gray leather desk, "which, perhaps may be of use, just to show, you know-" "That there is no ill-feeling," suggested

the studeut. "That is what I mean," she replied. The widow opened the old desk and took out several folded papers. She opened one. It contained a very few red hairs tied together with a fine piece of blue ribbon, and was labeled "Joshua Jonathan Beggs, aged 3 So the courtship was a second blue ribbon."

months, 5 days." "That is your hair, my son," said she. "I cut it off myseif. And here is the first tooth that you lost-and how you cried, to be sure, not knowing that it was the way of all fiesh—but it has slipped out of its paper and has got black with lying among the pencil leads. Ab, this is what I was looking for, it is made of my great Aunt Elizabeth's hair. She had two made, one for me and one for cousin Mary, just six months before the counter charm. Half the town seemed she died, to remember her by. She always wore a skull cap, poor old lady, for she was past 80 years of age; but I know it is her own hair, for she told me she had always saved her combings from a girl. It is a very handsome brooch, for aunt had in-tended to leave us each £100, but she had tended to leave us each £100 but she had the brooches made instead, and left the money to a blind institution. But I'd as Penny had it as any one, for she's a good careful girl, and in that way it would not go out of the family. Perhaps, bowever, to begin with, so handsome a present would be premature."

The widow searched in the desk again, "Here is something else," said she, tak-ing out a small wooden box. "It was brought to your father as a present from China, and is the tooth powder that the Chinese use, so the gentleman said. But I thought it would be a pity to make use of it and so I have kept it as a curiosity. might like to have it, you know, and then if you lound she took it kindly you could offer her the brooch afterward." "Certainly," said the student. "And you do not think, mother, that she would con-

"You might say, you know," said the widow thoughtfully, "that if it went against her conscience to keep it put by, it would come in nicely for the children; and then she could do as she liked about it." "Of course," said he. "That is what I shall say, and she will be very pleased. It was clever of you to think of it. Is there

sider it personal at all?"

not a secret drawer here?" "Yes, that is a secret drawer," said the widow, pressing her finger on a spring, which made a small drawer fly out. "And what do you keep in it mother?

"I do not know why I should keep it here, said the widow, "out I like to know that it is sale. You would not remember to have seen it for you were but a child when it had to be cut off from my finger. I had grown so stout. It's my wedding ring, but I had it mended again so that you would scarcely

know."
"There is writing on it," said the student, examining the ring, on the inside of which was a rough design of an eye, and the words,

"May it watch over you."
"Yes," she replied, "I had a fancy for a posy, and these were the words your father It is much too small for me nowbut the new ring has no posy. I am an old woman, Joshua," said she, turning the ring over and fitting it on the top of her finger. I once thought of asking you to put this in my coffin with me, but it would be selfish, and selfishness was a thing that my husband could not bear; so I will give the ring to you.' "To me, mother ! Bless you," said the

student, "I could not wear it, you know." "But there are them that cau," said the widow, sagely. "No, my dear. Keep the ring till you marry Penelope, which I pray I may live to see. And may it watch over said she, kissing him, with a tear in

And while he was gone above to lay the ring away in a safe place she sorted out the contents of the desk with a sentimental expression. For she had her son's first baby socks there, and her only love letter, and a

IV.

The student had a soul, and was indeed conventionally aware of it, but it was as yet almost wholly undeveloped. He was in no ill sense an animal, of noble instincts, not without religion. He had not until now ex. ant. perienced any great emotion that was needed foster and swell by its warmth the seedline of the God-descended plant that was in him. But from the day that he carried little

Ebret down to the river there was within
him a new stir of growth. A depth had been
pierced that reflected things of a height

"It was extremely kind of you to bring
the lady to see me, sir," said the student.

"There is no doubt," said the doctor,
"that the lady is sickening with a bad form retofore not dreamed; a mute string ha been touched that now trembled to sounds of celestial sweetness. He dimly knew of the change, and now indeed for the first time began to think; yet, being by nature slow, wholly unaccustomed to selfdissection, it was not for long, and then only by a kind of chance, that he discerned its But none the less it had influence upon all his actions, and lent to his devotion to his mother, which was ever a touching peculiarity, a grace and fineness of feeling that it had lacked, and that at times sur

And in the meantime he was courting Penny Morrison. Penelope was a good girl, as Mrs. Beggs had said; that is to say, so far as anyone and herself also, could at present tell. For she also was yet untried by any love or grief, and many things that were in her remained hid. At home she tended little Ehret, and in her household duties appeared powise uncontented. Penelope was a demure girl but in one corner of her cheek, just where should never trust to the demureness of a

girl with a dimple.

Penelope was not very clever, but too much brains are no good in a woman-they are ant to work out in unexpected ways, s that you do not know where you are with them. That was what Joshua thought, But there was nothing of this kind with Penny, who was one of your old-fashioned girls. the same one day as another; and most things that occurred she took for granted. The visits of the student soon fell into this category, and he himself also, and all things continued smoothly without necessit. for explanation. Such a silent acquiescence

is to be commended in courtship.

