Bob drank it!-Cornhill,

might mention, especially as I know it won't make any difference to you."

"That cepends on what it is. If you have changed your mind, and want the pipe back again, I tell you frankly that it won't. In my opinion, a thing once given is given tor good."

"Quite so; I dou't want it back again. You may make your mind easy upon that point. I merely wanted to cell you why I

You have told me that already." "Only partly, my dear Pugh-only partly. You don't suppose I should have given you such a pipe as that merely be cause it happened to be drugged? Scarcely! I gave it to you because I discovered from indisputable evidence, and to my cost, that it was haunted." "Haunted?"

"Yes, haunted. Good day." He was gone again. I ran out of the room, and shouted after him down the stairs. He was already at the bottom of the flight, "Tress! Come back! What do you mean

by talking such nonsense?" "Of course it's only nonsense. We know that that sort of thing always is nonsense But if you should have reason to suppose that there is something in it besides sense, you may think it worth your while to make inquiries of me. But I won't have that pipe back again in my possession on

any terms-mind that."

The bang of the front door told me that he had gone out into the street. I let him go. I laughed to myself as I re-entered the room. Haunted! That was not a bad idea of his. I saw the whole position at a glauce. The truth of the matter was that he did regret his generosity, and he was ready to go any lengths if he could only succeed in cajoling me into restoring his gift. He was aware that I have views upon certain matters which are not wholly in accordance with those which are popularly supposed to be the views of the day, and particularly that on the question of what are commonly called supernatural visitations I have a standpoint of my own. Therefore it was me believe that about the pipe on which he knew I had set my heart there was something which could not be accounted for by ordinary laws. Yet, as his own sense would have told him it would do, if he had only allowed himself to reflect for a moment, the move failed. Because I am not yet so far gone as to suppose that a pipe, a thing of meerschaum and o

amber, in the sense in which I understand

the word, could be haunted-a pipe, a mere Pipe. "Hollo! I thought the creature's legs were twined right round the bowl!" I was holding the pipe in my hand, regarding it with the affectionate eves with which a connoisseur does regard a curio. when I was induced to make this exclamation. I was certainly under the impression that, when I first took the pipe out of the box, two, if not three, of the feelers had been twined about the bowl-twined tightly, so that you could not see daybetween them and it. they were almost entirely detached, only the tips touching the meerschaum, and those parthe creature were in the act of taking a spring. Of course I was under a misappre-hension, the feelers couldn't have been twined though, a moment before, I should the pipe, have been ready to bet a thousand to one "How takes, and very egregious mistakes, at times, At the same time, I confess that when I saw that dread ul looking animal poised on the extreme edge of the bowl, for all the world as though it were just going to spring at me, I was a little startled. I remembered that when I was smoking the pipe I did think I say the uplifted tentacle moving, as though it were reaching out at me. And I had a clear recollection that just as I had been sinking into that strange state of unconsciousness. I had been under the impression that the creature was writhing and

sonous without anything else. me. It was with me, in a figurative-which was worse than an actual-sense, all the day. Still worse, it was with me all the night. It was with me in my dreams. Such dreams! Possibly I had not yet "I certainly did imagine that I saw the night. It was with me in my dreams. Such dreams! Possibly I had not yet wholly recovered from the effects of that insuch a channel. He knows that I am of a that night was through I wished very beartily that I had never seen the pipe! I last." awoke from one nightmare to fall into an-other. One dreadful dream was with me all other. One dreadful dream was with the time—of a hideous, green reptile which advanced toward me out of some awful ticed that he had put the pipe down on the table as though he were tired of holding it table as though he were the holding it t lips to mine, sucked the life's blood out of my veins as it embraced me with a slimy hiss. Such dreams are not restful, I awoke anything but refreshed when the morning came. And when I got up and dressed I felt that, on the whole, it would perhaps have been better if I never had cone to bed. My nerves were unstrung, and I had that generally tremulous feeling which is. I believe, an inseparable companion of the more advanced stages of dipsomania. I ate no breakfast. I am no breakfast eater as a rule, but that morning I ate absolutely noth-

"If this sort of thing is to continue, I will the laugh of me, but anything is better than

It was with almost funereal forebodings that I went to the cabinet in which I had placed the sandalwood box. But when I opened it my feelings of gloom partially vanished. Of what phantasies had I been guilty! It must have been an entire delusion on my part to have supposed that those tentacula had ever been twined about the bowl. The creature was in exactly the same position in which I had left it the day before—as, of course, I knew it would be!—poised, prif about to spring. I was telling myself how foolish I had been to allow myself to dwell for a moment on Tress' words, when Martin Brasher was shown in.

Brasher is an old friend of mine. We have a common ground—ghosts. Only we approach them from different points of view. He takes the scientific-psychological-inquiry side. He is always anxious to hear of a ghost, so that he may have an opportunity of "showing it up."
"I've something in your line here," I observed, as he came in.

"In my line? How so? I'm not pipe mad." "No, but you're ghost-mad. And this is

"A haunted pipel I think you're rather more mad about ghosts, my dear Pugh, than

Then I told him all about it. He was deeply interested, especially when I told him that the pipe was drugged. But when I repeated Tress' words about its being haunted, and mentioned my own delusion about the creature moving, he took a more serious view of the case than I had expected he would do.

"I propose that we act on Tress' suggestion, and go and make inquiries of him."
"But you don't really think that there is anything in it?"

