of Garfield, a virtue which with him was cause and laid his fortunes on its altar. apt to be a weakness, that he kept his patience with the scornful Senator.

CHAPACTERS OF THE TWO MEN. But the two men were so far apart. The laughing, rollicking, sensitive, joyous Garfield: complaisant, self-indulgent, anxious to see everyone about him so happy, to whom politics was after all such a game; flexible, impressionable, dramatic, willing to make any sacrifice for peace; and on the other hand the stern, imperious, dominant Sena-tor, to whom the slightest political incident had the gravity of the Magna Charta; austere, reserved, an anchorite; never pneon tere, reserved, an anchorate; never uncon-scious of his own personality, nor timid in asserting it, of the world, but above it; ex-neting, almost burdensome, in friendship, implacable in camity. No two men could have been less in unison, nor can I conceive the possibility of a universe large enough to have permitted their existence together

And such a Cabinet. When the Garfield Cabinet came it vexed the Senator, And among either acts of unspeakable folly, of giving way to crude, interested advice; of see more surrendering his own judgment, which was never wrong to the importunities of those who were never right-how could he in a moment of unspeakable weakness ave done such a thing as to go to Mentor? It was so sorely against his will, for had the erved that Blaine did not go? Think of that! How he raved over it. Blaine not going to Mentor! Wasthere not enough in that to exasperate even the most of men, let alone this suspicious, irritated statesmen?

HIS OPINION OF THE CABINET. And such a Cabinet! "A statesman-yes, heavily plated, to look like silver! A politician, but shirking his opinions when they were worth anything! A name! A brother-in-law! Some clerks! Why did not the Executive, after he had agreed with himself that he must endure his Secretary of State, that he must even carry on his back this old man of the sea, send for the Treasury Appointment Clerk, and ask him to detail some clerks from the upper divisions of the Trensry to complete the Cabinet? It would have been as useful and representative. I remember this as a condensed summers of Conkling's commentaries upon the Gar-field cabinet, intermingled with running descriptive phrases, intensely amusing, but not to be printed now. The incident shows that when the New York nominations were made Mr. Conkling was in a state of unrest ward the Administration, which might flash into any form of commotion. When the New York nominations came it was the general desire, even among those who had he fortunes of Mr. Coukling much at heart, to regard them with indifference. My re-membrance is that Grant was of this mind. At least I inferred as much from a letter Grant wrote to me from Galveston on his way to Mexico, alluding to the nomination of Robertson to be Collector of the Port, which showed that it was not a killing uniter, and expressing the hope that Garfield would soon be out of his patronage books as well as of men, which made him the most valuable as he was the most agreeand sailing over smooth seas to a successful administration. able of companions. We shall know the genius, the tact, the superb, patriotic com-Grant did not return from Mexico until

the battle was on, and then the instinct of mon sense which made his term of office the buttle asserting itself his heart was in the fight as he found it raging. But Conkling must have immediate war—had no patience with any policy of silence and indifference. AN ADMINISTRATION'S HONEYMOON. "You can never," as I ventured to say to

Caukling, "you can never successfully quarrel with an administration in its honeymoon. The people will shrink. They are out of an election fight, why plunge them nto patronage strife? Give them time to reathe. In a few months the appointments will be over and the outs in a mood for criticism and controversy. You can dig up or improvise some twopence half penny question which patriotism will no longer You will then fight with the hope of a responsive public sentiment. Now it is triotism wanting office-then it will be strictism disappointed in office. Patriotm is now against you. Remember Lecompton controversy. Douglas had a grievance and in that found his pretext. Remember how Sumner and Schurz opened up on the French Arms sale ngainst Grant, It was their pretext. I believe in righteous indignation, but there is a time for it to

HOBERTSON IN THE CONVENTION.

on from the story told General Grant and myself, by the late Mr. Chaffee, of Colorado, that Mr. Robertson had gone to the convention which nominated Garfield as an original Garfield man, and that Blaine was a nominal, not a real choice. It was the beief of Chaffee, and I know that he conveved it to Grant as a fact within his own knowledge, that Robertson, having despaired of driving the Blaine chariot over the nery furnace of the Grant flames, had evolved Garfield as a possibility, had approached Chaffee with a request for aid. Chaffee, however, was a Blaine enthusiast and had no second choice. After Blaine anyone would do, and he was without animosities toward either Conkling or Grant. With Robertson, however, Conkling had risen to the dignity of fanaticism. Robertson opposed Grant, not because he disliked the General or had the slightest doubt of his patriotism, but because Grant's re-election neant his own political destruction in New York, and with him that of Husted, De pew, Roberts, Evarts, Bliss, Choate-whoever ventured to breathe without looking with the Islam eyes of prayer and adora-tion toward the Prophet of Utica. But Robertson meant Blaine, to the angry

eves of Conkling. Never receptive in the matter of advice, he didn't take mine, thus cynically given, in good part. For, said the prophet, "I do well to be angry even unto death." This was his mood. His temper in those days was so volcanic that I studied my peace of mind, and pre-served my admiration for Conkling, by keeping away. I had no heart in his councils, not much belief in the policy they in-

SUNATOR CONKLING'S RESIGNATION. His resignation from the Senate was a surprise. I knew of it first in the pubjournals. It was splendid and conclusive. You must admire the scornful re-nunciation. Here was a man, who could afford to do right no matter the sacrifice. grumbling approval when we heard he had resigned. Here, again, was Coriolanus, the old Roman once more, like an eagle in a dove-cote fluttering the Volsces in Corioli. But when the news came that after the drama of the renunciation there was to be the melodrams of the re-election-it chilled! Coriolanus had besome Buffalo Bill, and the finest political incident in the drama of American politics was to descend into a bar-room brawl, and the pitiful wranglings of a legislative cau-

And the friendships, the fair and noble friendships, which in their fruitage and om had meant so much in the early Conkling days, when this comely young statesman, this superb, brilliant, chivalrous Conkling days, when this comely young statesman, this superb, brilliant, chivalrous giant, came from proud, trusting Utica to lead the party in the spirit of the elder days. No such a value of the spirit of the elder days. No such a value of the spirit of the elder days. cal affairs since Hamilton vanished in a him among the Protestant sections of the pistol flash, and Seward had sunk into the Middle and Western States, especially the buson maelstrom of self-abnegation and rain. New at last, a man! And how they came around Conkling, attracted by the rays of his genine, and happy to rejoice in

the splendor of his fame. FIRING MEN IN HIS POLLOWING.

