## THE GREAT GREEN DIAMOND.

A WEIRD STORY OF THE MONTEZUMAS, BY WILLA LLOYD JACKSON.

left by your late client and our mutual friend, Christopher Listbrop, appeared to you, I am well aware, to be that of a mad mon. You wondered at my reluctance to even open the case containing the gem- bequesthed to me and which had been left with you by poor Listhrop, locked and sealed in an iron casket, made especially for it, till the day when death should release him from a life of which he had grown veary. You wandered still more when, pocketing the still unopened casket, I reposted you to accompany me for a few curs' run on my little yacht, the Petrel's Wing, and when we had cleared the harbor to see me deliberately east into the sea the stone, which even the brief examination I permitted you to make of it enabled you to pronounce the finest green diamond in the

"Our long-standing friendship constrains me to give you an explanation of my be-bacier, though that explanation involves the triling of a story I thought never to have suffered to pass my lips, and I can think of a better way of relating that story than to send you the paper I wrote out shortly after the green diamond first threw its evil rays nerces my path. My object in exting down the remarkable facts contained in this paper was merely to endeaver formy own satisfic tion to sift the actual occurrences from any exaggerations on excited fancy might have invested them with, and this I thought possible to do by setting down the matter in cold black and white,

Written on the 16th of September, 1817, in the

I write in the midst of a noisy crowd of offices, engaged in cooking their suppers, in rough practical jokes. Here and there he one usless, snoring away undisturbed by the varied noises about him. I have during this spot for the very reason that it is so rell of hotaeliness and commonplace which have resently filled my brain may a coughest jest and the very hissing of by meat in the pan are welcome to me, has are the tokens of a healthy humanity, have seen of late. I am a plain, practical name. Loving no mystery, counting nothing capernatural, and I could well nigh ourse the felly of Chris Listhrop in drawing mentional mystery, for I am convinced that only the evil one could be at the root of like natter.

When our troops entered this con-pared city the day before yesterday, I lost again of Claus for some hours, as the bustle and confusion was something beyond ordincry it seeming never to have entered the people's head that the American army was wally on its way hither, and I suppose in all blatery greater dismay and terror was over felt on such occasion. My duties on me closely occupied for the entire day, all it was not until late at night that I was to walk abroad through this rious old city, but the streets were still with soldiers and such of the inof their dread of the invaders. I inred of all the Americans I met as to but none had seen him, and I was ming to feel provoked with him, for I tried he had lost his wits in the aph of our arms and was running about inchief bent, and I had a message for rom the captain of our company, of the left the room with this and I could have covered for a son had the gods given me one. He has narrowly escaped death, but will be restored when he wakes.'

"He left the room with this and I could be record." number to feel provoked with him, for I numb of our arms and was running about a from the captain of our company, of sich I um first lientenant and he second.
"I had about abandoued the search, when

I was accessed by a soldier, who informed me that Lieutenunt Listhrop had dispatched sident in which he had barely escaped his life had befallen him, and that I ame village and deskmates in school and companions in every boxish enterprise, I and questioned the soldier as he led the way to the house in which Chris had been

entical citizen had thrown a heavy stone or from a window under which the Lieutennal was passing, and one edge striking class on the head had stanned him. Seeing clared himself possessed of sufficient knowledge to dress the hurt and had insisted on the wounded man being carried into his

"Vaguely uneasy at my friend having been left to the care of a stranger, one of a hattle people, I harried on to the place, with I found to be a low, curiously built diffice of a style of architecture unlike that the surrounding houses, but this I obperiod without pausing and knocked im-periously for a buission. The door opened once and an old man stood bowing before you Lieutenant Redmayne? he asked in as good English as my own, and, when I assented, led me into an inner room, where, on a couch, I found my friend lying, with his head bundaged and very pale. The old man checked him as he at-

tempted to speak, and first attended to wetsing the cloth about the wound with some aliver, before he autued to me.

murinused something meant for thanks,

but I was too much occupied in staring at my host to do more. He was a man of great age, his snow white built that flowed nearly to his wrist rold me, and his skin was eroused with a thousand wrinkles that showed the years had bitten deeply, but hi eess were as bright and quick as a cognette's of 10, and his bearing that of a monarch. Even his ministrations to Chris were full of ale gentleness, and his gesture as he sed before me a bowl of smoking chooshave was that of pride so great it scorned tucht. His dress consisted of a loose role, swang from the shoulders, and of dull red silk, or what appeared such, confined at the waist by a cord of gold tinsel, and on his

feet were sandals of grift leather.

