and level road as if chased by the furies.

ng in the middle of the road

necount "I am atraid we are done for now.

"Never mind." I replied mechanically:

minutes ago, that I was hardly capable of

taking in any other sensation than that of

the ball I had argently written to request a further extension on the plea of pressing

family business. This again had been snappishly granted, but the concession was

coupled with a strict injunction to report myself without fail on board Her Majesty's

ship the Exploder before mid-day on the day after the ball. The ship would leave

the harbor that afternoon, and if I missed this train, not only should I incur the

wrath of my implacable senior officer, but my regiment would actually sail without

me, and I, to my everlasting shame and disgrace, should be left behind.

fame and glory? And what infamous re-

port might not reach the cars of the adora-

tile Eva? At this thought my cheeks glowed, and I felt almost ready to mount once more to the post of danger upon the

But first I glauced suspiciously at Perdita.

She was standing with heaving flanks and

smoking sides apparently quite quiet. But the deep snorting breath that curied up into

the night air from her dilated nostrils told a different tale, and when she arched her neck

and turned her small shapely head toward

me, and I met the nellish light that glared

of trusting myself to her tender mercies

be the embodiment of some lost spirit, sent

by the Evil One to perform its work of mis-

chief and destruction upon earth. Yet I

could not help admiring her beauty as she

stood there-the jet-black creature, like some

shy wild beast of prey, with lithe and active limbs and supple, cat-like movements.

behind me was temptingly sweet, especially when contrasted with that ominously named

vessel the Exploder, and the perilous career

that lay be ore me. Told, as I should know

how to tell it, the adventure I had already

gone through would sound a sufficient excuse

tured nature.

m her eyes, I shuddered at the bare idea

She did, indeed, look as if she might

Where would, then be all my dreams of

backward by the violence of the jerk, but I | reeling under the strain. I could not make had previously been holding on pretty tight, | out the time by my watch, and I held it to my car to see if it was going. It had stopped. I ask Tom to let me see his and I remember for Tom, in anything to do with horses, he always sticks on with the tenacity of a leech. In a second Perdita how hoarse and unnatural my voice sounded.
"It is not much use consulting my watch came to the ground again, and then she began to plunge and kick, as it she were enwhen it is a question of minutes like this," remarked Tom philosophically. "I never know exactly whether it will be 10 minutes gaged in a pitched battle with a thousand I clung to the rail for dear life, but Tom jumped down from the box, and, slow, or 10 minutes fast. It has always been alighting on his feet with that strange imslightly uncertain in its time since it once munity from misfortune which seems to attend his reakless proceedings, he rushed to the works, and doctoring it in different ways, but nothing seems to have a good Perdita's head. She instantly reared, actually raising Tom off his feet as he held on to effect."

Tom held the criving whip clubbed in his hand, and as she was in the act of rearing, the demon Perdita would ever reach the he brought it down with all his force between her cars. The blow was enough to have stunned a rhinoceros, and when she came down again she was comparatively manageable. In a lew minutes she was quite subdued by Tom's strong hand and steady soothing voice, and stood quiet and Now that it was practicable without danthe bottom. One more effort I made to dis-suade Tom from his mad attempt. I begged ger to life and lumb. I sprang out of the car and hurried to my friend's side. He turned and implored. I cutreated with all the elohis head round, and I saw his face tull in quence in my power. I almost commanded him to turn back and give it up. I might ures always gave the impression of strength and daring, and now he looked cool and colas well have addressed myself to Perdita herself. At last in my earnestness I caught lected as ever, but a look of vexation and hold of his arm and laid my hand on the approvance crossed his face as he pulled out reins. Anything to put an end to this awful his watch and peered anxiously into its silrisk. Then Tom turned upon me with an I say, Jack," he said, with an intensity His face was grave and set, and the line of of disappointment, for which I could hardly

his mouth was like iron.
"Look here, old man," he said grimly. "so After this confounded delay we have not a long as there was no occasion for it, you chance of catching the train. What is to kept on exhorting me to attend to the reins: but now that everything depends upon carebest to distract me. I tell you it would be no use turning back now, for we should only meet the train. You had much better for the fact was, I was so uncommonly glad to be delivered from the very dangerous po-sition in which I had found mysel: a rew

But it was in truth an extremely awkward predicament to be placed in. My leave had predicament to be placed by a not too low under the sun, thought so seriously of low under the sun, indeed be close and