Platt, from the inner counties, with his wise, grave, intrepid character; a master of the comities, courtesies, minute details of the body politic; who knew that there was no nerve so minute that it might not throb with the jar of exquisite pain; a man who forgot nothing and who was resolute in the integrity of every political obliga-tion; Andrew D. White, the President of Cornell, who held in the poli-tics of New York a position like that Sumner in Massachusetts - scholar, philanthropist, student, diplomatist and statesman; honored by Grant, who had him in reserve as Premier in his Cabinet should Governor Pish, as he at times feared, follow the bent of his craving for private Griswold, of Troy, famous in early war days, who came with his Democracy to the Union

Alonzo Cornell, the heir to a great name, near to Conkling, whom he followed with a fidelity that should have outridden the storm of any political misunderstanding; Woodford, from Kings, soldier and orator, with the finish of Chesterfield united to a kind and winning nature. These and other names come to me as I write, and even as I might write for many a column. They gathered about Conkling. They made him Senator, leader. They would have made him

President of the United States. Yet the storm was to come in its fury, to rend them all, and to rend none that meant so much as the ties which bound the fortunes of Conkling and Arthur. The alienation from Arthur was an especial grief to those who knew the men. I was happily absent from the United States at the time, and never heard of it except as rumor. Of Arthur I may not write at this time, although I should ever welcome the opportu-nity of bearing my poor tribute to his name. We shall know him some day as he was,

FIRST GENTLEMAN OF HIS TIME. We shall know that blending of chivalry, humanity, knowledge and courage, which never came into your life without increas-ing admiration for his character. We shall know that fine courtesy which never waited when it could anticipate; ever gentle to women, to children, to the humblest sup-plication. We shall know that devoted heart, its love for those to whom his love was a heritage and a benediction, and how the serrow that fell as a thunderbolt from an all too radiant summer sky upon the centlest and most gracious of homes, brought a grief that never found consolation. We shall know that when the bullet of the assassin crashed into the joyous life of an eager, bounding, unsus-pecting President, on the holiday wing to fields and stream, it carried agony unspeakhelds and stream, it carried agony unspeak-able to the lotty spirited gentleman who would gladly have given his own life to have warded the impious doom. We shall know his steady devotion to duty; how he arose to every requirement of the Presidency: how the courage of the political leader guarded and governed the conscience of the Chief Magistrate; how he was every hour, every moment the President. We shall know that under him the civil service found its truest exemplification and that no tempting of political ambition could answer even with a finger touch the resentment of officials who, like Collector Robertson, used their patronage to his political overthrow. We shall know the conservative patience with which he met the pathetic problems imposed by the nation's grief over his prede-cessor's fate. We shall know with what a self denial of personal ambition, political resentment or revenge, he overcame the distrust of the country, elimi-nated the apprehensions of those even of his own party who saw in his advent so many misfortunes—how he inspired the confidence which averted a disastrous business panic. We shall know the wide and in-telligent scholarship, the knowledge of

most tranquil of administrations. WHAT KILLED CHESTER A. ARTHUR. We shall know the many disappotements which came with the retusal by his party of the renomination which he had won by his magnanimity and justice; how it sunk into his heart, and as those nearest to him have told me prematurely bore him into the grave. We shall know, when the time and history and the just judgment of his fellow citizens have spoken, that there was a man who deserved well of his country and mankind, and that Chester A. Arthur should have grateful remembrance among the worthiest of our Presidents, even as the

uccessor of Garfield, Jefferson and Adams. I left the United States for China in the early months of 1882 and years were to pass before I was to see Conkling. I left nim in the unhappy tumult of the Garfield war, the strong man raging from one side to the other in the arena; breathing defi-ance, anger, death. When I returned his manner had changed. Time was telling on him. He had plunged into severe intellectual labor, and for the first time in his life was earning a large income. And speak and a time for silence. The time for silence is in a honeymoon of the new admoney meant such an atmosphere of inde-Party feeling was turning toward him. His countrymen seemed to be growing fond of I was furthermore strengthened in this and mannerisms, were after all—were they not-expressions of virtues not too often seen in American public life; the faults of a superb, high principled, rarely gifted leader? There were Republicans who recalled the early days of their ascendancy, and who had grown weary of government by mobs of drunken adventurers; weary of the buying and selling of nominations, and who turned toward the man who was ever too stately to bend to an ignoble expedient.

> BELIEVED IN CONKLING'S FUTURE. Time served to bring recognition, and in a measure vindication, and he had only, so his friends believed, to wait until his party returned to him-returned bringing honors which he had won by his genius and lost by his integrity. I fancy Conkling was com-ing into sympathy with the mood about -that he felt it; that he once more could throw open the morning window and feel that there might be airs from heaven and not inevitably blasts from hell.

> "What, paint my picture!" as he said to Carpenter, the artist, on one of those sad, Garneld days, "What-paint my picture? Who can conceive of such a thing! I would that every vestige of me were banished from the earth-that my very name might pass from men."

The tempest-tossed, tumultuous soul ! When I returned, this mood, which I had so often seen, had passed away. There were sunny days; no allusions to the angry past; a deep interest in politics, in the detail of events, the movement and drift of political action. The warhorse seemed to hear the noise of the battle and the fighting, even as in the old days. He was opposed to the candidature of Colonel Grant, now our Minister to Austria, for Secretary of State, on the ground that he would not receive loyal support from the antagonists of General Grant. The canvass, however, although unfavorable to the Colonel, showed that the Republican vote had been given with heartess and sincerity. He was impatient with Cleveland, for some cause that I do not reeall; hoped he would be known as the "Centennial President," if for no other reason than that Cleveland was as much as the country could stand in a hundred years. At the same time he retained his membership of the Manhattan Club.