On these subjects I never allow myself to think at all. There are Tress' words, and there is your story. It is agreed on all hands that the pipe has peculiar properties. It seems to me that there is a sufficient case here to merit inquiry."

He persuaded me. I went with him. The pipe, in the sandal-wood box, went, too. Tress received us with a griu-a grin which was accentuated when I placed the sandal wood box upon the table.

"You understand," he said, "that a gift is a gift. On no terms will I consent to receive that pipe back in my possession." I was rather nettled by his tone, "You need be under no alarm. I have no

intention of suggesting anything of the "Our business here," began Brashermust own that his manner is a little ponde ous—"is of a scientific, I may say also, and at the same time, of a judicial nature. Our object is the Pursuit of Truth and the Ad-

vancement of Inquiry." "Have you been trying another smoke?" inquired Tress, nodding his head toward me.
Before I had time to answer, Brasher went droning on:
"Our friend here tells me that you say

this pipe is haunted."
"I say it is haunted because it is haunted." I looked at Tress. I halt suspected that he was poking fun at us. But he appeared

to be serious enough.
"In these matters," remarked Brasher, as though he were giving utterance to a new and important truth, "there is a scientific and a non-scientific method of inquiry The scientific method is to begin at the be ginning. May I ask how this pipe came

into your possession?"
Tress paused before he answered.
"You may ask." He paused again. "Oh, you certainly may ask. But it doesn't follow that I shall tell you.

"Surely your object, like ours, can be but the spreading about of the truth?" "I don't see it at all. It is possible to imagine a case in which the spreading about of the truth might make me look a little awkward. "Indeed!" Brasher pursed up his lips.

"Your words would almost lead one to sup-pose that there was something about your method of acquiring the pipe which you have good and weighty reasons for conceal-"I don't know why I should concent the

thing from you. I don't suppose either of you is any better than I am. I don't mind elling you how I got the pipe. I stole it." Brasher seemed both amazed and shocked. But I, who had had previous experience of Tress' methods or adding to his collection,

was not at all surprised. Some of the pipes which he calls his, if only the whole truth about them were publicly known, would send him to jail. "That's nothing!" he continued. "All collectors steal! The eighth commandment was not intended to apply to them. Why, Pugh there has 'conveyed' three-fourths of

the pipes which he flatters himself are I was so dumfounded by the charge that it took my breath away. I sat in astounded silence. Tress went raving on:

"I was so shy of this particular pipe when I had obtained it, that I put it away for quite three months. When I took it out to have a look at it something about the thing so tickled me that I resolved to smoke it. Owing to peculiar circumstances attending the manner in which the thing came into my possession, and on which I need not dwell-you don't like to dwell on those sort of things, do you, Pugh?-I knew really nothing about the pipe. As was the case with Pugh, one peculiarity I learned from actual experience. It was also from actual experience that I learned that the thing was -well, I said haunted, but you may use any other word you like."

"Tell us, as briefly as possible, what it was you actuall; did discover." "Take the pipe out of the box!" Brasher took the pipe out of the box, and held it in his hand. "You see that creature on it. Well, when I first had it it was underneath "How do you mean that it was under-

neath the pipe?"
"It was bunched together underneath the stem, just at the end of the mouthpiece, in the same way in which a fly might be suspended from the ceiling. When I began to smoke the pipe I saw the creature

"But I thought that unconsciousness immediately followed." "It did sollow, but not before I saw that "What did I tell you? There—there! That the thing was moving. It was because I thought that I had been, in a way, a victim of delirium that I tried the second smoke. Suspecting that the thing was drugged I was doing what I had seen It was doing that the was the commands, or whether because the drug was already begin and the seen and over the bowl. It was that sight, I believe, as much as anything else, which sent me silly. When I came the thing was moving. It was because I thought that I had been, in a way, a victim of delirium that I tried the second smoke. pression that the creature was writhing and twisting as though it had suddenly become swallowed what I believed would prove a these reflections were not pleasant. I wished these reflections were not pleasant. I wished tress had not talked that nonsense about than before, and while I still retained my senses I saw the creature crawl along under the many over the bowl. It was that sufficient to know that it was drugged and the stem and over the bowl. It was that locked the box in a cabinet. Quite apart from the question as to whether that pine was or was not haunted. I know it have to from the question as to whether that pipe was or was not haunted, I know it haunted I would remark. When the pipe left me the creature's legs were twined about the bow!. Now they are withdrawn. Possibly you,

midious druz, but, whether or no, it was very wrong of Tress to set my thoughts into such a channel. He knows that the such a channel. "Not a bit of it! Depend upon it, the beast

highly imaginative temperament, and that it is seasier to get morbid thoughts into my mind than to get them out again. Before yours, Pugh! You've been looking for the yours, Pugh! You've been looking for the devil a long time, and you've got him as

"I-I wish you wouldn't make those renot appropriate. At the same time, what you have told us is, I am bound to allow, a little curious. But of course what I require is ocular demonstration. I haven't seen the movement myself." "No, but you very soon will do if you care to have a pull at the pipe on your own account. Do, Brasher, to oblige me! There's a dear!"

"It appears, then, that the movement is only observable when the pipe is smoked. We have at least arrived at step No. 1."
"Here's a match, Brasher! Light up,
and we shall have arrived at step No. 2."

Tress lit a match, and held it out to let Tress have his pipe again. He may have Brasher. Brasher retreated from his neigh-"Thank you, Mr. Tress, I am no smoker, as you are aware. And I have no desire to acquire the art of smoking by means of a polstrand nine.

s laughed. He blew out the match and "Then I tell you what I'll do-I'll have up "Bob? Why Bob?"