I saw that it was as much as he could do to keep the flagging mare in the middle of the truck so as to prevent the wheels of the dogcart catching against the sleepers on either side, and I dared not speak to him again. I watched him anxiously, however, and sat still by his side, consumed with anxiety, which grew more and more intense every moment. Our pace had slackened considerably, but we were still keeping up a fast trot, and were getting over the ground very quickly. A mile sped by-a mile and a half-there was only a half a mile further to the station. Surely we should reach the goal in safety. Never had my nerves been strung to such a pitch or excitement. I hardly dared to take my eyes off the mare, and yet the scene we passed through was forever burned in upon my memory. Meadow and cornfield lay steeped in the flood of light below the embankment, and beyond a little brook the dusky woods slept in the moonlight. The silence of the night was only broken by the low ripple of the stream, and the faint moan of the breeze against the telegraph wires. On either side of us was this scene of quiet and peaceful beauty; before us stretched the desolate rail-way track, a single line, with the ugly precipice on either side; behind—ah! what was behind us? Hush! what was that sound in the far distance? Good God! was it the rush of the approaching train?

I turned to listen. I could see nothing No, nor was there any sound to be heardnothing but the mad beat of my own heart. and the convulsive throubing in my temples. But as I began to breathe again, Tom turned After all the thought of returning to the peaceful life and the dear girl I was leaving together, and his eyes had a strange, fixed

And then I heard it again, and more distinetly than before-that horrible low rumble and roar in the distance. The train was coming, and would be upon to Eva's tender cars. The finger of fate us in a few minutes. Tom settled himself seemed to be inexorably pointing that way,

exclanation:

"We may do it yet! I know of a short cut that will save at least two miles, and it is worth the risk. You shall not miss your large the dilated nostrils. Then with her ears laid back, she stopped short. She stood ship if I can help it, old fellow. In with as if at bay, with her fore feet planted well He had jumped up already and grasped would make her stir from the spot. In vain Tom persuaded and coaxed, lashed and "You don't expect me to go risking my life behind that fiend incarnate again, my dear boy!" I remonstrated. But Tom has

that kind of tyrannical, dominoering man-ner which overrides a more refined and cul-louder and louder sounded the roar of doom in our ears. And that she-devil Perdita still stood immovable. It was horrible! can you not see that the mare is as quiet as a lamb? The veriest coward would not be a raid of her now. Get in; there is not a moment to less." This brutal remark (confound the fellow, what did he mean by insinuating that I was a coward?) put me on my mettle, and with a beavy heart I climbed up in my place.

heavy heart I climbed up in my place. We drove on at a more moderate pace, un-We dreve on at a more moderate pace, until we came to a gate which led into a flat pasture field. Here Tom alighted, and forcing open the gate, led the horse and trap into the field. I be reasonable to the side of the line, calling to my tripo the field. held. I knew remonstrance was triend to follow. Here, holding on to a telewould not let an opportunity pass without But Tom would not leave Perdita to the would not let an opportunity pass without giving Tom a word of warning about his eckless ways. On the smooth turf the mare seemed pretty

quiet, and, with Tom leading her, I felt tairly safe; so, without letting go my hold of the iron rail, I leaned forward and spoke to Tom very seriously about the toolhardiness-nay, the actual wrong-doing-of keep-ing such dangerous and vicious animals. "You know, my dear fellow," I concluded, "it is not as if it were your own life that is "It is not as if it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it were your own life that is not saif it in his heart to desert Perdita. She was standing in the attitude of backing, with her forefeet stretched before her, as if glued to the spot, and her eyes were full of glaring flame, but she trembled all over, and every muscle was quivering with terror. Tom rushed to her head and tried to drag her by main force off the line, but she reared and backed, and he was nearly thrown down by the yield of way, and the mare was already

beginning to dance unessily.
"Well," replied Tom, laconically, without paying any attention to my well-founded alarm, "the fact of the matter is that I haven't a particular fancy for investing in a pair of old cows like yours." After this outrageous insult to our respectable and justly valued cobs, I had no ther resources but to maintain the digni-

fied attitude of silent contempt.

my missing the ship."
"I do mind," replied Tom, shortly. "What is that in comparison with our

lives!" I cried, driven desperate by this re-volting callousness. "Just think what may happen! If the mare should take fright and upset us down that embankment!—if the train should overtake us! Great heavens, it may be due now!" I stopped to drag out

Cool! with my brain on fire, and my senses

the bridle, and for an instant I thought it was all up with us both, for she made as if she would dash up against the wall. But ment; and even if we had time to escape station without shying at some obstacle and upsetting us on the way. Every telegraph post we passed was a danger, and I shud-dered as I looked down the precipitous earthen banks, which now sloped more and more steeper from both sides of the line, and I trembled as I saw black, slimy water gleaming through the flags and rushes at expression which struck terror to my heart.

keep quiet, for if you persist in bothering like this, I won't answer for the con-

pressing.

