Exhibited by the Goulds in Their

THE WEE WIZARD AS A BOTANIST.

Spring Hunt for Health.

Baseball Players Find the Springs a Haven for Training.

A CELESTIAL MIXTURE OF MEDICINE

TPROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

HOT SPRINGS, April 8 .- One of the shab biest backs in Hot Springs bumped and rattled along the road in front of the Park Hotel this afternoon just as the small band of baseball cranks were returning with hourse voices and perspiring hands from the field where the St. Paul team had snatched victory from the Cincinnatis (Association). The back was open and on the back seat sat a little man with a great many wrinkles in his face and gray hairs in his dark beard. Beside him sat a very pretty girl with a sailor but and a jaunty air to match. Then vis-a-vis was a young man, of very small importance if appearance were to be trusted. The dust raised by the shuffling horses and the rickety rig had not subsided before a New Yorker among the basebull eranks said irreverently: "There goes old Everybody turned at once, and as if to

gratity the curiosity of some of his subjects Mr. Gould hooked his umbrella into the sekman's neck and signalled him to wheel mbout. Then as they passed we all had a good look at the "Little Wizard," and the New Yorker further identified the pretty girl and the commonplace young man as George Gould and his young wife, about whom thousands of young men raved when she adorned the stage as Edith Kingdon.

Not Putting on Much Style,

Another back of equally plebeian aspect the climate will be colder here when the supply of moth-caten chariots and spavined eds run out-tollowed in the wake of Jav Gould's, containing Miss Helen Gould and Dr. John P. Munn, of New York, the physician who accompanies the railroad mag-nete on all his journeys. The Gould party arrived to-day on their special car and they got into the hackmen's hands of Even the wonderful strategic skill of Mr. Goold could not save him from the common fate of all who get out at the Hot Springs termique. It is my belief that Mr. visits Hot Springs from time to time to study the hackmen, the druggists, the otelkeepers and the rest of the financiers here. Anyhow, he drove all over town toand looked at the new hotels, the building boom, of which many new stores are the results, and paid the hackmen without a protest-which astonished them no

Or course Jay Gould's visit to Hot Springs at this time is only an incident of his usual tour over the great system of railroads which he dominates in the Southwest, but some people see significance of another sort A man who has had some dealings with Mr. Gould in the past said to me just now: "I have noticed that whenever a man of any influence is a financial way in this country dies Jay Gould very often comes upon the scene of the deceased's late activity before the extate is settled up. Observe the coincidence now that 'Diamond' Devnolds is hardly cold in his grave Gould happens appear in Arkansaw, Diamond Joe, vou repractically owned the Hot Springs d, which is such a valuable feeder of Mr. Ganla's Iron Monatsin road, and be had a good many other interests in which Mr. Gould had concern indirectly at all When a millionaire like 'Dismond Joe' sites there are always some loose ends in his bitait, and who so well fitted to pick them no as a brother millionairs? You may rest assured that Jay Gould will know and left me a box of pills which all about the distribution of Diamond Joe's lessant, and his knowledge will be obtained in my lungs and give me relief. The pills at first hands, too, before he goes back to did not have the beneficial effect; indeed,

Gould as a Botanist.

"That is the secret of Jay Gould's wonderful success in finance, or for the matter of that in everything be has turned his hand to," remarked a New York banker d listened to the above description of Mr. Gould's ruethous, "He knows his own business thoroughly and doesn't trust anybody to look after it for him, unless it be that his ill health has forced him to abandon some of the supervision of his enormous sterest to his son George. Thoroughness is Gould's creed and standard. I guess if body ever neddled them with such assiduity and enterprise as he did. I was astonished year or two ago at an exhibition of ld's versatility, which was also a tribute to his thoroughness. A party of us, bankers and Wall street men, went out to Gould's country seat at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

"It is a beautiful place, as most people know, and Mr. Gould took us about before dinner to see the flons. Among other things he showed us the botanical collection which he had made. It contains, I believe, the principal plants of almost every country in the world-some growing out of doors, others in the hot houses. But that was not all. Mr. Gould himself as we wandered among the flowers and leaves enough to be beside him most of the time the name, character and life history of every. plant they chanced to notice, or he stopped to point out. His acquaintance with botany went far beyond the text books; it spoke of personal observation and painstaking analysis. It opened my eyes more than anything Wall street had shown me to the positive genius of the man."

Beseball in Arkansaw. Everybody knows that Hot Springs is the purgatory or baseball players. In this regard no doubt the natives are correct in thinking that they are as near Paradise as they can get. Not so many baseball players this season; at least I think this is true. St. Augustine has taken your brave boys and a good many others, and the boodle of not a few dazzers of the diamond has diminished to such an extent that the Hot Springs visit has had to be put off till another year shall have replenished their pockets. Two teams of more or less professional eminence have been playing exhibition games here week or two. The Cincin-Association club has been Association battling daily with the sturdy St. Paul team of the Northwestern League. The Cincinnatis include some faces familiar enough to Pittsburg admirers of the game. The great and only Arlie Latham is captaining the Cincinnati team, in which are to be found also McPhee, Tony Mullane, Harrington, Reilly and Holliday. The St. Pauls are a very beavy crowd of giants, and they have had the very best of the contest

with Conginuati so lar. The sports here talk very enthusiastically about the batting abilities of St. Pauls' left fielder, Hamburg. He is a terrific slugger with the stick, and no doubt is destined to achieve a national reputation. Of the Cincinnatis the veteran Mullane and little Halliday, who reminds me of "Foghorn" Miller in his sharp, spirited fielding and base running, are the only stars. Hol-liday would be immeasely popular with Pittsburg crowds,

Pfeffer Is Training Hard.