When he had served me with the refreshment he seated himtelf beside Chris,
who had fallen asleep, and paid no further attention to me, but my curiosity, which had grown with every moment I had spent in his presence, impelled me to engage him in conversation. What I said I do not remember, but upon my using the expression 'your people,' he interrupted me with a

These are not my people, sir. I amthe lost of a race, American; I am an Aztec." "His countemnee gloved with pride, softened by an inexpressible sorrow, and his ringly head sunk for a moment on his I am of the line of the Montezumas, unbroken for hundreds of years, but which dies with me. It was our purpose to keep it alive till we should come into our

own again, but the gods willed it not so."
"The gods! I stared at him in amazement, to hear him use the phrase in this the ninescenth century, but the next moment I told myself that I had stumbled on a mad man, and that was all. The old man read

my thought with his keen, bright eye.

"Aye, my son, that is what they callme. Ask of the first who passes and they
will tell you old Totlan, the undman, lives

"He said no more, but fell to musing, with a hitter smile on his face, but I could not refrain from interpapting his thoughts. Will you tell me how it is you live when all of your race have long left earth?"

The re is no mystery, good sir,' he answered. 'My forefathers were of a granter branch than the sovereigns, and of the pressuper-treatment and higher order, the finger tips, all exquisitely wrought, but but once more my courage returned, for the finger tips, all exquisitely wrought, but

To the Hon. Henry Chantrey, from George Louis

Eschmayne:

"Dran Chantrey—My conduct yesterday on receiving at your hands the legacy trusts were confided to them and a solemn oath exacted that they would preserve the line to guard these trusts if possible. This has been done by a faithful law, extraordinary as it may seem to you, and the blood that flows in these poor, wasted veins of mine have never been mixed with that of a Spaniard, or any other alien, but there was no Artecian maiden left to wed with me, and I could not take a wife of the forbidden

> "I longed to ask him what the trusts were that had been confided to him and his, but his dignity and manner awed me into merciy observing, 'And who will succeed

won, sir, in guarding the interests you speak of?"

"Ah, who?" he murmured sadly. "I have questioned the gods, but they give their servant no answer."

"The old man rose with a weary sigh, strength incredible in one of his age.



me like a blow.

OLD TOTLAN-FLUNG-HIMSELF UPON-ME-LIKE A PANTHER.

and, handing me the bowl, said: 'I am now called away for some house and will entrust your friend to you. Keep his bandages wet and should his fever return give him to drink of the elixir.' He paused a moment,

hear his light footsteps echoing through the house, while I settled myself to watch Chris with nothing better than my thoughts to entertain me. Convinced that the old fellow was mad, I was even faintly amused by his fantastic craze, and when Chris awoke, as he presently did free from fever, d find him in a certain house close at My friendship for Chris being of no affair. My friend declared himself fully able to leave the house, but we both felt a reluctance to depart without thanking our host, who, mad though he might be, had earned our gratitude and respect. So we waited, talking of various commonplace matters for an hour, when we heard steps in the hall without and presently old Totlan entered.

> and rub our eyes, for no Eastern potentate ever boasted richer garb than he had donned. I am but a poor hand at decribing such gewgaws, but as near as I could see the groundwork of the robe itself was of silk or some such shimmering, softly flowing texture of a rich, deep blue that cloved to the eve with its warmth and beautiful tint but this was so encrasted with gems that nght the light and repeated it in a thousand dazzling points that but little was visi-ble. Upon the old man's feet were jeweled sandals of white leather, and on his head ested a diadem of gold, not unlike a Bish op's mitre, while about his neck and wrists hung necklaces and bravelets of the same metal, with pendants of jewels and graves tablets. But if his garb was remarkable the old man's looks were not less so. His with-ered trame was drawn erect and his eyes were burning with a carious light that ve

" 'Come, come!' he cried to Chris, who rose at his building as if mesmerized by his gleaming eyes. The gods have spoken. They led you to my door this night. Come,

Nour friend has laid a narrow escape, his hand to Chris, who took it. The two walked to the door without a glance at me. " 'He took no notice of me, but held out but I followed alarmed and awed in spite of myself. Chris' eyes began to assume a fixed, unustural expression, and his whole gure expressed a sort of passive obedience to the man who led him which I cannot describe, but which terrified me. I ran forward and caught him by the other hand. "Chris, Chris, where are you going? Rouse yourself, man. Listen to me:

"He gazed at me for a moment with some thing of his usual look, but shook his head. 'What harm, old boy?' Better gratify the old fellow.' And the next moment old Totlan had drawn him on, and I followed, resolved to see the farce out."

