"You fly nigh."

## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1890.

CHAPTER V.

"And what care I for your men," said she,

"To wait upon my will ?"

—Sir Hoggie and the Fairies.

"I have a thousand men," said he,

"Or towers from Tyne to Till, Sith you must go with me," she said,

sunk in deepest repose of tobacco.

ny lectures, or the Nilghai's?"

now I'm going to work."

my Cosmos.

"Well, madman, how d'you feel?"

"You had much better do some work." "Maybe; but I'm in no hurry. I've made

discovery. Torp, there's too much Ego in

"Not really! Is this revelation due to

"It came to me suddenly, all on my own

own account. Much too much Ego; and

He turned over a few half-finished

sketches, drummed on a new canvas, cleaned

three brushes, set Binkie to bite the toes of

the lay-figure, rattled through his collection

of arms and accouterments, and then went

out abruptly, declaring that he had done

out abruptly, declaring that he had done enough for the day.

"This is positively indecent," said Torpenhow, "and the first time that Dick has ever broken up a light morning. Perhaps he has found out that he has a soul, or an artistic temperament, or something equally valuable. That comes of leaving him alone

for a month. Perhaps he has been going out of evenings. I must look to this." He rang for the baid-headed old housekeeper, whom

nothing could astonish or analoy.

"Beeton, did Mr. Heldar dine out at all while I was out of town?"

"Never laid 'is dress-clothes out once, sir, all the time. Mostly 'e dined in; but 'e

brought some most remarkably fancy young

stairs an' then goin' down four abreast to pick it up again at 2:30 in the morning,

"To wait upon my will, And towers nine upon the Tyne, And three upon the Till."

#### ORE FOR PITTSBURG.

A Range of Mountains Over a Mile Long Piled Up on the Banks of Lake Erie for Shipment.

REARLY A MILLION TONS OF IT.

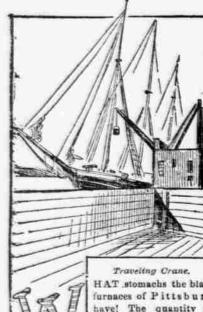
Monster Machinery Used in Unloading Vessels, Leading Cars and Build-

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COAL TRADE.

ing the Mountains.

New Dooks That May Make Grain One of the Feature of the Gas City's Business.

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.]



HAT stomachs the blast furnaces of Pittsburg have! The quantity of food they will hold is almost beyond belief, and the wonder is that metal dyspepsia is not oftener

heard of as one of the Iron City's industrial diseases. Did you ever ascend to the top of Carrie Furnace, of Soho Furnace, or of Isabella Furnace, and look down its cadaverous mouth-down, down, down, until you caught a glimpse of its glowing, seething, hissing and writhing bowels?

If you have you surely marveled at the

regularity, the never-ceasing, endless flow with which the iron ore comes up the clevator shaft to feed the monster who neve sleeps. Night and day this feeding goes on Where is the kitchen so large as to turnish this enormous and continuous feast for Vulcan?

And there is the cupola and labratory of

the blast furnace you find the kitchen of the iron industry. But its cupboards are filled from some other source. You are not satis-

Michael cranes—which drop buckets into the holds of the ships, hoist them out again, and swing them over to the Prailroad tracks on the pier, where the ore is dropped from adjustable bucket bottoms into the freight cars. The dock company owns 30 of these commons wachines. They move on a double-wide railroad track close to the water's edge, and that at the southern door is a mass of railthat at the southern door is a mass of railroad semaphore signals. In past the one glides the white sails from Lake Superior, and out past the other rolls the ponderous western Railroad. It is Fairport. The sails have floated a cargo of food-iron ore-to the lockers of the pantry: the railroad has received from the hands of the steward the contents of the shelves for transfer to the

MOUNTAINS OF ORE. There, in the midst of plenty, I stood appalled at the extent of Pittsburg's insa-tiable appetite. In front of me, back of me, to my left and on my right, were mountiron ore-mountains in miniature. Each pile bad the conical shape and sharp peak, rising to the height of 50 and 75 feet. You could count them, because, like the Alps, mountain over mountain appeared. There were hundreds of them, and in tiers of three or tour deep they lay in straight lines one mile and a sixth by actual meas-

How much ore is here stored? Guess, It would be as great a puzzle to you as the number of beans in a Sunday school lestival jar. You would miss it ten times to

On Monday at 1 P. M .- the hour I was there-there were in all 762,000 tons, or 1, 524,000,000 pounds of ore on these docks at Fairport. Try and grasp that!