CONKLING AND SHERIDAN. I found him deeply interested in the succession to Cleveland. He accepted Mr. Blaine's Florence letter in the spirit in which it was written; regarded Blaine as a spectator rather than a participant in public affairs. When questioned as to his pref-erences for the Presidency he named three candidates, Sheridan, Judge Gresham and Judge Miller, of the Supreme Court. Sher-No such avatar in New York politi- that the religion of Sheridan would injure resolute Scotch-Irish people, Republicans, but living in daily terror of the Papacy, Conkling made a forcible reply, contending that for every vote Sheridan might lose through the lingering remnant of a questionable religious sentiment, he would gain a dozen from those who admired his character and genius, and who would be fascinated with the splendor of a mighty

Alas, the unpausing hand of fate! How oon death was likewise to rend that fairest of friendships; that of the illustrious young Captain with the statesman who never looked upon him but with fond, approving eyes. In a few months—that is to say, in April, 1888-before even the convent had met, the statesman was to die. And before the trees, then in their springtide bloom, could know the summer's ripening touch the earth was to take into its clear, sorrowful embrace the glorious ashes o

Sheridan. GRESHAM OR MILLER. As I was saying, I found Conkling once more concerned in politics. And if this religious opposition would not down in the case of Sheridan, then in Gresham he saw an intrepid Republican. I inferred that Conkling had been drawn to Gresham by the high appreciation in which Grant had held the Judge when Gresham served in the Western armine Gresham served of Western armies. Gresham was one of Grant's enthusiasms. He had been placed suddenly in a position of trial and temptation during the war, and there was that in the behavior of the man-some unique and shining quality in the way of honesty—that won Grant's heart. Conkling dwelt upon this. It was enough for him that Gresham had been under the Grant benedition. That to him was perpetual acceptance and absolu-

If not Gresham, then Justice Miller, then of the Supreme Court, now unhappily be-fore another tribunal; and Miller was sketched in the grand Conkling way. What-ever was sacred in the genius of the law was epitomized in Miller. We should take him while we could, as we would take Marshall or Jay should the reluctant gods give them

or Jay should the reluctant gods give them back to our keeping.

There were outbursts of enthusiasm on gentler themes, and I recall some evenings when Conkling was never more radiant, more brilliant. The last time I dined with him, as I read before me noted in a diary, was at a dinner given by John W. Mackay, among the guests Robert Ingersoll, Charles Crocker, of California, railroad magnate; Ochiltree, of Texas; Senator Jones, of Nevada; poor, dear, ever to be remembered vada; poor, dear, ever to be remembered Lawrence Jerome—a dinner that can only bring sad memories, thinking of those pres-ent and since gone, Conkling so inexhaust-ible in his banter with Mackay for having provided such wonderful vintages for "tem-perance cranks" like himself and most of the guests present, and so on. These and other themes. The talk serious to the end -serious and memorable; the themes his torical-no time or space to recall them

POVERTY OF PUBLIC MEN.

As a general thing Conkling in those days was in a reminiscent vein. I recall evenings at his rooms when I would listen by the hour to a stream of extraordinary talk One especially, from 8 until 1 in the morning, a monologue—the human mind in wonder at the torrent-and such talk! One of his themes was poverty-which he dreaded. He would sweep with abruptness upon the theme of the misery of poverty in public life and as the bane of public men. While he was in this vein one evening I recalled an incident from Greville, if I remember, about Lord John Russell having to write magazine articles for moome, at a time when his brother was one of the richest peers in England, and he himself had high place in politics. This I must send him, the whole story. Poverty! What he might not have done but for that, when he was in power. This dreadful poverty. Friends who heard these conversations marveled, and I recall apprehensions from some who knew and loved him, that overwork—legal cares something was preving upon his most sovereign reason, and that there were in these odd phenomena what boded no good to the welfare of his body or mind.

There were friends around him in whose companionship he rejoiced. John W. Mackay was close to him, and I have a letter from Conkling-nothing I ever read of his writings so eloquent—expressive of his dis-appointment at Mackay's refusal to be a candidate from Nevada for the United States Senate. It was a political purpose near to his heart, and he inveighed against the bath and dead, his biographer has obstinacy which, as Mackay said to the Senator which, as Mackay said to the Senator which as Mackay said to the Senator which are the men and events of his tremendous time. What I said of Conkling, when he was lying cold and dead, his biographer has accepted, and I may repeat now: ator, "would insist upon being at home in a silver mine rather than out of place in the

OTHERS OF HIS STAUNCH PRIENDS. Senator Jones, of Nevada, who had more influence with him than any of his associates, was much with him. He had also found Mr. Pulitzer, of the World, and one evening he declaimed over this discovery. And although I had known Mr. Pulitzer or years, and had realized what was possible to the ravenous and abounding energy of that distinguished politician and journal-ist, I must have the biography all over—the wonderful story of what was possible to ambition in the United States. I could add other names many of them was it. other names, many of them, were it proper. But it would be unjust to close the list without writing that of the one friend Much might be written of his trenchant, witty, flashing speeches. I presume every one of his friends has a special private vo-cabulary. But the point of Conkling's wit was in the manner. "So and So, yes," as he once said to me; "the words So and So and perfidy are synonymous terms." How I recall so many of these barbed winging phrases—that so far as this writer is concerned must forever remain as shafts shot into the silence. He was prone to banter; not always considerate if fun were in the vocative, and even in amiable moods uncertain, not easy to get on with. "Put Roscoe in a room with a half dozen friends, resolved to bewitch them all. He will quar-rel with one or two before the evening is over." This was said by one of his earliest

HIS WONDROUS MOHAWR VALLEY. He was impatient of contradiction, could resonant over small annoyances; lie awake over the idle newspaper adjective of some tipsy political writer. His life had developed under narrowed conditions, his horizon never expanded, and his judgment and opinions wanted in perspective. "This," said the Irish car-driver to Thackeray, "is the hill of Howth, the highest hill in all Ireland." It was the only hill the poor boy had ever seen, remarked Thackeray, and was therefore to him the highest in all Ireland. The Mohawk Valley was Conkling's hill of Howth. From there somehow had come the statesmen, the leaders who had governed the nation, and there only the had governed the nation, and there only the supreme test of human greatness. I have sat with him in London, men of world wide fame about him, and maryeled at the sweep fame about him, and maryeled at the sweep fame about him, and marveled at the sweep and finish of his eloquence; illustration after illustration coming with due felicity from that wondrous Mohawk Valley; some allusion to Wellington recalling some Oncida corner grocery warrior, whose career must needs be told; some story about Peel or Beaconsfield reminding him of the eloquent Somebody called Smith, or the astonishing Nobody called Smith, or the astonishing Nobody called Smith, or the astonishing Nobody called Jones, whose eloquence had won even the admiration of such a man as Thurlow Weed, or had received the commendations even of such a critic as George W. Demers, whose writings in an Albany journal were familiar to Cabinets and Parliaments.

I have speculated at the effect of this par I have speculated at the effect of this narrowed and narrowing horizon on Conkling. For here surely was a man broad and large enough to have filled at least the canvass of a Metternich or a Gortschakoff. In intellectual power, in ambition, in marked and singular gifts, Coukling in some respects exceeded any man I have ever known.