"Down a narrow passage he went until he came to a wall which he struck with his bare hand, when a small door, invisible before, swing back, and admitted us to a large vaulted chamber, from which led an-other passage, so low that we were often obliged to stoop. That this led downwards I soon perceived, and heremy fears, vague, but powerful, rushed back upon me. 'Come back, Chris, for God's sake?' There's no telling where this mad man is leading But I got no answer from either, and gripping my sword firmly. I followed on.
"How far we went along this passage I cannot say, but it must have been nearly india mile, for we left the hewn stones far behind, and entered walls of earth, sup-ported by colums or rather piles of reck, cemented roughly together, but of course led downward all the time. Gradually the gallery grew lighter, and at some distance I could see lights gleaming, as if in a large compartment. So, somewhat relieved, I censed to pull at Chris' coat.

"The light grew stronger every mement, and at length we paused at the entrance door of what I at once perceived was a temple of some sort. The walls were of carven stone, white and highly polished, with here and there a niche in which stood a lamp of silver, representing a human hand, of which the flame was a plame sot over the brow. To one side was an altar, also of stone, though furnished with feet and gildings of polished gold. About this were ranged vessels of various sizes and shapes of burnished brass.

"But while my eyes took in these details the passage, when a new fear confronted they were riveted on an object suspended directly over the altar. This was an arm or glanced at each other in speechless dismay.

with a hiss in his quiet voice. Then louder and shriller, as under great excitement: 'They speak, they speak! After years of silence the gods declare themselves!'

"He motioned to the diamond, that even

as he spoke seemed to grow into a globe of fire that was yet as cold and clear as moonlight, though infinitely brighter. Totlar prostrated himself, leaving me to retire into the farthest corner of the temple, for I was convinced then, as I am now, that the thing I saw was of the devil, or else some hid-eous jugglery, and I was determined to lend myself to none of the mummery that fol-

"I have laid down my pen several times in the last hour to recall if possible the scene that filled the chamber, but I am still confused and uncertain. I remember crowds of shadows that thronged about us, chantom figures of armed men, naked, giant like forms brandishing flaming torches women, fairies that I can describe, and yet I cannot say whether these airy creatures really alled the room in which I stood, or whether I beheld them all in the diamond, of which I was conscious as we are of the sun, whether gazing full upon it or other

things.
"I am weary of striving to solve the question of where the real and the unreal began and ended in that accursed temple, and, giving it up, pass to what I am sure of, and that was only of Christopher Listhrop himself. Him I saw rise supported by old Totlan, who, removing from his own person the robe he wore, cast it about my friend and place upon his head the diadem of

"Chris' face was that of a dreamer just awakened, who still retains something of the glamour of his dreams while slowly realizing the thing of the actual world. There was a sound of voices, monotonously chant-ing in subtined dull tones that I could not attribute with any certainty to the phan-toms that hurried between me, and often obiiterated, the figures of Chris and the priest beside him, nor yet to the latter either. What the voices said I know not, nor do I recall any articulate words, though there must have been, but as I said, all this is so confused and thin that I assert nothing

positively. "How long this dreadful scene lasted I cannot guess, but at last by a mighty effort I wreached myself loose from the spell of superstition and fear that was tightening about my brain, and springing forward leaped apward and caught the demon diaed from the fingers that held it. and gripped it, though a chill struck me to the heart as I grasped the thing that para-lyzed muscle and nerve for a moment. 1 remember a cry of horror ringing through the room, and old Totlan flung himself upon me like a panther. We grapped fiercely, but I felt my strength going rapidly under the terrible lean fingers about my throat, when I saw as in a mist Chris grapple with

