BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Behind Closed Doors," "The

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING NUMBERS.

wandering rider finds a deserted stone house in New York State. The building is in good repair and completed all except the railings on the staircase. An innkeeper 90 years old gives him the written history of the house and of the events of 50 years before. Three young men, Philo Adams, Orrin Day and Lemuel Phillips were in love with a young lady named Juliet, who accepted the hand of Colonel Schuyler, the wealthiest man of the community, on the condition that he should build hera house to be her own. Orrin Day, when he finds that Juliet has accepted Colonel Schuyler, becomes excited and jealous and Juliet isks Philo Adams to keep company with Orrin so that he and her flances shall not meet. The stone house is commenced by Colonel Schuyler and Orrin watches its progress from lay to day. On a moonlight evening Orrin and Philo visit the graveyard and while there witness a scene between Colonel Schuyler and Juliet. Colonel Schuyler as to go away on business and entrents Juliet to swear that she will marry no me else but him. She finally swears to be no one's wife but his, and to wed him when the house is completed. Colonel Schuyler departs and Orrin disappears. Philo, in the Colonel's absence, discovers that Juliet loves Orrin. Colonel Schuyler curs and storms because his house has not progressed rapidly during his absence. He imploys more men and bids them hasten the work. Philo finds Orrin after a search in a louise which he is building and which has been nearly completed, and suspects that he is employs more men and bids them hasten the work. Philo finds Orrin after a scarch in a house which he is building and which has been nearly completed, and suspects that he is building if for Juliet, and that it will be a mee between the two men for her hand. Colonel Schuyler discovers that Juliet is prepared to y with someone clese, and accuses Philo of being the one who is at the bottom of the trouble. Philo says he is not the man, and Colonel Schuyler asks the name of his rival. Philo refuses to tell it, suggesting that the Colonel Schuyler asks the name of his rival. Philo refuses to tell it, suggesting that the Colonel ask Juliet. Colonel Schuyler says he has asked her, and that she refuses to answer. He then commands Philo to give him the name. Just at this moment Orrin sweeps by on horseback. Philo calls attention to the rider, and Colonel Schuyler guesses from Philo's words that Orrin is the man. The next day Orrin calls on Philo and asks him to help him and Juliet to get away. Philo goes to Juliet's house and while there Orrin arrives and Juliet dies to his arms in the presence of her father and offisneed. Orrin tries to persuade Juliet to marry him at once, but Colonel Schuyler tells them to wait a month and they can have his stone house. Juliet decides to wait, and Orrin grow: impatient at the delay, threatening to ride away with her whether she is willing or not. The next day it is announced that Orrin and Juliet are to be married, and shortly afterward the Colonel invites them both to the stone house to see how it is progressing. They so, but they do not return. After waiting for hours for the missing couple a search is made for them by a party.

"The boards were sawn," was the start-

ling answer. "They must have been sawn

so light a weight. And then he urged her -I saw him-pleaded with her, drew her

r force of eye and hand to step upon the affold without, though there was no need it, and she recoiled. And when her

light foot was on it and her half-smiling, half-timid face looked back

upon un, he leaped out beside her, when instantly came the sound

victim beside her murderer is a sacrileg

which . for one would come back even from

But piteous as were his tones no one list-

's hand which handled the saw'

my story, and as I told it the wonder grew

And where did we finally lay her? In

that spot-ah! why does my blood run chill while I write it-where she stood when she

ook that oath to the Colonel, whose break-

A few words more and this record must be

closed forever. That night, when all was

again quiet in the village and the mourners

Ralph and I went for a final visit to the new

stone house. It showed no change, that house, and save for the broken scaffolding

scene of such a woful trugedy. But as we

above gave no token of its having been the

looked upon it from across its grewsome

"It is a goodly structure and nigh com-pleted, but the hand that began it will never

finish it, nor will man or woman ever sleep

within its walls. The place is accursed, and will stand accursed till it is consumed by

ground from natural decay. Though its stones are fresh, I see ruin already written upon its walls."