EXPLAINS HIS IRRITABILITY. His limitations seemed to chafe him, and may have explained, perhaps, something of the strange irritability so trying to his friends. You felt sometimes as you saw him at Syracuse conventions; towering in the Fifth Avenue Hotel lobbies; in "conference" with inspectors of customs, police captains and guagers; sniffling, impatient, censorious the sympathy you give to some royal brute of a Bengal tiger, as he claws the iron bars Surely this noble creature should have his roamings in the jungle and plains. I have sometimes thought that his inner aspirations were for the State Department; that in our foreign relations would be room for his genius, his audacity, and his imagination. He came into public life at the wrong conjunction of the stars—the Congress before the war—and before he could make known his eloquence and power the war fell and the statesman was overwhelmed by the soldier, his genius drowned out of recognition as surely as that of Canning by Wellington, or Chateaubriand by Napoleon. He must have felt the obscuration. He was not meant for periods of reconstruction or civil strife; to bind up the wounds of a nation, or sow once more the wasted, harried fields. He should have lived in the Webster days, or stood with Sumner and Seward when reason and eloquence sometimes thought that his inner aspirations in the Webster days, or stood with Summer and Seward when reason and eloquence were lighting the battle of freedom, before reason and eloquence were lost in the fury and have of rapine. If he could only have had the opportunity our foreign relations would have given! I fancy it is a mere impression, with no tangible reason for so believing, but I have thought that the disappointment of Conkling at not being the Secretary of State under President Arthur was the cause of their separation. Unitappily, and under the sad surroundings, although Conkling was the one man who could never see it, this was the one appointment Arthur see it, this was the one appointment Arthur could not make. If it had been his time !

have won as noble a fame as that won by Marcy and Fish. LAST INTERVIEW WITH CONKLING. There is the weird Scottish word "fev" taken from the Highland lore-that when

one does something out of the range of his thoughts and habits he is "fey," marked for death, is under the spell of his predesting tion, the thought of Lochiel in Campbell's tion, the thought of Lochiel in Campbell's verses, that coming events cast their shadows before. A wierd, pregnant word, often in my fancy. "The last time I saw my father," wrote Carlyle, "was about the first of August. He was very kind, seemed prouder of me than ever. His eyes were sparkling mildly, with a kind of deliberate joy. Strangely, too, he offered me on one of those mornings, knowing that I was poor, those mornings, knowing that I was poor, two sovereigns," 'seemed really anxious and desirous that I should take them, should take his little hoard—his all that he had to give. I said jokingly alterward that surely he was fey. So it has proved." The last time I saw Conkling, as I find on referring to a poor memorandum of a diary that I protend to keep, was on the morning of Friday, March 16, 1888, the fourth dny after that historical blizzard, in which he had so wild an experience. He was in a radiant, gentle humor, described to three or four friends his blizzard journey up Broadway, stood some quaint rallying on the whiteness of his hair from an out of town friend with unaccustomed patience—not apt take his little hoard-his all that he had to whiteness of his hair from an out of town friend with unaccustomed patience—not apt to be in repose under banter of any kind, especially as to his personal appearance. I remember the conversation with sad distinctness, and his reproaches addressed to myself personally for not having signed an article I had written in the current North American Review. And although my excuse for not having signed it was that the leading thought land been given me by General Sferman, and I hesitated to assume as my own what really belonged to that illustrious man, Mr. Conkling, among whose aversions was anonynimity in journalism, was explicit in his censures. No message was worth reading without a name given to it—a man behind it—and that there was no abomination so unendurable as the editorial diventions. abomination so unendurable as the editorial "We," with such absurd variations on "We" as a theme-editors, taps worms, emperors all blended in irresistible mockery.

A TRIBUTE TO CURTIS. The out-of-town friend who had been com nenting on the whitened hair, changed the theme to a reception that had been given to Henry Irving the day before, and a speech to Irving by George William Curtis, with certain criticisms and disparagements of to Irving by George William Curtis, with certain criticisms and disparagements of Curtis. These came, as I fancied at the time as a bid for graciousness from Conkling, the speaker knowing that for years Curtis had been a picador bull-fighting theme in the Senator's eyes. "Well, let us say this about Curtis, let us be entirely just to Curtis, let us admit," and so on in words of eulogy, whigh I will not, because I cannot, repeat, but content myself with the impression. The genius and character of Curtis never received more eloquent, more gentle recognition. It was a pleasure to me, with my own estimate of that eminent man, which differences and disappointments in politics had never dismissed, and which I had maintained at times in the way of deprecation of the invectives of Conkling in the days when the battle was on and the skies bent under the storm. As I heard Conkling's estimate of Curtis the weird Highland fancy came into my mind, and I recailed the Carlyle story. "Surely." I thought, "Conkling is fey." And so it proved. This talk, as here written in my diary, was March 16, 1839. I turn the pages, and there likewise, under the date of April 18, 1889, is the sad, irreparable line: "Roscoe Conkling dead."

FAREWELL TO CONKLING. Roscoe Conkling dead, and with him so much of the daring forces of American statesmanship. There is much more to write of him, but that duty belongs to the historian, who will narrats with cooler judgment the men and events of his tremendous accepted, and I may repeat now:

"Conkling was to die, if true leaders of opinion ever die. The palpable man whom we saw but yesterday, with commanding mien, stern, deep set eyes, the brows Olympian, the over whitened hair, the rud-Olympian, the over whitened hair, the ruddy face eternal in youth and expression, vigor, genius, grace, personal beauty typified; the orator, scholar, the implacable opponent and tunultuous man of affairs, has gone but the impalpable spirit remains. We have lost the most aggressive leader in American politics since Cay and Webster, Soyears ago. But he is not dead. His life remains an incentive, an example, let us say an admonition. For it may be well to remember as an admonition that in any public career, pride, intolerance and the Swift-like-gift of withering invective may retard or prevent opportunities of lustrous service to the Commonwealth. But even so, generations will come and go before the example ations will come and go before the example of this extraordinary man, his eloquence and learning, his undaunted devotion to truth, his purity and courage, his uncom-promising patriotism, his scorn of cant and deception will be forgotten. A masterful, imperial soul has passed away, leaving a name which Americans will not soon let die!" John Russel Young.

THE ART OF DANCING.

Importance of Learning to Dance-What Constitutes a Good Dancer.

From the earliest times the importance of dancing in promoting that desirable com-bination, a sound mind in a sound body, has been recognized by all nations. A good dancer cannot be an ungraceful man or woman. On the other hand, unless the pupil is taught properly, he will never at-tain that proficiency in the art which is to distinguish him from the awkward creature who has never learned to carry himself with grace and dignity.