And of another, who also witnessed this sober love-making, I must speak; yet, per-chance, with a certain reserve. For I myself knew this lady and loved her, as might say, too well, did I not bold that our tribulations are ever brought about by tolittle loving rather than too much. How ever that may be, she was indeed most fai ook upon; but since it is rare, even with the great masters of writing, to find one that can put before you a face other than as a catalogue of features—item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lide to them. I shall here attempt no description of this one. Yet if every man invest her figure with that nameless charm that hangs bout his mistress, I shall therewith be con

And I count it no small virtue in our poor Joshua that he was by so much exllence inspired with a very lofty passion of a nature so pure that it no way came be tween his simple liking and honest in-tention to Penelope. For this lady was to him nothing human or attainable, but the embodiment of all goodness and beauty, a manifestation of somewhat that he felt, but at best could but dimly understand. would not say that she was perfect (though haply there is one who to this day he so), but rather that her imperfections were of a sort that added grace to her virtues. In her attitude to the student, with whom she soon came to be on a friendly footing, there was something of a fine raillery, she regarding him, if at all, as a lusus naturæ; per haps, indeed, believing his uncouthness to arise from that deficiency that goes to make what the country folk call an "innocent." Yet I think she had a sort of compassion for him, too. At every meeting (and since little Ehret was now very ailing, and loved to see the "district lady," these often came about) she had for him some little merry quip or jest, as "How do the

Ancient Fathers to-day, Mr. Beggs?" or, "I hear that the examiners are preparing papers of especial difficulty to meet your case, but they fear that you will have the

better of them yet!"

And the student would grow exceedingly red, and show his two rows of teeth, but at the time no words came to him. Only after, in the stillness of the evening hours, when he sat with his mother over his books, a great laugh would sometimes burst from him as he thought of the answer that he

So the courtship went on from the spring through the most part of the summer, and it was near the time of the examination.

The autumn of that year was an evil and unwholesome time. After long drought and the scorching suns of summer, the rain fell as though one had spoken the words that unloosened the clouds, and had forgot under water, and togs and ill vapors filled the air. Among the low-lying houses by the river whole families lay sick, some with one ailment and some another; but the most prevailing was a sort of fever that spared

stroying finger, a soul was released.

And the student was changed and older, for a great calamity had befallen. The name of Penelope was no longer heard in the two cottages, and her bright eyed face, with the dimple, was never more seen there. Instead was a heavy gloom, for the mother was become hard in her trouble, and the father had fallen into worse courses, and a reeling step was often heard down the lane. And as for Mrs. Beggs, the old lady was as cheerful as before, but the wet season had so increased her rheumatic infirmity that she could no longer keep Joshua company in his studies, being by that imperative necessity in her knee-joints held fast in bed. But when he said, "I have sometimes thought that if I had not been so slow this would not have happened," she consoled him with her wisdom; and the student none the less worked diligently, and with such force of application that good hopes of his success to be entertained. But he studied with his back to the chair in which the widow had been wont to sit, lest his mind should be oppressed by its vacancy. Yet an unheroi dread mastered him at times that he would be stricken with the fever, which some held to be infectious, but the doctors were more apt to consider it of those maladies that in unhealthy seasons hang, as it were, in the air. And since such prognostications do for the most part fulfill themselves, so it was with this. It took him (by good fortune) not until the very day following fortune) not until the very day his examination in the schools. In its encounter he was as valiant as he had been timorous at the thought of it. "The exam-

for days and weeks, and he lay alone and did not speak much.
Only one day a lady came with the doctor, and she brought a posy of autumn roses. She smiled, speaking some kindly words, half jesting, and from that day he began to

ination is over, and the old lady is well so

far," said he. The sickness ran its course

amend.
"Half of these are for you," said she,
"and the rest I shall take to little Ehret. I
fear that the child is sickening with the fever, and her mother, you know, is in bed with it. But these grow in the sunny corner of my garden, and they are a certain cure. See! I have put them where the light shines through them-you must look, and amell and grow strong."
As she went out at the door she turned

and said: "You will not forget to let me know the degree day? For I must certainly be there," and so, with a laugh, she was gone. Once only again he saw her; a pale, fair profile, the sweet mouth, a little droop-ing, as she stepped into a carriage, leaning

on a strong arm—but that was after.

And now, but the shadow of himself, the student could at last descend into the little parlor, and sat there hugging the fire (as the saving is) and anon feeling his pulse. The doctor came upon him sitting thus in the score of odds and ends that after she was gone would be thrown out on the rubbish ness, not knowing what had been his diet

the doctor, "and on no account go out at present, for over-exertion, and especially the some degree disturbed his balance, yet he least chill, might be productive of the most | clung to the wall, and so slowly returned to

serious complications."

"You mean," said the student, "that it would kill me? That would be unpleasant."