Bob."

"Bob? Why Bob?"

"Bob? whose real name was Robert Haines, though I should think he must have forgotten the fact, so seldom was he addressed by it—was Tress' servant. He had been an old soldler, and had accompanied his master when he left the service. He was as deprayed a character as Tress himself. I am not sure even that he was not worse than his master. I shall never forget how he once behaved toward myself. He actually had the assurance to accuse me of attempting to steal the Wardour street relic which Tress fondly deludes himself was once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh. The truth is that I had slipped it with my pocket-handkerchief into my pocket in a fit of absence of mind. A man who could accuse me of such a thing would be guilty of anything. I was therefore quite at one with Brasher when he asked what Bob could possibly be wanted for. Tress explained, "I'll get him to smoke the pipe," he said. Brasher and I exchanged glances, but we refrained from speech.

"It won't do him any harm," said Tress.

"What—not a poisoned—jit's only drugged."
"Only drugged!"
"Nothing hurts Bob. He is like an ostrich. He has digestive organs which are peculiarly his own. It will only serve him as it served me—and Pugh—it will knock him over. It is all done in the pursuit of truth and for the advancement of inquiry."

I could see that Brasher did not altegetier like the tone in which Tress repeated his words. As for me, it was not to be supposed that I

like the tone in which Tress repeated his words.
As for me, it was not to be supposed that I should put myself out in a matter which in no way concerned me. If Tress chose to poison the man, it was his affair, not mine, ile went to the decreased showthed.

door and shouted:
"Bob! Come here, you scoundrel?"
That is the way in which he speaks to him.
No really decent servant would stand it. I shouldn't dare address Nalder, my servant, in such a way. He would give me notice on the spot. Spot.

Bob came in. He is a great hulking fellow who

understand you to ask a pound for taking pull at your master's pipe?"
"I'm thinking that I'll have to make it two."
"The deuce you are! Here, Pugh, lend me a

pound."
"I'm afraid I've left my purse behind."
"Then lend me 10 shillings—Ananias"
"I doubt if I have more than five."
"Then give me the five. And, Brasher, lend me the other fifteen."
Brasher lent him the fifteen. I doubt if we shall either of us ever see our money sgain. He handed the pound to Bob.
"Here's the brandy, drink it up!" Bob drank it without a word, draining the glass of every drop. "And here's the pipe."
"Is it poisoned, sir?"

it without a word, draining the glass of every drop. "And here's the pipe."
"Is it poisoned, sir?"
"Poisoned, you villain! What do you mean?"
"It isn't the first time I've seen your tricks, sir—is it, now? And you're not the one to give a pound for nothing at all. If it kills me you'll send my body to my mother—she'd like to know that I was dead."
"Send your body to your grandmother! You idlot, sit down and smoke!"
Bob sat down. Tress had filled the pipe, and handed it, with a lighted match, to Bob. The fellow declined the match. He handled the pipe very gingerly, turning it over and over,

fellow declined the match. He handled the pipe very gingerly, turning it over and over, eyeing it with all his eyes.

"Thank you, sir—I'll light up myself if it's the same to you. I carry matches of my own. It's a beautiful nipe, entirely. I never see the like of it for ugliness. And what's the slim-looking varmint that looks as though it would like to have my life? Is it living, or is it dead?"

"Come, we don't want to sit here all day, my man!"

"Well, sir, the look of this here pipe has quite

"Well, sir, the look of this here pipe has quite upset my stomach. I'd like another drop of liquor, it it's the same to you."

"Another drop! Why, you've had a tumblerful on the liquor, it it's the same to you."

"Another drop! Why, you've had a tumblerful to put on top of that. You won's want the pipe to kill you—you'll be killed before you get to it."

"And isn't it better to de a natural death?"

Bob emutied the second tumbler of brandy as though it were water. I believe he would empty a hogshead without turning a hair! Then he gave another look at the pipe. Then, taking a match from his waistcoat pocket, he drew a long breath, as though he were resigning himself to fate. Striking the match on the seat of his tronsers, while, shaded by his hand, the flame was gathering strength, he looked at Tress I distinctly saw him wink his eye. What my feelings would have been if a servant of mine had winked his eye at me I am unable to imagine! The match was applied to the tobacco, and of snoke cane through his line—the nine. agine! The match was applied to the tobacco, a puff of smoke came through his lips—the pipe

was alight!

During this process of lighting the pipe we had sat—I do not wish to use exaggerated language, but we had sat and watched that alcoholic scamp's proceedings as though we were witnessing an action which would leave its mark upon the age. When we saw that the pine was lighted we gave a simultaneous start. Brasher put his hands under his coat-tails and gave a kind of hop. I raised myself a good six inches from my chair, and Tress rubbed his palms together with a chuckle. Bob alone was calm.

"Now," cried Tress, "you'il see the devil mov-"Now," cried Tress, "you'll see the devil mov-

ng."

Beb took the pipe from between his lips.

"See what?" he said.

"Bob, you rascal, put that pipe back into your nouth, and smoke it for your life!"

Bob was eyeing the pipe askance.

"I dare say, but what I want to know is

whether this here varmint's dead or whether he isn't. I don't want to have him flying at my nose-and he looks victous enough for any

nose—and he looks victous enough for anything."

"Give me back that pound, you thief, and get out of my house, and bundle."