OVER ONE MILLION TONS. In that hour, too, a vessel was unloading by muchinery which wast adding to this gigantic pile at the rate of exactly one ton per minute, and for the reason that some thousands of tons would thus be added by

the next evening I am particular to give

the time of day I was there. But that is not all. Around me stood the men who have this year unloaded 1,100,000 tons of ore at these docks, and most of it for Pittsburg furnaces. Yes, indeed, that atupendous basketful of iron food would overload Pittsburg's industrial stomach, and paralyze the city with a severe fit of indigestion, if passed through her kitchen all at once. So far this year the furnace jaws reached by the Fairport docks have therefore been only allowed to swallow som 340,000 tons, leaving the 760,000 tons still in

the big pantry. A TRAIN 400 MILES LONG.

Seven hundred and sixty-two thousand tons mean a great deal. It all shipments to Fairport from the ore mines of Lake Su-perior and Lake Michigan were to cease, it would take the Pittsburg and Western Rail-road, at its present rapid rate of shipments to Pittsburg, a year and a half to clear off the docks. Averaging from 10 to 15 tons per railroad cur as a load, and that is a very liberal estimate, it would require from 60, 000 to 70,000 cars to carry off all this accu-

mulation of ore simultaneously.
Suppose these cars were made up into one train, how long would the train be? Each freight or goudola car is 25 feet long, ineluding the coupling space between cars. At that rate it would only take 150 cars to cover a mile. The train of 60,000 to 75,060 cars would consequently stretch from 400 to 500 miles—the distance between Pittsburg and New York City. But the ore trains o to-day will only average from 20 to 25 cars

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

The ore thus stored at Fairport has an average value of \$5 per ton. The immenae bulk is therefore worth \$3,810,000 in cold cash. Pretty costly provender, but the furnuces of Pittsburg must have it! The ore and coal docks at Fairport, O.,

are owned largely by Pittsburg capitalists. They are a sort of storage place for the cre as it comes in from the lakes, from which the furnaces can draw much or little at their pleasure. They were built in 1886. At pleasure. They were built in 1886. At that time Fairport was a small lake port, receiving perhaps 30,000 or 40,000 tons of ore per year, an amount which is now only a fair day's business there. The firms composing the organization which built the great docks now operated are Carnegie, Phipps & Co., the Oliver Iron and Static. great docks now operated are Carnegie, Phipps & Co., the Oliver Iron and Steel Company, Moorhead, McClean & Co., Isa-

bella Furnace Company, Monongahela Fur-nace Company, Carrie Furmace Company, all of Pittsburg; the Girard Iron Company and the Briar Hill Iron Company, of

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

These furnace proprietors sell and ship ore from their docks to other furnaces not in the company, and at the present time Fairport docks supply iron furnaces in Pitts-burg, the Mahoning Valley and the Shen-ango Valley. It took several million dol-lars to build the piers, which extend along Grand river clear out to Lake Eric. The river had to be dredged extensively to make it navigable a mile inland for large take steamers. That was only one small item of the heavy character of the work accom-

plished, however.
Fairport is about 136 miles from Pittsburg by the Pittsburg and Western Railroad, and two miles north of Painesville, the terminus of the Lake division of that road. The Pittsburg and Western Railroad holds the best to the terminus of the Lake division of the road. the key to that entire section of lake front, and the franchises have grown enormously valuable within the last three years on account of the ore and coal tonnage to and from Pittsburg and the other manufacturing districts of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

DOCKS OVER A MILE LONG. Prom the lake shore back the docks are 6,600 feet long. Of the floored docks 3,800 feet are 200 feet wide. The balance of the length has a storage width of 340 feet. In this magnificent area is more storage capac-ity than any other docks on Lake Eric, not excepting Cleveland or Ashtabula. When lake navigation is at its height 500 men are employed at Fairport.

