that was all.

sic—then suddenly there came to me over the snow the sound of bells.

The time draws near the birth of Christ; The moon is hid, the night is still; And Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other through the mist. Peace and good-will, good will and peace, Peace and good-will to all mankind.

uddenly said quietly. I started as if I had been shot, and came

thing soft. The little white mult! I picked it up: and something dropped out. I stooped and lifted it from the snow. A glove! Such a little glove! Not thinking what I did, I spread it out on my broad palu and laughed a bitter laugh as words that I had read some

ooketh somewhat soft and small for so

large a will in sooth."

I walked back to the sledge. The lamps were shining with two golden eyes over the snow: the horses' bells were jangling; but

the little white lady was sitting very still. It came to her side of carriage. What a great came to her side of carriage. What a great fellow I seemed! for, standing there on the road, my head was on a level with hers as she sat in the sledge. I held out the muff. She did not take it.

I held out the muff. She did not take it. Her face was turned away. Was she crying? Was that why she kept her face hidden? Was she ashamed at last? This was well, ah! this was well. I was glad she had come to see the error of her ways. She had taken a long time about it, certainly: but still I would be generous; I would pardon her at once

once. I still held the must out. "Avis, this is

your property."
"Which!" and a face, not bathed in tears

"Which;" and a face, not bathed in tears, not blushing with shame, but sparkling and dimpling with laughter, was turned to mine. "Which?" she repeated, looking at me with a world of mischief shining in her eyes. "This," I said severely—but my hand

"This," I said severely—but my hand shook.

"Oh! is that al!?" she said, taking the white fluffy thing in one hand very slowly and looking in my eyes all the time: while gradually a warm little bare hand stole out from under the wraps. "It hought you meant this"—and the warm little hand was about my need.

For one wild moment I tried to remember

my anger; but the shining eyes were still

smiling into mine: and the next moment the laughing mouth was warm on my lips.

Ah! well, who could have resisted it? In an instant my arms were about her, and I was straining her to my heart.

How could two young people who loved each other have been so foolish?—Chamber's Journal.

A DIVORCE JUDGE DENOUNCED.

Serious Charges Brought by Divines Against

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Jan. L-[Special.]-Min-

isters of South Dakota have begun a bitter

war against Judge Frank. Alkens, the famous divorce judge of the West. Yesterday the pastors of the city

Judge. This move was the result of a dis-

cussion concerning the rumors affecting the

private life of the jurist. There were

State; Rev. Messrs, Hanscom, of the

Methodist: Fuller, of the Baptist; Crusean,

of the Congregational: Grant, of the Uni-

tarian; Skiliman, of the Reformed; Wallace, of the Episcopal, and Hutchinson, of the Presbyterian. There were also there laymen

oness de Stuers and divorce before tion for a decree of divorce before Judge Aikens, the trial having been set for Junuary. The second

MRS. CARTER'S LIVERY BILL

Court To-Day.

the Episcopal Church of

addressed a communication

a Dakota Jurist.

PART I.

Beware, my friends, of fiends and their Of little angels' wiles yet more beware Just such a one to kiss her did ensnare me,

But coming, I got wounds, and not cubraces.

Beware of old black cats with evil faces:
Yet more of kittens white and soft be wary.

My sweetheart was just such a little fairy, and yet she well-nigh scratched my heart to miners.

O bhild! O sweet love! dear beyond all measure. How could those eyes so bright and clear de ceive me? That little paw so sore a heart-wound give

My kitten's tender paw, thou soft, small treasure, Oh: could I to my burning lips but press thee.

My heart the while might bleed to death and bless thee.

I am very sorry to have to say it, yet I must speak the truth even of her I love most; and I repeat, what I always have maintained, not only that she was comr letely in the wrong, but that she ought to con fess it.

We had loved each other all our lives Our fathers were old brother officers and the closest of friends; and each being widowed and the father of an only child, what was more natural than that when they left the service and her father settled on his estate, my father should take up his quarters in a pretty cottage on his friend's domains? What plans the two old fellows used to make for their children's future! I, of course, should enter the old regiment; and she, of course, should marry me. Alas! I myself was the cause of the quent events very nearly put an end to all chance of the second's being realized.