Perhaps the most popular academy for

the teaching of dancing is that of Prof. R. F. Thuma, assisted by his brother and sister. Prof. Thuma founds all his instruction upon the principles laid down by Delsarte. That is to say, grace of movement receives as much attention as the mere teaching of steps. Papils are taught to walk, bow, enter and leave the room gracefully, and to deport themselves generally with that ease which is essential in good To further this object, the assemblies at the Thuma Academy, 64 Fourth avenue, are conducted on the plan of private parties. Three ladies, mothers of oupils, will act as chaperones on each evening. These chaperones will be invited to take part, and there will be different ladies in that capacity on the several evenings. The young ladies will be instructed in the rules of receiving and entertaining, and each will be thoroughly grounded in all the duties that fall to a nostess. This is something entirely new, but it has already be come very popular. Many young people who know in a general way how to conduct themselves creditably in society are at a loss on some points of etiquette that may confront them at any moment.

The young men receive a due share of attention at the Thuma Academy. Every young man who goes into society should know how to take a leading part in the ballroom on occasion. Yet how few there are, comparatively, who can do this comfortably to themselves and satisfactorily to their friends. Prof. Thuma makes a specialty of teaching the "german" to young men, with all the latest and most variations in that distinctly

fashionable cotillon. A half hour every evening is devoted to the study of Delsarte. The philosophy of this great authority on grace and beauty is thoroughly explained, together with its relation to dancing. Every pupil gets the benefit of this half hour's study.

The Thuma Academy has for years been

The Thuma Academy has for years been famous for its success in the instruction of children. It has produced some of the cleverest little ones in this art that have ever left any school in the United States. Stage dancing of all kinds can be learned at the academy, the professor being always informed as to the latest style that has become popular in the East and in Europe.

The assembly room at the Thuma Academy is as beautiful as taste and lavishness emy is as beautiful as taste and lavisiness can make it. It is lined with immense mirrors, so that one seems to look down long vistas into spice, apparently unending. The tints of the walls and ceiling are old rose, bordered by a frieze of Tuscan rod. This gives a celightfully rich air to the hall. The windows are shaded by lambrequins of rose tint, embroidered with daisies and swordgrass. Portieres of the same kind of material as the lambrequins indicate the

Mahon Bres. & Adams', 52 Fourth avenue.

entrances to dressing rooms. These are pro-vided with all the necessaries for the toilet. Incandesent lights give brilliant illumination, that abomination of the esthetic soul, the center chandelier, being conspicuous by its absence, and the appointments generally are in perfect harmony with the spirit of music that finds here so congenial an abiding place. BADGES for lodges and societies at Mc

nation of the sinner awakened by his own snoring can be imagined only by the bash-THE BURLESQUE WAR

Trappings of Bohemian Paris.

A Beautifut Place.

The following is an extract from a letter of Rev. Mr. Cowper, of Washington, Pa., to a triend in New York:

it and receive the hospitable welcome which always awaits them. Briefly described, the

school grounds contain 40 acres, situated in a rich and beautiful hill country, 1,200 feet above tide water, and surrounded by wide-spreading maples, elms, lindens and evergreens, with orchards, gardens and vine-yards, through which wind broad drives,

bordered by well-kept lawns. Theze has never been sickness in the school. Delicate

boys become strong and manly in its pure, health-giving atmosphere. The morals of the place are pure—the tone elevating and refining. The masters are selected for their

proficiency in teaching and their good breed-ng. Mr. Alfred C. Arnold, the rector, is a

B. A., of Harvard University, and has had wonderful success in bringing the school through a transition period and placing it upon a most scholarly and desirable basis.

Parents can place their boys under his teaching and influence with the utmost con-

SUGAR

Away

AT

Thompson's

New York

My Mamma Says That She Always Goes to

Thompson's for Bargains in the Grocery

You get 5 pounds white sugar with every

dollar's worth of 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c tea, or 1 pound of cut loaf sugar with every pound

for you to try their teas, and one trial will

convince you that you can save 30c on every

2 cans condensed milk..... 25

Extra sugar cured hams, per b ...... 111/2

bs white clover honey ...... 1

4 large oval cans mackerel in tomato

1 lb whole mixed pickling spices (very

Goods delivered free to all parts of both cities. To those living out of the city we

prepay freight on all orders

and upward to any station or landing within

100 miles of Pittsburg. Send for price list M. R. THOMPSON,

Opening.

Wednesday and Thursday, September 30

BLAINE.

Free Trains Every Day.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

STORE and office furniture to order.

DORFLINGER'S

AMERICAN

Cut Glass

Is Perfection.

HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

FOR THE TABLE | Look for this trade mark label.

CHARLES SOMERS & Co.,

ists and full particulars, call on

301 Market street, opposite Gusky's.

1 kit new mackerel (10 fbs)......

 sauce.
 1 00

 25 fbs large lump starch
 1 00

 1 b pure ground black pepper
 10

white pepper.....

eloves.....allspice.....

tea. They offer this as an indi

dollar's worth.

and October 1.

and carriage wraps.

Seats now on sale.

Gracery.

Free

Given

shoring can be imagined only by the ful.

Of Ribot they tell many tales of his early years of poverty. Once he and his chum, also a painter, learned that a friend of theirs wanted very much to marry, but had not the money. The painters flew to their easels and each produced a picture, which they sent with this word: "If you succeed in selling these well, we shall be sufficiently paid by acting as witnesses at your wedding." The pictures did sell. The wedding came off. Ribot and his chum were witnesses. Extremes to Which the French Go in Raving Over Their Army.

THE FIGHT AGAINST LOHENGRIN.

Paris People Are Getting Angry With the Ardent Bicyclers.

WHAT THE MOTHERS-IN-LAW SUFFER

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] Panis, Sept. 18.-We have had no lack of hings to talk about in Paris the last week. Everybody with a military bias-and a Frenchman without one is hard to find-has been watching the game of war which the French army is playing in the West, Around the cafe tables you see groups with large maps spread before them hotly telling what should, or should not be done. Paris loves a spectacular play and this mock campaign is a bigger thing than even the destruction

of Pompeli.
France has brought together the greatest number of troops ever concentrated in time of peace, she has intrusted them to her best generals and has ordered that they eat, sleep, march, fight, fall, succeed, as they would in actual warfare. The army is playing the role with enthusiasm. There has been a deal of hard realism about it. One been a deal of hard realism about it. One day the soldiers were even obliged to go on half-rations. They take it seriously, even t feigning wounds or death. The story is told of one soldier who was carried in from the mock battle and who played his part so naturally that a village priest ran up to offer him religious consolation. Many practical suggestions have resulted already from the maneuvers, but none so practical, it seems to me, as that of M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, who said in his address to the army: "No one doubts that we are strong, let us prove that we are wise."