It was a strong statement, and we did not believe it, but when we got back to the vil-lage we were met by one who said:

"The Colonel has stopped the building of

the new house. 'It is to be an everlasting

Will it be a monument that he will love

monument,' he says, 'to a rude man's pride and a sweet woman's folly.' "

to gaze upon? I wot not, or any other man who remembers Juliet's loveliness and the

charm it gave to our village life for one

What was it that I said about this record

being at an end? Some records do not come

ince I wrote the above, I have cause this

lace and add a few lines to the story of the

to an end, and though 20 years have passed

day to take these faded leaves from their

As Lemuel said-he is one of our first men

-it is accursed and no one has ever felt brave enough or reckless enough to care to

never heard anyone say it is haunted, there

are haunting memories enough surrounding it for one to feel a ghastly recoil from in-

vading precincts defiled by such a crime. So the kindly forest has taken it into its protection, and nature, who ever acts the generous part, has tried to throw

the mantle of her foliage over the decaying roof, and about the lonesome walls, accept-

ing what man forsakes and so fulfilling her

have a family now that has outgrown the

their safe retreat to-day, but to speak of the sight which I saw this morning when I passed through the churchyard, as I often

do, to pluck a rose from the bush which we

them, in which my wife, strange to say,

does not participate. But that is neither

here nor there.

The sight which I thought worth record-

ing was this: I had come slowly through the yard, for the sunshine was brilliant and

nyself that I have taken these pages

I am still a resident in the town, and I

oss again its ghostly threshold. Though I

Colonel's new house,

lightning or falls piecemeal to the

longer went about the streets, Lemuel.

to have been married soon-

me to speak.

heart-breaking reward.

ing caused her death.

[Continued from last Saturday.] "Can you make him speak?" asked one. "He does not seem to beed us, though we have shouted to him and even shook his

"I shall not try," said I. "Horror like this should be respected." And going softly in I took up my station by his side in silent

But they would have me talk, and finally in some desperation I turned to him and

id, quietly:
"The scaffolding broke beneath them, did of a great crack, and I heard his laugh and "The scallolding broke beneath them, did it not?" At which he first stared and then flulg up his arms with a wild but suppressed cry. But he said nothing, and next moment had settled again into his old attitude of silent horrer and amnzement.

"He might better be lying with them," I whispered after a moment, coming from his wispered after a moment, coming from his vectim beside her manderer is a sacrilege.

side. And one by one they echoed my words, and as he failed to move or even show any symptoms of active life, we gradunlly drifted from the spot till we were all uddled below in the hollow blackness of that doorway guarded over by the dead.

Who would tell her father? They alllooked at me, but I shook my head, and it fell to another to perform this piteous errand, for fearful thoughts were filling my brain, and Orrin did not look altogether guiltless to me as he lay there dead beside the maiden he had declared so fiercely, should never be mistress of this house. Was ever such a night of horror known

They have brought the two bruised bodies down into the village and they now lie zids by side in the parlor where I last saw Juliet in the bloom and glow of life. The Colonel is still crouching where I left him.

No one can make him speak and no one 2a:
make him move, and the terror which his
actions have produced affects the whole community, not even the darkness of the night serving to lessen the wild excitement which drives men and women about the streets as if it were broad daylight, and makes of every house an open thoroughfare through which anybody who wishes can pass.

I, who have followed every change and turn in this whole calamitous affair, am like one benumbed at this awful crisis. I too go and come through the streets, hear people say in shouts, in cries, with bitter tears and wild lamentations, "Juliet is dead!" "Orrin is dead?" and get no sense from the words. I where they lie in immovable beauty, and though I gaze and gaze upon them, I feel nothing-not even wonder. Only the re-membrance of that rigid figure frozen into its place above the gulf where so much youth and so many high hopes fell, has power to move me. When amid the shadows which surround me I see that, I shudder and the groan rises slowly to my lips as if I too were looking down into a gulf from which hope and love would never again

The Colonel is now in his father's house He was induced to leave the place by Ralph Urphistone's little child. When the great man first felt the touch of those baby fingers upon his, he shuddered and half re coiled, but as the little one pulled him rently but persistently toward the stair, he gradually yielded to her persuasion, and tollowed till he had descended to the ground-floor and left the fatal house. I do not think any other power could have in-duced him to pass that blood-stained threshold. For he seems thoroughly broken down, and will, I fear, never be the same man that he was before this fearful tragedy took place before his eyes.

