10

meadow, in which here and there tuits of long, rank grass grew. Here he drew rein, struck, callous soldier though ha was, at the magnificent sight which met his eyes. And he saw his whole regiment of the First Prussian Dragoons ride past him northeastwards. Each man of it calm, erect in his saddle, they rode as if on parade along the front of the enemy, who first, then the third, then the first. And then only, and not till then, did the situa-tion, and the whole purpose of the move-ment become clear to every one. For searcely had the last squadron become ex-tricated from the difficult ground when the scarcely had the last squadron become ex-tricated from the difficult ground when the word "front" rang out, followed immedi-ately by "gallop," When this word "front" was given, Avantagner Non-com-missioned Officer Von Bonheim was right be ore his squadron. The French stood amazed. Their

them in the cloudless heaven the cold stars shone down. But now the ensign, on the very verge of fainting, began to moan once more. "Blud up my wrists, good Ronheim; bind up my wrists. You have a handkercheif there. Why do you sit s aring to see me bleed to death?" He had opened his eyes by this time, and from their blue depths, now rapidly dimming, piteous en-treaty spoke. Hate was for a moment disarmed by this glance of the dying. Mechanically Ronheim tied the handkerchief his very hate inspired, above one of the shat-tered wrists. Then he let it fall without a word. Rowed over his unsuspecting enemy, be eyed him fixedly. But from Von Trosckow's other wrist the bright blood welled ont; and the En-sign, sceing this, seeing also that there was no other bandare procurable to stay the fatal flow, feit that hope had fied, and prepared to face d-ath fearlessly like the brave soldier that he was. skirmishers ran back or threw themselves on the ground. Their rear ranks crowded together into groups. Hotter and hotter be-came the rapid firing; more incessant the growl of the mitratlieuse. Trumpet calls blared over the field, and then dust and smoke and fire lapped this crack regiment

round as it charged an army. When the signal "Front" was given, Avantageur Von Ronheim was right before his squadron. He galloped turiously, with he was, teeth set and fingers elenched on his sword. "B and he was. "R-inheim," he said faintly, "you have done with that may be done for me in the way of help. But, as there is but one bandare, you have only usen able to bind one wrist. And I am dying as quickly as possible from the other. There remains but one other thing for you to do, my fine fellow: for, being tough, and well bound up, it is clear to me that you will survive. Take this silver bracelet from my wrist, and see that it is sent to my mother with my dying charge He saw Count Wesdehlen riding immediately on his left; he saw several files in the first sound already missing; he saw the trampeter riding on the Count's right, his face very white, his hand with the bugle in it swaying to the ever accelerating gallop. And there, right in front-their red trousers seen very clearly amid patches of rank green grass-interminable masses of the French infantry, kneeling, stooping, rally-

He paused for a moment, struggling with the growing faitiness. "My dying charge," he went on. "to my mother is, that the girl whose name is on this bracelet shall be treated by her as if she were my widow. I have wronged her. But I prom-ised to make her my wife. My mother is rich. I am her only son. So you see that she will see that my dying wish is carried out. Do you un-derstand me, Ronheim?" Von Ronheim, his eyes still fixed upon his dying enemy, bowed his head. "And you undertake this mission, as you are a true soldier?" ing into squares, throwing themselves on their faces, but always, always, as it seemed, pouring into that dauntless advance a murrous Iusilade. At about 50 paces from the bayonets Ron-

heim felt an abominable shock in his left ankle. He looked down and saw his toot hanging loosely, and his heel where his toe should have been. A moment atterward he was among the enemy, slashing right and left indiscriminately-but till borne onward, onward, in the irresistible impetus of this death ride-onward to the purpose assigned. Before that purpose was reached. strange glimpses of the battle peered in upon him, starting out of the smoke, and disap-pearing into it as suddenly again. Tightened white faces of boys, betraying neither tear nor rage, but astonishment simply, as with almost a mechanical action drill-ground, they thrust up at him with their bayonets as he rode upon them. Then the grim, browned face of a veteran, who showed his gums as he received the German's point in his heart; the plunging of screaming, disabled horses; the slim figure of a French officer, who turned suddenly with a venomous smile and snapped a revolver; then, amidst dust and smoke, wounded men crawling on hands and knees out of the press-a hundred impressions effaced as soon as seen, in that ever thickening pall of battle through which he was borne onward, ever onward, to the

Lis sword was Jbroken now, though he did not know, and his mare's limping gal-lop told him that she was wounded. He seemed to be separated from his companions. but as he rode blindly onward, ever onward, he seemed, though seeing fewer of the enemy in front of him, to be getting every moment more and more into a horrible rifle A shot from the right grazed his left wrist, and tore the reins from his hands. He grasped at them with his right hand, but at the same moment his mare sank down on her haunches. Another stunning abouinable blow struck him above the knee, seeming to paralyze the leg, and immedi-ately afterward before his staring eyes a rowd of bayonets bristled. Defenseless in the ace of death Von Ronheim closed his ves. But at a sympathetic touch of a loved hand he looked up and saw a proective arm raised and a French officer soking into his face sympathetically. This French officer was a tall, handsome, equi-line-leatured man, who stood unruffled and unstained-his mustache waxed as 1' for a social unction; his white glover fitting his small hands perjectly. This exquisite in attle looked at his helpless toe admiringly. And smiling a little he said to him, speak-

ell, my brave fellow your ride has

ing in German.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1990.

