THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1890.

Big Stern Wheelers That Move Acres of Black Diamonds on Local Streams.

PITTSBURG PROUD OF THEM

While Visitors From Tidewater Imagine They Are Ludicrous-

REPAIRING ON LAND AND WATER.

An Early Vessel That Was Propelled by Oars Moved by Steam.

STORIES OF PIONEGR BOATING DAYS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



HE people of one are always sure of seeing a curiosity at the other end. That is a stern wheel steamboat, They in Philadelphia. around Pitts-

burg. The enormous paddle wheels of the Monongahela river towbeats have rolled clear from the foot of the Allegheny Mountains to the base of the Rockies, but they have not yet succeeded in tumbling over the great divide of their own State. When you reach Altoona you are out of sight of the big wheels peculiar to Western navigation.

Pittsburgers think these large, round wooden wheels are the embodiment of symmetry, their motion the most graceful thing in the world. Strangers from the East, necustomed to the beat architecture of tidewater streams, regard our gigantic wheels as the funniest feature of our inland vessels. They call them bulky and awkward. When they get to know our aesthetic ideas on the subject their amusement becomes all the preater. Our sincerity about the poetry of a big steam out wheel seems to Eastern visitors something like the sober expression on a man's face when he tells a joke. THE BIGGEST PADDLE WREEL.

Down on the Monongahela wharf the other day I saw several of these large wheels lying along the shore detached from the

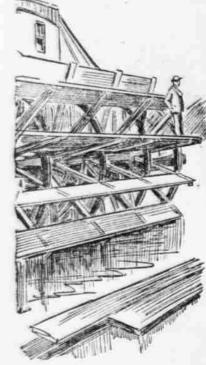


Fileh's First Successful Stramboat. for repairs, except in one instance where it was to be torn apart and a new one built. I learned that the average cost of one of these of the accompanying pictures shows the wheel of the boat Joseph Nixon. It lies on the wharf at the water's edge about at the foot of Ferry street, and is at present used to moor a fiat boat to. It is awaiting repairs. That wheel is considered one of the infants of the city harbor, so far as size is concerned, and yet it cost probably \$200. is said to be about 3,000 feet of tim-

The wheel of the powerful towboat, W. W. O'Neill, is perhaps one of the largest on the Ohio river. It contains somewhere about 6,000 feet of lumber, and cost \$500 or \$600. It takes nearly a week to build one With statistics like these our Philadelphia friends will understand that we have a substantial reason for pinning our confidence to the big paddle wheel. These paddle wheels move a tremendous tonnage, The screw-propeller may make ocean racers, and furnish fast passage for pleasure seekers abroad, but no other city of the country can boast of the water tonnage that Pittaburg

A CARPENTER ON EVERY BOAT.

Who has not read of the fleets of coal boats, that are lashed together, acres in extent, and safely floated 1,000 miles by a single wheel! On such a trip, however, the wheel requires vigilance. Made of wood, you wonder how it stands the buffet of the the entring collisions with sand bars. Every bont, no matter how small, carries a carpenter. His tools always at hand, he is



through the engine holes, and perch high up on the paddies of the wheel. He is often compelled to perform this dangerous duty in midriver. As the Lizzie Bay, of Cincindumped into the water. "Often," he responded.

Stories are told of how the engineer, forgetting that the carpenter had gone out upon the wheel, had started the engines. A splash, a yell, the sound of running feet up on deck, and finally the violent ringing of the engine bells by the pilot, reminded the engine bells by the pilot the pilot the engine bells by the pilot the Stories are told of how the engineer, for-

The man on the wheel of the Lizzie Bay, in this instance was "tightening up," that is, screwing up the flanges of the paddles. A paddle is made of two boards generally, and the iron fastenings become loosened somewhat by the wear and tear of a trip between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Whether they are loose or not, it is always safe to examine the wheel at both cities. An immense amount of stemphost repairing is done amount of steamboat repairing is done along Water street and Duquesne way. In atong Water street and Duquesne way. In repairing or building wheels the pieces are cut out and fashioned in the shop. The iron pieces are cast and molded, and every separate bit of iron and wood is so nicely fitted that to build up the wheel on the water's edge, after everything is ready, is

only a matter of a few hours.