Pfeffer, the great second baseman of the Chicago's Brotherhood team last year, whose services are still retained by the League club in the Windy City, spent three or four weeks here till be was summoned by Anson to report in Chicago last week. He is a gentlemany fellow with nothing of the plug-ugly style about him, and he made a great many friends at the Park, Among those who were attracted by Pfeffer's modest ways and his athletic babits was a mild middle-aged man from Chicaga, who was taking a course of baths with a view to building up a constituion en cebled by overwork. This invalid ook grant interest in Pieffer's made of lice. ad the strict regimes under which it was

conducted. Pfeffer trained pretty thoroughly

while he was here; bathing regularly after a long tramp over the hills, or a sharp spin around the hotel grounds.

Eis Chicago admirer observed that Pieffer's health improved wonderfully this treatment and him if he could share under its benefits, and accompany him in his exercise. Pieffer assented and the next morning they started out after breakfast for Sulphur Springs, a resort about seven miles from here among the mountains. They started at a dog trot—Pieffer's favorite pace. The road between this place and Sulphur Springs is rough and its course is mouttainous. Pieffer made the return journey alone. His companion came back by train, and about two dozen baths taken since then

have not removed all his aches and pains. John L. Sullivan Takes Nothing. How the unregenerate howled the other day when John L. Sullivan descended upon the town with several other actors and a fearful melodrama. To the bulk of the population, native and imported here, John La stands for all that is best and most beautitul in this world, and they made the great actor-pugilist feel his importance to the full. Seats in the parquet at the Opera House went up to \$5, and the theater was packed with an audience including all the sports in town and a considerable sprinkling of respectable invalids, who were there, o course, for their health. All day, long be fore the performance took place, there were rumors that John L. had filled up on Arkansaw tangle-foot and might be expected to take the city by storm. He didn't take anything as it turned out- not even a bath. nothing, and Mr. Sullivan appeared without even a jag on in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." They say he played poker at the Arkansaw Club and won quite a sum. He always had the biggest hand,

A Tardy Winter Everywhere, While the weather at Hot Springs during March was near genial and even balmy as compared with the awful article dealt out to you in Pittsburg and to the North generally, not forgetting Chicago, which seems to have gotten even a double dose, experienced persons tell me that the season here is at least two weeks late. Southerners from other States report the same tardiness of winter in his retreat before the vanguard of spring. Last year peaches were ripe in the orchards hereabout on the 1st of May, but that will not happen this year for the blossoms have not fallen yet and the land-

scape is still prettily splashed with pink. Better than by figures from the thermome ter you can judge of the weather we have been enjoying here for some time when I tell you that the grand stand-it is a sort of a baby grand-at the ball game on Saturday last and again to-day was filled with inva-lids and convalescents out to enjoy the sun-shine more than the science and slugging of the St. Paul and Cincinnati pine Sunday, when we went to church, the Easter bonnets called upon the parasols for protection from the sun, and under some blooming peach trees by the roadside brown pickanin-nics, with very little more covering than their playmates, the black pigs, were disporting in the dust.

The natives flatter themselves that they are not out of the fashion, that they have had in grippe among them, but the doctors and my own senses tell me that they err. They have mistaken the simple but suffi-ciently disagreeable cold for the horribte plague with the Franco-Russian name.

A Celestial Mixture of Medicine. Talking of laymen's mistakes in the inguosis of disease, a fair invalid's experience with a quack is worth telling here. I had it from the woman herself—a South-erner, who is fond of experimenting upon herself, it may be inferred. She said: "Last winter when I stopped at a hotel in Den ver I suffered a great deal from asthma, and somebody or other suggested that I should call in a Chinese physician who was making some stir in the city. I did so, and a little ash-colored heathen calling himself Gun Wan came up to the parlor to see me. He asked me some questions—the sterco-typed ones Caucasian doctors put coughing as much as ever when he called the next day, in a great state of perturba tion. It was not easy to make out what ailed the Chinaman; he talked very fast and in broken pigeon-English, but at last I made out that he had gives me by mistake the medicine intended for a Mr. Crow-'Clo' he of the Chinese doctor and Celestial medi-cine, and I paid him off without further experiment. Later I made the acquaintance of Mr. Crow who got the medicine meant for my asthma. We compared notes. What do you suppose he was being treated for?

Cataractl' Zach's Rendy Wit.

The chief doctors here employ several colored men to wait upon their patients to usher them into the waiting room and to see that they reach the inner shrine in the order of their arrival. Dr. Dake, the leading homeopathist, has a very bright colored man, whose name is, I think, Zach. The other day, during his office hours, Dr. Dake received a summons from one of his patients, who, although not seriously ill, is always afraid he is going to die. Dr. Dake had heard the cry of "wolf" so often from this quarter that he paid small heed to it and told Zach to go to the nervous invalid told the two gentlemen who were lucky and tell him to apply certain simple reme dies until he, the doctor, could leave his office.

"All right, suh," said Zach, starting away, and then as he reached the door he added: "If I'se not back in an housh, suh, you may know I'se gone fer der undertakah, HEPBURN JOHNS.

CANADIANS SMUGGLING.

How They Take Advantage of the Fall in Sugar.