When I had reached the age of 17, when my brain ought to have been on fire for the my oran ought to have been on are for the sound of the drum, and my sleep dis-turbed by dresms of the glories of war, my dear old father discovered— through an intolerable odor which pervaded the house, and was traced to a mysterious box in my bedroom—that my mind turned toward science, and that a macerating pot or the dissecting table was than the extermination of the entire British army. I often sigh now as I think of the sad headshakings the poor old gentiemen must have indulged in as they discussed my extraordinary fancy over their wine; and I know that my little playfellow, Avis, treated me to a good deal of contempt when it was confessed that I actually turned from "the only profession suitable for a gentleman," and deliberately chose that of

a mere sawbones.

Poor old father! He loved me too well to oppose me; and one dull autumn morning I left the old home to enter upon my studies at the University of Edinburgh. Why did I go to Edinburgh, and not London? Well, I think it was partly because I had a feeling that I was breaking with all the old life; and, therefore, wanted to put hundreds of miles between me and the old home, as I had put hundreds of difficulties between my

tather and the realization of his old hope. How well I remember my arrival tha cold gray morning in the beautiful city! I lett my luggage at the station, and climbed up the steep hill that leads from the land of steam and noise to the most beautiful street I have yet seen in my wanderings. How away to my left, rose the magnifi cent 'Old Town," topped with its castle; and to my right, the gardens and splendid buildings of Princes street; while behind me couched the "Lion," watching over the safety of the maiden city! How lon I felt among it all-how utterly lost! I think that, if all had approved my design to become a doctor, I should at that moment have turned and gone back to Eng-land, and promised my old father to do anything he might wish. But the vision of a child with long flowing hair, defiant face, and hands clasped behind her, came across my mental vision. She had refused to bid me goodby. How she would triumph if I came home again, my work undone! No! I must go on. So I plucked up heart, and wandered on alone in that unknown city, looking for a place wherein to lay my weary head. Before long I found lodgings, and had my things removed to a little street near the theater. And not many weeks had passed before I was as happy as a king, drinking in all the new mysteries of my chosen profession. Ah that first enthusiasm, why doesn't it last? Why, as the years go on, does there come in its stead such utter loathing of each fresh step? I did not in the least mind the dissecting room; but the operating theatre-the hospital-the horror of it all Well, it is over; and to that supercilious little figure with the flying hair and the cienched hands do I owe the obstinacy that carried me through these four years of sun-shine and shadow. Give in, when she had said: "I know you will hate it. I hope you will give it up?" Shall I give it up? Never! The thought of the look of triumph I should see in the eyes of that young girl neted as a spur to me."

I worked on. I hardly ever went home for I was really "keen on" my work, and spent most of my spare time among the foreign hospitals and schools. Then a serious illness, coming upon me just as I had completed my course, made me decide on my recovery, to go as a doctor on board a great ship sailing to the other ends of the earth. So thanks to one thing and another, it was not till the slim, awkward boy or eighteen had changed into a great weather-beaten man of four or five and (wenty, that I once more stood on the old walled terrace of the home of my little love. And by my side was the little love herself! And such a little love! At twenty she was no higger than she had been at fifteen; but oh! much prettier. The hair that had then been often dragged back into a stiff pigtail now wandered in wondrous waves over her little head, poised like a flower on her sweet neck. No more ink-bespattered pinafores and scratched hands; no more long, thin spindle-shanks showing under ashort and skimp v skirt! No; she was as dainty as a fairy, and took now as much pains to adorn her already perfect little self as at one time she had seemed to expend on trying to personate a scarcerow. Yes: I stand by her once again, and knew that I was likely to be near her for the rest

of our lives. For my dear father was getting old, and longed to have his only beside him. So I was only too delighted when the offer came of a practice in the neighborhood. Yes, I had come home "to live and die," as my aged nurse cheerfully put it, in the home of my childhood; and I could hardly believe I was not a child again, as once more I settled into the well-known routine; dined with the two old gentlemen; strolled out as of old on the terrace with my early playmate; climbed at night once more to the familiar room under the thatch; and listened as in years gone by to the murmur of the stream that rair from her home to mine. Yes, it was all the same! The old women seemed not a day older; the trees very little bigger; the river just as it had always been. Only, how different it all was: how different the