A Bace of Bables. A Race of Babies.

Can these people prove that they are wise? One doubts it when he is in the midst of such a convulsion of folly as seized a por-tion of the populace when it was announced that "Lohengrin" would be given at the Grand Opera House on the 11th. A deliberative American cannot resist the suspicion that after all that this is not a race of men, but, as an irate Englishman expressed it, of babies. The German opera of "Lohengrin" was prepared four years ago, you will re-member, for presentation here, but because of a violent demonstration by German-haters was ordered off by the Government. It was thought that the public temper was rational enough to allow it this year, and it has been prepared with care. As the time approached for the representation many signs of anger were noticed, but the Government allowed the opera to be advertised for last week.

ment allowed the opera to be advernsed for last week.

Immediately an agitation was worked up.
The leader of the opera received threaten-ing letters, and, it is said, stood at his post at rehearsals, revolver in hand. The audi-ente was notified that it would be driven out by the discharge of sulphuretted hydroente was notified that it would be driven out by the discharge of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. It was darkly hinted that Mme. Wagner, the widow of the composer of the opera, and members of the Berlin Wagnerian Society would be present. It was not stated what they would do. The agitators lett that to our imagination. As no paper could be found to espouse their case, bulletins were issued in which in the blackest of type it was told how:

"The National Academy of Music sup-

fidence. Under the present management the household, in all its departments, is "The National Academy of Music, sup-ported by the French people, is going to apotheosize Richard Wagner." suitable for the sons of gentlemen, and has all the comforts of a refined home. It is a lovely spot indeed, favored by nature, de-veloped by the best skill of the landscape "Wagner, the base insulter of France, is about to conquer us in our own house. gardener, kept up by those who take a pride in it, and fortunate is the boy who is per-"We are going to assist, at our own ex-pense, in the glorification of German genius." mitted to spend his school days at Trinity

"What a feast there will be at Berlin!" "What will our friends at St. Petersburg think of our frivolity, our faithlessness?" Under the force of the excitement the Government weakened and put up a bulletin at the Opera about noon of the day of the representation, saying that Mr. Van Dyck, who was to take the part of Lohengrin, was seriously indisposed, and that "Robert le Diable" was to be substituted for "Lohengrin.

Diable" was to be substituted for "Lohengrin."

Behold the fine degree of centralization a Government has attained when at its word opera singers can develop sore throats! In spite of the bulletin, there was a strong feeling that "Lohengrin" would be given, and the disgrantical kept up a commotion the entire afternoon and evening. At 4 o'clock I found groups of excited talkers gathered about, and noted, too, that where the word "Lohengrin" appeared on the bills it had been mutilated spitefully. The police prevented serious disturbance in the crowds of vented serious disturbance in the crowds of the evening. Once the cry was raised, as an old lady passed through, that "here was Mother Wagner," and the poor woman was hustled about alarmingly until rescued by the police. "Lohengrin" was not given then, but, thanks to evil-hearted people, it came later. The best people and the press do not sympathize with this agitation, and have turned the tables neatly by calling attention to the fact that Meyerbeer, the author of "Robert le Diable," was born and buried at Berlin, and that he also wrote operas hostile to France. vented serious disturbance in the crowds of

Fighting the Bloyclers. Points of interest other than the opera bulletin boards have been the windows of bicycle dealers. They are adorned with the wheels used in the great race between here and Brest and return. Even the mud on the vehicles is exhibited. This race of nearly 750 miles was run by 300 contestants. The 750 miles was run by 300 contestants. The victor, Charles Terront, won it in 71½ hours. This man's endurance has been fostered largely by the newspapers. For the several years while the Chambers sat at Versailles he brought the reports of the business to one of the great papers in Paris, making the trip two and three times a day on his wheel. Not all the Parisians sympathize with the enthusiasm over the race.

"Is it not bad enough," they ask crossly, "when every time one crosses a street he is

"when every time one crosses a street he is thumped in the back with a bicycle and knocked in the stomach with a tricycle? Why should matters be made worse by giving public encouragement to this fatal pastime?"

pastime?"
They are in the stage which we passed some time ago in America, teaching wheelmen that feet were made before wheels, and that the earth is broad enough for both.

The Mother-in-Law.

We are ahead in securing the rights of pedestrians. We are also ahead in another particular. Our funny column has outlined the mother-in-law joke. Apparently this topic has just reached the Parisian joke-maker. A dignified journal prints the followings "Young Mr. C. was taken violently ill the

"Young Mr. C. was taken violently ill the other day at the salon in the Champs de Mars. His friends pressed about him calling out, Give him air." The young man opened his eyes. 'No, no; it's not air. Look there,' and he pointed to the wall where hung a portrait of his mother-in-law."

According to the commentators on society events one would conclude that only those people who have just returned from their summer outings had a pleasant time who witnessed accidents to their mothers-in-law. One tells how his mother-in-law fell into the sea, another how his tumbled from a rock, etc., etc. Let us be thankful for American progress.

Grevy Was Too Commonplace The death of ex-President Grevy awakened only polite interest in Paris. M. Grevy was out of date. He served the country well, all acknowledge, but he never was brilliant. Duty is in French eyes an admirable thing radiate light if it receives applause. M. Grevy never did his duty with the neces-tary scenic effects. He resigned his post as President of the Republic, too, for domestic rensons, to save a son-in-law who had been weak. Pious, but slow, is the interpretation of such an act.
So his death has cause little reminiscence

So his death has cause little reminiscence and interest. It was even doubtful whether the Government would give him a funeral as it did Theirs and Gambetta. There is a manifost relief, however, that this has been done. The funeral was at Government expense. Several members of the ministry were present, and the usual ceremonies of a member of the Legion of Honor were performed.

Two Famous French Painters. The cable has told you, of course, of the death of the two French painters-Elie Delaunay and Theodule Ribot. Both were favorites in Paris, and many are the pil grimages made these days to their works in various public buildings. Many are the various public buildings. Many are the stories, too, told of their peculiarities in the artists' studios. Delaunay was a modest little man in spite of the flerce painting he sometimes did, and of late years he had had a habit of failing asleep in company which he liked none too well. Last year he was invited to visit the Duke of Aumale, who one evening, to arouse his greets, rend aloud from his "Life of the Prince of Conde." In the midst of the r ading a heavy suore was heard. Delaunay was asleep. The conster

During Which Time Drs. Copeland & Hall Extend the \$5 Rate.