It is interesting to watch the process of unloading the ore from the vessels, transferring it to the railroad cars, or else storing it for future demand. The machinery operated at Fairport for this purpose is ponderous and powerful. Instantaneous photographs which I took of this machinery while it was in operation will help the reader to understand the system. The vessels are unloaded

revolves, something after the fashion of the

erry go-round. But there is another style of apparatus for

unloading vessels, and it is more gigantic and costlier. It is the system of overhead

iron tramways on which run little cars, sus-pended on which are huge buckets. A ves-sel is run under the end of one of these tram-

cargo in storage on the docks rather than load it on the railroad trains immediately.

ON AERIAL TRAMWAYS.

On Monday the good ship Hespar, of Cleveland, was under one of these tramway systems. Three of the great iron buckets were constantly dropping down into her hold and rising up high above the deck alternately. Each bucket held one ton of ore, and as the regularity of their transit was perfect all day, the aggregate of work for that one tramway gave me an example

for that one tramway gave me an example of what busy scenes there must be when the

harbor of Fairport contains 15 or 20 steamer

and ships, as it often does in summer. When the tramway cable hoists a bucket

out of the vessel every minute, it carries it swittly back 200 or 300 feet over the tops of

the mountains of ore to the ore piles in the rear of the docks. You stand 100 feet be-

neath these flying five-ton buckets and never

ouiver for fear, for the serial tramways are

of the best workmanship. The end pillars of iron and stone are warranted to have a

tensile strength that would put the shine on some city bridges.

VERY INGENIOUSLY ARRANGED.

The tramways are known among the men as the Brown cantilever machinery. They are actually built on the same architectural

principle as the celebrated cantilever bridge at Nisgara Falls. The manner in which the ends of these wonderful little iron

tracks stick out over the ore piles without supports of any kind is well illustrated in

With this ingenious machinery it is possi-ble at Fairport to unload in one day a ves-

sel of 2,300 tons gross capacity. And so nuch of the machinery have they that 11 vessels can be unloaded and three vessels loaded with coal at the same time. Lake

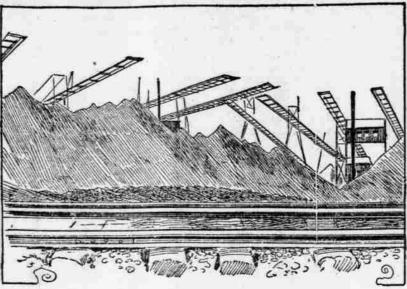
vessels in the ore and coal trade average all the way from 1,600 to 3,000 tons capacity. In unloading ships three hatches are worked

one of the accompanying photographs.

round.

his requisition for, say, ten carloads of Escanaba ore, the train is shifted along the tracks to the space occupied by the artificial mountains of ore of that brand. Then a monstrous steam shovel is hauled beside it by the locomotive. This shovel is almost executive in the transplantation and by

his requisition for, say, ten carloads of Escanaba ore, the train is shifted along the tracks to the space occupied by the artificial mountains of ore of that brand. Then a monstrous steam shovel is hauled beside it by the locomotive. This shovel is almost exactly similar to the steam shovels used by the Pennsylvania Railroad in its construction work at Johnstown last year. Its heavy iron-bound scoop-bucket is edged with a



THE CANTILEVERS FROM THE REAR

series of sharp steel tooth-like projections.

HUGE STEAM SHOVELS. When everything is ready the crane swinging this scoop draws back, and with a lot of buss and noise the bucket makes a wicked lunge at the ore pile. The teeth dig right into the tough dirt, and in less than two y two methods.

One is by great traveling cranes—the Mo-

volves the crane. When the bucket poises exactly over the car, the adjustable bottom is released, and with a loud report more than a ton of iron in embryo drops upon

The Pittsburg and Ohio capital invested in the Fairport docks goes under three different names, viz: The Consumers' For-warding and Storage Company, the Penn-sylvania and Lake Erie Dock Company, and the Pittsburg, Fairport and Northwest-ern Railroad Company.