"I ain't going to give you back no pound."

"Then smoke that pipe!"

"I am smoking it, ain't I?"

With the utmost deliberation Bob returned the pipe to bis mouth. He emirted another whiff or two of smoke.

"Now—now!" cried Tress, all excitement, and warging his hand in the air.

We gathered round. As we did so Bob again withdrew the pipe. withdrew the pipe.
"What is the meaning of all this here? I

an't going to have you playing none of your larks on me. I know there's something up, but I sin't going to throw my life away for 20 shillings—not quite I ain't."

Tress, whose temper is not at any time one of the best, was seized with quite a spasm of rage.
"As I live, my lad, if you try to cheat me by

taking that pipe from between your lips until I tell you, you leave to is room that instant, never again to be a servant of mine."

I presume the fellow knew from long experience when his master meant what he said, and when he didn't. Without an attempt arre-monstrance he replaced the pipe. He con-tinued stelidly to pull away. Tress caught me

by the arm. "What did I tell you? There-there! That toward his nose, with an expression of such intense horro; on his countenance that it became quite shocking. Further and further the creature reached forward, until on a sudden, with a sort of jerk, the movement assumed a downward direction, and the tentacle was slowly lowered until the tip rested on the stem of the pipe. For a moment the creature remained motionless. I was quieting my nerves with the reflection that this thing was but some trick of the carver's art, and that where we had seen in a sort of nightmare, when the whole hideous repitile was seized with what seemed to be a fit of convulsive shuddering. It seemed to be in agony. It trembled so violently that I expected to see it loosen its hold of the stem and fall to the ground. I was sufficiently master of myself to steal a glance at Bob. We had had an inkling of what might happen. He was wholly unprepared. As he saw that dreadful, inhuman-looking creature, coming to life, as it seemed, within an inch or two of his nose, his eyes dilated to twice their usual size. I hoped, for his sake, that unconsciousness would supervene, through the action of the drug, before, through sheer fright, his senses left him. Perhaps mechanically, he puffed steadily on.

The creature's shuddering became more violent. It appeared to swell before our eyes. Then, just as suddenly as it began, the shuddering ceased. There was another instant of

Then, just as suddenly as it began, the shuddering ceased. There was another instant of quiescence. Then—the creature began to crawl along the stem of the pipe! It moved with marvelous caution, the merest fraction of an inch at a time. But still it moved! Our eyes inch at a time. But still it moved! Our eyes were riveted on it with a fascination which was absolutely nauseouv. I am unpleasantly affected even as I think of it now. My dreams of the night before had been nothing to this. Showly, slowly, it went, nearer and nearer to the smoker's nose. Its mode of progression was in the highest degree unsightly. It glided, nover, so far as I could see, removing its teutacles from the stem of the pipe. It slipped its hindmost feelers onward, until they came up to those which were in advance. Then, in their turn, it advanced those which were in front. It seemed, too, to move with the utmost labor, shuddering as though it were in pain.

as though it were in pain.

We were all, for our parts, speechless. I was momentarily hoping that the drug would take effect on Bob. Either his constitution enabled him to offer a strong resistance to narcotics, or else the large quantity of neat spirit which he had drunk acted—as Tress had maley olently intended that it should do—as an antique of the party of the pa dote. It seemed to me that he would never sucsumb. On went the creature—on, and on, in its infinitesimal progression. I was spellbound, I would have given the world to scream, to have been able to utter a sound. I could do

nave seen also duter a sound. I could us nothing else but watch.

The creature had reached the end of the stem. It had gained the amber mouthpiece. It was within an inch of the smoker's nose. Still on it went. It seemed to move with greater freedom on the amber. It moreased its ate of progress. It was actually touching the rate of progress. It was actually touching the foremost feature on the smoker's countenance. I expected to see it grip the wretched Bob, when it began to oscillate from side to side. Its oscillations increased in violence. It fell to the floor. That same instant the narcotic prevailed. Bob slipped sideways from the chair, the pipe still held tightly between his rigid jaws.

the pipe still held tightly between his rigid jaws.

We were silent. There lay Bob. Close beside him lay the creature. A few more inches to the left, and he would have fallen on and squashed it flat. It had fallen on its back. Its feelers were extended upward. They were writhing and twisting and turning in the air.

Tress was the first to speak.

"I think a little brandy wouldn't be amiss." Emptying the remainder of the brandy into a glass, he swallowed it at a draught. "Now for a closer examination of our friend." Taking a pair of tongs from the grate he nipped the creature between them. He deposited it upon the table, "I rather fancy that this is a case for dissection."

He took a penknife from his waistcoat pocket. Opening the large blade, he thrust its point into the object on the table. Little or no resistance seemed to be offered to the passage of the blade, but as it was inserted the tentacula or me blade, but as it was inserted the tentacula simultaneously began to writhe and twist. Tress withdrew the knife.

"I thought so?" He held the blade out for our inspection. The point was covered with some viscid-looking matter. "That's blood! The thing's alive!"

"Alive!"

"Alive! That's the secret of the whole per formance!

Bob came in. He is a great hulking fellow who is always on the grin. Tress had a decanter of brandy in his hand. He filled a tumbler with the neat spirit.

"Bob, what would you say to a glassful of brandy—the real thing—my boy?"

"And what would you say to a pull at a pipe when the brindy is drunk!"

"A pise?" The fellow is sharp enough when he likes. I saw nim look at the pipe upon the table, and then at us, and then a gleam of intelligence came into his eyes. "I'd do it for a dollar, yi."