"Certainly," said the doctor. But although he was extremely have just now he

though he was extremely busy just now he stood by the mantlepiece and turned over in his hand one of the white china dogs.

of the fever. I cannot be mistaken, for I have seen many cases. She is worn out with all that she has done among the sick, and with the child next door she has been almost day and night. The crisis will be to-night, and she will not leave the child, for it lies between life and death. The mother is in delirium; the father is useless, or worse. In all the town there is not a nurse to be had. I do not know even a respectable woman that is not engaged with nursing, or has not sickness in

"That is very remarkable," said Joshus "By to-morrow," said the doctor, "I could get help from London, but the harm will then be done. To neglect the fever in this first stage-to run the risks of exhaustion,

bad air, draughts-" "You mean—?" said the student.
"But nothing will move her when she believes that a thing is her duty; and she will stay with the child," said the doctor, as if

to himself. He put on his gloves. "And your mother," said he to Joshua, "is quite bed ridden?" "Rheumatism," replied the student.

"I fear then there is nothing to be done," said the doctor, laying his hand on the door. "Stay," said the student, raising his

The doctor came toward the fireplace. "I am very sorry," said the student, hear that the lady is ill." 'Oh!-Good-by," said the doctor.

"Would a person of skill," said the student, "be requisite to remain with the child for to-night?"
"Not at all," said the doctor, returning again to the fire. "Any one of ordinary intelligence could follow the simple rules that I would give. It is almost entirely a

question of frequent nourishment."
"Then, if you will write them down," said the student, slowly, "I know of a person who will do what you require."

"If this is so," said the doctor, "I cannot tell how to thank you, for it may be the saving of a most precious life. Where can I find or send for this woman? You are certain that she is perfect trustworthy?"

"The person that, I stoke of" represted.

"The person that I spoke of," repeated the student, "will do what you require. It will not be necessary for you to send. If you will take the lady away with you in your carriage, I promise that the nurse shall be at the Morrisons in five minutes from that time, and will remain so long as it is

The doctor remained for some moments undecided, not comprehending the possi-bility of such an arrangement. He then re-membered the sad history of one who had lived at the next cottage. And knowing the relation of Joshua toward her, and his kind simpleness, an explanation of a sud-den occurred to him. He understood how a nurse might be at hand who should wish to

come and go unseen.
"That is well," said he. "And should this person desire to leave early in the morning, it will be safe for her to go when she hears my carriage come up the road. I shall be there at 8, as nearly as I can say, for just now I must begin my rounds betimes. I should have stayed with the child myself." said the doctor, "but that I cannot tell at what hour of the night I may return, and the

roads are heavy."

The rules for the sick child being noted down and explained, the doctor and the stu-dent shook hands.

From the window the student saw the lady

When he had given his old mother what she needed, and bidden her a cheery good night, while she chid him, laughing, for returning thus early to bed, he put on his great coat and a large red and black checked shawl that belonged to the widow. Taking in his hand a book covered in brown paper he opened softly the door carefully and closed it also softly behind him. He walked quickly across the small space that divided the cottages and entered that of the Mor-

Here all was quiet except the tick of clock that stood on the mantel shelf behind the couch. Beside it, so that the light should not fall on the face of the child, there was an oil lamp in a tin stand, also a bottle with a spoon and mug. The student removed his wrappings and set the kettle on the fire. A brown teapot stood upon the

"A drop of tea," said he, "Is a most re-freshing thing. Also, in case I should at any time feel inclined for a nap, as I am

rather apt to do when it grows late, it will certainly keep me awake."

The student looked around the room.
"One may as well be comfortable," said he, and he fetched a wooden stool with two supports, and placed it before his chair. He

had lately risen from it. "Perhaps I should go to sleep if I sat there," said the student. He left it in its place, and took a straight-backed chair

opposite, at the foot.

Several hours passed. The student continued to read, yet he watched for any change in the wan face of the child, and gave her every half hour the nourishment that the doctor ordered. As the night wore on an extraordinary somnolence came over him, so that it became pain to move so much as a finger. He laid aside the book, that he could no longer read with comprehension, and sitting rigid in his chair, fastened his

whole attention upon the clock.

The noise of the rain is extremely loud to-night." said the student presently to him-self. And indeed there was, beside the tap-ping of the rain upon the slates and the creak of the elm trees, a rush and flow of water more than ordinary. But the student did not move his eyes from the clock, and repeated continually: "At 15 minutes past three—15 minutes past three—half a teaspoonful in a little water.

As the hand pointed to the quarter he rose laboriously, and, his feet falling somewhat heavily from the wooden stool, splashed into a pool of water. "This will never do," said the student, as he administered the medicine. Taking the oil lamp in his hand he looked round the room. The level of the floor was lower by two steps than the lane, and beneath the door, which did not fit too closely, a small stream of water poured and spread over the room, rippling and frothing like a little sea; already it reached nearly to his He sat down the lamp again, for should little Ehret arouse it would affright her to be left in the dark, and wrapping the red checked shawl carefully about his head and shoulders, he stepped into the lane.