the old man and drag him off.
"One look showed me the room was clear of the shadowy forms and only myself, Chris and the half naked figure of the old man were present. Chris had lost his dazed look and beyond a certain horrified expression in his eyes was himself once more. His gaze caught the dazzling robe he wore and with sudden haste he tore it from him and, plucking the diadem from his head, hurled that to the floor. Old Totlan eyed him for a moment with a devilish gleam of his bright eyes, then rushed to the arm that held the diamond, caught the hand in his own, tugging at it with all his might. Something ailed it, that we saw, for, th a few drops trickeled down the limb, the old man paused nonplussed. 'Has the lake itself gone dry?' he muttered, then once

nore fell to tugging at the hand. "The water came down in a larger stream, and something warned me of a deadly purpose in the functic's action. I caught Chris by the hand and we fled to the passage. Faster, faster for your passage. For as we live we are under the urged. For as we live we are under the lake. I remembered seeing, as we came along, heavy drops that ciung continuously to the ceiling of the passage, but the idea that it led under the lake is so incredible that I must reverently ascribe it to a divine inspiration. As we fled along the gallery I could hear the dripping of slowly falling water for a minute or two, then there came a crash as if heaven and earth had fallen.

"There was a roar of rushing waters behind us, and once we felt the spray of a torrent. But the ascent was too steep for the stream to reach us, though its momentum swept it high. Panting, fainting, we reached the vauited chamber at the end of glanced at each other in speechless dismay, The walls seemed one solid mass of masonry,

of what material I cannot say, for while it was as white and flawless as the rarest marble, it was much too warm and rich in tint to be such. It seemed to me that I could gesture that opened the door had been a simple one and by stooping to what I calculated to have been old Totlan's height I began to feel about the wall, and presently

to be such. It seemed to me that I could see blue veins outlined upon it, though my imagination may have pictured these. I only know it hung there as perfect and beautiful a limb as ever a man saw. It did not seem to end abruptly, but rather to emerge from invisibility, as from a curtain, though there was nothing on either side of it. Of this I am satisfied, for it was this singular circumstances that held me spell-bound.

"The perfect fingers held extended whatifirst appeared a ball of fire, so alive was it with light, but as I looked I saw that it was a gem of green hue, kindled into extraordiage."

Let's look at the accursed thing," he said, striking a match and examining the

with light, but as I looked I saw that it was a gem of green hue, kindled into extraordinary flame by something beyond my knowledge. It was in reality about the size of a pigeon's egg, though its extended rays made it seem much larger. When I ceased to stare at this I found that Chris and the Aztec had prostrated themselves before the altar, fixing their gaze with rapt adoration upon the hand and diamond. I am not a particularly religious man, but the shock of

particularly religious man, but the shock of seeing a human being in the act of worship-ing a thing of mortal workmanship struck no heirs, and was not even of these people,' reasoned Chris, and I could not gainsay his arguments, though I must acknowledge to a shrinking horror of the diamond or of having any share in it.

> "After reaching the house which we were to make our quarters I questioned Chris closely as to the part he had played in the scene I have so faintly described, but he was even more confused and uncertain than I, and declared he was only conscious of taking a solemn vow of some character, though what this was he could not positively say, except that it involved the serving of some god, whose mouthpiece or manifestation was this diamond.

"And you mean to retain such a dinbolical thing about you, Chris?' He laughed uneasily. 'I thought we had agreed to consider the whole affair a piece of jugglery on old Totlan's part.' Here his eyes darkened with a look of horror and dread, and pass-ing his hand over his brow he muttered:
"To tell you the truth, I must look on it as such, George, for at times I have a terri-

ble suspicion that I took upon myself some unutterable oath that will hold my soul forever, though I cannot recall it, I cannot recall it! I have vague, disconnected visions of—no, no, I must not dwell upon them, for

of—no, no, I must not dwell upon them, for I shall go mad with horror.'
"He caught my hand and held it till he succeeded in calming himself, when he went on as lightly as he could. 'As I say, if we regard it all as a trick of the imagination, there can be no harm in our keeping the diamond.' "I acquiesced, although had I had my will I would have thrown the stone into the nearest gutter. It was sewn by Chris into

the lining of his coat, where it was to be left till we should return home, when we were to sell it and divide the money, for Chris insisted on my sharing it with him. "But last night, as we lay sleeping side by side, I was awakened by a light that filled the little narrow room we occupied with a strange effulgence that I recognized at once as the fire of the demon diamond. This light emanated from no particular