Mr. J. R. Irwin, of Painesville, a former

Pittsburg gentleman, is Superintendent of the docks. Such a vast property could not have a more capable manager. He is affa-ble and courteous, combining all the quali-ties that make a successful business man.

SHIPS NAMED FOR PITTSBURGERS. John McA. Gallagher, a former journalist of Pittsburg, is chief clerk to Superintendent Irwin. He can tell you anything from the size of a jib mast ten miles out on the lake, down to the inside facts about the

railroad curve problem.

The waves of Erie are plowed by two immense steamers owned by the dock company, the John Harper and the Alex. Nimick, both named after Pittsburg bankers. They were both built for the ore trade. Two powerful tugs are also owned and manned by the company to go out to rough water and meet large vessels for the purpose of help-ing them into port. And on land the cor-poration owns two locomotives to assist the trains of the railroads. And thus has Pittsburg capital joined the hands of the mariner and loe omotive engineer. L. E. STOFIEL.

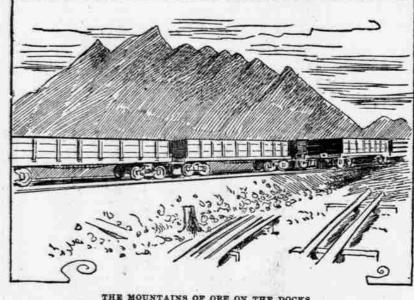
BURTON AHEAD OF STANLEY.

The Story of the Discovery of the Yellala Rapids on the Lower Congo.

Illustrated News of the World, 1 There is another field of African exploration in which the priority of Captain Burton's travels has been forgotten. Mr. Stanley has fairly won his renown as the discoverer of the previously unknown course of the Upper Congo, one of the grandest features, as we hope it will be rendered the most useful, in the wonderful internal water-system of that continent. But when the floor of the car.

One of these steam shovels will lead a car in less than ten minutes. The fastest work ever done with the machine at Fairport was to load six cars of 60 000 many people were allowed to load six cars of 60 13 years ago, after his descent of that river

each, in 27 minutes. The average work of one of the shovels is ten cars of the Pitts-The fact is that they had been minutely examined by Captain Burton in 1863, when burg and Western road per hour. The com-pany operates two of these steam shovels he went up the river from Boma in canoes, landed at Banza Nokki, and marched up to constantly, with five men to each shovel. Nkulu, but had not the means to pay the native chiefs and guides for continuing his courtesy shown whether PITTSBURG COAL BOOMING. The railroad capacity of the docks is 300 | journey farther, to the Isangila and Kalulu you purchase or not.



THE MOUNTAINS OF ORE ON THE DOCKS.

cars per day, but at present only about 200 cars per day are being loaded. Navigation on the lakes is about closing for the winter, but the work of loading and shipping ore by but the work of loading and shipping ore by rail will go on uninterruptedly, steadily decreasing the vast accumulations of the ore.

The coal shipments from Fairport are growing to be an important item for Pittsburg also. Many of the same trains which carry ore down from Fairport to Pittsburg come back laden with Pittsburg coal, which is loaded into the vessels for the head of Lake Separity and all saints. In unloading ships three hatches are worked at once, with seven men to the hatch. These men are paid by the contract system, 7 cents | Fairport this year from Pittsburg have been

THE STRAM SHOVEL AT WORK.

Michael cranes-which drop buckets into by the engineer in his cab, and around re-

per ton being paid for shoveling ore into the buckets down in the ship's hold.

SEPARATING THE OBES.

Now comes the other part of the work. When it is desired to load railroad cars

Superior. When a Pittsburg furnaceman sends in

CANTILEVER BUCKETS AT WORK ON A STEAMER.