"A collar, you thie??"

"I meant 10 shillings, you brazen vagabond?"

"I should have said a pound."

"A pound! Was ever the like of that, Do I

traveling days are done. It has given me rather a larger taste of the horrors than is good for my digestion." a larger taste of the hortost hand is good for my digestion."

With the aid of the tongs he removed the creature from the table. Before Brasher or I had a notion of what it was he intended to do he covered it with a heavy marble paper weight. Then he stood upon the weight, and between the marble and the hearth he ground the creature flar. The Sunday School Topic for To-Morrow's Study Opens Then he stood upon the weight, and between the marble and the hearth he ground the creature flat.

While the execution was still proceeding, Bob sat ap upon the floor.

"Hellof" he asked—"what's happened?"

"We've emptied the bottle, Bob," said Tress.
"But there's another where that came from. Perhaps you could drink another tumblerful, my boy?"

UP THE GREAT SINS OF OUR TIMES.

Good Opportunity for the Minister to Clinch

-The heaviest snow storm in Texas for three years fell Thursday. -Parts of Spain have been devastated by floods and a tornado. —Republican clubs are being formed in New Jouth Wales, Australia.

The coalition of the Mitre and Poca parties in the Argentine Republic improves the politi-cal situation there. -Organized bands of stock thieves are con ting depredations upon new settlers in Vashington State. —The negroes of the Comoro Islands, near Lanzibar, have declared their independence.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Zanzibar, have declared their independence. Their Sultan has fled.

-The Hamburg-American liner Sueva, is disabled off the Lizard, on the English coast. Her machinery collapsed. —Henry Hall, a 70-year-old wife murderer at Council Bluffs, has been convicted and will go to the penitentiary for life.

-Michael Overmyer, an Indiana farmer, was robbed and murdered near Rochester, that State, while on his wedding tour. -Sarah Althea Terry has been sued for \$867 worth of her late husband's personal property by the administrator of his estate. -The slippery Tascott is discovered againthis time in the person of an arson convict in the Columbus prison named George Elmer.

-There is a prospect of a strike of 1,800 girls at the Kearney Thread Mills at Kearney, N.J., as a result of the Clark Thread Works trouble. -The Sheriff at Decatur, Ill., made \$30 by charging 10 cents admission to see the gallows on which Murderer Crawford is to be executed -Further hostilities are threatened in Samoa.

Ex-King Tamasee tried to incite an uprising and was banished. King Malieton is growing feeble-minded, and Mataafa is said to cover

the crown. -Rumored that Chapleau, the Dominion Sec-retary of State, will break with Sir John Mac-donald and form a coalition government with Hon. Mr. Laurier and Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quobec.

-The wedding of Miss Nannie Bayard, young

mington, Del.

—The bodies of twin infants were found in Newbold's Woods, near Oceanport, N.J. They were wrapped in flannel, and had been in the woods many days. The mother is supposed to have been a young woman who was picked up have been a young woman who was picked up. have been a young woman who was picked up on the road several weeks ago and who has dis appeared.

appeared.

-The woman found murdered in a tram at Seville Wednesday was a French dressmaker. The assassins were surprised at their work by the stoppage of the train, and jumped out, dropping some bank notes and gold, which were afterward, found covered with blood. Three men have been arrested on suspicion of being the murderers. Thursday evening a robber entered a first class carriage on a train at Sarsgossa and stabbed one of the passengers, the Inspector General of Telegraphs. The latter overpowered the assassin and threw him off the train. The man was afterward captured in a dying condition.

CABLE LETTERS covering Europe co etely make the Sunday issue of THE DIS-PATCH a welcome caller at all homes who

ONE WAY TO MAKE HARMONY. If Every Man in a Borough Had an Office

There'd Be Peace. Mr. Hoey, of Robinson township, proposes another cure for the political disorganization of Coraopolis borough, but his plan is not that of 'squire Ferre. Mr. Hoey says the surest plan of promoting political harmony is to create more offices in the borough. He thinks that if every able-bodied male above 21 years of age

could have an office there would be no further trouble, as those who did not get just what they wanted would have a consolation situation, in any event.

The triennial assessment is like to create this season's especial breeze, as a considerable number of property holders express a determination to test the matter in court, should lots that lately sold at \$1,300 be assessed at \$200 this year, as in times past. They say that they are determined that the assessed valuation shall at leas be two-thirds of the selling value on vacant lots of they will be heard from, as they say the low valuation put on vacant lots that can be sold at a round price any day, is what is keeping the town from improving as it otherwise would do. season's especial breeze, as a considerable

your house. It will cure croup and whooping cough. Sold by Jos. Fleming & Son, 412 Mar-ket st.

The Festive Easter Bonnet.

The time of the festive Easter bonnet is rapidly approaching, and heads of families are quaking in their boots in anticipation thereof. Marvin's Easter creams are just as lovely and delightful as the daintiest of bonnets, and they don't cost anything like as much. Ask your grocer for them. Ths

Special Kid Glove Bargain. 1,200 pairs 8-B. Glace kid mosquetaires, tans, browns, slates or black, at \$1, worth \$1 50, at Rosenbaum & Co's. Ths

The People's Store, Fifth Avenue 5,000 pairs of lace curtains from 50c to \$80. Don't forget 'em when you're buying CAMPBELL & DICK.

B. & B.

Ribbon sale inaugurated to-day. About 10,000 pieces staple, best quality ribbons to be sold at hali the usual prices. Boggs & BUHL.

lines of health

the Lesson.