The rain fell in torrents; the night was black, and the wind blew. He stooped, and turning his back upon it. struck a match,

that flickered but for an instant, yet enough to show him his position and the cause of the overflow; the remedy being, as he had believed, within his compass. For hard on the threshold was an iron grate that drained the gutters, and also received the water which, in bad weather, trickled down the steep pathway, but to-night was swelled into a torrent. Moreover, the water and the wind had so heaped together small twigs and refuse, and the sodden leaves of the elms, that these, collecting above the opening, had formed a coherent mass and impassable barrier, so that the stream, ever seeking a lower level, unavoidably flowed beyond into the cottage. Joshua bent dows, and feeling with his hands in the water sought to remove the obstruction. Yet from the weakness of his late distemper his knees trembled so be-neath him that he was compelled to kneel, and in this position he cleared the grate, sweeping the fragments of the storm beyond the reach of the stream that was now again able to flow in its proper channel. He ness, not knowing what had been his diet to then arose, yet not without some pain and effort, since his head appeared to him to be floating far away, and his legs of vast length and cumbrous to lift. This phenomenon in

> there." The room was puddled and damp, yet the most part of the water had escaped by sundry outlets in the ill-built cottage, and by good fortune the fire still burned.

> The head of the student was confused, and his mind seemed capable but of repeating monotonously the next hour for the food or draught. When the minute hand pointed to the figure on which his eyes were fixed he arose immediately and fed the child, arranging the bedelothes and the pillows, for she was weak and helpless and appeared almost as one dead. He presently picked up his book (that was the work of a great heathen) and, his eyes dwelling on one sentence, the words of it by moments imprinted them-selves on his brain, though he was without any sense of their import.

> "Let each one of usleave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find someone who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has oppor-

> A part of the words continued to haunt him as the refrain of a song will. "Some-one who will make him able * * to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity." There was a meaning here, but as yet he did not grasp t. And it was the time for the medicine. The student considered that the soft weather must certainly have changed to a frost, for the room appeared to him exces-sively cold and his limbs stiffening. When a thing must be done, however, it is generally possible to do it. Also, he heard the wheels of the carriage in the road above when at last it was past 8 o'clock in the morning, and at the sound he returned to

the next cottage.
"I think I had better go to bed," said he, "for it will save trouble."

VII. The doctor came running up the stairs in youthful and at the same time businesslike manner. The student lay turned away

from him. "I came in for a moment," said the doctor, "to tell you that the little Morrison will now with care recover. The crisis is safely past, thanks to the careful nurse whom you-Dear me!" said he, "you are

"Doctor," said the student, in a hoarse voice, "fetch me, if you will be so good, a small cardboard box from the corner of the drawer in the table yonder. That is right. Put it in your waistcoat pocket, please, for my mother has always said that it must be my mother has always said that it must be kept in a safe place. And I shall take it very kind if you will give it to the lady when she becomes better, for I think she is going to be married, and there is a posy she gave me a posy once. It was she, you know, who made me able to choose the better life. I do not quite understand what it is yet, for I am slow, you know. But I think I saw it once." He closed his eyes. "It will certainly be a better life," murmured he, "for it is extremely cold and damp here with the water on the floor. I am very glad that she told me of it."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor.

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor.
The lady is recovered: or if it were not she whom I saw two weeks back in the street of an ancient university town, why then it was some one very like her.

The student, of course, died. He had passed his examination.—M. A. B., in Macmillan's Magazine.

Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. These are the great colleges for women. Harcourt Place at Gambier, O., theroughly prepares young ladies for any of them. It also has a complete course and superior musical advantages. A BISHOP'S FUNERAL

Scenes On the Death of Ilmo Senor D. D. Juan de Dios Bosque.

THE FAMED PRELATE OF BOLIVIA. A Great Holiday Devoted to Pomp and Cere-

mony and Mourning.

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, August 12.-A hush has fallen upon the city, for the bishop is dead. This is a more startling announcement than the stranger at firse appreciates, for Bishop Juan de Dios Bosque was the foremost man in Bolivia, a functionary of more importance than the President of the Republic and with far greater power. Neither revolutions nor changing governments could affect his state and position; he directed rulers and shaped public events and his word was law from which there was no

appeal. His influence was more potent be-

cause not observable on the surface, but it

penetrated to every home in all the walks of

life, swaying the strongest through their

superstitions and maintaining its firmest hold through the women and the children. He was only 61 years old when he suc cumbed to what surgeons name visical calculus, a terrible disease for whose treatment he went to Europe eight years and returned apparently cured. He was appointed to the diocese by the Pope in 1875 and from that time to the present has enjoyed an income much greater than that of the President, ranging between \$60,000 and \$100,000 per annum. He was extremely charitable and not only founded but supported the

great orphan asylum of La Paz out of his

private means, besides dispensing large sums of money in daily charities. THE PRELATE'S CAREER. Of course dark tales are told concerning his private life and alleged methods of adding to his income, circulated, now that he is dead, by those who a few days ago dared not speak his name except in the most re-spectful manner. Slander, like death, loves a shining mark; and doubtless most of these falsehoods are attributable to the petty jealousy that always follows those who are elevated in purpose or position above the common herd. The best that can be said of him, or of any human being in the final summing-up of the earthly record, is that he

was not wanting in charity, the greatest of the Christian virtues.
Some time ago Bishop Bosque got himself so deeply "under a cloud" at Rome that the Pope suspended him for a year or two. The trouble began with the discovery that he had bestowed two or three livings apiece on certain poor curates. Of course the gozsipers insist that the latter divided the spoils with their patron, but as the cures receive the merest pittance from the Govern-ment, the salary of each being about \$100 per annum, there could not have been very much to divide. The suspension of the too sympathetic Bishop was precipitated by his marrying a Cabinet Minister to a widow, three of whose children by a former husband having been god-fathered by the Minister aforesaid. No remotest tie of blood existed between them; but the Church expressly forbids such marriages, on the ground that a spiritual relationship, sacred though unexplainable, exists between compadres, as parents and god-parents are

PRETTY NEARLY GOT EVEN.