#### shades of waist-bands, hip-pockets and kilted skirts. While about George Square at Glasgow, the old Tron steeple, Dumiries, AMONG THE FIREMEN. AMONG SCOTCH HILLS. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE RECEIPTS EXCEED the picturesque landing place at Oban, and along High street or in Waterloo place, Edinburgh, you will see scores of people standing idly in the rain; as though they Pennsylvania Volunteer Laddies Are Wakeman's Notes of a Tramp in the More Money Turned Into the City Treasury the Finest in the Land. Picturesque Highlands. Than in Any Previous Year-The First had come out of irksome and confining habitations for an invigorating sup, literally Police District in Front, as Usual. NEW IDEAS ADVANCED BY A CHIEF The monthly report of the Mayor's office sup, of this sort of fresh air. Perhaps it is the wizard witchery of SCENES OF FASCINATING BEAUTY, shows a total of \$7,698 53 received. From Perhaps it is the wizard witchery of Scott, as poet and novelist, perhaps the ra-diant romance of all Scottish Borderland, but you never tire of tender Tweed-vale and its sweetly flowing stream. You are not the first to feel this. The old monks loved the valley and dotted the Tweed-side with splendid monasteries. Their grazing lands were the richest: their cattle the finest: the beginning of the fiscal year, eight How to Economically Run a Department months ago, the Mayor's office receipts have Along Unfrequented Paths in the Rich Valand Encourage Discipline. averaged about \$6,500 per month, so that ley of the Tweed. with the September business, the total foots up \$53,279 26. When the appropriation GOSSIP GATHERED IN ENGINE HOUSES GLIMPSES OF OLD INGLE NOOKS ordinance was passed for the current year lands were the richest; their cattle the finest; the receipts of the Mayor's office were estitheir grain of the plumpest kernel; their fruit the sweetest; in all Britain. mated at \$50,000. At that time the In no State in the Union can there be (CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. ] Mayor received the cash for pedfound a better or more enthusiastic volun-BEAULY, SCOTLAND, September 11 .-ORCHARDS ON THE TWEED. teer fire service than in Pennsylvania. New diers', pawnbrokers' and amusement licenses, This is the month of silence among the birds but after Mayor Gourley went into office he decided that the issuing of these licenses was more properly the business of the De-partment of Public Safety, and he turned Tradition has it that the fine old apple-York State alone can be considered a comof Scotland. You see all manner of them orchards still standing here-all of them on the Tweed's north banks, and many of them petitor for these honors. The old volunteer here and there flying lazily close to the departments of New York City and Philaas wonderful in their fruitage as in that marvelous Vale of Apples where once dwelt earth, or ruminatingly poised upon swaying melancholy. The consciousness of this autumnal silence of the songsters comes upon you suddenly as you tramp by hedge and field along these grand old Scottish ways. You turn aside with an impulse to discover in the forest if it be a seeming or a reality. Learning on pull this seeming or a reality. delphia excelled the world in their time, and them over to Chief Brown. This cut off a considerable income to the Mayor's office, now the lesser departments throughout the but notwithstanding this, the receipts of the office for eight months of the year have already surpassed the anticipated income two States keep up the reputation made by those two cities in the olden times, as was made manifest at the recent Watertown, N. \$3,279 26, and there are four months to come. If the remaining four months aver-age as well as the past eight, and there is every reason to believe that they will, the Mayor's receipts will reach \$78,000 for the Y., and Chester, Pa., State conventions. about these ancient orchards. Weavers' villages they once were. The clack of the dusty loom is now still; but they are quaint old nests housing quaint old tolk, who have ripened and mel-The State Firemen's Convention at Chester was a grand success, and highly creditseeming or a reality. Leaping a wall which able to the fire service of Pennsylvania. The separates you from a coppice already tinted year, more than 50 per cent above what was parade was a magnificent affair, and the with the first delicate pencilings of the expected with the licenses included. The conduct of the firemen was excellent. The frost, and plunging among the brush lowed in these sunny places along the Tweed until they fit into their orchard en-vironment as the orchards themselves blend receipts of the Mayor's office last year were only \$48,000, including the income from pawnbrokers, peddlers and amusement li-Chester firemen were thoroughly alive and and brambles at its edge, you find a racged hollow. This can be clearly traced, straight much enthused in the convention. The as an arrow, for a long distance. There is a wonderful fascination in this bramblewith the restful landscape. If you have wandered up and down the Tweed, perhaps hospitable manner in which they entertained censes. The principal portion of the Mayor's re-ceipts come from the First Police district. Police Magistrate Gripp turned in \$2,31393; Magistrate McKenna, \$1,703 85, making a total of \$4,017 78 from the First district. In the visitors was such as to command unwonderful fascination in this bramble-covered swail. You pother about it for a little, and find it paved with huge stones. More digging discloses solld walls set be-neath the rubbish at its sides. You have discovered an old Roman road. The sea itself hardly broke the line of this stout old of all these brae-side nests you have found Gattonside, by Meirose, the dreamiest and limited praise all along the line. The Philadelphia and Brooklyn Veteran Assoquaintest. Leaving the glorious abbey to your right you saunter along a shadowy road overarched with Scotch firs and beeches, ciation attracted universal attention. It was one of the largest firemen's parades ever witthe Second district Magistrate Hyndman turned in \$1,261 55 and Magistrate Leslie cool and fragrant. On the one side is nessed in Pennsylvania. The business pro-\$932 50, or a total of \$2,194 05 from the See ond district. In the Third district Magis

ceedings of the association were good, al-though not up to that of some of the other stooked grain, rise in patches of yellow, gray and green on the other. At the end of State associations, who pay more attention to business-too much so, perhaps-and less to the pleasure programme of their annual conventions than the Pennsylvania Associathe vists now and then flashes the blue of the Tweed. Then an old suspension bridge is crossed. Above and below, anglers stand Columbus, O., some time ago authorized the issuing of \$15,000 boads to purchase new engines, build new fire stations for its fire waist deep in the river, and a few cars are taking gravel from its shining bed.

department, and otherwise increase the department's efficiency. The issuing of these bonds has been stopper by some errors on the part of the municipal authorities, and the delay will prevent the erection of the new stations until next spring. Chief Heinmiller said recently, in connection with the proposed reorganization of that department, that the most important change would be in establishing a general fire headquarters. "My idea," said he, "is

to have the headquarters conducted on the same plau as is the system in the regular army. All the supplies for the department should be kept at the headquarters, with a man there in charge, whose duty it would be to issue them the same as the regular army issues sustenance, arms and accoutre-ments. It would be a great saving to the city, as each fire captain would strive to have his company the most economical of any in the service.