"Listen!" he said hoursely.

seemed to be inexorably pointing that and I began to see plainly that it might be ward.

"We shall do it yet!" he said between his "We shall do it yet!" dispensations of Providence.

But Tom had never been blessed with a resigned disposition. He interrupted me in the midst of a pleasing reverie by an abrupt

"It's all up if she has taken to jibbing," he cried, in a voice of despair.

fate she so richly deserved. Sitting up there on the high seat, with certain destruction thundering down upon him from behind, he tried every effort of force and persuasion. The train was within 50 yards of the spot. The white puffs of smoke floated into the night air as the engine drew her deep sobbing breaths; I could see the glow of her fires and the hissing jets of steam-she was quite close before Tom at last jumped down. the violence of her kicks. Then, with a desperate effort, he raised the whip high above his head, and brought the lash down

with cruel force across her eyes. "You shall not die sol" he swore. "You shall not die sol" he swore.

The train was upon them, but at the blow Perdita leaped up with the spring of a panther. There was a shout—a cry—and a sickening crash; but the line was clear, and the train passed on in safety. A deadly faintness came over me, as the train swept and a roar I closed my

A least I would have maintained it, but that an alarming incident now happened which obliged me to speak.

We had crossed the field, and, on passing through a gateway much like the first, I now observed with surprise that we had reached the line of the railway. There was no proper crossing, and on the other side the ground fell away in a steep embankment, so that no way across seemed possible. An uncomfortable foreboding same over me, yet I was not prepared for the extraordinary rashness that

There at the oottom lay a shapeless mass.

It was perfectly motionless. The dogcart

for the extraordinary rashness that Tom was contemplating. Turning Perdita's head in the direction of the station, he gathered the reins deftly into one hand, sprang lightly into his seat by my side and began negling the mare along the line as tast as her tired limbs would go. I clutched at his sleeve in agony.

"Tom, this is madness!" I gasped. "I beseech you to listen to reason, and turn back before it is too late! Never mind about my missing the ship."

"I do mind." renlied Tom, shortly.

It was perfectly motionless. The dogcart was smashed to pieces, and Perdita was dead.

The train had stopped a little distance off, and the engine driver, who had seen the scident, and whose shout I had heard, came running toward us to inquire what had happened. Being an Irishman, he was full of sympathy and commiseration, and he poured out profuse lamentations.

But Tom bardly seemed to hear him. Turning abruptly to me, he said, almost fiercely:

fiercely:
"You need not miss the train, after all.

Poor Perdita has done her work, you see Why don't you go?"
And himself taking up my portmanteau, which had fallen from the trap be ore ita headlong descent and lay uninjured close to the line, he rushed after the departing en-gine driver, and hurried me into the train. I arrived in Cork in time to escape a reprimand from my chief, and in due time we steamed for the East. It is not so very long since Her Majesty's ships, the Disaster, the Exploder, and the Blunderer, were sent out on their threatening mission, and everyone remembers how ignominiously those threats had to be withdrawn. There is no need to recount that disgraceful story over again. We wasted several months under a burning sun, and having encoun-tered no other foes but pestilence and priva-tion, were called back again without any honor, fame or glory. Still, disheartened and disappointed though I was (for I have always longed to prove my bravery, and never had the chance of doing so), I thought I would nevertheless seek out my sweet Eva, and tell her that had any laurels and honors been mine, I would have laid them at her

Accordingly, one stormy night in Febru-ary I secured a berth in one of the North Wall steamers (which are considered the safest), and crossed from Holyhead to Dub-lin. Over the horrors of that passage I will not linger. Suffice it to say that the Bay of Biscay is nothing to it; and I think I ought to know. Cold, weary and sick, and gen-erally miserable, I reached dry land at last, and arrived in Dublin in the dismay gray dawn of a winter's morning. I took the train at once, and, after several hours traveling, reached the house of my friend, looking, I dare say, a miserable object enough. Tom, who was looking particularly prosperous and handsome, received me with the utmost cordiality, and, under the influence of his cheerful hospitality, I

rightened up a little.
"By the way," he observed, when he had established me in an arm chair in front of a roaring fire, and offered me every conceivable beverage under the sun, "I must go and tell my wife to hurry up luncheon. You will be glad of something solid, old fellow, after all you have gone through,

"Your wisel" I exclaimed, "Why, I never knew you were married." "Oh dear, yes! We have been married our months. You remember Eva Marsac? Ohl I forgot! You were rather sweet upon her at one time, were you not?"