It is a very interesting visit to these shops, because of the variety of work done at them. Anything at all that goes wrong on board a river steamer (or ocean vessel for that matter) can be remedied by the ingenious workmen along these two thoroughtares—the timest job, from fixing a capstan up to the month's contract for overhauling a disman-tled steamboat. Some time ago the harbor tug Stella McCullough was sunk in the Monongahela, close to its mouth. Her boil-ers are still at the bottom of the river, but water-logged hull has been raised and towed to shore.

A BUSY LITTLE SCENE.

It now lies high and dry on the wharf at the foot of Ferry street, with its broken bits of machinery scattered all around and through it. Near this hull on the river bank lies a pile of new skiffs and lifeboats, built and painted in bright colors for the coal trade. Not far beyond are a lot of long, black smokestacks, in which workmen are riveting nails. They he like disheveled don't have them giants, and so large are they that the artitrying to reach the sides.

They have scarcely anything else
on the rivers
around Pitts
The use of paddle wheels in conjunction with steam as a motive power, dates from about the commencement of the present century, but the employment of the paddle many persons. A writer in the Western The use of paddle wheels in conjunction

paddles are quite narrow, and it is easy by a misstep to fall into the water.

REPAIRING ALONG WATER STREET.

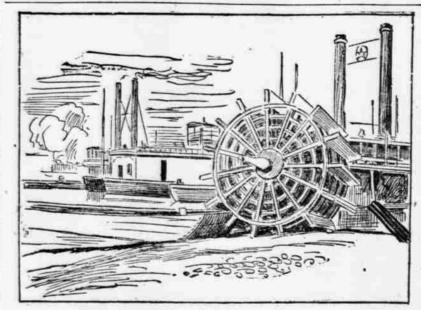
The man on the wheel of the Lizzie Bay, in this instance was "tightening up." that instance was "tightening up." that Fink; was murdered in retaliation for killing a steamboatman, for which class of



men he always retained a dislike, perhaps

paddle wheels. DOUBTFUL SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

on account of the introduction of the steam



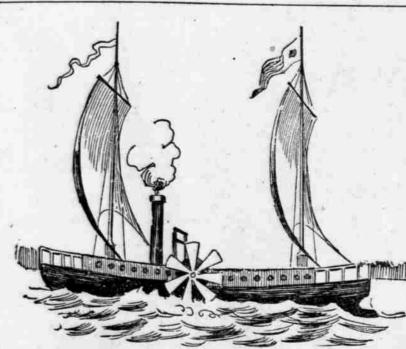
Iu 1543, June 17, Basca de Garray tried a steamboat of 200 tons with tolerable success dron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to the inventor for his diacovery. In the principle of the paddle wheel it will be seen that a certain loss of power is involved. To overcome the draw-backs of the radial wheel, Elija Galloway patented in 1829 the feathering paddle wheel, in which the floats were kept, while imwater. So long as the water was smooth the gain was great. Consequently feathered floats were introduced largely among river steamers. The paddle wheel in revolving imparts both a forward velocity to the vessel and a backward velocity to the water. The latter is called the "slip."

OARS RUN BY STEAM. It seems that the idea of wheels had not occurred to John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, who, in 1785, conceived the idea of propelling a boat by steam. His

wheel itself is as ancient as the time of the [Monthly Magazine says he well remembers Egyptians. A specimen is known to have observing the long struggles of a stern-wheel been tried in Spain in the sixteenth century. miles below Pittsburg. He was in company steamboat of 200 tons with tolerable success at Barcellona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a movable opinion of the party that such a contrivance might conquer the difficulties of the Mississippi as high as Natchez, but that we of the Ohio must wait for some more happy century of invention."

The paddle-wheel, when it was first tried in the turbid Allegheuy river, almost failed. An old boatman writes in Gould's "History of River Navigation" of being aboard the first regular stern-wheel boat to ply the neny. It was built at Pittsburg in 1830, and was called the Allegheny. The boat was 90 feet long and 18 feet wide. She had two stern wheels, extending 12 feet behind the bont. On May 14 she left Pittsburg, stemming the current at the rate of four miles an hour. The first trouble she encountered was at Patterson Falls, 115 miles up the river. This is one of the worst rapids upon the river.