# Sparks From All Sources.

JERSEY CITY asks for proposals to furnish a econd-class steam fire engine. ONE of the handsomest hose wagons eve built was recently sent from Newark, N. J., to the Atlanta, Ga., department.

HABRISBURG will erect new stations for the Shamrock Hose, the Susquehanna Hose and the Friendship Engine Companies. THE Hope and Reilly Hose Companies, of Harrisburg, were the guests of the United States Company, of Atlantic City, one day the

past week. five days. Mrs. J. M. Porter is the delegate THE Baltimore Fire Board has ordered that from Alleghenv county to this convention. hereafter all candidates must undergo a thor sigh physical examination before becomin IRELAND, England and Continental Europ

LOCK HAVEN will have the State Firement Convention next year and a great time they propose to make of it. Its central locatio will bring delegates from all sections. HARRISBURG is endeavoring to establish

paid fre department in place of its present vol-unteer force. It is claimed that at least \$2,000 per annum can be saved with a paid force.

Judge Fetterman's famous tittle black

# **AMERICAN IRON WORKS.** The Well-Known Interests of Messrs, Jones & Laughlin,

MR.MICHAEL H.SMITHTALKS

The American Iron Works, owned by Messrs. Jones & Laughlin, is probably one of the most prominent and best known industries of its kind in this section of the country. It is with the engineer of this immense works and his somewhat remarkable experience that the following sketch has to

Mr. Michael H. Smith is now, and has been for the past 20 years, a resident of old original Brownstown, living at No. 2822 Harkins street, between Jane and Mary streets, Southside. In an interview with the writer, among other things, Mr. Smith said: "For some time I had been troubled with catarrh, at least that is what everyone said was the matter with me.



Mr. Michael H. Smith, 2822 Harkins Street, Southside, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Allegheny County W. C. T. U. Preparing

The ladies composing the Executive Committee of the Allegheny County W. C. T. U. are arranging a course of lectures for the coming winter. The course will embrace the best of talent, including such speakers as Miss F. E. Willard, Mrs. Mary Torrence Lathrop, of Michigan; Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, and Mother Stewart, of

Mr. Michael H, Smith, 282 Harkins Street, Southside, Pittsburg, Pa. "It came on gradually-from colds, I think I first noticed it in my head. My nostrils would clog up, first one side then the other. I had a dull, heavy pain over my eyes and through the temples. My head and throat would fill up so with a tough yellow phlegm that I could hardly breathe. I would have to get up at night and hawk and raise to clear it. "As my trouble greew worse my appetite failed me. I had no relish for anything. No kind of food seemed to agree with me. My rest was broken. I was nuable to sleep or do anything else. I would have to get up at night and wak the floor to relieve my mind. I would have severe pains in my stomach and it would swell up and feel as if there was a heavy weight of iron inside it. Palpitation of the heart set in. I would feel weak and dizz. "Why didn't I try to find relief!" I did. I tried almost everything I ever heard of, and was compelled to give up my work and remain at home. I was unable to do anything. I had been in this condition, away from my work, about seven weeks, when, after reading in the paper of a case similar to my own that had been in the did cured by Drs. Copeland & Blair, I decided to call on them without dehy, and try one more for relief from my suffering. I did able begran their treatment at once. Rather to my surprise 1 begran to improve almost from the first. My head and throat be-Ohio. The preparation for this course will be consummated at the monthly meeting of the union, to be held in the Third U. P. Church, Diamond street, Tuesday next, at 2 P. M. Mrs. J. M. Porter will preside and conduct the devotional exercises. Early next week the delegates representlocal unions of the county, with a number of visiting friends, will go to Scranton, to attend the State Convention, which able began their treatment at once. Hainer to my surprise I began to improve almost from the first. My head and throat be-came clear. My appetite returned. I have no more trouble with my stomach. I sleep soundly now and rise refreshed. In short, all my sympconvenes in that city October 14. Among those who will go are Mrs. Mary G. Worth, Mrs. Florian Smith, Mrs. J. C. Hill, Mrs. H. C. Moffitt, Mrs. E. F. Grimm, Miss S. C. Gemmill, Mrs. E. D. C. Mair, and Mrs. Dr. now and rise refreshed. In short, all my symp-toms generally disappeared. I have returned to my old job again and do my work without trouble. I am a different man entirely from what I was, and I owe my recovery to the skillful treatment of Drs. Copeland and Blair. Mr. Smith lives, as stated, at No. 2822 Har-kin-street, where this statement can be readily verified. Page. Another matter which is stirring up interest in the W. C. T. U. work is the National Convention, which meets in At-lanta, November 14, to remain in session for

verified

# BEWARE OF IMITATORS.

are covered by special cable correspondents of THE DISPATCH. A big budget is promised for To-Morrow's mammoth issue. Drs. Copeland and Blair, the Originators, Still at the Head.