In extending the \$5 rate to all to October 1, Drs. Copeland & Hall answer all requests without rendering themselves liable to the charge of favoring certain patients, and give A city full of aliens cannot exist without all ample and abundant time and opporsome odd results, I suppose. One of these I stumbled on last week; a sale-one might call it a public sale-of the personal propcall it a public sale—of the personal property of aliens dying here without leaving heirs or wills. By a law of 1838 this property goes to the city at the end of a year and is offered at public sale. One of these sales takes place each year and the city nets \$10,000 to \$15,000 from them. Such an array of stuff! There are dishes, pianos, brooms, chairs, books. Above all there is brica-brac and pictures, for the majority of the owners were artists. Nowhere can one get a better idea of the miscellaneous outfits which prevail in Bohemian Paris than at one of these sales.

IDA M. TARBELL.

THE PUBLIC GIVEN A CHANCE TO HEAR HEALTHY REASON.

Startling Contrast Between Old-Fash loned Methods of Curing Cutarrh and the Modern Method of Drs. Copeland and Hall-Pleasant Applications and Prompt Cures. The best possible evidence of the success

"Although the catalogue of Trinity Hall gives a brief and concise description of the place, it does not and it cannot do justice to of the modern method of treating catarrh as perfected by Drs. Copeland and Hall is shown the full beauty and advantage of its situathe full beauty and advantage of its stud-tion. Washington county, in the first place, is remarkable for the loveliness of its nat-ural scenery, which the agricultural arts of man have enhanced rather than destroyed. in their continued and constantly increasing practice in this community. Day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year has gone by since they were first established here, and each hour has The town of Washington, cradled amid the seen their practice and success increase, until now, when they treat more patients and with more success than any other phy-sicians in the United States. What better surrounding hills, presents a vision of comfort and beauty from every point of view. A good many people have heard of Trinity Hall School, but very few have the slightevidence of the correctness of their treat-ment, or their skill and science in its appliest conception of the surpassing beauty of its setting. The cut in the catalogue simply gives one a good view of the building. But cation could be offered?

Trinity Hall is, first of all, a wealthy gentleman's residence, situated in a well-kept park with adjuncts of gardens and orchards. I have That their parlors are crowded with patients and their mails overburdened with letters does not, however, give them onehalf the pleasure and satisfaction that they derive from the fact that they have the conrecently been trying to persuade Mr. Smith, the proprietor, to have a series of photo-graphs taken and embodied in the new catafidence and indorsement of the intelligent, right-thinking men and women of this comlogue, that people at a distance may get that truer idea of the school surroundings which makes them so enthusiastic when they visit

munity.

Some five or six years ago, before such men as Drs. Copeland and Hall, and their associates, gave their lives and their education and their ability to the treatment of catarrh, the profession paid but little attention to the disease and, in the light of present knowledge, apparently knew but very little about the proper methods for treating

This, as we say, was the old-fashioned treatment for the cure of catarrh. It was harsh, it was severe, and not as effective as that which modern skill and science has devised: which soothes, heals and relieves, without pain or irritation. Dobelles solu-tion, lystrini, vasalene, albathol and other of the modern cleansers and healers, have taken the place of the scorching acids, burning causties and old-fashioned heroic ways of curing this disease.

Methods of medicine change as well as

everything else-experience teaches only to those who are intelligent enough to follow her instruction. Who would think of com-paring the wise, kindly, intelligent physician of to-day-with his wide culture, his knowledge drawn from the crucible of the centuries—to the "leech" of not so many years since, whose whole surgery was comprised in knowing how to let blood, and whose knowledge of medicines consisted of administering great doses of calomel or rhubarb, or salts and senna?

Our local treatment of entarrh is, putting it plainly, a process of constant and methodical cleansing, healing and soothing of the membranes, foul and irritated from the poisonous catarrhal secretions. Catarrh is a local as well as constitutional disease, and the membraneous surface where the local manifestations usually occur must be kept clean and pure from the poisonous catarrhai secretions as a wound must be kept clean from poisonous accumulations. The sprays and applications used in healing, soothing and curing the affected parts are effective, pleasant, and occasion neither the slightest pain nor discomfort. They re-lieve the nostrils from their stopped-up and irritated condition, cleanse the parts thoroughly, restore the healthy action of the branes, alleviate the inflammation and with the aid of proper constitutional treat-ment, in good process of time care the dis-

Would you let a wound or sore grow foul for lack of proper cleansing? The wound must be kept clean and pure, and the system supplied with what it needs to make it clean and pure, then healing and health will come. This is common sense and our nodern methods of curing disease.

The harsher modes of treatment were done away with by all-skillful and successful specialists many years ago, and local treatment, with the aid of proper constitutional remedies, as used to-day by Drs. Copeland & Hall, and by all successful specialists, is mild, pleasant and affords instant and temporary relief, as well as, in regular sequence, permanent and lasting cure.

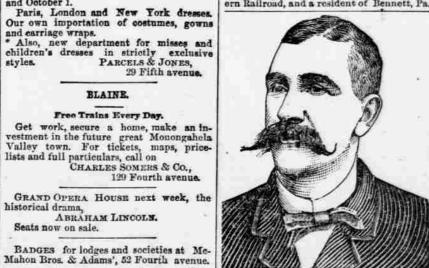
Drs. Copeland & Hall congratulate them selves upon no one thing more than upon the fact that their methods are painless as well as scientific and effective.

In so small and simple a matter as the In so small and simple a matter as the removal of polypus from the nose their cures are accomplished without the slightest pain or irritation. A few years ago doctors would drag nasal polypii out with ferceps, tearing the little tumors out by the roots. The operation was attended with pain, suffering and frequent hemorrhage. To-day Drs. Copeland & Hall remove these polypii by a simple and delicate operation without the slightest pain or loss of blood.

September 24, 1891.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

C. C. McMullin, of the Pittsburg and West ern, Tells a Truthful Experience. ern, Yells a Truthful Experience.
"Tou're right, I can give Drs. Copeland
and Hall credit for doing so much for me,
and I can recommend them to my friends
and acquaintances who need a physician."
The speaker was Mr. C. C. McMullin, a locomotive engineer of the Pittsburg and Western Railroad, and a resident of Bennett, Pa.