All day I have paced the floor of my room asking myself if I should allow Juliet to be hild away in the same tomb as Orrin. He was her murderet, without doubt, and though he had shared her doom, was it right for me to allow one stone to be raised above their united graves. Feeling said no, but reason bade me halt before I disturbed the whole community with whispers of a crime. I therefore remained undecided, and it was in this condition of doubt that I finally went to the funeral and stood with the rest of the lads beside the open grave which had been dug for the unhappy lovers in that sunny spot beside the great church door. At sight of this grave and the twin coffins about to be lowered into it, I felt my struggle renewed, and yet I held my peace and listened as best I could to the minister's words and the broken sobs of such as had envied these two in their days of joyance, but had only pity for pleasure soon over and hopes doomed to such

We were all there; Ralph and Lemuel and the other neighbors, old and young, all except that chief of mourners, the Colonel; for he was still under the influence of that horror which kept him enchained in silence and had not even been sensible enough of the day and its mournful occasion to rise and go to the window as the long funeral cartage passed his house. We were all cartege passed his house. We were all there and the minister had said the words, and Orrin's body had been lowered to its final rest, when suddenly, as they were about to move Juliet, a tumult was observed in the outskirts of the crowd, and the Colonel towering in his rage and ap-palling in his just indignation, fought his way through the recoiling masses till he

stood in our very midst.
"Stop!" he cried, "this burial must not And he advanced his arm above duliet's body as if he would intervene and own very heart between it and the place of durieness into which it was about to descend. They always seem sweeter to me than other roses, and I take a superstitious delight in the place of the pla shall not lie together if I have to fling my self between them in the grave which you

"But-but," interposed the minister, calm and composed even in the face of this percentous figure and the appalling words which it had uttered, 'by what right do you call this one a murderer and the other a victim? Did you see him murder her? the month June, and sad as the spot is, it is strangely beautiful to one who loves nature, when as I approached

the corner where Juliet lies, and which, you will remember, was in the very spot where I once heard her take her reluctant oath, I saw crouched against her tomb a figure which seemed both strange and results for the results. and vaguely familiar to me. Not being able to guess who it was, as there is now nobody in town who remembers her with any more devotion than myself, I advanced with sudden briskness, when the person I was gazing upon rose, and turning toward was gazing upon rose, and turning toward me, looked with deeply searching and most certainly very wretched eyes into mine. I felt a shock, first of surprise, and then of wildest recollection. The man before me was the Colonel, and the grief apparent in his face and disordered mien showed that years of absence had not done their work, and that he had never forgotten the arch and brilliant Juliet. and brilliant Juliet.

Bowing humbly and with a most reverent obeisance, for he was still the great man of the county, though he had not been in our town for years, I asked his pardon for my intrusion, and then drew back to let him pass. But he stopped and gave me a keen look, and speaking my name, said: "You are married, are you not?" And when I bowed the meek acquiescence which the subject seemed to demand, he sighed, as I thought somewhat bitterly, and, shrugging his shoulders, went thoughtfully by and left me standing on the green sward alone. But when he had reached the gate he turned again, and without raising his voice, though the distance between us was considerable, remarked: "I have come back to spend my remaining days in the village of my birth. If you care to talk of old times, come to the house at sunset. You will find me citting on the people."

will find me sitting on the porch."

Gratified more than I ever expected to be by a word from him, I bowed my thanks and promised most heartily to come. And that was the end of our first interview.

It has left me with very lively sensations Will they be increased or diminished by the

I was yet asking myself this, when I heard distinctly through the silence of the night the sound of a footstep behind me, and astonished that anyone else should have and astonished that anyone else should have been beguiled at this hour into a walk so dreary, I slipped into the shadow of a tree that stood at the wayside and waited till the slowly advancing figure should pass and leave me free to pursue my way or to go back unnoticed and undisturbed.

back unnoticed and undisturbed.