JUDGE FETTERMAN'S BEREAVEMENT. He Loses a Little Black Mare That Was

a Character in Her Way. BOSTON'S new fire boat is a constant thorn in the Fire Commission's side. It is a costly

mare is dead. She was as noted in her way

BEATING THE RECORD.

THE ESTIMATES.

trate Succop turned in \$1,486 70. The total number of arrests during Sep-

tember was 2,085, of which 1,332 were in the First district, 400 in the Second and 753 in the Third. Of these 770 paid fines, 324 were

sent to jail, 286 to the workhouse, 671 dis

charged, 24 sent to court for trial, 3 sent to Reform School, 3 to nospital. 2 to Poor

GETTING READY FOR WINTER.

for Plenty of Work.

Farm and 2 held over.

ing the

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS GRATEFUL COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

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MEDICAL.

DOCTOR S14 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA. As old residents know and back files of Pitt burg papers prove, is the oldest establishe

and most prominent physician in the city, de voting special attention to all chronic diseases From respon-NO FEE UNITL CURED sible persons NO FEE UNITL CURED NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical energy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfulness, energy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfalness, dizziness, sleeplessness, pimples, oruptions, im-poverished blood, failing powers, organic weak-ness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, mi-fitting the person for business, society and mar-riage, permanently, safely and privately cured. **BLOOD AND SKIN** diseases in all blotches, failing hair, bones, pains, glaadular, swellings, uicerations of tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, oid sorea, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly erailicated from the system. **URINARY**, kidney and bladder derange-tarrhal discharges, inflammation and other painful symptoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real cures. Dr. Whittier's life-long, extensive experiences insures scientific and reliable treatment on common-sense principles. Consultation free, Patlents at a distance as carefully treated as it here. Office hours, 9 A. M. to S.P. M. Sunday, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. only, DR. WHITTIEH, sli Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. jy3-12-DSuwk

jy2-12-DSuwk



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# DOCTORS LAKE SPECIALISTS in all cases ro

uthful foll

Still at the Head. A short time since the attention of the public was called to the remarkable success Drs. Cope-land & Blair were having in the treatment of catarth and all its varions complications. Althouge imitators of their methods of treat-ment and mode of advertising have sprung up in various sections of the city, their feeble efforts have met with no success. Drs. Cope-land and Blair still remain as the head, and their success is unabated. Dr. W. H. Copeland is personally in charge of his extensive practice. 影 SPECIALISTS in all cases re-quirting scientific and confiler and treatment! Dr. S. K' Laka, M. R. C. P. S., is the oldest and nost experienced specialist in the city. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Office M. Consult them personally, or write. Docrons LAKE, cor. Penn ave. and ith st., Pittsburg, Pa. je3-72-DWk

# Scotch obstinacy, sets its face toward its own liking; but all have the Tweed and its

songs just below them; and every one has its orchard inclosed with a yellow or white sinuous wall. Huge as oaks are these knotted old apple trees, but their well-pruned branches are bending even to the cottage roofs with such loads of "rosycheckit" apples, that their scale blends with the green foliage. If men live in the village your keen-est gaze cannot find them. It is, shopless, save where in one little window "sweeties"

of ancient make and flavor are exposed. I is kirkless, and nought but the sound of the old abbey bell from a mile away at Melrose disturbs the wondrous quiet of the place. All doors are open to all in Scotland, and you can peer into this cottage and that. The incarnation of sweetness and cleanliness, but no human is beheld. Here is an old schoolhouse deserted and silent. An orchard was its playground but a few sheep are grazing among its tender grasses now. Unconsciously you have begun to tiptoe through the hamlet, for it seems as though even a footfall might break the spell of silence and repose; and you pass on to reach the rough, red road that leads to the primeval forest be youd. But no, here is such a quaint old cottage that you halt again. Something like an arched front from which rises a huge chimney arrests your attention. On either side of the chimney is a tiny pane of

glass You peep into one and see the oddest inglenock in all Scotland. A huge arch sustain-ing the bowed wall of the cotage and the chimney above encloses a cavernous fire-

A SILENT HAMLET. A little farther on groups of old peasant women, pausing now and then to bless the Covenanters or boil a new bree from an old scandal, are cutting thistles and weeds with sickles at the waterside. These brambles will be dried to help piece out the meager fuel in the near winter days. At the village edge the road ends; or rather blends into a score of century-beaten paths; for Gattonside has no street. Each of its thatched houses, as if with a touch of

ered? I speak as a dying mah. 1 ou know, Ronheim, as well as I do, that I am bleeding to death for want of a bandage." Ronheim was silent for a moment. He seemed to be thinking. And as he thought there came upon his thick lips a smile of sin-gular sweetness and innocence, the smile of a little child. And as this smile, brightening ever before some vision of boyhood which, each moment made clearer, grew, till it trans-figured the plain face, he quietly undid that bandage which an enemy's pitying hands had bound so skillfully above his wounded knee. His life-blood burst from the artery. But without a thought of it, with the last strength of a strong life, a strength to which hate no longer ministered, in a minute he had bound wrist, from which the last of a rival's life was ebbing. Forgiveness stronger than hate bound

ebbing. Forgiveness stronger than hate bound this ligament close. The death flow was stayed.