GOT THROUGH BY POLING. Here a very useful improvement aided idea of propelling a boat by steam. His the engine, a poling machine, worked by vessel, of which a picture is given here, was



FULTON'S HUDSON RIVER BOAT.

launched on the Delaware three years later, She performed the trip to Burlington, 20 miles distant, but burst her boller on the return. Fitch built a second vessel on the same plan. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles per hour, but someunfortunate inventor only overcame one difficulty to meet another.

The first real steamboat that ever floated

on western rivers was furnished with a pro-pelling wheel at the stern. It was the New Orleans, which was built at Pittsburg by Robert Fulton, the far-famed inventor, and his backer, Livingston. But its builders did not believe the wheel would ever send the boat up stream against the strong cur-rent, so they had sails to assist them. The capacity of this vessel was 100 tons. In the winter of 1812 she made her first trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans, creating a tre-mendous sensation. The wheel struck a anag in less than two years after the start near Baton Rouge, and the boat sank.

MIKE FINK'S OPINION. Mike Fink, that romantic character in the history of the Ohio valley, was a bargeman, living at Pittsburg, when this first steamboat went down the river. He had been the nati, lay beside the wharfboat at the foot of Wood street, this week, I called to the carpenter who was standing on the paddle of the stern-wheel, whether he had ever been to New Orleans with skins and whisky had killed an odd hundred Indians with his trusty gun. He was the crack shot from the

boat, which drew her over with ease. Montgomery's Falls, five miles above, is nearly as bad. They arrived at Warrren, nearly 200 miles above Pittsburg, on the 19th. It required from 18 to 25 days for cances and keel-boats, manned in the best cances and keel-boats, manned in the best manner, to perform this trip. On May 19 she departed from Warren for Olean, in the State of New York. Next day she arrived opposite the Indian village of Cornplanter. A deputation of gentlemen waited upon this ancient Indian king or chief and invited him on board this new, and to him, wonderful visitor, a steamboat. I wonder if the old Indian laughed at the odd-looking wheels? L. E. STOPIEL.

STANLEY'S FAIR BRIDE .

The Crowning Reward of All His Perils in Darkest Africa.

Faith Fenton in Toronto Empire.] From the platform where the lecturer stood I looked across to where his wife-the artistic Dorothy Tennant, of whom we have heard so much—smiled down upon him from the galleryl A smiling English face, she has, with lovely large dark eyes and arched jetty eyebrows, warm rich coloring, and the prettiest and softest of English accent. Beside her husband she looks tall—very tall; and as she talks he watches and listens very

proudly, very kindly.
Seeing them thus together, I felt somehow glad that Mr. Stanley has married. Having won all else worth having, why should he not win the best of all? He has earned honors and fame; riches, also, are assured him. It is good to know that having all these he yet desired a woman's love. It may be that in the free? At least forest suroriens, he predicted utter failure for the experiment. He declared that the only good it would be, would be to knock the life out of fish in the Ohio. He advised "baiting" the wheel's paddles had held human weight. Accidents, however, from the carpenter's own carelessness. The

A NOVEL DEALING WITH LIFE IN LONDON AND EGYPT,

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH!

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 Maisle, 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 Khartoum. 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. Soon he finds his way to her little studio, there to admire and instruct her. Maisie is too much in love with her art to reciprocate his affection. Maisie has a roommate and she and Dick do not agree exactly. One day, in Dick's absence, a waif from the street drifts into their quarters and is cared for by Torpenhow. She is pretty, but low-bred. Torpenhow gets infatuated with her, and Dick forthwith sends him off on a trip. The girl, Bessie, becomes Dick's model for a Meiancolia. Masie and her roommate go to Paris to study.

PITTSBURG.

What's you that follows at my side?-The foe that ye must fight, my lord .-That hirples swift as I can ride?-

The shadow of the night, my lord.—
Then wheel my horse against the foel—
He's down and overpast, my lord.
Ye war against the sunset glow: The darkness gathers fast, my lord.

-The Fight of Heriot's Ford.