During the period of suspension his salary from the Government, \$6,000 a year, was stopped; but the grateful Ninister presented him with \$1,500 and his parishioners made up a purse of \$3,000 more, so that he managed to worry along. Now that he is dead, the aspect of the whole city is sudevery class are in deepest mourning.

By the way, the women of South America can mourn more, in outward appearance, than any other class of people on earth. All wear straight, scant gowns of black wool, entirely untrimmed and slightly trailing; and mantas, or shawls, of the same material, draped in straight lines over the shoulders and body, and covering the face so that only the eyes are visible. A company of these funeral figures, gliding slowly through the streets, with bowed heads, calls to mind some of Dore's illustrations in "Dante's Inferno." Since everybody is not only invited, but expected, to call upon the illustrious dead, let us join the multitude and proceed to the house of mourning. The Indians and the half-breeds go in their everyday, bright-hued toggery, having no other, but custom decrees that other people must dress entirely in black, the gentlemen in tall hats with a band of crepe around them, and the ladies with no hats at all, but the uni-

versal manta worn over the head. THE PRESENCE OF THE DEAD.

The "palace," though very extensive, looks shabby enough outside, the lower floor on the front side occupied by several poor shops, and its once white walls now yellow-gray with dirt and time. Through a hall-like salon we go, where soldiers stand on guard and rows of black-gowned priests on guard and rows of black-gowned priests are perched all around the edges like so many overgrown birds of prey; and come, at last, to the inner room, in which the prelate is holding his last reception.

It is a large, square sala, the walls cov-ered with wreaths of white and purple flowers, each chaplet tied with long black ribbons, to which the card of the donor is attached. Monks, priests and friars stand all around, each holding a lighted candle; while, hour after hour, a constant procession of mourning people pours in at one

door and out at another.

The Bishop never looked better in life, despite the sufferings of his last days. The proud, dark face, Moorish in type, wears a calm, though by no means a tappy smile, and a Sphinx-like expression that will long haunt the beholder. He lies at an angle of 45 degrees, on what appears to be a solid bed of roses, his tall and stately figure dressed in richest vestments of purple and gold, with splendid lace beneath, and sparkling with jewels, with the mitre on his head and golden crook beside him.

A WONDERFUL GEM. The right hand, which has dispensed so The right hand, which has dispensed so many blessings, lies at his side, within reach of the passing multitude. It is covered with a black kidglove, and on the middle finger is the well-known ring, set with a big, flat diamond, which has been worn by other Bishops long gone to glory, and pressed by the lips of successive generations. It is said to be worth \$50 000 and being the It is said to be worth \$50,000, and being the property of the church will be removed be-fore the body is interred. There are two other jewels on the back of the same glove, each set in a rosette of red ribbon; the sig-nificance of which I do not know; and everybody ascends two black-palled steps, kneels beside the flowery bier and kisses the dead hand three times, once on each jewel. Meanwhile, scarcely a sound is heard but that of sobs and sighs, and the purple robe

is stained with tears. As it is not every day that a Bishop dies, the citizens of La Paz improve the occasion by making it a general holiday and an op-portunity for the military and civic display they most enjoy. Several thousand invitaelaborate cards, or large sheets folded in quaint fashion, with heavy black borders and other funeral emblems, apponen and other funeral embieus, announcing that performances will begin at 10 o'clock A. M. and close at 3 in the afternoon. It is only two squares from the palace to the cathedral, but the whole army is out to escort the illustrious corpse and a procession so wast that it requires nearly two hours to accomplish the short journey.

THE PROCESSION. There are hundreds of priests, monts and friars, in white, gray and black robes with scarlet boods, all chanting and upholding candles or crucifixes. There are children from the public schools, boys from the

Jesuit college, and red-skirted acolytes, singing with piping voices; nuns of every order; Daughters of Mary, Sisters of Charity, female seminaries, female Beneficenciaries; congregations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Rosario, San Merced, and many others, and the murmur of their united prayers sounds like the distant value of the sex. There is like the distant voice of the sea. There is the President and his Cabinet, the diplothe President and his Cabinet, the diplo-matic esrps, municipal Council, national in-stitute, lawyers and judges, bomberos (fire-men); the Hayden Choir, Catholic Choir, Philharmonic and other musical organiza-tions; the "Workmen of the Cross," Brothers of San Jose, Mutual Beneficent Brother-hood, and no end of other societies. Even the gambling and dancing clubs are repre-sented in separate bodies, and thousands of citizens have joined in the parade, intend-ing to walk from the palace to the cathedral and afterward to the cemetery, a distance of WHAT GOSSIPS SAY OF THE DECEASED

and afterward to the cemetery, a distance of about three miles.