He smiled again faintly that simple child's smile. But the other read in it the whole history of this hero's devotion-saw how his own life had been saved. "Wretch that I am?" he cried, and tried to raise one shattered hand to tear the bandage from the other. But Ronheim, content, saw that to do this was beyond the other's power. "You have promised for her, Ensign," he said; "and I know that you will keep your word. I give my life gladly that Rose may be an honest woman. Swear once more that if you live you will make her your wife." With tears flooding his eyes the other prom-ised. And then these two soldiers lay quietly side by side on that darkened field of nattle, while above them the stars shone out splendid-ly, innumerable rejoting eyes, viewing with He smiled again faintly that simple child's before you for the strange eddies, curlings and fantastic convolutions of the log. There is your road, centuries old and as hard as Scotch wit, beneath your feet. You cannot mistake that. What is to the right or left, or before, only your tancy, quickened by the morning's awakening life, intensified by near and far mysterious sounds, can locat ly, innumerable rejoicing eyes, viewing with exultation the tranquil close of this drama of Hate. They lay side by side for some space, and divine. TRAMPING THROUGH RAIN. looking at each other as true friends lo other who are soon for a long space to b parted. Then, when Ronheim's life was a Tramp, tramp, tramp, bravely as you may, these grow into consciousness so immost ebbed, hurried steps were heard perative of recognition, that, that despite proaching, and a relief party came up. A Ge man surgeon, a rough, red-bearded man, whos skilful, tender hands had been reddene in the service of mercy, looked at Ronhein yourself, ever and again you stop to listen. Drip, drip, drip, from the leaves of the hedges into water basins of rock, the first. He shrugged his shoulders, and spat ex first. He shrugged his shoulders, and spat ex-pressively. "The devil," he said, looking at the ground red with that self-sactificing blood---we are too late here." But he hurried with a bandage nevertheless. But Ronheim, now at his last gasp, refused the service. "I am past your aid, sir," he said. "But there is Ensign von Trosckow, of my regiment, whom I have looked to, who will repay your care and mine. Ensign von Trosckow has something to live for." great drops striking like silver pellets upon swinging glass; until the very chimes the fairies are rung in your ears beside the road. Not a rod away, but invisible, rivu-lets of the night's making wimple from rocks to pools, from the staccato of tenor trills to the barytone minors of stately

"And did this baggage really love you?" "Did she not give me this bracelet as a pledge"' "And you would really marry her if you re- the nineteenth and covered?" "Have I not sworn it by all that is most sa-cred? I speak as a dying man. You know, Ronheim, as well as I do, that I am bleeding to

jealous Domitian recalled to Rome this in-vincible leader of steel-mailed slaughterers, and the glowing pea of Tacitus told the surmountain tops, flaming their blue heather marvelously, countless wraiths pass and repass in olden battle array. Then that it is

the face of a keenly observant but solemn collie dog breaking between some clumps of golden broom above your head. He has been minding a flock of sheep, grazing yon-der on the brac-side; and he has stepped aside for a moment to interrupt your vagar ous fancies about Agricola and all the othe grim old tellows of his blood-letting time, and to study your intentions and possibly examine your credentials. You beg his pardon for the trespass; leap the wall to the

highway again; gaze back down the valley upon a score of red-roofed hamlets; push forward to the wayside inn where you are to tarry; and, between the walls of its huge chamber, you march in dreams from the Seven Hills to the Grampians, with mailed

psalms,

ebblig. Forgiveness stronger than hate bound this igament close. The death flow was stayed. Trosckow opened his eyes wearily.
"What now?" he asked. His voice seemed stronger aiready, as if that other life, self. sacrificed, pulsed aiready in his exhausted "It is, Ensign," answered Ronheim bluntly.
"That I have found another bandage."
"God be thanked!" cried Trosckow as his eyes lit upon his salvation.
"And as," went on Ronheim. "It seems that mine has slipped, and that there is such a devil's own pool of my blood here as will short is my turn now to make a confession . . and eracit papenent in the other's tense face.
"Confession first, Ensign. Rose Sucher was my sweetbeart. I had hoped to be happy with her, you see. I gave her that bracelst com mitting her to God. It seems she has preferred your protection. I do not blame her. I never did. I never could. Rose always had her own war."
He smiled again faintity that simple child's

ancient St. Cuthbert's and a moss-grown mill and dam. Tiny fields, with tidily artery, along which once surged the iron blood of Rome. Stern Agricola rode at the head of his legions past the very spot on which you are standing. Almost ceaseless tides of warriors swept over this road to Mons Grampus, that 10,000 slain and stark Caledonian barbartans might form an impassable wall to the mist-wreathed mountains beyond. Eighteen hundred years have passed since

passing bravery of the skin-clad Northme who tell beneath his onslaughts; but as you linger upon the old Roman Road, dreaming until the sun is almost level with the fa

"And you undertake this mission, as you are a true soldier?" Again Von Ronhelm bowed his head. But his eyes no longer sought his enemy's. They looked out across the battlefield, away toward a tender glow on the sky-line; a faint streak shuing from behind the everlasting hills which showed where the footsteps of that day of death had died. And, as his small pig-like eves met the light, they dilated, seeming to see some pleasant picture in the aftergiow! Some shun-ing vision of dead hanpy days! "Did you love this Rose Sucher, Ensign?" he suddenly blurted out gruffly. Von Trosckow, who had closed his eyes, an-swered faintly: "Hare I not said that she was to have been my wife?"

my wife

He paused for a moment, struggling with the

# NOT THE FIRST CENTURY

on which is shining is recalled to you by

come to an end, it seems. Von Ronheim stared at the speaker stupidly. "When one's weapon's gone, one's cour-

age goes, too," he said, bluntly, Oh," says the Frenchman, still smiling. "I am not so sure of that." The only weapon which he carried was a small walking cane.

"But let us see to our wounds," he went on, and bent over the tallen man tenderly. "Oh!" he said, looking at the wound above the knee. "We do not bleed like this for the knee. nothing. We have an artery touched here, I perceive.