PULPIT THEMES TO BE DISCUSSED

The International Sunday school lesson to be discussed to-morrow is: "The Sin of Gehazi," and the golden text for the lesson is: "Be sure your sin will find you out." Rev. Dr. W. J. Reid will teach this lesson to the assembled Sunday school workers at the Y. M. C. A. rooms to-day at noon. There is not often furnished a better opportunity to cry against the sins of the times and all times than is given to Dr. Reid and Sunday school workers. Gehazi's sins were covetousness and lying. It goes without saying that these are the great sins

of these days. Gehazi was a liar and a thief, although he aspired to be a prophet and to step into Elijah's shoes. He failed, as all rascals will, for God reigns and not the devil, let croakers say what they will. If the preachers will take advantage of the opportunity turnished them by the Sunday school lesson and show up the sins of covetousness and lying they will do well. Deception and avarice have more to do with the evils of humanity than all the sins that could be

At the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church, East Eud, the pastor, Rev. DeWitt M. Ber ham, on last Sunday evening, inaugurated a series of sermons which will be continued for the next three months, on topics as announced below:

SERIES L. "In the Beginning, God."
"In the Beginning God Created."
"God Created Man in His Own Image."

"And God Said."
"The Word Became Flesh."
"The Resurrection and the Life." SERIES IL

"In Adam All Die." "Absent From the Body."
"Absent From the Body."
"Coming of the Lord."
"Resurrection of the Dead."
"The Righteous Judge."
"Second Death."
"Heavenly Kingdom."

-St. Peter's P. E. Church, Rev. W. R. Macay, rector-Services at 10:80 A. M., and 7:30

—John Wesley Church, Arthur street, Rev. George W. Clinton, pastor—Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. -Shadyside U. P. Church. Osceola street school house-Rev. J. M. Wallace, of the Eighth Church, will preach at 3:30. —St. Mark's Memorial Reformed Church, North Highland avenue—Services 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sermons by J. S. Nichols. -First English Lutheran Church, Grant street—Services forenoon and evening, con-ducted by the pastor, Rev. Edmund Belfour, D. D.

-Denny M. E. Church, Ligonier and Thirty fourth streets-Subject, 10:30 A. M.; "Alpha and Omega;" at 7:30 P. M., "The Importan Now." -Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, corner of Ross street, H. C. Applegarth, pastor-10:39 A. M., "A Model Church," 7:30 P. M., "The Smit-ten Rock."

ten Rock.",

—Eighth Presbyterian Church, Rev. E. R. Donehoo, pastor—Subject at 10:45 A. M.: "Religion Outside of Self." 7:30 P. M. "Advantages of An Alibi." -Forty-third Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. H. H. Stiles, pastor-Services at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P. M. Young People's meeting on Mon-day evening at 7:30

-East End Christian Church, Rev. T. D. Butler, pastor—Services morning and evening. Morning subject, "The Model Minister." Even-ing, "Almost Persuaded." -First Christian Church, Mansfield Valley, Pu., Rev. O. H. Phillips, pastor-Services morn-ing and evening, March 15. Evening theme, "The Surprised Fisherman." —Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Wylle avenue and Congress street, Rev. J. B. Koehne pastor—Services at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "Napoleon Bonaparte."

-Fifth Avenue M. E. Church, Rev. L. Mc-Guire, pastor-10:30 A. M., "What Profit Shall We Have If We Pray Unto Him?" 7:45 P. M., "Why Do We Reject Christ?" -Third Presbyterian Church, Sixth avenue, Rev. E. P. Cowan, D. D.-Services, 16:45 A. M. and 7:45 P.M. Evening subject: "The Pharisee— His Good Points and His Faults." -Grace Reformed Church, corner Crant street and Webster avenue, Rev. John H. Prugh, pastor-Morning theme, "Is He Good Enough to Join the Church? Am 1?" -First U. P. Church, Seventh avenue-Serv-ces at 10:30 A. M., by the pastor, Rev. William J. Reid, D. D., "The Great Congregation," and to 7:30 P. M., by the associate pastor, Rev. J. M.

-Liberty Street M. E. Church-Preaching at 10:30 A. M. by the presiding elder, Rev. Dr. J. W. Miles, after which communion. Preaching in the evening at 7:30 by the pastor, Rev. J. P. McKee. -Second P. M. Church, Patterson street, Southside, Rev. H. J. Buckingham, pastor-Services 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Morning, "Love Feast;" evening subject, "Religious

—Unitarian Church, Mellon Bank building at 514 Smithfield street, at 10:55 A.M., Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D., minister—Topic, "Causes of Suicade." Sermon subject, "The Rooms We Lave In." -Rev. Nevin Woodside will preach to-mor-row morning in the First Reformed Preshy-terian Church, Grant street. Morning subject: "Fidelity Kewarded." Afternoon: "Effectual Warnings."

-Church of God, Townsend street-Services

German Church, Farty-fowrth street, below Butler, at 3 P. M. Service led by Rev. D. S. Mulhern. Subject, "A Declaration." Bible chool at 1:45 P. M.

-Emory M. E. Church, East Liberty, Rev. C. V. Wilson, pastor-Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Rev. R. H. Allen, D. D., in the morang. Evening subject, "The Tares," the second of the series on the parables.