"This is a cheerful life," said Dick, some many days later. "Torp's away; Bessie hates me; I can't get at the notion of the Melancolia; Maisie's letters are scrappy; and I believe I have indigestion. What gives a man pains across his head and spots before his eyes, Binkie? Shall us take some liver pills?"

Dick had just gone through a lively scene with Bessie. She had, for the fiftieth time, reproached him for sending Torpenhow away. She explained her enduring hatred for Dick, and made it clear to him that she only sat for the sake of his money. "And Mr. Torpenhow's ten times a better man than you," she concluded.

"He is. That's why he went away. I should have stayed and made love to you.' The girl sat with her chin on her hand, scowling. "To me! I'd like to catch you! It I wasn't afraid o' being hung I'd kill you. That's what I'd do. D'you believe

Dick smiled wearily. It is not pleasant to live in the company of a notion that will not work out, a fox terrier that cannot talk, and a woman who talks too much. He would have answered, but at that moment there unrolled itself from one corner of the studio a veil, as it were, of the filmiest gauze. Dick rubbed his eyes, but the gray haze would not go.
"This is disgraceful indigestion. Binkie,

we will go to a medicine man. We can't have our eyes interfered with, for by these we get our bread; also mutton-chop bones for little dogs."

He was au affable local practitioner with white hair, and he said nothing till Dick began to describe the gray film in the

"We all want a little patching and re-pairing from time to time," he chirped.
"Like a ship, my dear sir—exactly like a ship. Sometimes the hull is out of order, engines, and we go to the brain specialist; sometimes the lookout on the bridge is tired, and then we see an oculist. I should recommend you to see an oculist. A little patch ing and repairing from time to time is all we

want. An oculist, by all means."

Dick sought an oculist—the best in London. He was certain that the local practi-tioner did not know anything about his trade, and more certain that Massie would laugh at him if he had to take to spectacles. "I've neglected the warnings of my lord the stomach too long. Hence these spots before the eyes, Binkie. I can see as well as I

As he entered the dark hall that led to the consulting room a man caromed against him. Dick saw the face as it hurried out into the street.

"That's the writer type. He has the same modelling of the forehead as Torp. . He looks very sick. Probably heard something he didn't like."

Even as he thought, a great fear came upon Dick, a fear that made him hold his breath as he walked into the oculist's waiting room, with the heavy carved turniture. the dark green paper, and the sober-hued prints on the wall. He recognized a reproduction of one of his own sketches. Many people were waiting their turn be-

His eye was caught by a flaming red and gold Christmas carol book. Little children came to that eye doctor and they needed large type amusement.

"That's idolatrous bad art," he said drawing the book toward him. "From the anatomy of the angels, it has been made in Germany." He opened it mechanically, and there leaped to his eyes a verse printed THE LIGHT TRAT PAILED.

The next good joy that Mary had, It was the joy of three, To see her good son, Jesus Christ, Making the blind to see; Making the blind to see, good Lord, And happy may we be, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost To all eternity !

Dick read and re-read the verse till his turn came, and the doctor was bending above him seated in an arm chair. The blaze of a gas-microscope in his eyes made him wince. The doctor's hand touched the scar of the sword cut on Dick's head, and Dick explained briefly how he had come by it. When the flame was removed Dick saw the When the flame was removed Dick saw the doctor's face, and the fear came upon him again. The doctor wrapped himself in a mist of words. Dick caught allusions to "sear," "frontal bone," "optic nerve," "extreme caution," and the "avoidance of mental anxiety."

"Verdict?" he said, faintly. "My business is painting, and I desen't waste time.

What do you make of it?"

Again the whirl of words, but this time they conveyed a meaning.

"Can you give me anything to drink?" "Can you give me anything to drink?"
Many sentences were pronounced in that
darkened room, and the prisoners often
needed cheering. Dick found a glass of
liquor brandy in his hand.

"As far as I can gather," he said, coughing, above the spirit, "you call it decay of
the optic nerve, or something, and therefore
hopeless. What is my time-limit, avoiding
all strain and worry?"

"Perhaps one year."