MONTREAL, April 13 .- The dwellers along the borders of the United States and the eastern townships are bound to have freer trade relations in one way if not in another. There is now a difference between the price of refined sugars in the United States and Canada of 2 cents per pound, or about \$6 a barrel, so that the inducements pipe mender, with a rack full of secondanother. There is now a difference between to smuggling are enormous.

Advices from that locality affirm that re-tailers are offering granulated sugar at 51/4 @534c per pound, and even here in Mon-treal granulated and yellow refined sugar are selling under prices obtainable at the refineries. Their prices are 6 1/2c, and there is only one way in which the com be sold 20 per cent under cost, and that is by smuggling it into the heart of the Dominion. Another suggestion is that the refiners have betrayed the grocers' combine and are themselves cutting prices. The Montreal market for refined sugar is in a verunsettled condition, and no improvement is looked for till the Government indicate

PARLIAMENTARY law, arbitrary or not will not hurt the sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

In Pittsburg and adjoining towns. Mr. W D. Clause will be at the Hotel Anderson April 13, 14, 15, with a full line of sample and pattern hats. Please call,

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601 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenu Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$69,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and

nterest allowed at 4 per cent. \$1 50. Until Further Notice. \$3. We will make our best cabinet phot graphs for \$1 50 per dozen, or a life-size crayon tor \$3. Bring the children. Come early to Autrecht's Elite Galley, 516 Market

street, Pittsburg.

A PEEP AT YOKOHAM

Breezy Pen Pictures of Life in the Great Seaport of Japan.

THE SHOPPING QUARTER QUAINT. A Whole Day's Theatricals for the Small Sum of a Yankee Dime.

WHERE LUXURIOUS LIVING IS CHEAP

Pretty nearly every American who goes o Japan lands at Yokohama, the seaport of Japan, chiefly, perhaps, from its vicinity to lokyo, the Capital of the country, writes Douglas Sladen. It is a very good place to and, for it is the principal foreign colony, and one can get excellent accommodation to recruit after the voyage, and a good many wrinkles about traveling in the interior. How novel and strange it was to sit down to a regular French lunch of many courses, served by a crowd of spindle-legged Japanese, in their picturesque dark blue tunics and hose, who (most of them), could not speak a word of English, and took their orders by the numbers on the menu: "Boy, bring me some No. 6." How funny we thought the shu ffling noise they made as they ran about the floor, dragging their straw sandals by the big toes.

Landing in Japan is most entertaining.
The moment a ship drops anchor she is surrounded by a flotilla of sampans—queer little native boats, propelled with one oar by half-naked "Japa," who swarm up on the ship's deck, sucking in their breath and howing to the ground as soon as the same and the ship is the same as soon as the same as the sam board. Nobody patronizes them but the board. Asiatic passengers, Saloon passengers go off in the hotel launches, and in a few minoff in the hotel launches, and in a rew minutes, threading their way through the
swarming native craft, land you close by
the Custom House. Your luggage is carried up by a swarm of coolies. How funny
these coolies looked the first time one saw
them! Just like the servants in Perugino's
pictures, or the varlets of the Shakespearian stage, in their tight hose and tunics, which were made of dark blue cotton, ornamented the back with some brilliant device in white or red.

Odd Things in the Shop Quarter. Close to the Hatoba is the division between the native and European cities. We made our escape from the "lie European as the Chinamen would call it, and struck the genuine Japanese town in the Ben-ten dori (Venus street). The houses there were thoroughly Japanese story affairs, built of wood, with their fronts removed all day, replaced, unless it was sunny enough, with dark blue or chocolatecolored curtains, like the door of a tent, ornamented with the owner's name or de-vice in huge white Chinese characters. Most of them in the street were shops for the benefit of foreigners-photograph shops, porcelain shops, casket shops, silk mer-chants, haberdashers, or curio shops of the third order. The second order are in the Honcho dori-the next street-which emblematizes its superiority by having the shop fronts glazed instead of open. The first order are in shape like Deakins or the fine art gallery in the foreign settlement. Even some of the Ben-ten dori shops were un-Japanese enough to have counters. true Japanese store has a floor, raised about a foot above the street, covered with fine white straw mats an inch thick. On this the proprietor squats, the customer never stepping upon it without removing his boots. The stock is partly spread out on the floor, partly on shelves and partly hung from the ceiling. At the rear is a wooden ladder, like a ship's combanion, leading to the attic, if there is one, and there is gener ally a passage on one side. In the first shop a little boy was finishing off, with a hammer and agate burnisher, the gilt on one of the great "Satsuma jars, which they make in Yokohama.

The Theater Street. In about the third shop we bought some torii and Fujiyama, which we fondly believed to be what the Japanese used, until a little lower down we came to a genuine Jananese stationer's, Tomoya's, where we saw the 100-iect rolls of porous wrapping paper, upon which the natives of "Nippon" indite their "billets-doux," and saw them making called him-another patient of his at the hotel. By that time I was pretty well tired knotted rope backs, so familiar to us afterward. But even the Ben-ten dori was not quite Japanesy enough, though we did see a human water cart, carrying two great buckets of unpainted wood, which he set "a-showering" by pulling up a spigot tied to a cord, held against a linchet handle. The Japanese are wonderfully dexterous with their s fingers; they can do thing with every finger on their hand at the same time. A little lower down we found ourselves in the "theater street." a genuine

At the very entrance was a theater, where you could sit all day for ten cents, and smoke your pipe and eat your dinner; ornamented outside with huge sign-boards, cov-ered with the most blood-curdling pictures of dragons as big as ships, breathing the traditional fire, of women being cut up, like beefsteaks, of blood-splashing murders, and split hair's-breadth escapes, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, the line of blood show-ing up nobly. Most Japanese plays are very much in Ercles' vein; they are really exceedingly clever in simulating wounds; the murderer makes a savage cut and blood spurts from his victim. A "tum tumming" noise is kept up all the time the performance goes on, possibly to draw the attention of folks outside to the fact that the performance is going on. And a hoarse-voiced man invites you to enter, like the keeper of the "at woman" and the "dog-faced man" at

an English fair, Matron-Like Little Children.