—Central Presbyterian Church, corner of Forbes and Seneca streets, Rev. A. A. Mealy, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: "The First Miraclet" evening subject: "Reconciliation." -M. E. Church, Fulton street, Rev. N. E. Johnson, pastor—Services morning and evening. Subject in the evening. "The Tree of Life on Either Side of the River, and the Leaves for the Healing of the Nations."

-Mt. Washington Presbyterian Church, Rev.

E. S. Farrand, paster-10:30 A. M., "How to Keep Ourselves in the Love of God." 7:30 P. M., "The Relationship of Our Wills to Conver-sion." 6:30 P. M., "Speak Truly." -Highland Presbyterian Mission-The morn ing services will be omitted. The usual evening service at 7:55, Rev. M. B. Riddle, D. D., will preach. The morning services will be resumed on the following Sabbath.

-Fifth U. P. Church, Webster avenue, Rev. J. W. Harsha, pastor—Services 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "The Model Con-gregation, V." The last of the series. Evening, "A Distinction With a Difference."

-First Church of Spiritualists, No. 6 Sixth street—Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings lectures Sunday morning and evening. Subject for lectures taken from the audience. Psycho-metric readings follow each lecture. -Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church, Thirty-ninth street, between Penn avenue and Butler street, Rev. A. E. Linn, pastor—10:30 A. M., Rev. De Witt M. Benham will preach by exchange with the pastor; 7:30 P. M., "Will Ye Also Go Away."

-Methodist Episcopal Christ Church, Rev. G. W. Izer, D. D., pastor—Morning subject, "The Real Nature, and the Proper View of Death," Evening subject, "A Jubilee of Praise: The King that Cometh in the Name of the Lord."

"Universalist Church, Curry University, Sixth street and Penn avenue, Rev. W. S. Williams, pastor—10:45 A. M., subject, "The Greatest Thing in the World;" 7:45 P. M., topic, "Politics and the People;" sermon subject, "Who Are You!"

"Haven M. E. Church, Duquesne Heights, Rev. W. H. Rodenbaugh, pastor—Services morning and evening. Subject, 10:30 A. M., "The Majesty of Man;" 7:45 P. M., "Social Liberty." Young people's meeting at 6:45 P. M.; leader, J. E. Digby.

—Point Breeze Presbyterian Church—Morning service, II o'clock. Service conducted by Rev. A. E. Sinn. Evening service, 7:30 P. M., sub-ject, "In the Beginning God Created:" second sermon of the series. Service conducted by the pastor, Rev. DeWitt M. Benham.

—Sixth United Presbyterian Church, Collins avenue, East End, Rev. R. M. Russell, pastor— Services, Il A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Morning ser-vices conducted by Rev. W. J. Robinson, D. D., vices conducted by Kev. W. J. Robinson, D. D., of the First Church, Allegheny. Evening gospel meeting. 'The Path to Knowledge."

—Southside Presbyterian Church, Corner Twentieth and Sarah streets, Rev. F. R. Farrand, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. At the evening service Rev. J. P. White, late of Alaska, will make an address on that country, its people and missionary work among them.

—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: "The Story of the Jericho Publican;" in the evening: "The Mean Man." Sabath school immediately at the close of the morning services. Young people's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

people's meeting at 6:5 P. M.

-Eighth Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, Rev. D. McAllister, pastor—At 10:30, "Elisha's Defenders;" at 3 o'clock, "The Christian's Life Principle Applied to Business," the second in a series of discourses to the young; at 7:30, a sermon by the Rev. Prof. William J. Coleman, of Geneva Collego, before the Missionary Society of the R. P. Seminary, on "The Basis of Missionary Effort."

Allegheny Churches. -North Presbyterian Church, Lincoln avenue-11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. the pastor, Rev. John Fox will preach.

—Arch Street M. E. Church, Rev. W. F. Con-ner, pastor—10:30 A. M., "Needless Trouble;" 7:30 P. M., "Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac." -First Presbyterian Church. Carnegie Hall, 10:30 A. M.—Themb, "Cain and Abel—Their Con-flict;" 7:50 P. M., "Young Man I Say Unto Thee Arise." -Bellevue Presbyterian Church, Rev. Newton Donaldson, pastor—10:30, "Nicodemus." 6:45, Y. P. S. C. E., "Speak Truly:" 7:30, "Waiting for God."

-Eighth United Presbyterian Chuch, Ob-servatory Hill, preaching morning and evening by Prof. R. W. McGranahan-Morning, 'The Love of the World Forbidden." -North Avenue M.E. Church, retiring pastor Rev. T. J. Loak will preach. Morning service, "Closing Words to the Church." Evening, "Closing Words to Young People."

-Reformed Presbyterian Church, Sandusky street, Rev. J. W. Sproull, pastor-Subject at 10:30, "Delay in Execution of Sentence Against Evil Works." At 3 P. M., "Excellency of Christ." —Sandusky Street Baptist Church, Rev. B. F. Woodburn, pastor—10:30 A. M., "The Now and the Hereafter;" 7:30 P. M., "A Thoughtful Choice." Preaching week nights by Rev. A. J. Bonsail.

—The Central Presbyterian Church, corner Anderson and Lacock streets, Rev. S. B. Mc-Cormick, paster—Subject: 10:45 A. M., "Naaman, the Syrian;" 7:30 P. M., "The Folly of a Success-ful Man." -First Christian Church, Rev. W. F. Richardson, pastor-Morning sermon, "Lot's Choice;" evening sermon, "The Healing Leaves," Christian Endeavor prayer meeting at 6:30 P. M. -Buena Vista Street M.E. Church, Rev. J. H. Miller, pastor—At 10:30 A. M., "Let the Words of My Mouth and the Meditations of My Heart Be Acceptable," At 7:30 P. M., "Heaven and Its Inhabitants."