"Perhaps one year."
"My God! And if I don't take care of "I really could not say. One cannot ascertain the exact amount of injury inflicted by the sword-cut. The scar is an old one, and—exposure to the strong light of the desert, did you say?—with excessive application to fine work? I really could not

turously received by Binkie. "We've go it very badly little dog! Just as badly at we can get it. We'll go to the park to think

They headed for a certain tree that Dick knew well, and they sat down to think, be-cause his legs were trembling under him and there was cold fear at the pit of his

"How could it come without any warning? the could it come without any warning.
It's as sudden as being shot. It's the living
death, Binke. We're to be shut up in the
dark in one year if we're careful, and we
shan't see anybody, and we shall never
shan't see anybody, and we shall never have anything we want, not though we live to be a hundred." Binkie wagged his tail joyously. "Binkie, we must think. Let's see how it feels to be blind." Dick shut his eyes and flaming commas and Catherine wheels floated inside the lids. Yet when he wheels floated inside the lids. Yet when he looked across the park the scope of his vision was not contracted. He could see perfectly, until a procession of slow-wheeling fireworks defiled across his eyeballs.

"Little dorglums, we' aren't at all well.
Let's go home. If only Torp were back now!"

But Torpenhow was in the south of Eugland, inspecting dockyards in the company of the Nilghai. His letters were brief and full of mystery. Dick had never asked anybody to help him in his joys or his sorrows. He argued, in the loveliness of the studio, henceforward to be decorated with a film of gray gauze in one corner, that, if his fate were blindness, all the Torpenhows in the world could not save him. "I can't call him off his trip to sit down and sympathize with me. I must pull through the business alone," he said. He was lying on the sofa, the darkness of the night would be like.

Then came to his mind the memory of a quaint scene in the Soudan. A soldier had been nearly hacked in two by a broad-bladed Arab spear. For one instant the man felt no pain. Looking down, he saw that his life-blood was going from him. The stupid be-wilderment on his face was so intensely comic that both Dick and Torpenhow, still panting and unstrung from a fight for life,

came upon him, and be pitched grunting at their teet. Dick laughed again, remembering the horror. It seemed so exactly like his own case, "But I have a little more time allowed me," he said. He paced up and down the room, quietly at first, but afterward with the hurried teet of fear. It was as though a black shadew stood at his elbow and urged him to go forward; and there were only weaving circles and floating pin-dots before his eyes.

only weaving circles and floating pin-dots before his eyes.

"We must be calm, Binkie; we must be calm." He talked aloud for the sake of distraction. "This isn't nice at all. What shall we do? We must do something. Our time is short. I shouldn't have believed that this morning; but now things are different. Binkie, where was Moses when the light went out?"

Binkie smiled from ear to ear, as a well-bred terrier should, but made no suggestion.

Were there but world enough and time, This counces, Binkle were no crime. But at my back I always hear—

He wiped his forehead, which was un-plessantly damp. "What can I do? What can I do? I haven't any notions left, and I can't think connectedly, but I must do something, or I shall go off my head." The hurried walk recommenced, Dick stopping every now and again to drag forth long-neglected canvases and old notebooks; for he turned to his work by instinct, as a thing that could not fail. "You won't do, and you won't do," he said at each inspection. "No more soldiers. I couldn't paint 'em. Sudden death comes home too nearly, and this is battle and murder both for me."

The day was failing and Dick thought The day was failing, and Dick thought for a moment that the twilight of the blind for a moment that the twilight of the blind had come upon him unawares. "Allah Almighty!" he cried, despairingly, "help me through the time of waiting, and I won't whine when my punishment comes. What can I do now, before the light goes?"

There was no answer. Dick waited till

he could regain some sort of control over himself. His hands were shaking, and he prided himself on their steadiness; he could feel that his lips were quivering, and the sweat was running down his face. He was lashed by fear, driven forward by the desire to get to work at once and accomplish some-thing, and maddened by the refusal of his brain to do more than repeat the news that he was about to go blind. "It's a humilia-ting exhibition," he thought, "and I'm glad Torp isn't here to see. The doctor said I

Torp isn't here to see. The doctor said I was to avoid mental worry. Come here and let me pet you, Binkie."