the feelings that throbbed in my heart!
"Well, well, we need not go over all that strange, miserable, happy time when my mind was filled with doubt and fear; when I knew not whether I was to be the most blessed or the most wretched of men; whether I was to stay contentedly at hom my travels to heal a broken heart as best I could among foreign lands and unknown faces. I sometimes fancy that if we could

thoughts that thrilled through my brain-

but turn back the "forward-flowing tide of time," I would live these weeks over again. But at length they came to an end. One still June evening, when the moon was but a crescent in the sky, and the nightingales were singing with all the strength of their tiny throats and fervor of their great hearts, my little love laid her golden head somewhere about the lower edge of my breast-pocket, and

gallant officer.
"Well, you see," whispered the little voice, "you are so big and strong and hand-some, it is no use trying to fight against you. I love you, I love you! and after all you are my own dear old Clinton; and I'd marry you if you were a sweep, which is even worse than a doctor." And the brave blue eyes looked up at me so proudly and so trustingly, that I thought no man had ever before such loving glances cast upon

gazing up in my face, promised to overlook the fact that I was only a sawbones and no

Oh what a happy time we had! I thought that trouble could never touch me more. As I strode home through the soft air to tell my father the glad news, I felt like an

Yes, I fancied my troubles were at an end -that I was going to be blessed beyond all human flesh; but I did not yet realize what it is to be an engaged man! No sooner were we safely and firmly betrothed, than my young lady contracted such a habit of flirting as made me stand agape. I maintain that she flirted. She insists that she did not! She says she was only making herself agreeable for the sake of my practice. She repeats that she smiled on the curates, youths from Oxford, retired military men, etc.s not as men at all, but purely as ble future patients! Did I want ught with her smiles? Still, such an injured saint did she look when I ventured to expostulate, that I hardly knew how to bear myself; and I used to wonder whether really was the most suspicious brute on the face of the green earth.

At length matters reached a climax, and I turned at last. It was in the week of the "Lawn Tennis Tournament"—the one great excitement of our little country side—when a young hussar made his appearance, and contrived to get himself drawn as her partner in the doubles! She declares I am simply talking nonsense when I assert that he got himself drawn as he partner; and she says that it is all done by lots, and that people must play with just whoever falls to their lot! Well, that is neither here nor there. She need not have behaved as she did. He did not live in these parts of the world: he could not be considered as a possible patient; yet the interest she took in him was most marked. If it is a fact that she could not help having him for her partner in the 'doubles' as they called the thing—need she have stood watching him with all her eyes in the "singles," clapping her hands at each stroke he won, or have been the first to congratulate him the moment he had put on his abominable loud "blazer and marched off the field or court vic-

torious? I do not play tennis, having more important matters to attend to; nor do I dance particularly well; still at their insufferably dull "tennis ball she need not have thrown me over for him in the pronounced way she choose to do.

"Oh, Clinton, may I give Captain Smyth one of your dances? You won't mind, wil

"Oh, certainly not; give him the lot if you like," I answered blandly. I did not know till that moment that the weetest of blue eves can flash sparks of ice

but I saw them do it then.
"Oh, thank you so much.—There, Captain Smyth; that is delightful; you can have three more than I promised you at first."

And without waiting to listen to my angry expostulation, she sailed away on hi arm. I knew I had been rude, and wanted to apologize; and tried hard to catch her eve as she swam round with the handsome Captain, who could dance. But never once were the long, dark lashes lifted, never once did the old smile play across the sweet little

I went home utterly wretched. Ah, how the little paw could wound my big stupid heart! I lay awake nearly all night, and during the long hours I made up my mind to hasten, the very first thing in the morning, to "make friends" with her. I should tell her I was sorry I had been rude, but should also make her understand that I considered I had a good deal of cause to feel

"Clinton," she began very quietly the moment she entered the room, "I am glad you have come. There are some things I must say to you. I consider that the way in which you have behaved since our engagement has been most humiliating to me.