An immense addition is now being built to the docks. The new docks are called the Richmond docks, because they are in the village of Richmond just across the Grand the weeds of mourning.

been explored by Captain Tuckey's com-panions so long ago as 1816, and the naviga-bility of that great river for an unknown distance beyond might have been tested by some other expedition. Moreover, the best geographers were of opinion that the Luniaba, discovered by Livingstone, was the Upper Congo before Mr. Stanley de-scended the river in 1877. Captain Burton had abic set torth the arguments in favor of had abir set forth the arguments in favor of WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Time of Charles the First.

lustrated News of the World.] It is curious that the meddling (as the to have a nice BOARD corners put it) of women with politics should be so generally considered to be a novelty. In the reign of Charles I. there were petitions to Parliament (and no wonder!) from quite unusual quarters, from the porters (signed by 15,000); from the ap-prentices; and even from the beggars; but that from the women was far the most notable. Five thousand of them, "with white ribbons in their hats," and headed by a brewer's wife, went on one occasion to the door "of the House" with a petition for peace. The Legislators, reasonably alarmed, returned an immediate and conciliatory

answer.

"The House," they said, "was no enemy to peace, and doubted not to comply with their request;" in the meantime they "besought them to return to their habitations" the 150,000 tons thus far. All along the line of the Pittsburg and Western Railroad coal trains are scattered, and it is a safe statement to make that if you look out of the car windows at any point between Painesville and Pittsburg, you will see either a coal or ore train on the sidings. Though black and red in color, it is a royal procession for the Iron City.

REACHING FOR CE.

Unhappy must be the widowed crow who sees the remains of her husband upon the bonnet of a mortal when she is yet wearing

Falis, and to the site of the first Congo Free State settlements, many years before Mr. Stanley was there. The falls had indeed been explored by Captain Tuckey's com-How They Attempted to Run Things in the

floor isn't the quietest in the house."
"I make no complaints, sir. I have spoke to Mr. Heldar, friendly, an' he laughed an' did me a picture of the missis that is as good as a colored print. It 'asn't the 'igh shine ook a gift-horse in the mouth. Mr. Next morning Torpenhow found Dick Heldar's dress clothes 'aven't been on him for weeks." "Then it's all right," said Torpenhow to "I dop't know. I'm trying to find out."

times-isn't charity to the other tenants. What I say is, 'Do as you would be done by.' That's my motto." "Of course! of course! I'm afraid the top

THE LIGHT
THAT FAILED

A NOVEL DEALING WITH LIFE IN LONDON AND EGYPT,

BY RUDYARD KIPLING, .

Being the First Serial Story From the Pen of the Gifted Young

Author of "Soldiers Three," and Many Other Popular

Sketches of Army Experiences in India.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with a picture of the life of two orphans, Dick and Maisie, with Mrs. Jennett in London. Many were their hardships and a plighted troth was the result of their companionship in misery. The scene then shifts to Egypt during the time Chinese Gordon was shut up in Knartoum. The hero is now an artist, sketching the scenes for European illustrated journals, and his fast friend is Gilbert B. Torpenhow. The column is attacked by Arabs, Dick is wounded and in his delirium calls for Maisie. But he recovers in due time. Torpenhow returns to London and Dick sends on his sketches. By and by, Torpenhow telegraphs Dick to come to London, that his work has caught on. Dick lands in London penniless, has a hard time for awhile, but at last gets on the crest of the wave of success. Accidentally he meets Maisie.

nimself. "Orgies are healthy, and Dick has a head of his own, but when it comes to women making eyes, I'm not so certain. Binkie, never you be a man, little dorglums. They're contrary brutes, and they do things

without any reason."