Outside the theater were a row of little girls, seemingly about 4 years old, carrying the next baby but one in the haori, on their backs, and discussing affairs with the gravity of matrons, or skipping about to get out of the way of the kodak. Whether they and pipes, ranging down to a cent in price: but most of the customers wished to econo-mize, and have their own dilapidated pipes mended. Then we drove on, and passed a peripatetic keysmith, carrying on his shoulder a box like a bootblack's, but hand somely bound with brass, and hung with festoons of keys, and close by him an "ameya," or maker of dough toys, with one of the little street stoves, where, by paying a fraction of a cent children can have a little dough and sauce, and spend the whole afternoon in cooking. It is a wonderful street, this Theater street

with its theaters and bath houses, and ba-zaars, where they sell semi-European trash, and the inevitable pipe cases and hairpins It has one most fascinating by-street lead-ing off it, where the cabinet makers and tourth-class curio sellers congregate. I have spent days and days in this street, picking up queer little articles of daily domestic use among the humbler Japaness as artistic as a Greek temple in their ob servance of the science of shape and orna-ment, and each with its little bit of allegory or famous legend hinted at. Brass bowl and placques, pipe case clasps, wooden and bone net sukes, metal ink pots for the belt hardly differing from the Turkish; bronze mirrors and miniature temple ornaments inros of rare lacquer chipped out of all value, but interesting as specimens; the comb and mirror pouches, used by Geish

girls, and what not. Foreigners Rather Well Fixed. When we had got to the end of Theate street the rikisha boys, who being paid by the hour (a whole 15 cents), naturally wanted to spin things out as much as possible, suggested that we should raturn by way of "You see where English gentleman lives; very rich. Yokohama consists of at least five differ

ent quarters. . The well-to-do toreigners all

live up on "the Bluff," as the queer, flat- | 1186, Iron City Brewing Company.

topped hill of the orthodox Japanese pat-tern at the entrance of the harbor is called. tern at the entrance of the harbor is called. Their places of business and the hotels are in the settlement, separated from the Bluff by a creek, and mostly near the sea front or Bunch. At the back of this is "Chinatown." Yokohama has a population of 2,000 or 3,000 Chinese, and, separated from the settlement and Chinatown, by the road from the Hatoha to the cricket ground, is the native town, faced in the front mostly by buildings in the European style. Beyond this, again, is the Kanagawa Bluff, where the wealthy Jabanese live, almost overhanging the railway station.

overhanging the railway station.

The houses of thee wealthy foreigners on the Bluff are some of them delightful. The unevenness of the ground gives a wonderful opportunity for landscapes gardening, and with a bamboo brake, a few palms, a lotus pond and one or two of the great stone votive lanterns they call 1shi doro, one can be as Oriental as Aladdin. The houses themselves are great, roomy bungalows, full of the artistic things which can be picked up so easily in this land of recently decayed feudalism, and which will make the owner's fortune, or remind him forever of the quaint Eastern land in which he was a pilgrim and a sojourner, atter he has returned home, as he Englishman in the East always mean t do. The houses are full of picturesque, smiling, obliging servants, and really their owners have as much quiet luxury as any easonable man could desire. The Street Conjurers.

Tiffin, as they call lunch in the East, is at 12, and so we had been able to drive all around the native town; "the Bluff" and "the Settlement" and back in time to see some performances by daylight of the street tumblers and acrobats and monkey trainers, who had collected around the Club Hotel on observing that a new ship had come in. The conjurer's principal tricks consist in slying on his back with his feet in the air, supporton his back with his feet in the air, supporting tiers of human beings or spinning an impossible number of large wooden tubs at the same time, or eating flaming charcoal. His sleight-of-hand is not, as a rule, remarkable in Japan. I soon got tired of the con-jurer, and persuaded the monkey trainer to begin. Their "monkey business" is very funny in this particular troupe. There were two men and a very pretty and picturesque young woman—a regular gypsy, as black as a Malay, who did everything with an up-tossed head and haughty look in her eyes, as f she "couldn't be bothered." Her duties were multifarious. She had

nals without delay.

If the Japanese only knew how exactly the monkeys counterfeit them in the eyes of strangers, they would execute every monkey tion of a swaggering, two-sworded Samura; now an old hunchbacked mendicant woman hobbling along with a stick; now the haughty master scolding a servant kowtow-ing and groveling his forehead in the dust -alwaps too life-like.