point, but flooded the apartment with its green splendor, cold and brilliant as moon-light on ice. I caught Chris by the arm and shook him soundly.
"'Wake up! The devil is at work again.'
But he slept on, though his face was pallid and working as if convulsed by some terri-ble struggle, and presently he began to speak. I will not! I will not! Fiend, cease to tempt me. No, I will not myself, nor will I find another to take my place. Again I tried to awaken him, but in vain, though for an hour or more he seemed to wrestle with some unseen power, while all

the time the green light burned with steady luster. At last it died away and Chris sank

into a natural sleep. "I have related this scene-with calmness but while it lasted I felt the blood stand still in my veins, though I saw and heard no more than I have written. When at daybreak Chris awoke, I endeavored to make him confide in me his dream, whatever it was, but he was strangely silent, and begged me to speak of it no more.

"I have gone through that of which I may not speak, and scarcely dare think.
Oh, George, what a fate! And I am young
and tied to—' He clapped his hands before his face. "But I will not yield, though
I die for it; though they tear my very heart

to shreds. "He has lain all day in agonized fear, looking forward to the night, but I have put him to bed on a soldier's cot in the next room, through whose open door I can watch him as he sleeps. And the soldiers' noisy voices lend me confidence that naught supernatural, diabolical or celestial will venture there. God help him! I see no way out of the matter for him, for when I urged him to sell or throw away the diamond he declared sell or throw away the diamond he declared that he could never part with it. He per-sisted in this until I lost patience with what I openly termed his folly, and the next mo-ment grew ashamed when the poor fellow with tears in his eyes reiterated his words, adding: 'George, I tell you there are things unspeakable connected with this matter. I am tortured beyond telling. Do not you

take away from me your support. "I soothed him by assuring him he might do as he chose without further remoustrance from me, for heaven knows my heart is sore enough for the friend, so lately the jolliest most careless creature alive, and who to night lies the most cowed and horror stricken wretch on earth. At times a blind rage seizes me at the whole affair, in which my intellect refuses to believe, and yet which I cannot refute upon the evidence of my own senses. I long to awaken Chris and convince him that his trouble is all a myth, and yet-and yet-'

"This, dear Chantry, is the story of the green diamond. Do you think me madder than ever? But at least you will acknowledge that it is a madness of long standing, for 1847 lies 43 years behind us. It was a madness that ruined Chris Listhrop's life, as he wrote me often after each return of the mysterious temptation I once witnessed, and in which he was only victor by a terri-

ble resistance.
"It came again and again wearing him to death by inches, though he assured me that he never yielded for a moment. There are hideous gaps in the story, I am well aware, gaps that only the diamond-hamted man ald supply, and he has gone carrying with him the true explanation of the matter. A short time before his death he wrote to me telling me that he had deposited the stone with you to be given to me at his decease. I had no instructions as to what to do with it, but I knew!"

HUMOR-Bill Nye talks about land spec ulation in South Carolina. See to-morrow's twenty-page issue of THE DISPATCH.

CALIGRAPH Writing Machine has a ke. for each character and no shift carriage.

A Pointer for Saloonists, You will never get left if you handle Iron City beer. Your customers all like it best. Telephone 1186.

Wheeling, W. Va. The B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Wheeling every Sunday at rate of \$1 50 the round trip. Train leaves depot at-

C. Baenerlein Brewing Company, Bennetts, Pa., telephone 1018, brewers and bottlers of standard lager and wiener export, beer. The trade and families supplied. TTS

Trouble Ahead.

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Three cents to-day—one case 32-inch lawns, black with white figures—three cents.

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Men's fine neckwear; complete line at James H. Aiken & Co.'s, 100 Fifth avenue,

In Order to Fascinate and Please the Eye of Man.

GOWNS FOR YACHTING AND TENNIS The Remnants That Are to Be Found on the

GOSSIP THAT WILL ENTERTAIN THE FAIR

No girl who is dark should ever put blue with gray.

No girl who has not a rose-leaf skin

Shop Counters.