I had not long to wait. In a moment a weirdly muffled form appeared abreast of me, and it was with difficulty I suppressed a cry, for it was the Colonel I saw, escaped, doubtless, from his old nurse's surveillance, and as he passed he granned and the cad and as he passed he groaned, and the sad sound coming through the night at a time when my own spirits were in no comforta-ble mood affected me with almost a super-stitious power, so that I trembled where I stood, and knew not whether to follow him or go back and seek the cheer of my own hearth. But I decided in another moment to follow him, and when he had withdrawn far enough up the road not to hear the sound of my footfalls, I stepped out from my retreat and went with him into the woods.

I have been as you know a midnight wan-derer in that same place many a time in my life; but never did I leave the fields and meadows with such a forboding dread, or step into the clustering shadows of the for-est with such a shrinking and awe-struck heart. Yet I went on without a pause or an instant of hesitation, for I knew where he was going, and if he were going to the old stone house I was determined to be his companion, or at least his watcher. For I knew new that I loved him and could never see him come to ill.

There was no moon at this time, but the sound of his steps guided me and when I had come into the open place where the talk he has premised me?

I had a pleasant hour with the Colonel,



THE COLONEL WAS THERE.

"But why," mouned the father feebly amid the crie; and confusion which had been aroused by so grewsome an interference on the brink of the grave, "but why should Orrin wish my Juliet's death." They were to have been married soon. but we did not talk of her. Had I expected to? I judge so by the faint but positive dis-appointment which I feel. appointment which I feet.

I have been again to the Colonel's, but this time I did not find him in. "He is much out evenings," explained the woman who keeps house for him, "and you will

ened, for just then a lad who had been hid-ing behind the throng stepped out before us, have to come early to see him at his own hearth."

What is there about the Colonel that dannts me? He seems friendly, welcomes my company, and often hands me the hospitable glass. But I am never easy in his presence, though the distance between up is not so great as it was in our young days, now that I have advanced in worldly prosperity and he has stood still. Is it that his intellect caves me or do I feel too much the shoring a face so white and a manner so perturbed that we all saw that he had something to say of importance in this matter.
"The boards have been sawn," he said.
"I wanted to know and I climbed up to see." At which the whole crowd moved and swayed, and a dozen hand; stooped to lift the body of Juliet and carry it away from that accursed spot.

But the minister is a just man and cautious, and he lifted up his arms in such pro-test that they paused.

him and I am fascinated, and after leaving in distinct, suave m And then I perceived that it was time for the to speak. So I raised my voice and told The children, who have grown up since on every face and the head of each man slowly drooped till we all stood with down-east eyes. For crime had never before been ong us or soiled the honor of our goodly vn. Only the Colonel stood erect; and as the vision of his outstretched arm and fisming eyes burned deeper and deeper into my consciousness, I stammered in my speech and then sobbed, and was the first to lift

the silent form of the beauteous dead and bear it away from the spot denounced by one who had done so much for her happi-ness and had me; with such a bitter and prattles to him of its little joys or griefs; and this in itself makes him look solitary, for we are much given in this town to merry-making with our little ones, and it is and rest. Do the trees come too near the a common sight to see old and young to-

And it is not the children only who hold him in high but distant respect. The best men here are contented with a courteous bow from him, while the women—matrons now, who once were blushing maidens-think they have shown him enough honor if they make him a deep curtsey and utter a mild "Good morrow.

The truth is, he invites nothing more. He talks to me because he must talk to some one, but our conversation is always of things outside of our village life, and never by any chance of the place or any one in it. He lives at his father's house, now his, and has for his sole companion an old servant of the family, who was once his nurse, and who is, I believe, the only person in the world who is devotedly attached to him.

The world who is devotedly attached to him.

The world who is devotedly attached to him. Unless it is myself. Sometimes I think I love him; sometimes I think I do not. He fascinates me, and could make me do most anything he pleased, but have I a real affec-

tion for him? Almost; and this is some-thing which I consider strange. Where does the Colonel go evenings? His old nurse has asked me, and I find I cannot answer. Not to the tavern, for I am often there; not to the house of the neighbors, for none of them profess to know him. Where then? Is the curiosity of my youth coming back to me? It looks very much like it, Philo, very much like it.