—Second United Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. H. McMillan, D. D., pastor—10:30 A. M., anniversary of the Ladles' Missionary Society; subject, "Competent Witnesses," 7:30 P. M., "The Sin of Unbelief," -- Hourth U. P. Church, Montgomery avenue -- Hev. Joseph Kyle, of Springlield, O., will preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6:15 P. M. Subject, "Are We Serving God in Word Only."

10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Cross, Morning subject: "The Two Debtors," Evening subject: "The Charge of a Neglected Soul," -Lawrenceville Baptist Church-Services in

-First Congregational Church.corner Frank-lin and Manhattan streets, Rev. S. N. Mc-Corkle, pastor—Subject of morning sermon, "The Conditions of Prevailing Prayer. At 7:39 P. M., "A Royal Leper, or Humbled Pride." -Trinity Lutheran Church, Stockton ave-nue-Union services will be conducted to-mornue—Union services will be conducted to-mor-row morning and evening by the Rev. C. E. King, paster of St. Mark's Mission. Special services for the young people in the evening.

Services for the young people in the evening.

—Second Congregational Church, corner
North and Grant avenues, Rev. William MeCracken, pastor—Morning, "Compassing God's
Altar." Evening, "Some of the Ways Men
Are Brought to the Knowledge of Christ."
Communion in connection with morning service.

-Providence Presbyterian Church, Liberty,

FRENCH AND GERMAN ARTISTS.

Scene Twenty Years Ago Recalled by Present Troubles.

A French scene; place and time, Paris, January 19, 1871: Over the beleaguered city night is closing. At her doorway a woman waits for tidings of her betrothed, who is fighting at Versailles. All day long the booming of cannon has resounded in her waiting ears, but now, at 6 o'clock, the dismal con cussions have ceased. An ambulancier whom she knows dashes up the street toward her, with the words: "We have found him." he hands her a chain with a silver tear pendant, and dashes away again to attend to

duties equally as sad.

Few the words and unsuggestive the act, out enough has been said and done to crus he woman's heart, for well she knows that ner artist lover, Henri Regnault, is dead. he had given him the chain, saving as he left her: "Take it now that I am happy, but you must give it back to me the first

ime you make me weep. He kept his word, but it was a cruel fate that robbed the woman of her lover and France of one of her most promising artists or it was probably the last shot in the last battle of the Franco-Prussian War that killed Regnault. Well could the maid ask: 'What end has tate in view that I am thu

afflicted? It would be a curious circumstance if, now that 20 years have passed away, her ques-tion should be answered by another war with Germany, caused as much by an incident at the grave of Regnault as by any thing else.

LEIGHTON'S TWO PICTURES. Canvases of Interest Upon Which Sir Fred

eric Is Working. Sir Frederic Leighton has made considerable progress with the two pictures which he purposes to send to this year's academy, says a London correspondent of THE DIS-PATCH. One of these, "The Return of Persephone," will represent that young lady returning for the first time from hades, borne swiftly through the air by Hermes, who is about to restore her for a time to her anxious mother, Demeter. His other picture is entitled "Perseus and Andromeda"subject which seems to possess a perennial interest for both artists and poets. 'Kings ley makes Perseus come across the water to rescue the fair Andromeda:-

Hovering over the water he came, upon glitter no ver the water he came, upon gittering pinions,
Living, a wooder, outgrown from the tightlaced gold of his sandals,
Bounding from billow to billow, and sweeping
the crests like a sea gull
Leaping the gulfs of the surge, as he laughed in
in the joy of his leaping.

In Sir Frederic Leighton's picture, the "Sun God" is flying through the air and rapidly approaching the terrified maiden, he crouches beneath the wing of the monster, who, like that of Kingsley's poem, is "shapeless—a terror to see." It will scarce-ly be necessary to add that in respect of form and color, these pictures are fully up to the President's high standard.

ARKANSAS LAND HOLDERS EXCITED. Many Farms Purchased From Railroad Revert Back to the State.

LITTLE ROCK, March 13.-The Supreme Court decision reverting back to the State over 275,000 acres of land originally donated under the act of Congress to the different railroads of the State, is creating much exitement throughout Arkansas.

Most of the lands have since been sold by the railroads to private parties, who have made extensive improvements. A mass meeting was held at Brinkley, Ack., Wednesday, to consider the matter, and a committee was appointed to draft a bill pro-viding that the lands shall be sold by the State as swamp lands at a low price, and the present occupants to have preference as to purchasing them. The bill has passed to a second reading in the State Senate. Should the bill fail to pass much hardship and suf-

fering will result, CABLE LETTERS covering Europe letely make the Sunday issue of THE DIS-PATCH a welcome caller at all homes who

have relatives abroad. Couldn't Have Any Fun at Home. A unique charge was contained in a commitnight. The prisoner is Joseph F. Dawson, a -Fourth U. P. Church, Montgomery avenue
-Kev. Joseph Kyle, of Springfield, O., will
preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Young
people's meeting at 6:15 P. M. Subject, "Are
We Serving God in Word Only."

-Green Street Baptist Church, Scott and

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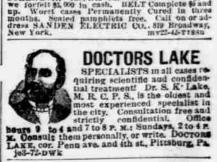
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