I was speechless. This blow was too much. The malicious fellow continued, with

a wicked twinkle in his eyes:
"If I recollect rightly, I was rather glad when the time for your departure came. I determined that it should not be put off on any account. We had the parrowest escapmissing the train that I ever knew, though! By Joyel that was a near shave!' "Did you tell Eva-Miss Marsac?"

stammered. "Oh, yes; I should think so! All's fair in love and war, you know! How she did laugh, to be sure, when I described to her

the blue funk you were in at Perdita's antics all the way. Poor Perdital'

And here Tom sighed. He had some feeling for a vicious brute, it appeared, though he had none for his friend. Friend! I was his triend no longer! But I resolved not to betray my-elf, so I bottled up my feetings. I restrained myself even when Eva came in, looking more lovely than ever, and that traitorous scoundrel put his arm round her and introduced her with a

I stayed to luncheon, and was a witness of his undeserved happiness for several hours. But at the earliest possible oppor tunity I framed an excuse for getting away, and, steadfastly refusing all Tom's offers of a conveyance, I drove to the station in a rickety market car, drawn by a peaceful looking back, which I hired in the village. As I mounted this unaristocratic, but safe, turnout, Tom stood in the doorway with Eva to see the start. His parting before we jogged down the drive were not of

au encouraging nature.
"By the by," he said carelessly, "old Murphy Flanagan has somehow got it into his head that you are to blame for poor Per-dita's sad end. I told you, didn't I, about poor Micky, and how he loved the creature? The old man was devoted to the mare, for his son's sake; and he has been vowing vengennee against you ever since her death."
"You don't say so!" I exclaimed, heartily wishing that I had never returned to the country of such an irrational people.

amusing in the matter. "He has been threatening all sorts of revenge, and he swears that it will be a bad day for you if ever he catches you. So per-haps it is just as well that he should not have the chance; in this short time I should think he will hardly have got wind of your being here. Well, if you must go, goodby. Make haste back to Ireland again!"

But all my energies were bent upon has-tening out of Ireland as fast as possible, and I felt no inclination to respond to Tom's in-vitation. After his alarming disclosures, it may be imagined that once more I had a drive to the station that was anything but a pleasant ordeal. I dreaded at every turn lest some murderous Irish cut-throats should be lying in wait in the shelter of a hedge, ready to fire at me as I passed, or should drop upon me from behind a wall, and I was haunted by a tormenting suspicion that my driver might possibly be an accomplice in the plot. I was thankful when I reached the station in safety and found myself in the train speeding toward Dublin, and I was more thankful still when I gazed from the decks of the steamer on the last receding coasts of the Emerald Isle.

Since then there has never been any occasion for my risking my life in that dangeron and barbarous country, and the reader may rest assured that I am not likely ever to set foot unon its inhospitable shores again .-

BLOWN 100 FEET AWAY.

A Fatal Boller Explosion Destroys Two Lives at Meredith, Mich.

MEREDITH, MICH., Jan. 30,-While all the hands in P. C. Herbison's saw mill at this place, were at work yesterday morning, the boiler exploded, tearing the mill to pieces and instantly killing two men, while six others were injured.

The explosion sent portions of the boiler through the mill, injuring every man at work. Fireman Albert Finch was blown 40 feet through the side of the building, and George Bedder was hurled through an open door and found over 100 feet away. Both were dead when found,

A COUNTERFEITING GANG ARRESTED.

Detective Wormed Into Their Confidence and Got the Facts.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Jan. 30 .- A bad gang of counterfeiters has been broken up. The gang has operating headquarters at Kalkaska, and the detective apened correspondence from New York with Abel T. Thayer.

He obtained his confidence and went to Kalkaska. Thayer gave himself away, and Attaska. I naver gave nimeer away, and also implicated Fred and George Lachine, aged 20 and 18, of Luther, who were arrested later. A quantity of dies, casts and impressions were found at their house and some spurious pickels. One of the boys has confessed, implicating others.