'Leave me to die," groaned Ronheim. 'On the contrary, my brave fellow," said the Frenchman. He knelt as he spoke, and, drawing bandages from his pocket, bound them with a practiced surgeou's hands so firmly above and below the wound as to check the tatal flow. "Sir, I thank you, "But you had best leave says Ronheim. The Frenchman rose from his me to die." Insk.

"On the contrary, my friend, while that bandage is about your knee I leave you to live! To live and to do yet braver deeds"he bowed low and drew off his men, smiling pleasantly :- "to live and to do yet braver deeds."

> PART II-THE DRAMA. "BRAVER DEEDS."

#### "To live and do yet braver deeds."

These words, spoken by this unknown Frenchman, and sounding like a voice from beaven sent to assuage horrors, clung to Von Bonbeim's cars. They struck him with the strength of a presentiment. Prophetic, indeed, they were to prove! For it came to pass that after Von Ronheim had Three of the Old Boys Mustered Out Sind been lying where he foll, listening to the ever-decreasing sounds of the dying battle, staring put the sky, which had already begun to grow tender with the colors of evening, wondering whether any of his fellow companions had escaped from the forlorn hope, he suddealy heard a voice hourse with agony calling him beseechingly to help. A voice that he knew, too! He raised himself, painfully ning on his two hands, and looked across this lootin, in which dying men and horser nggled, in the direction from which this there, about 12 paces from e saw a young mun's bare head raised he dend hour of a horse. This stricken helmet in the melee, and is pale, againzed face and closely-cropped ye aw hair shone out clearly in a sudden shaft of summet. Rouncim recognized this face in an in-stant as the face of Von Trocksow, an ensign of his own recriment and faint as he himself had become he dragged hunself slowly, painfully, to that fated spot, where the voices of duty and sity combined in that hear-e cry for "Help! accommend him like a transpet call,

As, breathing heavily, he reached at last his uperior officer's side, Ronheim unconsciously superior officer's side, Renheim unconsciously became involved in the tragic meshes of the drama to which the smoltr sind tury and carn-age of the afternoon, the shouting of the cap-tains, and the thunner of charging horses, had been but the prologue. For, as bending over Yon Trockrow, who hay still with eyes closed, and having hold at the same time of both the wounded man's arms above the wrists, which had been shatterel—as lionheim stooped thus, trying with one hand by pressure to stop the flow of blood, which he knew now was arterial, and servicing with the other for a handkerchief to serve as a bandage, something slipped down and seeking what the other for a handkerchier to serve as a handage, something slipped down from under Ensign von Trosckow's sleeve, and ame ngantst the buge hand which was check-ng ids life's flow like a ring of ice. At this moment Roukeim had with his free and fould a handkerchief in his officer's reast. But that strange chill which his other and had felt slaved the motion of mercy. He

and had felt slayed the motion of mercy. He oaked at the cause of it And there, lying close against his own hand, there, clasped on the wrist of his wounded superior officer, he saw a thin silver bracelet. This bracelet had an inscription on it. The inscription was "How: God keep you." It was the bracelet which he had given to Rose on the night of hetrothed

Conhoim's heart became like ice. Under Ronhoim's heart became like ice. Under this shock, deadlier than any to be received in hattle, he stillened like a man turned to stone. His dead ever remained fixed on the bracelet, junt now the man to whose help ne had hur-ried began to mean feebly: "Quick, Bonheim, quick, or I die. Those accursed chassepots have shattered both wrists." Ronheim answered hearsely. "You have a bit of a bracelet here in the way, Ensign. Shall I remove it?" But the other cried, in a

live for

He fixed a long, steady look upon his rival and died. There came across the silent battlefield the

mellowed sound of distant voices singing "The Watch by the Rhine." All that remained of the First Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards were marching back to Vionville, the nearest place with water.—Pail Mail Gazette.

# SEVENTY-SIXTH'S REUNION.

# the Last Meeting.

The eighth annual reunion of the Seventysixth Regiment, Pennsylvania Veteran

nue. There were about 125 members present. J. P. Harm made a pleasant address of

welcome to the "brave old boys," as he characterized the members. General J. S. Littell also spoke in a similar vein. A letter of regret was read from Mayor Gourley, who could not be present owing to sickness. The election of officers was then held. Captain Alfred Hicks was elected President and L. W. Johnston Secretary and Treasurer. The report of the latter showed a surplus in the treasury of \$32 67. It was decided to hold the next reunion in the same hall October 3, 1891. Atter dinner H. C. McKee, Harry Wayne and William M. Stevenson reported resolutions deploring the deaths of Comrades Stephen C. Hendershot, William Miller and William Burkbart.

[Communicated.] The Whitlwind Orator.

# Congressman Mason, the brainy represent tive from Chicago, will be the principal orator at the Republican mass meeting at the Opera House this evening. Every voter should attend.

TTSSu

man all and the X :

ALL-WOOL henriettas, 46 in. wide, two grand values, at 75c and \$1 a vd, and a line not indeed of love. That the Scotch love their mists and drizzles you have endless proof. "Dear Auld Reckie" (old Forgy. of 55 different colorings from which to select. HUGUS & HACKE.

as on a clear one. The indifference to the mis-

A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC

and rain may have become

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or Smoky,) is not only the prideral appella-tion for mist-wreathed, drizzle-sprinkled Edinburgh, one of the most interesting cities of the world, but it is the love-name of all Ladies' and gents' furnishings, gloves and hosiery. Specials in all these departments for to-day and this evening's sales BOGGS & BUHL.