The little dog velped because Dick nearly squeezed the bark out of him. Then he heard the man speaking in the twilight, and, dog-like, understood that his trouble stood off from him.

"Allah is good, Binkie. Not quite so gentle as we could wish, but we'll discuss that later. I think I see my way to it now. All those studies of Beasie's head were nonsense, and they nearly brought your master into a scrape. I hold the notion now as clear as crystal—'the Melancolia that transcends ali wit." There shall be Maisie in that head, because I shall never get in that head, because I shall never get
Maisie; and Bess, of course, because she
knows all about Melancolia, though she
doesn't know she knows; and there shall be some drawing in it, and it shall all end up with a laugh. That's for myselt. Shall she giggle or grin? No, she shall laugh right out of the canvas, and every man and woman that ever had a sorrow of their own shallwhat is it the poem says?-

Understand the speech and feel a stir Of fellowship in all disastrous fight. "'In all disastrous fight?" That's better

than painting the thing merely to pique Maisie. I can do it now because I have it inside me. Binkie, I'm going to hold you up by your tail. You're an omen. Come Binkie swung head downward for a mo-

wilderment on his face was so intensely comic that both Dick and Torpenhow, still panting and unstrung from a fight for lie, had roared with laughter, in which the man seemed as if he would join, but, as his lips parted in a sheepish grin, the agony of death seemed as ment without speaking.

"Binkle swung nead downward for a moment wildout parted or a moment without speaking.

"Rather like holding a guinea-pig; but you're a brave little dog, and you don't yelp when you're maltreated. It is an omen."

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"Rather like holding a guinea-pig; but though her voice seemed to Dick to come from a distance, her face was always very near, and the Melancolla began to flame on the canvas, in the likeness of a woman who shrunken, haggard wreck—unshaven, blue-mount done.

Binkle swung nead downward for a moment without speaking.

came upon him, and he pitched grunting at down, rubbing his hands and chuckling. That night Dick wrote a letter to Maisie full of the tenderest regard for her health, but saying very little about his own, and dreamed of the Melancolia to be born. Not

dreamed of the Melancolia to be born. Not till morning did he remember that something might happen to him in the future.

He fell to work, whistling softly, and was swallowed up in the clean, clear joy of creation, which does not come to man too often, lest he should consider himself the equal of his God and so re'use to die at the appointed time. He forgot Maisie, Torpenhow and Binkie at his feet, but remembered to stir Bessie, who needed very little stirring, into a tremendous rage, that he might ring, into a fremendous rage, that he might watch the smouldering lights in her eyes. He threw himself without reservation into his work, and did not think of the doom that was to overtake him, for he was possessed with his notion, and the things of this world

"You're pleased to-day," said Bessie.
Dick waved his mahl-stick in mystic circles and went to the sideboard for a drink. In the evening, when the exultation of the day had died down, he went to the sideboard day had died down, he went to the sideboard sgain, and after some visits became convinced that the eye doctor was a liar, since some drunken beast in the street." He felt

corners of the studio draped themselves in gray film and retired into the darkness, that the spots in his eyes and the pains across his head were very troublesome, and that Maisie's letters were hard to read and harder still to answer. He could not tell her of his trouble, and he could not laugh at her accounts of her own Melancolia which was always going to be finished. But the furious days of toll and the nights of wild dreams made amends for all, and the sideboard was his best friend on earth. Bessie was singularly dull. She used to shrick with rage when Dick stared at her between half-closed eyes. Now she sulked, or watched him with disgust, saying very little.

Torpenhow had been absent for six weeks.
An incoherent note heralded his return.
"News! great news!" he said. "The Nilghai knows, and so does the Keneu. 'We're all back on Thursday. Get lunch and clean

Dick showed Bessie the letter, and she abused him for that he had ever sent Torpenhow away and ruined her life, "Well," said Dick, brutally,



BESSIE DESTROYING THE PICTURE.