HEINZ'S KEYSTONE THE champion story-tellers of New York are described in Charles T.Murray's letter to THE DISPATCH for to-morrow.

THE irritating worry of a constant cough may be avoided, and much wear and tear of the lungs and throat cured, by using that safe and old established remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will help you in all cases of coughs and colds, and in affections of the throat and lungs.

For the Little Ones. You all know what a pretty story the tale of Cinderella is; everybody likes it; but it is not half as pretty or delight ul as Marvin's Cinderella cakes. Get them from your grocer. ju28,31fe3,7

CREAM ale never tastes better than when the weather is cold. The Iron City Brewery makes the finest. At all dealers.

MRS, WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for children teething relieves the child from pain.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE

Topics to Be Discussed in Pulpits and Sunday Schools.

DR. ABBOTT'S SKETCH OF ELIJAH.

Move to Encourage Bible Study in the Original Language.

GLEANINGS FROM CHURCH FIELDS

Lyman Abbott on Elijah.

The Sunday school lesson for to-morrow study is "Elijah at Horeb." Lyman Abbott takes a different view of the lesson than that of scripture expositors generally, Here is a part of what he has to say on the lesson, and will no doubt be startling to many Sunday school teachers:

Elijah was a man of Puritan mold, an Ironsides before the time of Cromwell's Ironsides. He looked upon Baal and Baalworship with an enmity only faintly reflected in the hatred which Cromwell and his soldiers entertained toward the Roman Catholies of Ireland. He might have said, in the words of the later Hebrew psalmist, "I hate them with a perfect hatred." When, therefore, at Mount Carmel the fireanswered his prayer, and his sacrifice was consumed, and the whole populace, with one of those sudden revulsions of feeling common to democracies, proclaimed Jehovah alone to be God, Elijah thought that his time had come to extirpate idolatry by one sudden and sharp blow. Without authority either from the law of the land, which, though it condemned idolatry as a capital offense, conferred no authority upon any prophet to execute capital punishment without judicial proceedings; without autherity from God, who had not commissioned him to be the executant of divine wrath-which, indeed, man is never competent to execute, since man comprehends not that intermingling of pity and wrath which constitutes mercy-without, therefore, authority either from God or man, Elijah upon the people to put to death the 400 priests of Baal, who had come hither, not to be tried and executed, and who were, indeed, under a kind of implied safe con duct from the King. The populace followed the prophet's demands. The waters of the brook Kishon ran red with the blood of

priests, some of whom may have been im-postors, many of whom undoubtedly were themselves the victims of imposture. The wind and the rain followed. The drought was broken and the land refreshed, and Elijah thought that the kingdom of Baal had come to an end and the kingdom of God was immediately to be established. Instead, he received from Jezebel the masculine Lady Macbeth of the weak and wicked Ahab, who let "I dare not wait upon I would," a message that his own life should on the morrow pay for the lives of her prophets slain at his command. The popu-

lar enthusiasm expired as suddenly as it had burst into action. He was without a defender, so far as he knew almost without a sympathizer or a friend. Nowhere in the land had he a refuge left for him. He flees into the wilderness, and, in the discourage ment which comes over him, deserted by man and reproved by his own conscience for his zeal without knowledge, confesses his fault. "I am not better than my fathers," he cries, and prays that he may die.

Sunday School Primary Teaching. The meeting of primary teachers and assistants last Saturday, immediately after

Dr. Reid's class, at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, at which Mrs. W. T. Crafts, President of the New York Primary Union, gave a practical illustration of teaching the Sabbath school lesson to the primary classes, proved so interesting and profitable it was unanimously desired to have another meeting, at which Mrs. Crafts will illustrate her method of teaching to-morrow's lesson to infant classes. This Tom laughed, as if he found something in the Young Men's Christian Association North Highland avenue—Divine service Sun rooms, and all primary and intermediate day morning at 11 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. M. North and Grant avenues, Allegueny-Rev. Sold by your grocer.

tenchers and their assistants are especially

Study of the Bible in the Original. The Pittsburg branch of the American Institute of Christian Literature has begun Institute of Christian Literature has begun its winter school. Prof. M. B. Riddle will lecture on Monday night at 7:45 on the "Life of Christ," in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, Wood street. Prof. D. A. McClenahah will lecture on the "History of Israei" on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in Christ M. E. Church, Penn avenue. Cinsses for the study of Hebrew will be formed, if a sufficient number apply, in the Chapel of the St. Andrew's P. E. Church on Monday at 10 A. M., and

Church, on Monday at 10 A. M., and classes in New Testament Greek on February 9, at same place and hour. Tickets for the courses in the Old and New Testament may be obtained at the bookstores

Sunday Services in Pittsburg Churches. THE jail services for February will be in charge of Rev. E. R. Donehoo, at 3 P. M. every

ST. PETER'S P. E. CHURCH, Rev. W. R. Mnckay, rector-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. FIRST CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS, No. Sixth street—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates lecture and give tests Sunday morning and evening. EIGHTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. E.