that the performers could dress up the ani-

Luxuriant, but Cheap Living. We lived luxuriously at the Club Hotel. We had a fine sitting room with five windows, less than a stone's throw from the sea, with a private entrance to the street, and bedrooms, en suite, for almost half what it would cost us to live in the same style at quite a second-class New York hotel, and our first dinner will give an idea of how we Our bill of fare that night included ovs-

ters and turtle soup and fish better cooked than one ever gets in an American hotel, and various kinds of meat and roultry and game and entries, and three or four kinds of pudding, with truit and nuts to wind up This was the roughing it in Japan that we

had pictured to ourselves, and after dessert I spent a delightful hour in the snug library of the Yokohama United Club, one of the coziest clubs I know, and then came back to our sitting-room to join the others, ensconced in easy chairs, with the feeling of content one has when one has had a thoroughly good dinner as a climax to a tiring day on shore and a tiring fortnight on a stormy sea. We sat with the dreamy happiness of

lotos-enters, listening to all sorts of unfamil-liar sounds, the shrill ho-he-to whistle on the double bamboo, followed by the clop-clop of a blind man's staff proclaiming the wandering momo (massage operator), a task ormed almost exclusivel in Japan; the elattering of the rishka boys, whose vehicles we could count by the glimmering lanterns of brightly painted paper, and at 9 o'clock the bugling on the war ships, which summoned to bed.

ELECTRICAL WONDERS.

AN INTERESTING DISPLAY PLANNED FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Application of Electricity to Various Economic Uses-It Will Be Made to Do Many Wonderful Things - A Great Exhibit of This Powerful Agent.

CHICAGO, April 13 .- Electricity and its application to various economic uses promses to be one of the wonders of the fair. Prof. John Barrett, Chief of the Department of Electricity, is working hard for a great exhibit. An illustration of the many uses of electricity will be furnished in a miniature "electric" house. Electricity will be made to do many unusual things. The door-bell will be rung from a push buttop, the lights in the halls and all the rooms will be controlled from a given point, as well as from the door of each room. An electric burglar-alarm will be there to protect the sleeping family, with a contrivance for lighting the incandescent lamps at the point of entrance of the intruder.

The apartments will be warmed by elec-tric radiators and ventilated and cooled by a system of electric fans. The cooking for the family will be conducted upon an electric range in the kitchen at the top of the house, and the food lowered to the dining room upon an electrically propelled dumb-waiter. The dishes will be washed by an electric dishwasher, on which a child can wash 10,000 pieces a day. The washing, ironing, the scrubbing of the floors and woodwork, the scrubbing of the silver and knives, and even the washing of the windows will be done by electricity. The offel, debris and sewage will be destroyed by an electric current run to a specially prepared receptacle. A telephone and writing telegraph instrument will be in the sauctum of th ter of the house for the purposes of his busiess, and also a portable phonograph, cylinders, for mailing a conversation to any point. In the parlor will be a musical tele graph, with attachment for diffusing the music to an audience; a phonograph and cylinders containing celebrated speeches by celebrated men and songs by celebrated women. There will be electric music-boxes and every known contrivance to minister to the pleasure or comfort of the family.

But this isn't all. "It is proposed," says Prof. Barrett, "to make a fac-simile figure of Patti, to embody her gestures, smiles, movement of the eyes, etc., and to install in this figure a phonograph with attachments or disseminating the sounds to an audience. In this way one may experience all the pleasures of an evening with the celebrated prima donna, hear her sweetest songs precisely as she renders them, and at the same time know that all this is the result of the genius

COUGHS, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., quickly relieved by Brown's Broachial Troches. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes. Notice to Retail Milliners

In Pittsburg and adjoining towns. Mr. W. D. Clause will be at the Hotel Anderson April 13, 14, 15, with a full line of samples and pattern hats. Please call. AMMON STEVENS & Co., The Leading Shoe.

For \$1 25 ladies' glozed kid shoe; worked button holes; nice soft stock. The best shoe ever sold at this price, at G. D. Simen's, 78 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa. TTF PHYSICIANS recommend Pilsner beer as a strengthener after the grip. Telophone WEST VIRGINIA OIL.

Wildcatting With Less Results Than in Any Other Section.

LITTLE FROM THE EXPERIMENTS.

Nothing New of Importance Reported From the Nearby Eields.

WILDWOOD KEEPS UP-THE OLD PACE

The amount of "wildcatting" in West Virginia is simply surprising, and that there is in contemplation, as soon as better roads and weather prevail, more of it is more astounding. Just why capital will take its chances in West Virginia, with a knowledge and history of the country, and the slim prospects of higher-priced oil, is beyond conception. At no period of the industry has the experimental drill been so active and the results so little as at present, The Eureka, Belmont and St. Mary's pools have passed the meridian of lite, and there is nothing in these places to indicate revival of their past history. We are glad to note, however, that "Billy" Boyle, Billy" Johnson and good-natured Theodore Barnsdall have met with success in this county, and if the tempter is not too strong will come out ahead. Jim Tennart, too, is in a fair way of making a raise, which will serve him right for the hardships ne encountered in scouting at Cherry Grove. Jim, with a partner, is now drilling a "wildcat" well on Bull creek, and thinks they have got the well located on the spot. Hannah & Co. recently completed a dry hole 350 feet northwest of Boyle's well on the Sheats farm. Boyle's well is doing about 40 barrels a day. On the Ohio side of the river the Emery Oil Company have a well near the sand. The Johnston well, on Friendly Island, is drilling at about 2,000 feet. It will be remembered this well was shut down in an unknown sand with some show of oil, but has since been drilled through, with no improve-ment. They are now drilling for the Gordon sand. Unknown parties are to twang the samisen, beat the drum, and keep the monkeys' wardrobes sorted, so drilling a well on the Ohio side at the head of Middle Island. The Duncan Oil Company are also drilling a well back of St. Mary's. Ackerley & Samuel continue to get good paying wells just north of Newport. The Ward well, about six miles north and 10° east from Newport, and 500 feet and of the Mandaville wall of Archar's feet east of the Mandeville well at Archer's Forks, is still shut down on top of the sand It is the intention of this company to dril this well in next week. This is con very important venture, as it will show to some extent the direction of the Archer Forks pool.