The fashion writer in the midsummer days ceases to be a prophet foretelling what "they will wear," and has become a chronicler of what they are wearing and have worn. Fantastic picturesqueness expressed in



admire her fearless Yachting. skill in sailing and shooting, we adore her sweet helplessness about carrying her own particular umbrella. She is a divinity in her gauze and frills. of the evening, but a jolly good fellow in her serge and flannel of the morning. Her yachting gown is a triumph. Serge. rough and heavy and blue, is the essential principle. The heavy rope-like cord of wool which edges the bottom of the skirt and seems innocently decorative, has really a seems innocentry decorative, has really a serious sweet Anthony Comstock motive in life, which is to keep the skirt from flying and fluttering when going up ladders. The plaits on each side are made, too, with a moral purpose—to avoid the generous and communicative effect of a straight close skirt in a head wind. The skirt and the bankschief keetted show the collector of handkerchief knotted about the collar are of cardinal silk; the heavy ropes of gold or silver cord festooned across the tablier are fastened with a gold anchor. The close sleeves open at the wrist to reveal a bit of color in the shirt, the ensemble is chic and and jaunty, like the girl whom it adorns.

There is a good story told of a misguided woman who ventured to remonstrate with the great man milliner in Paris whose prices are quite as amazing as his confections.

The subject of controversy was a gown of most perishable chiffon, with a girdle for a bodice and no sleeves, for which the famous costumer required the sum of 600 good American dollars. "The material," said the lady, "could be

bought for \$100, and surely the making up would be well paid with \$25 more." "Madam," answered the irate but grandiloquent dressmaker, "would you have gone to M. Meissonier and said to him, 'Here' is canvas and colors to the value of \$20. Paint-me a picture on this canvas with these paints and I will pay you \$10.' What would he have answered? 'Madam, that is no payment for an artist.' Not but I say more. If you think my terms are too high, wear with white dresses.

White serge sailor suits having a blouse of yellow silk for little boys.

Silver jewelry to wear with silver trimkeep the dress and pay me nothing. Art does not descend to the pettiness of hag-

An-eminently aseful and aquatic-gown for water travel-or seaside sojourn, which agreeably varies the

everywhere

you can play more

dog skin.

with ribbons.

gloves are worn.

worn with house toilets.

shown for early autumn \*ear.

ened by a blouse of red surah silk.

spots is popular for evening gowns.

lesigns are seen on the new brocades.

gowns on account of its lustrous finish.



Tennia.

picturesquagreeably and grateful world if your gown is in an artistic shade of water green cloth, the skirt bordered with a dainty tracery of silk threads with gold, and has a bodice and braces of gold over a shirt of heliotrope foulard flecked with green. It is entirely good for you to notize the once-admired form for you to poetize the once-admired severity of your tennis gown. Many of the best models, while made in severe "house-maid" fashion, are supplemented with corselets of many-hued splendid Indian em-broidery, edged with gold over silken shirts.

An interesting fact was brought out at the historical exhibition in Paris, where specimens of gloves were seen dating back to those of the Grecian Empire. The sizes of those gloves were proof indisputable that among the belles of ancient days, and even those of the Middle Ages, the tiny hands so common among the women of to-day were entirely unknown. A visit to the Hohenzollern Museum will convince anyone that the small foot was equally rare in earlier times, and that, judging from their slippers, the feet of the famous Prussian queens and the feet of the minous Frussian queens and princesses would do credit to a dandy in the Grenadier Guards. Only the beautiful Queen Louise possessed delicate and pretty feet, the satin shoe belonging to her amented and revered majesty seeming like that of a child beside the square-toed No. 6 slippers of the Empress Augusta and the No. 5 wedding slippers belonging to the ex-

of gray waterpro

silk, which can be

Danish notes issued...... Windward Islands...... A prize cycling costume-ought to present many points of interest to wheelwomen. The one shown was designed by Mrs. By domestic money orders paid ... \$ 66.84 Postal notes paid ... 6,207 Domestic money orders repaid ... 337 William Ritson, of Gorse Bank, Chesh-ire, England, and the prize was offered by an English periical. Soft gray or fawn serge is the material recom-mended, these dats showing dust the least. It is trimmed emittances to Philadelphia mittances to Philadelphia, July 117.332 00 with military braid. The deep collar is 5.700 00 Remittances to Philadelphia, July arranged to turn up in bad weather. There is an under bodice of gray silk the sleeves are full AUTHORESS. The letter for to-morrow in with deep cuffs, there are gray leather gauntlet gloves, a THE DISPATCH'S series from well-known gauntlet gloves, a gray cloth cap, with a turned up drapery

American authoresses is from Julia Dorr, Charming description of the Old Man of THE child's strengthener is Dr. D. Jayne's silk, which can be turned down to Prize Cycling Costume, fasten under the chin, making a hood for Tonic Vermifuge, which corrects all acidity of the stomach, restores digestion and imwet weather; a little gray wing for orna-ment, a crimson necktic to lend a touch of dren alike. Delicate children are almost

costume has a square, ungraceful look which does not promise well for its popularity. IS - EVIDENCE.