"To you! I do not see what cause you have to speak," I broke out.
"I am going to speak," her soft, even voice went on. "I consider your unreasonable jealousy as nothing short of an insult. If you cannot trust me, you had better bid me goodby. There can be no happiness in a marriage without absolute trust."

I hardly know what I said then, whether I pleaded or upbraided. I remember little of that befell till I found myself striding through the fields, their corn flowers blue like those angry eyes, and their poppies bright like her scornful red mouth.

Was it all at an end, then, the dream of my life? Yes, of course it was—over, all over! I must get away, away back to the sea and the wild strange lands; away, somewhere, anywhere-from all this. But my poor old father! I could not leave him. I must not leave my work; some of my cases were in a critical condition. There was no escape. Here I must stay; meet her con-stantly; shake hands with her; and yet be as if the world stretched between us. And the dreadful part of it all was that she seemed not to care one little bit. She was the same bright, merry, dainty little creat-ure that she had always been. Why was she so cruel? Why would she not look at me with a glance of pity, love, remorse? How gladly, at her smallest overture of grace, would I have east myself utterly on her mercy, and vowed anything she chose to demand of me. But she gave no sign; and I was too proud to approach her unless she herself seemed to summon me.

What a wretched time it was. How fiercely week by week did I try to harden my heart against her! But everything con spired to make that impossible. Hardly a cottage did I enter but I heard of her loving kindness. She seemed to go about like a sunbeam, smoothing coarse pillows, comforting sad hearts, calling smiles to parched and fevered lips, and looks of love

to heavy eyes. How was it that she, who could be so ten der to others, could so hurt the heart that oved her? How could she keep up ou quarrel all this time, when she must se now it was wounding me, killing me? I only she would say she was sorry she had vexed me, I should not whisper a word of blame. But say it she would not. And so the summer passed; autumn came with its storms and decay; and yet we were no nearer being friends again.

PART II.

Ye who have scorned each other, Or injured friend or brother, In this fast-fading year; Ye who, by word or deed, Have made a kind heart bleed, Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning Forget their strile's beginning. And join in friendship now: Be links no longer broken,

Be sweet forgiveness spoken Under the holly bough.

So the wretched months passed till midwinter was reached. And what a winter! Long before Christmas the snow lay thick on the ground; and my poor patients learned full well the joys of a "real old-fashioned winter." I had enough and more than enough work to do; but I was thankful for it. Only in helping and relieving the suf-terings of others could I succeed in forget-ting my own pain. As the dull days dragged themselves along, one of my favorite pa-tients began to fade away; and at length I had to face the painful task of telling her that sace the pay year came, she would have that, ere the new year came, she would have to enter on the world of the unknown. She was a decent woman, the wife of a dissipated husband, for whom she had toiled till her

poor worn-out body could work no more.

And now she lay apparently dying in her
cold little room, thanking God each day
that none of her children had been left to "Except my poor big child," she said, with that spark of pathetic humor one sees now and again among our rustics—chiefly among the women. "But I seem to have brought him up very badly, doctor. I must be the brought him up very badly, doctor. I must be the brought him by the beautiful the beautiful the seem to have be the beautiful the seem to be the seem of the se just hope he may be able to bring himself

nome at last." "Is there anyone you would care to see, Mrs. Clerk?" I asked her, late one bitter, cold afternoon.

"Why do you ask, doctor? Is the end at "I can hardly say that. Yet, if there is anyone I could send for to come to you, it might be as well not to put it off."

A light gleamed over the tired, plain fea-tures. "Oh, doctor, if I could see the little Lady, I think it would make it easier for me. But-" and the weary eyes wandered to the uncurtained window-"it be getting dark, and the snow lays thick on the ground. Her couldn't come now." And she sighed that patient sigh that speaks of a life of renunciation,
"Have you no relation, no sister, you

"No, sir, no. I'd have liked to see the dear Lady this very night. I think if she had sung me to sleep, I'd have woke better. But it is no use. She couldn't come out, a night like this."

this."
"I'll fetch her in my sledge," I said.
The tired eyes opened with such a glad light, that, had it been Queen Victoria I had promised to snatch off her throne and bring to this poor cottage, I should have had to try to fulfil my word.
"Will you, sir—oh, will you?",
"Yes."