The military brings up the rear, and the most striking feature of this part of the pageant is the cavalry, a thousand men in scarlet and gold from top to toe, on splendid white horses, riding five abreast. A score of brass bands, marching at equat distances, are playing, all at once, and numberless banners and emblematic devices are flying along the tine. In the midst, enveloped in clouds of incense, the body of the Bishop is borne on an uncovered catafalque, whose black pall is strewn with fresh roses. It is earlied by priests, but the black ribbons exteading from it are held by the President of the Republic, the Vice President, Ministers of Justice and the foreign Ministers. DISAGREEABLE FEATURES.

The impressiveness of the scene is some-

what marred by the spectacle of the empty hearse (dressed all over in purple and white

gauze, put on in billowy puffs to represent louds, spangled with silver stars and hung with wreaths of roses), careening gaily to and iro, to show itself off.

Arrived at the church, the catafalque is deposited on a dias, raised at such an angle that the corpse, still dressed in its splendid robes and jewels, with miter and golden staff, is almost standing. The great funereal dias, hung with sable curtains spangled with stars, a beautifully illuminated cross at the head and weeping figures standing at the sides, occupies a considerable portion of the center of the Cathedral. The entire edifice is draped with black crepe and rib-bons, lighted by thousands of candles, and perlumed with flowers and incense—but above all these another odor may be plainly distinguished, which, together with the swollen hands that have almost burst their gloves, and the face that still wears its

did not do their work well enough for so long an exhibition. The great sauctuary is packed to its utmost capacity, the most distinguished guests having been supplied with seats, and every inch of standing room occupied. The service is exactly three hours long. At length the procession is re-formed, to escort the hero of the day to the Pantheon. The devotion of many falters as the miles and hours lengthen, and by the time the city limits are reached, most of the private citizens have deserted.

phinx-like smile, but has grown many shades darker, proves that the embalmers

The cemetery of La Paz is one of the finest in South America, most of the dead being deposited in niches, just large enough to slip in a coffin, (or ottener a corpse without a coffin), placed tier above tier, in the high walls that surround the inclosure. To-morwalls that surround the inclosure. 10-morrow the newly sealed door of one of these will be labeled in letters of gold. "Ilmo Senor Doctor Don Juan de Dios Bosque, Ovispo de La Paz." The high-sounding title, if translated into English, which doubtless would have mightily shocked his highness, would be plain John Wood; or if literally rendered, "Illustrious Sir, Mr. Doctor John-of-God Wood."

An evening paper contains this squib: "Tutl tutl my friend, Camacho, why do I find you thus inflated?" (meaning intoxicated). Without embarrassment or hesita-tion he replied: "What is more proper and natural, amigo mio, than to inflate one's self when a Bishop dies, especially one who never turned his own back upon a good

dead, the aspect of the whole city is suddenly changed. According to a church custom in Bolivia the Bishop must lie in state four days, and meanwhile people of every class are in deepest mourning.

It has been a magnificent funeral, but among the multitudes that witnessed the display, probably there was not one poor state four days, and meanwhile people of every class are in deepest mourning.

Suddenly the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first fotes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first fotes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first fotes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first fotes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first fotes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first fotes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the sun sets. would not rather be himself, alive, on the top of God's green earth, than the dead prelate in all his pomp and glory.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A WORD FROM HEALY.

He Writes a Letter Touching the Recen Attacks on Parnell. PHILADELPHIA, September 12 .- The following letter was received in this city today from Mr. T. M. Healy, one of the leading orators of the Irish Parliamentary party, relative to a published "attack" by cable or

DUBLIN, September 2, 1890.

Editor of the Philadelphia Freeman: Editor of the Philadelphia Freeman:

DEAR SIR—In the last issue of your paper, which you have been good enough to send me, the statement is made that I am the "source" of the recent cable attack on Mr. Parnell's speech. I am reluctant to say but to prevent misapprehension in America I do so, that the attack in question was printed in New York before I had even read Mr. Parnell's speech, which I did not hear delivered. I think it would be intolerable in a member of any party to inspire attacks on a leader which he was afraid to make himself, and I would seorn directly or indirectly to suggest to or inspire others to make inmaer, and I would scorn directly or indirectly to suggest to or inspire others to make any such criticisms. It is equally absurd to say there is a feud in our party or that any of its members protested against such slight courtesy, as it was in my power to pay Mr. W. J. Hynes.

Truly yours,

T. M. HEALY.

REUNITED AFTER MANY YEARS. Strange Meeting of a Mother With the Son

She Belleved Dond. INPECIAL TREEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. DENVER, September 12 .- About 16 years ago Mrs. Brockman, then living at Haddom. Washington county, Kan., parted from her husband. Anthony Brockman, who had taking their children, a boy two years old and an infant daughter went to a distant portion of the State. The couple were afterward divorced by law and the father took the boy and the mother the girl. Not long after the father placed the boy in another family for adoption and the mother received word from Mr. Brockman's brother

that the child was dead.