R. Donehoo, pastor-10:45 A. M., "No Discharge in That War;" 7:30 P. M., "The Right of BELLEFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. W. J. Holtand, D. D., pastor-Services mornin and evening at the usual hours conducted by the pastor.

FIRST ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, on Grant street, Rev. Edmund Belfour, D. D., pas or-Services morning and evening conducted by the pastor. FOURTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, Fourth wenue and Ross street, H. C. Applegafth, pas

or—10:30 A. M., "City Mission Work;" 7:30 P. SEVENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Herror avenue, Rev. C. S. McClelland, pastor.-10:30 A

M., "Not Conformed to This World;" 7:30 P. M. "The Call of Abraham." DENNY CHURCH, Ligonier and Thirty-fourth streets—Subject, 10:30 A. M., "The Undiluted Gospel Relative to the Good and to the Evil;" 7:30 P. M., "Sold Very Cheap."

FORTY-THIRD STREET PPESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. H. H. Stiles, pastor-Administration of sacrament of baptism at the morning service 10:30; evening service at 7:30. SECOND P. M. CHURCH, Southside, Rev. H. J. Buckingham, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M and 7 P. M. Morning subject: "Levves but No Fruit." Evening: "Life in Death."

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WOO street, Rev. George T. Purves, D. D., pastor-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Evening subject, "The Cleansing of the Leper." EMERY M. E. CHURCH, East End, Rev. C. V. Wilson, D. D., pastor-Rev. T. P. Marsh

President of Mt. Union College, will occupy the oulpit. Revival services in the evening. EIGHTH STREET REFORMED PRESBYTE RIAN CHURCH, Rev. D. McAllister, pastor-At 10:30, "The Sin of Covetousness;" at 3 P. M., "A Contrast—Things Seen and Things Not Seen." FIFTH U. P. CHURCH, Webster avenue, Rev. J. W. Harsha, pastor-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "Paul at Melita." Evening, "A Sermon to Young Men." LAWRENCEVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH and congregation-Services in meeting house of the German Reformed Church, on Forty-fourth street, below Futler. Preaching service at 3

HAVEN M. E. CHURCH, Duquesne Beights, Rev. W. H. Rodenbaugh, pastor-Service norning and evening. Subjects, "From Egypt o Canaan," and "Halting Between Two Opin

FIRST U. P. CHURCH, Seventh avenue-At 10:30 A. M. communion services, conducted by the pastor, William J. Reid, D. D., and at 7:30

SIXTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Franklin

and Townsend streets, Rev. J. F. Patterson, pastor—10:30 A. M., "A Bible Picture of the Righteous Man:" 7:30 P. M., to young people, "Starting Right." THIRTY-THIRD STREET U. P. CHURCH-Communion services at 10:30 A. M., conducted by Rev. R. A. Elliott; preaching at 7:30 P. M. by Rev. T. M. Huston; subject, "Christ's Message to a Faithful Church.

CARSON STREET M. E. CHURCH, Rev. G. L. Guichard, pastor-Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "The Sinners in Zion." Evening subject, "The Deceived Man." Sunday school, 1:45 P. M.

B. Riddle, D. D. Evening, at 7:45, by Rev. H. D. Darbaker, of McKeesport. THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Sixth avenue, Rev. E. P. Cowan, D.D.—Services 10:45 A.
M. and 7:45 P. M. Sabbath school, 9:30 A. M.
Mission school, 3:15 P. M. Evening subject,
"Wronging One's Own Soul."

LAWRENCEVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Birty-ninth street, between Penn avenue and Butter street. Rev. A E. Linn, pastor—Subject: 10:30 A. M., "God's Care of his People;" 7:30 P. M., "What Went Ye for to Sec." POINT BREEZE PRESBYTERIAN CRURCH,

Rev. Dewitt M. Benbam, paster.—Morning service, Il A. M., subject, "Self-sacrifice for Others," evening service, 7:30 P. M., subject, "Disobedience and Its Punishment." SOUTHSIDE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner Twentieth and Sarah streets, Rev. F. R. Farrand, pastor—Services at 1039 A. M. and 739 P. M. Evening subject: "Scenes of the Judg-ment Day." Sabbath school at 2 P. M.

SERVICES at Lawrenceville English Lutheran

Church, corner of Forty-third and Butler streets, Rev. C. P. Harrah, pastor, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Communion of Lord's Supper at 10:45 A. M. Sabbath school at 9:39 A. M. Rev. E.S. Farrand, pastor—10:30 A. M., "Rolling Away Stones;" 7:30 P. M., "The Lamb of God;" 6:15 P. M., "Chosen of Christ." Gospel meetings will be held every evening next week at 8:45.

BUTLER STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, corner Butler and Fortieth streets, W. H. Pearce, pastor-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "The Sin of Omission." Evening subject, "Imperistrable

street and Webster avenue, Rev. John H. Prugh, pastor—Morning: "Doing Good and Being Good." Evening: "Will Only the Few Get Through the Straight Gate and Be Sared?" GRACE REFORMED CHURCH, corner Grant

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner of Penn avenue and Seventh street, Rev. J. R. Sutherland, D. D., pastor,—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Subject in the morning, "Moods;" in the evening, "The Great Mind Reader."

JOHN WESLEY CHURCH, Arthur street, Rev. George W. Clinton, pastor-10:45 A. M., preaching; 1:30 P. M., Sunday school; 7:30 P. M., preaching, "Godliness, Its Present and Future Re-wards." Revival services each evening during the week.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY, Mellon Bank building, 514 Smithfield street, at 10:15 A. M., Rev. J. G.
Townsend, D. D., minister-Toolc, "Are the
Protestant Churches of the City Gaining or
Losing?" Sermon subject, "The Verestchagin
Pictures."

SHADY AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, near SHADY AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, BEAT Penn avenue, Dr. W. A. Stanton, pastor—Services at 11 A.M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "The Lord's Supper in History." Evening subject, "The Christian's Armor," an annual sermon addressed to the Y. P. S. C. E.

FIRST CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner Wylie avenue, and Congress street, Rev. J. B. Koehne, pastor-Services morning and evening. Subject at night, "Man Greater Than the Sabbath." Special services every night during the week, preaching by the

THE Seventh United Presbyterian Church, Forty-fourth and Butler streets, Rev. J. D. Sands, pastor—Service sat 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: "Sins Which Culmi-nated in a Crowning Deed of Infamy." Even-ing: "Loving Pleasure." The first of a series of sermons to the young. CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Pittsburg,

corner Pride and Colwell streets, H. W. Tal-mage, pastor-Services at 10:50 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning theme, "Divine Power and Divine Nature." Evening, "The Christian Religion Tested." Sunday school at 3 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7 P. M. All are welcome. UNIVERSALIST CHURCH GOSPEL MEET-INGS-Famous revival singer, Stanford Mitchell, Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Preaching by pastor, Rev. W. S. Williams. Evening service, 7:20, preaching by Rev. Stanford Mitchell, of Boston, Services at Curry University Chapel, Penn avenue and Sixth

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Sunday school at 2 P. M. Young people's meeting, Sunday at 6:30 P.M. Evangelistic services in
connection with evening sermon and every
night of following week. All cordially invited.
Song service begins at 7:15.

EIGHTH UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Observatory Hill. Preaching morning and evening by Mr. J. P. White. THE Sandusky Street Baptist Church, B. F. Woodburn, paster—10:30 A. M., "The Ideal of Discipleship;" 7:30 P. M., "Real Religion." SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner

William McCracken will preach at 10:30 and SECOND U. P. CHURCH, Rev. W. H. McMillan, D. D., pastor-10:30 A. M., "Personal Responsibility;" 7:30 P. M., "Plenteous Redemption."

ARCH STREET M. E. CHURCH, Rev. W. F. Conner, pastor-10:20 A. M., "Christian Confidence," 7:30 P. M., "The Young Man in Social

THE First Presbyterian Church, Arch street, Rev. David Kennedy, pastor—10:30 A. M., "Be-lief or Disbeller, Which?" 7:55 P. M., "Walking in the Light." REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Sandusky street, Rev. J. W. Sproull, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Baptism and the Lord's Supper at the afternoon service.