My daughter said to me to-day: "Father, do not go any more to the Colonel's." And when I asked her why, she answered that her lover—she has a lover, the minx—had told her that the Colonel held secret talks with the witches, and though I laughed at which I have observed of late is growing upon his spirits. No other duty seems to me now greater than this, to win him back to a healthy realization of life, and the need

there is of looking cheerfully upon such blessings as are left to our lot. I went to the Colonel's at early candle-light, and I stayed till 10, a late hour for me, and, as I hoped, for him. When I left I caught a sight of old Hannah, standing in a distant hallway, and I thought she looked grateful; at all events, she came forward very quickly after my departure, for I heard the key turn in the lock of the great front door before I had passed out of the

was half unconsciously tending as if there I should find relief just as the Colonel, perhaps, was in the habit of doing. Was it a mere foolish freak which had assailed me, or was I under some uncanny influence,

open door of the old house, that he was near the fatal threshold and would in another moment be across it and within those moldy halls. That I was right, another instant proved, for suddenly through the great hollow of the open portal a mild gleam broke and I saw he had lighted a lantera and was moving about within th

empty rooms.
Softly as man could go, I followed him.
Crouching in the doorway, with ear turned to the emptiness within, I listened. And as I did so, I felt the chill run through my blood and stiffen the hair on my head, for he was talking as he walked, and his tones were affable and persuasive, as if two ghosts roamed noiselessly at his side, and intellect cows me, or do I feel too much the secret melancholy which breathes through all his actions, and frequently cuts short his words? I cannot answer; I am daunted by "An ample parlor, you see," came

couple on gala nights, as even sweet Mistress Juliet will say. Do you like this the Colonel has been gone, seem very shy of him. I have noted them more than once here for the portrait which Lawrence has shrink away from his patch, huddling and promised to make of young Madam Day? I whispering in a corner, and quite forgetting to play as long as his shadow fell across the green or the sound of his feet could be heard on the turf. I think they fear his melancholy, not understanding it. Or perhaps some hint of his sorrows has been given them, and it is awe they feel rather than fear. However that may be, no child ever takes his hand or prattles to him of its little joys or griefs; and this in itself makes him look solitary. whispering in a corner, and quite forgetting | do not like too much light myself, so I have was made for a sweet young bride to hid in when her heart's fulness demands quite lattice? If so they shall be trimmed away gether on the green, making sport with ball and this dining parlor—can you judge of it orbattledore.

And this dining parlor—can you judge of it with the floor half laid and its wainscoting unnailed? I trow not, but you can trust in pretty Juliet, you can trust me; and Orrin too, need not speak, for me to know just how to finish this study for him. Up stairs? You do not wish to go upstairs? Ah, then you miss the very cream of the house. I have worked with my own hand upon the rooms upstairs, and there is a little Cupid wrought into the woodwork of a certain door which I greatly wish you to pass an opinion upon. I think the wings lack airiness, but the workmen swear it is as if he would fly from the door at a whisper. Come, Mistress Juliet; come,

Was he alone? Were those eager steps of hold, if I looked within, the blooming face of Juliet and the frowning brows of Orrin, crowding close behind him as he moved? The fancy invoked by his words was so vivid, that for a moment I thought I should, and I never shall forget the thrill which resized me as I learned forward and marked. seized me as I leaned forward and peered for one minute into the hall and saw there his solitary figure pausing on the lower step of the stairs, with that bend of the body which bespeaks an obeisance which is half homage and half an invitation. He was still talking, and as he went up, he looked back smiling and gossiping over his shoulder in a smooth and courtly way which made it impossible for me to withdraw my fascinated

eyes. "No banisters, sweet Juliet? Not yetnot yet; but Orrin will protect you from falling. No harm can come to you while this it has set me thinking. He goes to the forest at night, and roams for hours among its shadows. Is this a healthy occupation for a man, especially a man with a history? I shall go early to the Schuyler homestead to-night and stay late, for these midnight communings with nature for these midnight communings with nature he is at your side. Do you admire this sweep to the stairs? I saw a vision when I ledge for flowers. A honeymoon is nothing without flowers, and you must have forget me-nots and pansies here till one cannot se from the window. You do not like such humble flowers? Fie! Mistress Juliet, it is hard to believe that-even Orrin doubts it,

as I see by his chiding air. Here the gentle and bantering tones ceased, for he had reached the top of the But in another moment I heard them again as he passed from room to room, pausing here and pausing there, till sud-denly he gave a cheerful laugh, spoke her name in most inviting accents, and stepped into that fateful room.