Dick had turned northward across the park, but he was walking in the spirit on the mud flats with Maisie. He laughed the mud flats with Maisie. He laughed aloud as he remembered the day when he had decked Amomma's horns with the ham rills, and Maisie, white with rage, had cuffed him. How long those four years had been, and how intimately Maisie was connected with every hour of them! Storm across the sea, and Maisie in a gray dress on the beach, sweeping her drenched hair ont of her eyes and laughing at the homeward race of the fishing smacks; hot sunshine on the mud flats, and Maisie sniffing scornfully with her chin in the air; Maisie flying before with her chin in the air; Maisie flying before the wind that threshed the foreshore and drove the sand like small shot about her ears; Maisie, very composed and independent, telling lies to Mrs. Jeanett while Dick supported her with coarser perjuries; Maisie picking her way delicately from stone to stone, a pistol in her hand and her teeth firm set; and Maisie in a gray dress sitting on the grass between the mouth of a cannor and a nodding yellow sea poppy. The pictures passed before him one by one, and the last stayed the longest. Dick was perthe last stayed the longest. Dick was per-fectly happy with a quiet peace that was as new to his mind as it was foreign to his ex-perience. It never occurred to him that there might be other calls upon his time than loading across the park in the forencen. "There's a good working light now," he said, watching his shadow placidly. "Some gentlemen up 'ere after theaters once or twice. Remarkably fancy they was. You gentlemen on the top floor does very much as you likes, but it do seem to me, sir, droppin' a walkin' stick down five flights of

poor devil ought to be grateful for this. And there's Maisie." singing, 'Bring Back the Whisky, Willie She was walking toward him from the Darling not once or twice, but scores o' Marble Arch, and he saw that no manner-

ism of her gait had been changed. It was good to find her still Maisie, and, so to speak, his next door neighbor. No greeting passed between them, because there had been none in the old days.

"What are you doing out of your studio at this hour?" said Dick, as one who was entitled to sak

entitled to ask.

"Idling. Just idling. I got angry with a chin and scraped it out. Then I left it in a little heap of paint chips and came away."
"I know what palette-knifing means.

"I know what palette-knifing means.
What was the piccy?"

"A fancy head that wouldn't come right—horrid thing!"

"I don't like working over scraped paint when I'm doing flesh. The grain comes up woolly as the paint dries."

"Not if you scrape properly." Maisie waved her hand to illustrate her methods. There was a dab of paint on the white cuff.

Dick laughed.
"You're as untidy as ever."

That comes well from you. Look at

"I've been beating my wings long enough. Where do you exhibit, Dick?"
"I don't exhibit, I sell;"

"What is your line, then?"
"Haven't you hear!?" Dick's eyesopened.
Was this thing possible? He cast about for some means of conviction. They were not far from the Marble Arch. "Come up Oxford street a little and I'll show you."

A small knot of people stood round a print-shop that Dick knew well. "Some raproduction of my work inside," he said, with suppressed triumph. Never had success tasted so sweet upon the tongue. "You see the sort of things I paint. D'you like

Maisie looked at the wild whirling rush of a field-battery going into action under fire. Two artillerymen stood behind her in "They've chucked the off lead 'orse," said

one to the other. "'E's tore up awful, but they're making good time with the others.



DICK WATCHED HER TILL SHE WAS OUT-OF SIGHT.

By Jove, yes. It's worse than yours. "By Jove, yes. It's worse than yours.
I don't think we've much altered in anything. Let's see, though." He looked at Maisie critically. The pale-blue haze of an autumn day crept between the treetrunks of the park and made a background for the gray dress, the black velvet toque above the black hair, and the resolute profile.

"No, there's nothing changed. How good it is! D'you remember when I fastened your hair into the snap of a hand-bag?"

and turned her full face to Dick.
"Wait a minute," said he. "That mouth
is down at the corners a little. Who's been worrying you, Maisie?"
"No one but myself. I never seem to get on with my work, and yet I try hard enough,

toujours, mes enfants.' Kamt is depressing.
I beg your pardon.''
"Yes, that's what he says. He told me last summer that I was doing be'd let me exhibit this year." "Not in this place, surely?"
"Of course not. The Salon."

That lead-driver drives better nor you, Tom, See 'ow cunning 'e's nursin' 'is 'orse."
"Number Three'll be off the limber, next

jolt," was the answer.
"No, 'e won't. See 'ow 'is fact's braced against the iron? 'E's all right."
Dick watched Maisie's face and swelled with joy-fine, rank, vulgar triumph. She was more interested in the little crowd than in the picture. That was something that she could understand. "And I wanted it so! Oh, I did want it

so!" she said, at last, under her breath. "Me—all me!" said Dick, placidly.
"Look at their faces. It his 'em. They
don't know what makes their eyes and
mouths open; but I know. And I know my work's right,"
"Yes. I see. Oh, what a thing to have

come to one?"