Every woman wears gray because it is fashionable, and so it behooves the woman who is a sallow blonde to know that her gray dress ought to have a rich cardinal or

crimson plastron or a big, soft fichu of red

fess them wise, -New York Recorder.

The latest apostle of the beautiful in

dignified estate of matrimony shall find ex-pression in a black garment, while love, its

A Traveling Ostume

in stockinette, crossed horizontally with

braid. Skirt in gray beige or serge, en-hanced with rows of braid. Sailor's hat in

mixed straw, with a band-and loops of re-

Wash silk remnants very cheap. White canvas ties having tips and trim-

gray and robin's-egg blue.
Pale gray and tan nickel-mounted belts to

Sugrediffon is combined with nink silk.

Ax edging of gimp-is put wherever it is

Ladies' driving gloves are of kid faced with

Mousseling-DE sore toilets- are trimmed

Wirn red costumes, black shoes, hose and

BRIGHT red ties of suede or coze calf are

FIGURED foulard in dark-shades are now

A TRAVELING dress of blue serge is bright

BENGALINE in light colors and with sath

SATIN is the favorite lining for transparer

VELVET collars, cuffs and pocket pieces,

corslets and sleeves are seen on light gowns

Ix ribbons gilt effects are still popular.

Satin, and velvet and satin in ombre effects are also favorites.

SLEEVES are no longer cut very high on the

shoulder, but still retain their fullness. To give the effect of height a ruche of lace or ribbon is placed around the upper armhole.

BEAUTIFULLY painted gauze fans have a

loral design against a background of the

color of the flower in a darker shade. A

A BIG MONTH'S BUSINESS

Creditable Showing for the Money Order

The report of money order business done

in the Pittsburg Postoffice for the month

ending July 31, was remarkably good for

what is usually a "dull" month, as the fol-lowing table furnished by Postmaster

26,845 66 3,829 19

375 14

To balance, forward. \$
Domestic money orders issued Postal notes issued Canadian notes issued.

McKean will show:

British notes issued... German notes issued.

Swiss notes issued... Italian notes issued.

French notes issued.

wedish notes issued

Norwegian notes issued.

Department of the Postoffice.

CLUSTERS of blossoms in oblong and round

Blouse waists of silk crepon.

Straw rugs for seaside houses. White serge in diagonal stripes.

versible ribbon.

chiffon.

of vellow.

Three Remarkable Results Described by Well-Known Residents.

The reddish blonde need not read this ar-OVERWHELMING PROOF ticle. She can wear gray pure and simple without modification.

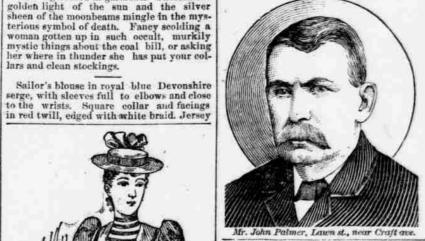
The brunette should take heed that her

Of the Superior Skill of the Electrogray dress has a touch of pink or old rose near her face, or, if it becomes her better, pathic Physicians at 507 Penn Avenue.

No girl who has not a rescrictar same should wear cream and gray. Never wear a gray hat unless you face it with the tint that is most becoming. If you heed these hints you will probably con-Mr. J. Palmer, one of Pittsburg's most estimable citizens, living on Lawn street, near Craft avenue (Fourteenth ward), in speaking of the rapid and wonderful recovery he made from a case of rheumatism that had sorely afflicted him for over eight

months, says:
"Only those who have been afflicted with a report and foulard, quaint simplicity in muslin and dimity, similar trouble can have any idea of my sufferings. These pains, sometimes dull, other times sharp and shooting, made every muscle and nerve throb with aches that were unbearable. My joints felt stiff, and every movement was attended with