A few months ago the Rev. Mr. Albright, who had adopted the boy, came to make his home in Loveland, where Mrs. Brockman was, and an intimate friendship sprung up between the two families. It was only a few days ago when Mrs. Salto accidentally learned that Charles F. Albright was her own son, whom she had suppos

COL. FRANK BURR will tell you about the Wizard of the Sea in To-morrow's DIS-PATCH.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL THERE The English Lord Takes a Trip Through St. Clair Tunnel.

SARNIA, Ont., September 12 .- Lord Stan ley visited the St. Clair tunnel to-day, ac companied by Sir Henri Tyler, Sir Joseph Hickson and others. After viewing the outside work the party entered the tunnel on the Canadian side and were taken to the compressed air department, which they passed through, coming out of the tunnel on the American side. Lord Stanley expressed his admiration of the enginee skill shown in the construction of the tun The party then went to Point Edward,

The party then went to Foint Esward, where they took luncheon. Afterward they came by the ferry to Sarnia to visit the new steamer Monarch, of the Beatty line. They lospected the vessel thoroughly, Lord Stanley going into every hole and corner and showing a thorough understanding of the art of shipbuilding. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the steamer.

terest with every issue of THE DISPATCH.

ROME NEW AND OLD.

The Ancient City of the Cæsars Fast Being Transformed,

ASSUMING MANY MODERN AIRS.

Street Lined With New Shops, Running Through the Capital.

NOTED LANDMARKS BEING RAZED

Verily a change has come over the city of

worse will be decided according to the tem

perament of the observer. Much of the oldworld beauty that woke wonder and delight in the artist, much of the mediavalism associated with history and legend to the student, has been swept away forever; and such monuments as remain have been garnished and restored to an extent that has materially detracted from their interest, and dealt deathblows to their picturesqueness. Right through the capital runs the Via Nazionale, a modern broad thoroughfare, noisy with the roar of tramcars, and flanked on each side by brand new shops, with plate glass windows, bearing familiar advertise ments. In its course it passes through what were once the gardens in which Nero witnessed the burning of Rome, sweeps close to the Forum of Trajan, and terminates, at one end, in the Piazza di Venezia, a corner of the seventeenth-century palace having been cut away to give it a wider curve. The houses of the narrow streets and dark lanes of the Ghetto, running close by the yellow waters of the Tiber—the quarter set aside by Paul IV. for the Children of Israel—have been leveled to the ground. The Colosseum has had some of its arches and arcades restored, a new stone staircase has been built, its passages are laid down with cement, its central space is partially excavated, so that one sees the dens where, in far off days, 5,000 wild animals were kept before being taken out to be slaughtered in the combat lasting 100 days, to the delight of all Rome But where streets have been razed, and gardens stood in the city, and waste spots grass-grown and airy in the suburbs, stretched toward the joyous freedom of the fields, new houses have risen, built of red brick, many storied, glaring, adorned with stucco, unsubstantial, a contrast in size, color and architecture to the massive walled, noble looking, dark hued structures which

ANCIENT BEAUTY LINGERS.

bey replace or contrast.

Though the hand of the modern mechanic is upon the city, says a writer in the Lon-don Illustrated News, he cannot quite de-stroy its beauty and delight, cannot eradi-cate its old-world charm, or remove the fascination, subtle and strong, which it holds for many. For no city in Europe can present such a sight as may be seen toward sunset from the broad projecting terrace of the Pincio gardens, where, in days of yore, Lucullus and his followers, crowned with garlands, sated with song, and made wanton with wine, held high revels. Immediately beneath the terrace is the sun-baked Piazza del Popolo; in its center, raised high above a fountain fed by water-spouting lionesses, stands the obelisk brought from Heliopolis, and dedicated to the sun. A little nothward is a city gate erected in the sixteenth century; and close beside it, yellow walled and time-stained, is the Augustinian monastery where Luther was lodged during his visit to Rome. Reyond, in a tangled network, lies the city, a mass of buildings intersected by intricate streets; a maze of towers, steeples, domes and belfries of churches, terraced roofs of houses, colon-naded fronts of temples, while distant yet distinct, rising above all on its imperial height, is St. Peter's its great dome looming black and massive against a lurid sea of

crimson light. peal of answering chimes in every tone, in every key; pausing now as if to take rest, beginning anon; one heard in advance, the others chiming in chorus like the muttered responses of monks in their choir, until at last they gradually cease, final strokes like faint eches coming from some white-walled convent or distant monastery in the wide and lonely campagna beyond, across which darkness gathers rapidly.