> The Monroe County Well. The Vandergritt & Co. well in Monroe county, 17 miles northeast of Archer Forks, will be drilled through the sand next week and tubed.

> Nothing in Wildwood. Wildwood presents nothing new to-day, othing being booked to come in but Griffith & Forest Oil Company's Whitesell

well No. 12 which was drilled to-day is still helding up from the first pay. Bowman & Co. struck gas in the 100-loot sand to-day, which is very unusual in this field. The result was the burning down of the rig. Roth Oil Company's No. 2 Peoples well will be in on Wednesday with no bad luck. John M. Patterson's Espey well, on the Perrysville plank road west of Wildwood field, is on top the 30-foot sand this evening. Griffith & Co. in Cole well are noting in the first casing Greenles & putting in the first casing. Greenlee & Forst,s Alston well No. 1 is doing three inches per hour. J. McGuffev & Queen's No. 1 Kolber well is doing 31/2 inches per

hour. A New Well at Glenshaw. The Hassinger well, located two miles northeast of Glenshaw, and which was being drilled by Wittmer Bros. & Co., late Saturday evening, at a depth of 35 feet in the sand, found oil. It made several small spurts and they shut down to await the building of tankage, which will be this evening, and they expect to drill the well in morrow, when her capacity as a producer will be known, although from the apparent absence of gas the well may have to be tubed to ascertain what it will actually do. The company are trying to mystify the ven-ture as much as possible, but old hands put her in her present status among the small producers, although deeper drilling may in-

crease her materially. Very Quiet in Butler.

The field situation in Butler is distressingly quiet. Harmony is struggling along with about 200 barrels production per day. Zelienople with about the same. Sutton & Co. No. 4, on M. Ziegler farm, is completed and drv. Callery field is also quiet. Hays and dry. Callery field is also quiet. Hays & Co. No. 2, Richardson farm, is tubed and pumping 30 barrels per day, makes frequent small flows, and makes its production without affecting wells near it. Innis & Co., on the Double farm, Muddy creek, is a duster. Location, about 100 rods north of their No. 1 on Hockenbury farm. Snyder No. 2 well is in sand and reported to have a fair showing. It is within 100 feet of their No. 1. Jefferson Center offers nothing. New producers are awaiting better weather before making any effort to do

A Well That May Tell. A dispatch from Bulger rays: A short time ago Carr Bros., of Zinesville, O., secured a lease of the Neal farm, containing 100 acres, situated one-half mile northeast from Bulger station. They have built a rig and are drilling. The well is located between the Royal Gas Company's. oil wells on the McDonald farm on the east and the Lawrence Gas Company's gas well on the Work farm on the west. The Lawrence Gas Company run a line of levels on the Pittsburg coal in this section and located an "anticlinal" near Bulger. Carr Bros, made a like examination and formed the same rock position, and located upon an anticlinal" with a gas well in close proxmity on the west and the Royal Company's oil wells on the east. It might be well for the trade to keep an eye on this well. Little Progress at Bridgeville.

This embryonic pool does not seem to make much progress in the way of big wells and new production. Graham & Co., on the J. Gilbert farm, are through the 50-foot, and the hole is filled up from 1,000 to 1,200 test with oil, that is, when the tools are runpenetrate the Gordon horizon before calling a halt. Robinson & Co., on the Hugh Morgan farm, are drilling at 1,200. eet. Graham & Co., on the James Alexander farm, are looking for the 50-foot sometime to-morrow. The same company's No. 1 Hopper, which burned down about three weeks ago, has got started up again and will soon reach the Gordon. Alexander No. 1 is making 10 barrels a day and No. 2 32 barrels a day. Donaldson No. 1 shows a gauge of 22 barrels a day and No. 2 10 barrels. while the Forest City Oil Company's Lickman farm well is panning out 7 bargels a News From Taylorstown Uncle Issac Reineman, high cockalorum

Uncle Isaac Reineman, high cockalorum of the Washington Oil Company, came into the city to-day from suburban Washington, and in response to interrogations from THE DISPATCH scout, said that operations in the Washington and Taylorstown field were very limited. Mr. Reineman, who is authority on oil matters, was of the opinion that there would be very little drilling done in these fields the coming season. The Washington fields the coming seasons. The Washington Oil Company have recently finished up two wells, one of them on the Samuel Carson farm, which is good for 40 barrels, and the other on the John Brown Lee, which is making 50 or 60 barrels a day. This company have one well drilling on the Sam Carson farm, which is now in the "Big Inju." There is but little prospect of a revivar of old times in this field, unless the gas wells now drilling should hit something fich.