EXCRUCIATING SUFFERINGS. "Even my most quiet moments were dis-turbed with the twinges of an aching body. I tried different so-called cures without avail, though some afforded me a temporary



"I saw several articles in the newspapers regarding the physicians of the Electropathic Institute at 507 Penn avenue, and, as a flast resort, concluded to consult the physicians in charge. They at once diagnosed my case as chronic rheumatism, and assured me that

"That their promise is fulfilled beyond my lighest expectations is proved by my present condition. I can walk easily, sleep well and my every movements are without pain. Each treatment has benefited me more than the last, until now I am convinced that the electrical treatment as administered by the physicians of the Electropathic Institute is the most scientific and rational, and productive of better and more permanent results than any other. My strongest words of approval and recommendation shall at all times be used in their behalf." THEY COULD CURE ME.

PARALYSIS CURED.

Bed-Ridden and Suffering for Years Paralytic, Yet Mrs. John Fields, Unable to Move Her Limbs, Is Finally Relieved by the Physicians of the Electropathic Institute.

"It has been over five years since I was first stricken with this malady, paralysis, and what I suffered in that time can scarcely be described." The speaker was Mrs. John Fields, residing at 30 Beaver avenue, Allemings of enameled leather.

Cartridge wall papers in light greenish gheny.



Mrs. John Fields, 30 Beaver Avenue, Allegheny. "I had been feeling very well all day, when stroke which made me perfectly helpless. I stroke which make me perfectly helpiess. I could not make any movement without assistance. My whole body felt as cold as ice. For 14 months I lay down stairs, my relatives fearing to move me. During that time a number of physicians were in constant attendance, and, while I would seem to rally there was never any perceptible nerrally, there was never any perceptible per-manent change for the better. Often times I wished at the close of the day that before morning came a merciful Providence would END MY SUFFERINGS.

END MY SUFFERINGS.

"My husband had spent vast sums of money in trying different cures, but to no avail. I concluded to try, as a last resort, the efficacy of the electrical treatment as applied by the physicians of the Electropathic Institute, 50 Penn avenue.

"The first treatment I received benefited me so much that I was able to lift my arm above my head. For six months before that

above my head. For six months before that time I had been totally unable to raise my arms at all. I gradually improved until now I can do numerous duties that I never dreamt would be my good fortune to do again before I died. do again before I died.
"I unhesitatingly recommend these physicians and their methods, and feel sure that they will effect a permanent cure where relief is at all possible."

YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Another Local Case and Remarkable Result Accomplished by the Electropathic Physicians at 507 Penn Avenue. "For more than five years I suffered as I:

did not think it possible for a human being to suffer and live." The speaker was Mrs. Mary J. Confer, who lives at 113 Lacock street, Allegheny.
"I was first stricken with rheumatism, and to anyone who has suffered from this disease I need not describe its tortures. Had con stant pains shooting from one muscle or joint to another, and constant heavy, dull aches. To this was added the pangs and excruciating twinges of neuralgia.

"My life was one of misery, and mere EXISTENCE A TORTURE. "The constant pain I suffered finally resulted in complete nervous prostration. In-somnia, or sleeplessness, was added to my other ills, and I was in a state bordering

upon frenzy.
"I doctored with the best physicians in Pittsburg and wasted quantities of money, all to no avail. While at times I was helped, temporarily, my case constantly grew

WORSE AND WORSE. "My attention was called to the Pittsburg Electropathic Institute, at 507 Penn avenue, and as a forlorn hope I determined to try a course of electricity. I applied to the physicians in charge, and after diagnosing my case they placed me under treatment. "To make a long story short, after a regular course of treatment I am entirely cured. My pains and aches have all left me. I cannot too highly commend the Institute, or the physicians in charge of it, to those who suffer as I did."

Electropathic Institute, 507 PENN AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

(Do not mistake the number.) The physicians in charge of this Institute are HEGISTERED AND QUALIFIED physicians. They receive and successfully treat all patients suffering from chronic allments:

NERVOUS DISEASES, RICOUD DISEASES, paralysis, neurnigia, scrofula and catalist, also diseases of the Eye and Ear.

Operations in electrical surgery performed by the consulting physicians of the Institute.

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Office liours: 9 A. M. to 12 M., 1 to 5 P. M., 7 to
8:30 P. M. Sunday: 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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