### One of a Kind.

of the world, but it is the love-name of all old Scotia itself. Any day in the year-for in Scotland you will be caught in a shower or swirled in a fog every day of the year-you will meet groups of society ladies or business men gathered at crossings or near important building entrances, cheery as larks on a June morning in their exchange of courtesies or gossip, while tiny rills of rain are merrily coursing from their ears, chins and noses, or seeking slong tolera-tive vertebre the sequestered and spongy An importer's line of samples of dress buckles and slides, cut steel, oxidized, jet, black crochet, at just half the regular price, at The People's Store.

UPBIGHT pianos for rent. E. G. HAYS & Co., 75 Fifth ave.

place. At each side of this a settle of stone and windows, ever shat to noisy crowds, is built in the bow beneath the arch. The panes of glass are little outlooks from this with radiant welcomings. How witching the morning is, half disclosing the wondrous peasant fortalice of a snuggery. Opposite the one into which you are peering an old, charms of valley, haugh, loch, river, glen and mountain! At times scarcely can your hand be seen old woman is asleep. She has been knitting and looking and dreaming out through the

listen,

apple boughs across the sunlit valley. Her white old face is as white as her white old 'mutch" cap. She had knit to the middle of her needle, and then fallen asleep. But her thin old hands hold the needles uprigh and clenched, as though duty lasted beyond consciousness; and her cat has come to the opposite settle to stare at the silent face, as

if doubtful of the meaning when the click-ing needles stopped. This is the only soul you have found in Gattonside among the apple orchards and their sunshine by the EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. Tweed.

BUSINESS men will find all the closing week's rews from all the exchanges in To-Morrow's 20- Page DISPATCH.

# FIRST OF THE WINTER SEASON

The Twenty-First Free Organ Recital This Afternoon.

Just a score of free organ recitals has been successfully compassed by City Organist Over your head the restless abrasion o Wales, of Allegheny, and the recital to-day. boughs whispers that the leaves from their very weight of fog cups, sigh and moan as the twenty-first, begins the winter season at Carnegie Hall. Many agreeable novelties if impatient of their surless prisoning. Making your way is some times like push-ing through impalpable banks of snow. But in instrumental and vocal music are in course of preparation for coming recitals, before the crackle and fiame of the old inn and the pregramme for this afternoon at 3 fire place, in the presence of scopes white as o'clock is replete with instrumental gems. a dove's wing, bacon crisp and brown, an omelet as yellow as a frost-painted beech The singers of to-day are Miss Lillian A. Reddick, who gave great pleasure at a eat, a jug of cream sweet as a nut kernel, a fragrant brewing of tea in the delph pot under the "cosey," and a guidwife bustling about in a sort of cheery frenzy to make you former recital, and Mr. George Brengle, late of Baltimore, whose voice is sweet and sympathetic, and his selections of music will undoubtedly please. An "international programme" of rare excellence is being about in a sort of cheery frenzy to make you welcome, you have reason to be glad of the blood-tingle to be found in doing a half dozen miles, before breakfast, through a genuine Scotch fog. It you tramp in Scotland you cannot avoid the humidity, nor can you fail to ob-serve one of the curious effects more Scotch prepared for the twenty-second recital for the benefit of the visitors from abroad. Following is the programme for to-day in full: serve one of the curious effects upon Scotch people themselves. They are either wholly

1. Martha-Overture and Arias......Flotow Gavotte Mnsette...S. Bach 2. Three classes Eb. Nocture op. 9. No. 2. 3. Overture-"La Dame Blanche...Boldieu 4. Song-"Couldst Thou But Know"....Balfe 5. A Gavotte...C. W. Gluck 5. b. Persian National Hymo.Jules Gebaner 6. Pas de Fleurs (balletscene)...F. Behr 6. Song-"Ouce Again"......Sulitare indifferent to its influence or seem to possess a sort of liking for it, from lang syne com-panionship. A fish poncher will cast his hook in contentedness all day long through a steady drizzle. All sorts of peasant folk along the roadside pursue their regular vocations in pelting showers, as if utterly un-conscious of the drenching element. Ex- C. Fastus Fleating, C. Fastus Fleating, Sullivan
 Song—"Once Again", Sullivan
 Potpourri-"Carmen", Georges Bizet
 Song—"Who Knows, Garoline Lowthian
 Nysotis Waitz, Caroline Lowthian
 Song—"Tell Her I Love Her So", Tosti
 "First Heart Throbs", R. Eilenberg
 The Cavalcade Climoise", H. Nurnberg cursion and picnic parties set forth for s day's outing in a pouring rain with the same enthusiasm as on a clear morning. You will see as many fine ladies shopping in Princess street, Edinburg, on a rainy day

#### GOING TO TURN OUT TO-NIGHT.

A Parade That Promises to be a Feature of

the Campaign. The Butterflies, Never-Sweats, Do-Littles

through the universal use by Scottish peo ple of woolen clothing, so perfect in quality and comfortable in texture as to protect the body from the ill-effect of sudden change and Sons of Rest, of the Thirtleth ward, have decided to parade this evening in order in temperature and the chill of evaporating to show politicians the value of votes this moisture. But you can not account for the apparent actual liking of mist and drizzle. fall. The procession will form on Carson street, at the park, and parade down Carson to First, down First to Bingham, Bingham drizzle and mist, save on the theory that endless companionship with anything as expanserating as intermittent fog, sun and drizzle, in time, gives the habit of liking, if to Sixth, Sixth to Manor, Manor to Twentyfourth, Twenty-fourth to Carson, and up Carson to the place of formation, the park, where the ranks will break and the mem-

The population along the line are re-spectfully requested to decorate and illuminste their residences, and thus encourage home industry.