mood passed next morning, but the side-board and all upon it remained for his com-fort. Again he set to work, and his eyes troubled him with spots and dashes and blurs till he had taken counsel with the sideboard, and the Melancolia both on the can-vas and in his own mind appeared lovelier than ever. There was a delightful sense of irresponsibility upon him, such as they feel who walking among their fellow men know who walking among their fellow men know that the death-sentence of disease is upon them, and, since fear is but waste of the little time left, are riotously happy. The days passed without event. Bessie arrived punctually always, and, though her voice seemed to Dick to come from a distance, her face was always very near, and the Melancolia began to flame on the canvas, in the likeness of a woman who

he still could see everything very clearly. He was of opinion that he would even make a home for Maisie, and that whether she liked it or not she should be his wife. The sitting to a drunken beast in a studio. You sitting to a drunken beast in a studio. You haven't been sober for three weeks. You've

been soaking the whole time; and yet you pretend you're better than me!"
"What d'vou mean?" said Dick,
"Meau! You'll see when Mr. Torpenhow omes back."

It was not long to wait. Torpenhow met Bessie on the staircase without a sign of feeling. He had news that was more to him

than many Bessies, and the Keneu and the Nilghai were trampling behind him, calling for Dick.
"Drinking like a fish," Bessie whispered. "He's been at it for nearly a month." She followed the men stealthily to hear judg-

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307 WOOD ST.

YOU

Cannot fail to find here all the variety necessary to select from. A pretty Parlor Suit, if you are able, and such a thing is necessary—could anything be given to the wife or mother that would be more appreciated? We think not, judging from our past experience.

Large selection of Bedroom Suits, any of which would be very acceptable. A Wardrobe Folding Bed, a nice Wardrobe, a handsome Sideboard, a neat set of Dining Chairs, a pretty Extension Table, Dinner and Tea Sets, Silver Table Ware, together with a

Large Variety

Hanging Lamps and Chandeliers, Brass Fenders and Fire Sets. Illustrated subjects in Engravings, Artotypes, Photo-Gravures, Oil Paintings and Etching Effects, Bamboo Easels, Screens and Bookshelves.

HERE, TOO, we speak of the largest variety of Silk Plush and Tapestry Rockers ever offered for your inspection, for the young and the old, for the rich and for the poor, for those who wish to pay the cash and those who wish credit; all have the same variety to

And first come first served. both in choice of selection and hour of delivery. Parlor Suits to be made to order, the order should be in by December 15 at the latest.

CASH OR CREDIT.

GIVING

As we do, plenty of time to settle all bills, it will enable you to buy good, useful presents, if it does take a little longer to pay for them; or if your circumstances in 30, 60 or 90 days will justify going a little into debt, it is always policy to buy the best Good goods always give

Better Satisfaction.

You should see the Bookcases and Desks we have, suitable for both ladies and genta. They are splendid goods for the money, finished in Antique and XVI. Century Oak. Also a nice line of Parlor and Music and Mantel Cabinets, in Mahogany and Oak; Solid Mahogany and Oak Chiffoniers. We guarantee there is not offered in this city

Fine Qualities

Of these same goods as we are now offering for the same prices. Solid Mahogany Chiffoniers we had made to order, French Bevel Glasses. Nothing else offered in this city that compares with our parlor tables We offer the largest variety in the city in All Woods and Colors at all prices, suitable for all people at all times and in all places. You will miss it if you do not see these goods before buying elsewhere. sell at lower prices

Than any house in Pittsburg or Allegheny, both of which will be duly appreciated, if you will take the trouble to call and examine our stock and get our

CASH OR CREDIT.

PRESENTS

Suitable for all classes, goods at all prices and terms suitable for all conditions. Presents for the father, presents for the mother, presents for the sister, presents for the brother, presents for everybody, and everybody for presents. We have the goods and we certainly

want your trade

Or possibly you are in need of goods in our line, Carpets, Furniture, etc., before and after Xmas. Then we want your trade also. We will give you more and better goods for less money than any house in the city. That's what you want. Now use your judgment and

For New Year's Gifts

It is not the case. We are here to do business, and you can rest assured that with our present low expenses, and being able to purchase as low as any dealer in the city, it would be sheer folly if we did not sell to every customer that came

Now don't forget us. We do

not spend our money idly for

advertising, but we are ready

Just what we say. We are the Pioneers of Low Prices and Easy Terms of Purchase. If you do not wish to pay cash, you are just as welcome to

FOR CREDIT.