C. C. McMulibs, Bennett, Pa. "I have had the vexatious disease for five years, and for the last two years it has just been terrible. It was brought on by frequent attacks of celd. Why, half the time I had to breathe through my mouth on account of the hard lumps and scabs that would collect in my nose. I had pains across my head above my eyes and rise. My tonsils were swellen and my throat inflamed and sore, and I had buzzing noises in my cars.

"My appetite was poor and I had pains in my stomach from indigestion and my bowels were never regular. I had pains through my body; more prevalent in the region of my heart.

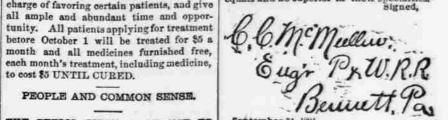
DABK SPOTS WOULD COME. "I have had the vexatious disease for five

DARK SPOTS WOULD COME Over my eyes and I would get so dizzy that I would feel like falling over. I was restless

Just Four Days More

"Seeing that I must get relief or give up my place, the managers gave me permit to do work in the yards that I might take a course of treatment from Doctors Copeland and Hall. I have taken the course and I feel it my duty to say their mode of local and internal treatment is mild, pleasant, soothing and curative. All the symptoms I have mentioned have passed away and I feel better than I have felt for years.

"There is nothing further to add. After what Drs. Copeland and Hall have done for me I must and do realize that they have few equals and no superior in their specialties."



STORY OF A SHARPSBURG MAN. "I do not hesitate to testify to the skill of Drs. Copeland and Hall, for what they did for me is almost miraculous," said Mr. George H. Haslett, of Sharpsburg, Pn., a plasterer, well-known among the mechanics of Pittsburg and vicinity.



associates, gave their lives and their education and their ability to the treatment of catarrh, the profession paid but little attention to the disease and, in the light of present knowledge, apparently knew but very little about the proper methods for treating and curing it.

At that time almost the universal practice and authorized treatment of catarrh was by the use of caustic applications, nitrate of silver and acids, which were severe and painful, and, while they may have been theoretically and scientifically correct, in many cases left a worse condition of the membranes than that which they were intended to cure.

"I have had catarrh for ten years past. I had pains in my head, weak has a very sore and inflamed throat. My nose would fill up and get dry, itchy and cracked. The matter would drop into my throat. I would get sick at the stomach, causing distress and voulting. My back would ache and the leaders of my neck would get so stiff that I could not turn my head. I got so nervous and weak that I could hardly stand or walk. "When I went to Drs. Copeland and Hall thought I would give them a trial, seeing their charges were so moderate. I am glad that I did so. I began to improve at once. They have done me more good than I could possibly have expected. I can say now that I feel better than ever I did in my life."

Signed, "I have had catarrh for ten years past. I

Seonge M. Haslett, Sharpsburgh Oa Beptember 24, 1891.

What Local Treatment Does. "During the past two months I have been cured of a very bad case of catarrh by Dra. Copeland & Hall. I was given local and internal treatment and found it mild, pleasant and most effective and have no hesitation in commending it to the most delicate, as it

James Darrah 159 Pricle St September 18, 1891.

"For four or five years I suffered with a bad case of catarrh, which became so bad I was afraid I would be forced to stop work entirely. I was given a course of lo ment by Drs. Copeland & Hall, and as well as ever I did in my life."

"I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years—headaches,nasal passages stopped up, mucus dropping into my throat, disordered stomach, poor appetite, distressed feeling after eating and an annoying cough. Since treatment with Drs. Copeland & Hall I have entirely regained my health and can rec-ommend their efficiency and skill."

"I have been fil with lung trouble, caused "I have been ill with lung trouble, caused by bronchitis, for loyenrs and coughed ter-ribly. I also had much trouble with my head, throat and cars. I doctored and tried everything and never got any help until I went to Drs. Copeland & Hall. I can heartly recommend them."

Signed,

Mr. John Davis, Wakefield street, Oakland Mr. John Davis, Wakefield street, Oakland
"The way I suffered for years with scarcely
any relief was terrible. Each day brought
its additional pain. Drs. Copeland & Hall
have entirely cured my trouble."

Mr. Lawrence Lyons, Cass avenue, Pittsburg: "I had suffered with catarrh for three
years when I called on Drs. Copeland & Hall.
Their work in my case was remarkable. All
my symptonis have disappeared. I feel like
a new man."

Mr. James Walker, 129 Erin street, Pittsburg: "I had a constant headache. My nose

burg: "I had a constant headache. My nose and throat were affected. My general health was run down. Drs. Copeland & Hall have cured me of all my trouble."

Mr. James F. Boyer 29 Miller street. Pitts-Mr. James F. Boyer 23 Miller street, Pass-burg: "I can heartly recommend Drs. Cope-land & Hall to all sufferers from catarrial troubles. They worked wonders in my case, and I consider their treatment masterful and scientific."

Mr. John Boden, City Hall, Pittsburgt "The skill of these eminent physicians, Drs.

"The skill of these eminent physicians, Drs. Copeland & Hall, relieved me of a trouble of M years' standing. I have every confidence in these gentlemen and their methods employed."

in these gentlemen and the ployed."

Mr. F. C. Shaffer, 49 Webster avenue, Pittsburg: "I consider the methods employed by Drs. Copeiand & Hall as acientific and successful in every respect."

Mr. Michael McHara, Glenshaw, Pa.t "These gentlemen, Drs. Copeiand & Hall, have my highest confidence in their ability to accomplish successful results; my escaped." to accomplish successful results; my esteem, personally."

Mr. Joseph Beckert, 15 Garland avenue, Pittsburg: "My opinion of Drs. Copeland and Hall as to their ability: They stand in the foremost rank of their profession."

Mr. Thomas Doyle, of 6 Pride street, Pittsburg: "I am a hundred times better than ever before. I readily recommend this treatment."

Mr. G. E. Gibson, of New Castle, Pa.: "I have been a sufferer for a long time. A short time since I began treatment with Drs. Copeland and Hall and all my acquaintes know the result. I am at work again and feel elegant."

Drs. Copeland & Hall treat successfully Drs. Copeland & Hall treat successfully all curable cases, at 65 Sixth avenue, Pitusburg, Pa. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 5 T. M. and 7 to 9 F. M.; Sundays, 10 A. M. to 4 T. M. Speciaties—Catarria and all diseases of the eye, ear, throat and lungs, chronic diseases.

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