"Come to one, indeed! I had to go out
and look for it. What do you think?"

"I call it success. Tell me how you got

They returned to the park, and Dick delivered himself of the Sagn of his own doings, with all the arrogance of a young man speaking to a woman. From the be-ginning he told the tale, the I-I-I's flash-

Personal attention given to all trade. The utmost

### Parlor Suits.

(OUR OWN MAKE.)

All orders should be in by DECEMBER 15 to insure delivery. We will not take orders after that date for made-to-order goods, as we never disappoint. A handsome BEDROOM SUIT would be very acceptable, either in Oak, Walnut or Mahogany. We have some very elegant specimens at not too much money. OAK SIDEBOARDS seem to be more generally in demand for presents than any other piece of furniture of like value. Nothing seems to please the Ladies so much as a nice place to display their silver and china, should they, however, befortunate enough a Table to match would fill their cup of joy to the brim. We have also a large variety of DESKS and BOOK-CASES, both for Ladies and Gentlemen, that would do you good to see. We will have a larger assortment of BROCATELLE, TAPESTRY and PLUSH ROCKERS, suitable for all people, this year than ever before, and such elegant styles and such astound. ing low prices,

All time necessary given for payment of goods. It enables a customer to buy better goods with more satisfactory results.

#### AS WELCOME AS SPRING COMES

# CHRISTMAS TIME,

AND WITH IT THE MANY JOYS OF GIVING AND RECEIVING GIFTS. OUR READERS WILL PARDON US IF WE TAKE THIS EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF CALLING THEIR ATTENTION TO OUR VAST RE-SOURCES OF SUITABLE GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON. WE HAVE OFTEN HEARD THE EXPRESSION, THOUGHT AND THOUGHT THOUGHT WHAT WOULD BE NICE FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT, BUT CANNOT MAKE UP MY MIND." NOW, DEAR READER, WHETHER YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE SO FULL OF THOUGHT OR NOT, PARDON US IF WE ASK A MOMENT'S TIME TO SCAN THE FOLLOWING LIST OF SUCH ELEGANT AND USEFUL PRESENTS.

REMEMBER, THAT A SMALL DEPOSIT ON ANY OF OUR GOODS WILL HAVE THEM PUT TO ONE SIDE FOR FUTURE DELIVERY. OUR MOTTO IS, FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

THE ONLY HOUSE OF THE KIND ON WOOD STREET. PIONEERS OF THE EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM. IF YOUR HEART IS TOO BIG FOR YOUR POCKET-BOOK WE WILL FILL THE VOID.

DON'T FORGET US IN LOOKING FOR HOLIDAY GOODS.

HOPPER BROS. & CO., 307 WOOD STREET.

Our utmost endeavor is to please and promptness in delivery one of our

We would do ourselves an injustice to overlook our

#### CARPET, RUG **CURTAIN**

Departments in this series of choice gifts. We have a very choice line of Carpets of all kinds, from which can be selected some very acceptable gifts; also in Art Squares, Daghestan, Smyrna, Fur and Moquette Rugs, all sizes. Our styles of Lace Curtains and Chenille Portieries are too numerous in this brief space to give more than passing notice; suffice to say, they are well worth seeing before purchasing elsewhere. Visitors to the last Exposition well remember some very choice goods displayed there by this firm. We have the largest selection of Illustrated Subjects in Oil Colors, Etchings, Photo Graveurs and Artotypes carried in our line of business. Remember, that all our goods can be purchased on easy payments, with our usual dis-

count for spot cash.
In DINNER, TEA and CHAMBER TOILET SETS, we have an unusually fine collection, displaying some pieces in ceramic art at astonishingly low prices.

Ebony finished Mantle Clocks and Ornaments a specialty. Leather Easy Chairs and

Couches our forte.

We have the goods and you need the goods. Now, all we want is that you see our goods and get the prices, then if we do not sell to you it is our fault.