H. MCC.

KENO AT THE CAPITAL. MONTE CARLO IN THE SHADOW OF

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Notorious Gambling Places of the Olden Days Banished Across the Potomac-How the Game Is Conducted in These Latter Times. WASHINGTON, April 13 .- This city,

which was in the old ante-bellum days and for some years after the war one of the greatest gambling centers in America, is to day without a single gambling hell. That is to say, there are no longer public places where men can go to buck the tiger, play stud horse poker, keno, rouge et noir and other games of chance. Of course, a good deal of draw poker is played by the politicians, but it is conducted quietly in private houses or social clubs. There is nothing like the old luxurious gambling establishment which was run by Pendleton, who, I believe, was a distant relative of the late Senator from Ohio. At Pendleton's place on the avenue, which is always pointed out to strangers, high stakes were the rule and many of the most conspicuous men of that day were regular worshipers at the shrine of fortune. Thad Stevens, Henry Clay, Bob Toombs and others were there almost nightly. Stories of the high play that was indulged in are retailed by the score by the old-timers. They tell of a famous game once between Thad Stevens and George D. Prentice, the predecessor of the star-eyed Watterson. It was poker, and backward and forward the "raises" had been going on until finally Prentice, whose cash was on until finally Prentice, whose cash was exhausted, negotiated the sale of several exhausted, negotiated the saie of several negroes whom he owned to continue. Finally Stevens, who held four kings, told Prentice that he had been beaten, and requested him to allow the hands to be shown, or as the gamblers put it, to "call" him. To that Prentice, who had four aces (this was before the day of the sequence flush), responded: "I never call you. If I was Jupiter, and stars were chips, I would darken the heavens with this hand."

The only vestige of public gaming remaining has been banished to the soil of the Old Dominion across the Potomac river and out or reach of the laws of the District of Columbia. Think of ft. The mother of Presidents nursing in her bosom the vice of gambling alter it had been scourged out of Washington! And it is keno, the lowest kind of gaming, that which appeals to the poorer class of the population who have only a few dimes to risk. They call the place where these keno games are conducted Monte Carlo. It consists of two large frame houses on the opposite side of the river from Washington where every afternoon and evening from 200 to 400 people are crowded about long tables "pegging" away at their cards as the manipulator of the wheel calls out the number. Only 10 cents can be risked on card with the chance of winning from \$10 to \$15 according to the number who are in the game. It is in reality a good, to which each player contributes 10 cents and which the successful person wins, less the percent-age of 10 per cent extracted by the dealer or whatever the person who manipulates the game is called. In these hot rooms, choked with tobacco smoke and alcoholic fumes, the young Virginia farmers, some of them, perhaps, the descendants of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, squander their small earnings under the shadow of the Washington Monument. Little steam ferry boats ply between Georgetown and Monte Carlo every 15 minutes to accommodate the Washington and Georgetown customers. The games are seldom disturbed. Occasionally a posse of Virginia constables come down out of the hills, confiscate the paraphernalia and fine the proprietors. But not often. The proprietors are willing to pay liberally to avoid being disturbed.

HANNAH SOUTHWORTH BURIED.

Body of the Slayer of Stephen L. Pettu Ouletly Taken to Kentucky. LOUISVILLE, April 13.-There was no announcement of the burial of the body of Mrs. Hannah B. Southworth at Cave Hill on Friday afternoon. There were no mourners, no prayers, no one but the sexton of the beautiful woman who startled all New York and Kentucky when she shot to death Broker Stephen I. Pettus, on the morning of November 22, 1889, in front of a tea store on Fulton street, New York. But for the laws of the city of Louisville no one but the family would have been aware of the fact that Mrs. Southworth's remains rest in peace at the head of the street on which she was born. Before the body could be buried a burial permit had to be ob-tained, and this formality caused the burial

to leak out. Friday morning L. D. Pearson & Son, funeral directors, received a telegram from the dead woman's mother, Mrs. E. J. Martin, at Brooklyn, to meet the remains at noon at the Short Line depot, and bury them in the beautiful Martin plot in Cave Hill. When the train pulled in a big pier box, lined with tin and containing a metal lic coffin, was lifted from the express car, placed in a covered undertaker's wagon, and taken to Cave Hill. A grave had been prepared, and in a few minutes Mrs. Southworth's remains were at rest in her native city. The grave was neatly filled, and soon

Hannah Southworth lies.

Mrs. Southworth died in the Tombs, New York's famous prison, Tuesday morning, January 7, 1890, where she was confined under indictment for the murder of Pettus, the man at whose hands she claimed she had been greatly wronged. She passed away in her mother's arms, with a prayer on her lips. Soon after life was extinct the body was taken to the residence of William B. Martin, in Brooklyn, where on the following Thursday the funeral services took place, and the body was temporarily placed in a vault in Greenwood, to be quietly removed to Louisville after the tragedy which ruined the woman's life had passed away from the minds of the people.

ROW AMONG NEGROES

A Little Boy Receives a Bullet Intended for Another.

LITTLE ROCK, April 13 .- A bloody row occurred early this morning between a dozen or more negroes at Faucett Bros,' saloon at Argenta, directly across the river. A crap game was in progress when a dispute arose over the ownership of a 5-cent check between two of the players, one of whom, John Jones, drew a razor and attempted to use it upon the negro who took the check. The latter, who is a stranger, whipped out a revolver and fired at Jones. The bullet missed his intended victim, and entered the heart of a 1-year-old boy, named Robinson.
A:ter the killing of the boy, a general fight occupred among the negroes, in which several were badly hurt.

DEVOURED BY WOLVES

forrible Fate of a Chopper in the Near Cheboygan, CHEBOYGAN, MICH., April 13 .- James and John Gillspiel were working in the woods near Mullet lake, 12 miles south of here, when James' ax slipped and cut a ter-rible gash in his leg. John bound up the wound and went to the village for help to bring in the wounded man. When the crowd came to the spot, they found a pack of wolves fighting over a lot of bones and clothing where John left his brother. rescning party chased the wolves off and brought the bones back for burial.

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RESULT OF LATE INVENTIONS.