SIGHTS WORTH SERING. Night comes quickly; but if, when the visitor has dined to his satisfaction, and a moon sails in the sky, he had best betake himself to the Colosseum and see its massive arches showing white in the light, or buried deep in the shadows, its desolation manifest, its silence unbroken save for the rustling of leaves upon the trees outside, only the story f its magnificence and triumphs, the scenes fits tragedies and bloodshed remaining Or, if he does not care to travel so far afield, he can walk to the fountain of Trevi. As he approaches by narrow and winding streets the Palazzo Poli, against which it s erected, he will hear sounds of rushing waters. Its source rises far away in the Campagoa, whence it was first conducted by Marcus Agrippa by means of a subterranean channel 14 miles in length, to supply his baths at the Pantheon, years before Christ was born. But nearly 15 centuries later Nicholas V. had the main stream brought here, where it gives a daily supply of about 13,000,000 cubic feet of water. Neptune, standing in the center, stems the torrent, while figures of Health and Fertility are at

his right and at his left. It is protected from the street by a broad low parapet, where groups sit and chatter and smoke cigars. Here gossip the master of the cafe beyond, in which a faint yellow flame burns at the feet of a Madonna, a peasant in his velvet knee breeches, colored sash and wide-brimmed sombrero, who has just come from the mountains with his here proven to be a worthless fellow, and of goats, a workman in his shirt sleeves and modern-cut clothes, who descants on the taxes under which they groun, the high price

of provisions, THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE as compared with the easy-going times in as compared with the easy-going times in which his fathers lived. Steps lead to gurgling and splashing waters sparkling in the moonlight; and down these women trip with quaint-shaped earthen pitchers, which, in returning, they balance on their heads, their figures upright, their movements graceful, their tread light as fawns; and like the fawn's are their eyes—dark, lustrous, gentle. Unhappily, they have abandoned the graceful costume with which we see Italian women clad in pictures, on the operatic stage, and occasionally in the streets of London. The white square headakreess of London. The white square head-dress, colored velvet corset, short striped skirt, amber necklace, and big earrings are now only worn in Rome by those who sit in groups on the old yellow stone steps lead-ing to the Triniata de Monte, posing for the headit af artists who page the benefit af artists who pass the way, bent for the French Academy.

The Corso and the principal thorough-

fares are peopled by those clad in French or English fashion, the lace headdresses o women, the voluminous cloaks, once universally worn by men, being things of the past. But occasionally color and picturesqueness are given to the crowd as one encounters nuns in flowing garments of white, red or blue, and Capucini monks in cowl and saudals, resary beads hanging from their girdles, beards falling on their breasts, looking as if they stepped from pictures by Guido Reni or Paolo Veronese.

Canada Ice, \$6 Per Ton On track in Pittsburg. Address H. B. Hopson, Mayville, N. Y.

Fielshman's New Clock Department Offers blue chevron jackets, satin-finished Hussar fronts, with pressed plush collar Hussar fronts, with pressed plush collars and facings; the same style in black cheviot, trimmed with fine Persian cloth, at MEN's hosiery and underwear at James H. Aiken & Co.'s, 100 Fifth ave.

MOTHER AND SON

Describing the Experience of Young Roy Johnston.

A NOTABLE RECOVERY.

A mother never speaks with more interest and enthusiasm than when she is talking about her boy. This was very forcibly impressed upon the writer a short time ago, during a conversation with Mrs. Ida Johnston, now living at Duquesne, but formerly and for a number of years resident at No. 162 Forty-fifth street, Pittsburg. She makes the following statement regarding the successful treatment of her son, Roy Johnston, the Casars, but whether for better or for by Drs. Copeland and Blair.



Master Roy Johnston, Duquesne.

"It is perhans because I had myself been treating with these physicians and had se-cured more benefit from them than from any other doctors that had treated me, that I felt so much confidence in them. Anyway when I entrusted my son to their care I felt

when I entrusted my son to their care I felt sure they could cure him.

"It was three months ago when I took him to their office for treatment. His condition at that time was serious and painful. In the first place he had a swelling on his neck which was not understood by the other doctors who had examined him. They had ordered it painted with Iodine, which only seemed to make it worse. Dr. Copeland made a thorough examination of Roy and told me there was something back of this swelling including considerable catarrhal irritation which must be removed before the swelling could be cared.

"The trouble had extended until Roy's general health was very much affected. His eyes

"The trouble had extended until Roy's general health was very much affected. His eyes were weak and watery, and the lids would be cemented together in the morning when he awoke. His nose would continually clog up, and so much mucus would be secreted that during his sleep he would have choking spells. These would alarm me so much that I would often have to send for his father during the night and have him doctored.

"It seemed to us that he was hardly ever without a sore throat. He would have car aches a great deal of the time. A dry, hacking cough came on which seemed to weaken him very much. Sharp pains in the region of the stomach would frequently distress him.

"In addition to this he became so flighty and nervous during his sleep, that his father came to the conclusion that something must be done, and it was at his solicitation that I took him to see Drs. Copeland & Blair.

"This was three months ago. Now his head and nostrils and throat no longer trouble him. His even and ears are entirely well. His stom.

"This was three months ago. Now his head and nostrils and throat no longer trouble him. His eyes and ears are entirely well. His stomach troubles him to more. His appetite is good. He cannot get enough to eat. His recovery far exceeds our most sanguine expectation. I will gladly say this to those who will call on me in person."

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ments of the stomach. The principal are often kills, spe-cially the little

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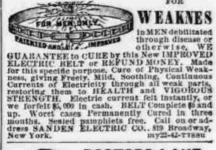
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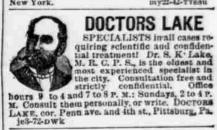
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