TRINITY LETHERAN CHURCH, Stockton avenue and Arch street, Rev. J. G. Goettman BUENA VISTA STREET M. E. CHURCH, Rev. J. H. Miller, pastor-At 10:30 A. M., "The Joys of Salvation;" at 7:30 P. M., song and revival services in connection with sermon. CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner Anderson and Lacock streets, Rev. S. B. Mc-Cormick, pastor—Subject, 10:45 A. M., "The Field is the World;" 7:30 P. M., "An Ordinary Man."

RIVERSIDE M. E., Kerr street, Rev. W. G. Meade, pastor-Preaching at 10:55 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; morning subject, "The Christian's Safery Lamp?" evening subject, "The Prince of Traitors-Judas Iscariot."

GREEN STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, Rev. R. S. Laws, pastor—Services at 10:30 and 7 o'clock; evening subject, "Condemnation of the Heathen Necessitates a Cultivated Knowledge of Chris-tianity in Order to Save the World."

FOURTH CHURCH, Montgomery avenue-Preaching to-day at 2:30 P. M., and to-morrow morning at 10:30 by Rev. W. B. Smiley, of Canonsolurg. Sacrament of the Supper at 2:30 P. M. Communicants' prayer meeting at 10

MCCLURE AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN, Rev. S. J. Glass, pastor—Morning subject, "Jesus Winning a Soul;" evening, "Look Again," Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 645, Gospel meetings Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of next week."

next week. FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, W. F. Richardson, pastor—The gospel meetings are still in progress; the interest is growing. I. J. Spencer, evangelist, will preach Sunday morning and evening, and every evening, except Saturday, next week.

AVERY MISSION CHURCH, corner of Worth na Avery streets, Rev. P. R. Anderson, pasto

-10:30, communion service, subject, "Border Christians," by the pastor; 2 P. M., Sabbath school; 7:30 P. M., preaching, subject, "Almost Persuaded." FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner ranklin and Manhattan streets, Allegheny, Rev. S. W. McCorkle, pastor-Subject of

morning sermon, "What is True Religion?" evening, "A Christian Endeavor Society in a King's Palace." PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Liberty, near Chestnut street-Rev. T. H. Rob-inson, D. D., of Western Theological Seminary,

will preach at 10;30 A. M., and the pastor, Rev. W. A. Kinter, at 7:45 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7:10 P. M. North Avenue M. E. Church—Rev. W. F. Crafts, of New York, will preach in the morning on "The Only Defensible Ground of Sabbath Observance," and in the evening the pastor, Rev.T.J.Leak will preach the closing ser-mon in series on "The Measurement of God's Love," following the sermon with revival ser-vices, which will also be held during the coming week.

Union revival services next week in the Fifth and Sixth U. P. Churches, under the leadership of Major Whittle, evangelist. Afternoon services at the Bixth Church, Rev. D. F. McGill, pastor, and evening services at the Fifth Church, Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, pastor. The meetings thus far have been at-tended with great success. On Sunday morn-ing Major Whittle will conduct a service at the nentientiary.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Mansfield Valley, O. H. Phillips, pastor-Rev. Morgan Morgans will preach Lord's Day, February I. At gans win preach Lord's Day, February I. At 11 A. M., "The Dream of the Ages," 7:30 P. M., "The Millennium, the Second Coming of Christ and the End of the World." Baptism Saturday evening. Rev. Morgans preached the sermon upon the "Millennium" January IS, and it was received with such unqualified favor that it is repeated at the earnest solicitation of his many friends.

READ Robert Louis Stevenson's ope oth Sea Island letter in to-morrow's big DISPATCH.

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Her Final Trial Trip. VALIEJO, CAL., Jan. 30 .- The cruiser San Francisco has returned to Mare Island navy yard from her final test trial trip. The members of the board of officers who went to report the result of her trip, and all the flicers of the ship, speak in the highest terms of praise regarding the sea-going qualities of the ship. Though the weather outside was rough, the vessel steamed at a speed of from 11 to 12 knots without ship-

oing any seas. In slowing down and turnng about the ship behaved splendidly. No ttempt was made at speeding the ship. The guns were tested singly and broad-side-on, and the ship did not appear to feel the effect from concussion. In firing broad-side guns, four of the vertical shields were slightly cracked and two logs on the two gun out-carriages broke off.

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