#### Bound to be Supplied.

Prohibition is supposed to prohibit in Imperial, but just what it prohibits no one seems to know. There were 28 kegs of beer sent up on the limited express from Montour Junction last evening.

OIL FIELDS with a history will be pre sented with camera accompaniment to read-ers of Te-Merrow's mammeth DISPATCH.

ers and citizens of that fact, CHATTANOOGA. TENN., will hereafter use one-inch rubber hose connected by a reducing coupling to the standard size hose or outle for all small fires. Springfield, Mass., has used this for several years.

d the press are co

CHIEF W. A. HUGHES, of Cincinnati, O., has ordered the discontinuance of striking gen-eral alarms on the tower bells. The first alarm will be struck as heretofore. This will be given a 30 days' trial. PALMYRA, N. Y., will hold a firemen's car-

nival at the Agricultural bulldings from the 13th to the 18th of this month, which promises to be the greatest firemen's event in that State during the season. THE Kendall Borough Fire Department hold a grand uniform ball at the Opera House Thursday evening, October 9. Every ticket-holder will be entitled to a chance in a hand-

some silver fireman's trumpet. THE Johnson Hose Company, of Bradford, have concluded their series of entertainment

which have been running for some time at the Orpheus Hall. The results are very satisfac-tory to the company and their friends. SECRETARY H. A. HILLS, of the Nationa

Association, has sent the proceedings of the re-cent convention at Detroit to the printer to be published in pamphlet form, copies of which may be had gratis by all chiefs by addressing Mr. Hills at Cincinnati, O. THE Huntly Hose Company, of Huron, S.D., claim to be the world's champion hose racing

team. They make this claim on the record they made at Pierre recently, when they ran 200 yards to a byurant, laid 300 feet of hose, broke coupling, attached pipe ready for water in 38 DELEGATE E. S. KEAPP, of the Hope Fire Company, and O. A. Oakes, of the Dicks Company, of Meadville, give glowing accounts of their doings and what they saw at the recent State Firemen's Convention in the Republican of that place. H. C. Cornfield and L. J. Smith,

of the Hope Company, accompanied the del CHIEF HUGH BONNER, of New York City, has ordered that the theater aisles and lobbys behind the seats usually occupied by standers on admission tickets, be kept open and free for immediate egress in case of emergency. A wise idea. There has long been a law in that city to that effect, but it has never been en-forced

THE Friendship Hose Company, of Collins ville, has reorganized for the ensuing year with the following officers: Captain, George Brash-ear; First Lieutenant, Thomas Courtney; Sec. ond Lieutenant, Anthony King; President, J. R. Kennedy; Scoretary, William Wallace Treasurer, Jesse Percy. This organization is now in a most flourishing condition and is one of the best duty companies in the State.

MAJOR ED HUGHES, Chief of the Louisville Ky., fire department, is one of the most popular and best known chiefs in the county. He har and best known chiefs in the county. He is famous as a sporting man as well as a fre-man, and was one of John L. Sullivan's back-ers in his fight with Kilrain in Louisiana some-time ago. The Major Chief is well fixed as far as this world's goods are concerned, and a happier go-lucky sort of a person never ex-isted.

COLLECTIONS of old fire service relics are COLLECTIONS of old fire service relics are now a popular fad, especially among the vet-eran associations, nearly all of them having a collection. The largest individual collection in the country, and perhaps the very largest of all collections, is that of William T. King, of ongine 5, Cambridge, Mass. which consists of over %200 pieces, including 600 hat fronts, 200 belts and one or more pieces of almost every conceivable article ever connected with the fire service. His collection of photographs of different builds of steam fire engines, 61 in number, has no equal.

MRS. LIVERMORE, Lucy Stone and other well-known womes contribute a symposium of interest to all classes for To-Morrow's

0-Page DISPATCH. Icr. Canada Ice. For sale by B. Hopson, Mayville, N. Y.

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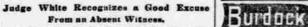
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as Dick Turpin's "Black Bess," and in sober earnest performed journeys very nearly equal to that from London to York. Had the Judge's mare been gifted as was the prophet's donkey in olden time, she

could have contributed some rare political literature that is likely to go into oblivion, tales of how some combinations were formed during the last two decades.

Last spring something went wrong with her toot, and though the Judge had her under medical care, she grew thinner from day to day, and suffered intense pain. Last ELY'S CREAM BALM Will cure CATARRH. Price 50 cents. Apply Balm into each nes. Saturday the Judge took home some cholro-form, with intent to inflict a paiuless death the next morning, but in the morning the little mare was sound lying dead in her stali. She was well stricken in years, but up to the time she got hurt was as spirited as a colt.

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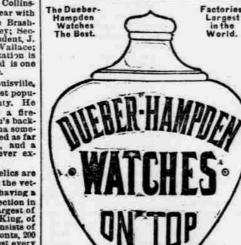


A sad case of destitution was developed in the Criminal Court yesterday when Bessie Cohen was called up to answer a process that had been served upon her. Mrs. Cohen had been subpœnaed as a witness in a case and failed to appear in court. at the appointed time.

When asked vesterday why she had absented herselt from court Mrs. Cohen, through Interpreter Luty, replied that she was trying to secure some food, and that for was trying to secure bound on a crust of six days there had not been even a crust of house for her children. This bread in her house for her children. statement was so touching that Judge White immediately ordered the release of the woman from custody.

Received Another Appointment.

Mr. J. J. McCormick, of No. 639 Smithfield street, has been appointed agent for the Clyde Steamship Company, which runs a line of steamers from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., three times a week during the winter season.



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