Then as if roused into galvanic action, I rose and followed, going up those midnight stairs and gaining the door where he had passed as if the impulse moving me had Then as if roused into galvanic action, I rose and followed, going up those midnight stairs and gaining the door where he had feet and seen the stars over my head than I began to wander in the very opposite direction, and that without any very definite plan or purpose. I think I was troubled, and if not troubled, restless, and yet movement did not seem to help me, for I grew more uneasy with every step I took, and began to look toward the woods to which I was half unconsciously tending as if there

caught from the place where I had been favor if only—" Here he gave a malignant visiting? smiling and benignant expression, altered into that of a fiend from hell. "Ha, ha, ha!" he yelled. "She goes, and he is so fearful for her that he leaps after. That is

a goodly stroke! Both-both-crack! Ah, she looks at me, she looks-' Silence and then a frozen figure crouching before my eyes, just the silence and just the figure I remembered seeing there 20 years before, only the face is older and the horror, if anything greater. What did it mean? I tried to think, then as the full import of the scene burst upon me, and I realized that it was a murderer I was looking upon, and that Orrin, poor Orrin, had been innoccent, I sank back and fell upon the floor, lost in the darkness of an utter unconsciousness.

I did not come to myself for hours; when I did I found myself alone in the old house.

Nothing was ever done to the Colonel, for when I came to tell my story the doctors said that the facts I related did not prove him to have been guilty of crime, as his condition was such that his own words could not be relied upon in a matter on which he had brooded more or less morbidly for years. So now when I see him pass through the churchyard or up and down the village street and note that he is affable as ever when he sees me, but growing more and more preoccupied with his own thoughts, I do not know whather to look upon him with do not know whether to look upon him with execration or profoundest pity, nor can any man guide me or satisfy my mind as to whether I should blame his jealousy or Orrin's pride for the pitiful tragedy which once darkened my life, and turned our pleasant village into a desert. Of one thing only have I been myself sure;

that it was the Colonel who lit the brand which fired Orrin's cottage. [THE END.]

LITERATURE-A plea for more atten literature in the common schools in THE DISPATCH to-morrow.

ABOUT DRINKING-WATER. arge Cities Investigating their Water Supply-Discovery of Discase Germs-Smaller Cities also in Danger.

Smaller Cities also in Danger.

New York and other cities are now agitating the very serious quest/on of their water supply. Investigation has brought to light the fact that impure matters, in spite of expensive attempts at prevention, will find their way into the streams from which the water supply is drawn. It has been thought for years that a stream running in the open air will cleanse itself partly by settling of the impure matter and partly by aeration, but it has recently been decided by the proper authorities that no such process of self our incation takes place.

As in most places the water supply is drawn from streams which pass through land where cattle, horses or sheep graze, a very general movement has taken place throughout the United States, toward the parification of water for drinking purposes in the home itself. The most popular and effective method is to mix a little pure whiskey with the water; filtration, it seems, does not get rid of the presence of poisonous nitrates. It is to be impressed on all those who take this method of preserving their health that the whiskey used must be pure. Duffy's Pure Malt is highly recommended by lending doctors and scientists as being the purest medicinal whiskey on the market. Blues, headaches, nervousness, liability to sore throat, peculiar pains in the back and many other small but troublesome ills ity to sore throat, peculiar pains in the back and many other small but troublesome ills and many other small but troublesome ills frequently have their origin in impure drinking-water. The mixing of a little Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey with drinking-water will render it incapable of producing these or even the worse effects of typhoid and other malignant fevers of the same type. By-the-by it will be well to remember when you call at your druggist's or grocer's for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, that it is the only pure medicinal one, so do not be willing to take a substitute recommended as "just as good."

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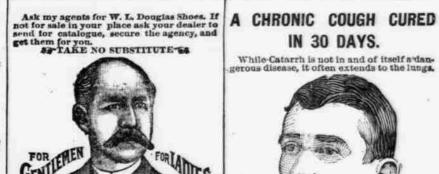
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