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No Protection. THE WORK OF PEN-AND-INK ARTISTS

WASHINGTON, April 13. - The chief engraver of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was closeted the other day for a long while with the Treasurer of the United States. Spread before them were two silver certificates-one of regular Government issue and the other a specimen of the new \$2 and refreshing to the taste, and acts counterfeit which has occasioned such a sen-sation by reason of the perfection of its ex-Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sysecution. After spending a full hour exam- tem effectually, dispels colds, headining the real and the false notes with powerful magnifying glasses, the famous expert in money designing turned to the guardian of Uncle Sam's cash box and said:

"There are no differences." To such a point, in fact, has the art of counter eiting been developed. The work its action and truly beneficial in its of the fraudulent money makers is no longer. feebly imitative. Year after year it has healthy and agreeable substances, its grown more difficult of detection, until at last it may be said that the swindler can make as good a paper dollar as the Government is able to produce. A high Treasury official was asked yesterday what was the chief difficulty that a counterfeiter had to overcome in the manufacture of a successful ank note or certificate. A Recent Invention Settled It.

"He has no difficulties to encounter," was the reply. "The last of them has been swept away by a recent invention. A while ero although some of the most skilling engravers in the world belonged to the crim inal class, their work was, nevertheless, invariably distinguishable from the true, there being differences beyond the power of hands or tools to avoid. But the new photo-mechanical processes have revolutionized counterfeitcamera reproduces the design of a note upon a metal plate, which, after passing through a simple etching process, becomes to all intents and purposes a fac simile of the original steel engraving, réady to print the money from. Thanks to late discoveries in photochromy, the execution of green backs and red seals in precisely the proper shades is the easiest thing in the world. Here is the last report of the Chief of the Secret Service. He says: 'The genuine Government notes nowadays, es pecially the series of 1890, are marvels of the engraver's art, nided by the wonderful geometric lathe. One would think it impossible to successfully counterfeit such work, upon looking over the complex area of lines and patterns, and yet at this mo-ment counterfeiters are reproducing it so perfectly that the elaborate beauty of this paper money may be said to offer no protec ion to the public or defense against "But how about mitating the paper?"

The Special Paper No Protection, "That is no obstacle to the counter eiter The special paper used by the Treasury doesn't amount to a red cent as a protec-tion. How should it? You can buy the same stuff, according to quality, at any stationer's. No, of course it lacks the threads; but of what use are they? It a note appears satisfactory in other respects, who ever thinks of looking for the threads? Suppose, however, that one did; the swindler has several ways of supplying them. With a ruler and a fine pen, loaded with light blue ink, he can draw them to perfection across the face of the note; or he preases the bill very hard lengthwise with his thumb nail, so that anybody who is looking for a thread will swear he sees one in the fold, the illusion being caused by a breaking of the fiber in the paper. Possibly the suspicious person may try to lift out the thread at a point with a pin. If he does, it is a hundred to one that the toughness of the paper's fiber will lead him to think the thread is there. Oh, no; the paper is no

saleguard."
"What is to be done, then?" "It's hard to say. Something has cer-tainly got to be done when the Treasury engravers cannot tell counterfeits from the work they have themselves executed. I would suggest that radical changes should be made respecting the paper on which the oney is printed. Our designs are reproduced to perfection, therefore we have noth-ing but the paper to fall back upon. It should be made absolutely distinctive, legal enactment forbidding the manufacture of any paper like the money paper of the Government. Each denomination of note or certificate ought to have its own special va riety of this kind of paper, so that one could tell a one-dollar bill from a five by the seel merely. True, the paper could be imitated, but it is not possible to make fine, paper without a bulky plant, and all factories here and abroad would be carefully watched."

The Most Remarkable Counterfeiter. A few days ago the Secret Service Bureau of the Treasury received with renewed ex-asperation the latest production of the pen-and-ink counterfeiter. This extraordinary man, who may fairly be considered the most remarkable maker of false money known to history, must devote the greater part of his time year after year to his chosen pastime. It can be nothing more to him, inasmuch as the remuneration is necessarily small. The wonder ul thing about his imitations of United States notes is that they are executed entifiely with the pen, even to the vignettes and most elaborate bogus lathe work. To produce one must require a vast deal of patience. Apparently he does about two a year, for once in six months pretty regularly a specimen makes its appearance, to the dis gust of the Government detectives. It is always either a fifty or a twenty, and it is a very curious fact that no two are sent to the department here from the same city. The supposition is that the forger, as quickly as he has passed one of his works of art, changes his residence to another city. He gets rid of the note he has just completed, which may remain in circu-lation for some time before reaching a bank, and departs long ere the police agents have

of means, who gratifies a morbid vanity in this way. His work bears scrutiny with the naked eye, though not with the magnifying glass.
One of the most dangerous counterfeits at present extant is a bogus United States Treasury note for \$1,000. Not only are a number of the notes themselves supposed to be in circulation-five of them have been passed on one bank-but the plates are in existence somewhere, ready to strike off millions in currency of large denomination. These plates are known to have been executed by that most expert or living forgers, Charles H. Smith. He was the man who, being employed as an engraver to execute certain \$1,000 United States bonds 11 years ago, made a duplicate plate at home in the evenings, printed \$208,000 worth of the bonds, and was only caught and prevented from negotiating the boodle by sheer accident.

a chance to arrive upon the scene. The most

plausible theory is that he is a monomaniac

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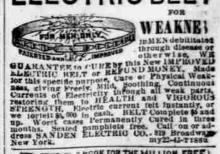
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