"Yes."
And away over the snow I dashed, nor paused to think till I drew up to the door of the Manor.
"Is Lady Avis in?" I asked the footman, "Is Lady Avis in?" I asked the footman, and made my way unannounced to the drawing room. The lamp was burring, subdued by its flower-like shade; the tea table was drawn up near the fire; and she, in one of her soft, silken tea gowns, was standing warming one perfectly shod little foot at the flame of the blazing logs which roared up the chimney and danced on the steel grate. Close to her sat a young fellow whom I had never seen. I learned afterward that he was a cousin, who, during the years I had been away, had been like a brother to her; but I did not know this then.

Did her face grow pale in the red light as she saw me enter? It seemed so; yet she came quietly forward and offered me tea.

"No, thank you," I said as shortly as I

came quietly forward and offered me tea.

"No, thank you," I said as shortly as I could; "there is no time for tea. There is a woman dying who wants to see you."

All her face grew soft in a moment, "A woman dying! Oh, where? What woman?"

"Mrs. Clerk, at the old Farm cottages. Will you come? The sledge is here. It will save time if you will come in it with me now."

"I will come."

"I will come."
"I will come."
"Nonsense, Avis, "cried the young man. "It is sheer nonsense to think of going out in such an evening in an open sledge. The brougham can be brought round in 20 min-

"Are the horses roughed?" I asked.
"No," said Avis; "and it would take "No," said Avis; "and it would take a long time to get them ready. I will go with you." "'And I shall wait outside, as I don't sup-pose the footman relishes holding the horses in the snow."

"I have no doubt he has sent for a groom,"

"I have no doubt he has sent for a groom," said Avis, her blue eyes turned coldly away, "You had better drink some tea-Harold come with me for a moment;" and she swept from the room, the young man following. Drink tea in the room where that fellow has been! Never! I flung out of the room, and hastened into the night air. A groom had relieved John Thomas at the horses! heads: I had the gratification of observing the contemptuous looks with which he surveyed my scratch team and make-shift sledge.

A courteous footman in the hall asked whether I would not step into the library, and threw the door invitingly open, displaying the wainscoted room, on whose old oak carving and brightly-bound volumes the firelight danced deliciously. Holly and mistletoe

carving and originity-bound volumes the fre-light danced deliciously. Holly and mistletoe glinted and twinkled from all corners. It was Christmas eve.
"No, no; I will wait here," I answered

curtly.

At this moment, her light foot-step sounded on the stair; and her lady-ship herself tripped into the lamplight. And what a ladyship! She had not even taken time to change her dainty shoes; but her silken dress was covered over with her great white mantle. On her soft fair curls rested a little white fur cap; and about her neck was bound a feathery boa like a glorified snow flake. Her hands were hidden away in a snowy muff. Harold was with her.

hands were hidden away in a snowy muff. Harold was with her.

"Well, my snow-queen," he was saying, "you will frighten the country folks if they meet you like that. You look as if you were playing at Queen Matilda escaping from Oxford Castle."

"Clever boy," laughed Avis, "to remember his history so well."

his history so well."
"Meantime, history is repeating itself in "Meantime, history is repeating itself in the most commonplace inshion in Mrs. Clerk's cottage." I remarked grimly. "Perhaps you had better not come. You look too gorgeous for that poor room."

"Am I? I never thought. This was the warmest, so I put it on," she began, her great eyes fall of distress.

"It's all right, dear," cried Harold, "you know they love you when you look beautiful."

"They must always love her, then." I

"They must always love her, then," I thought within my bitter heart.

In another moment I was seated beside her; the horses' heads were let go; the bells jangled out; and the sledge slid over the snow. It was a glorious night. Above us stretched the sapphire sky, gemmed with myriads of flashing stars; while all around us was slience and the gleaming snow. All the well-known landscape was rendered strange and unfamiliar under its pure covering—as a dear, dead face is rendered awesome under the thin sheet we spread after death.

The bells jangled; the horses' hoofs clinked against each octur now and again as the sledge sped on; but all else was silent. Not a word did we speak. I caught a glimpse of her face once as she turned it to watch a great white owl slowly glide over our heads. How white and still the beautiful face was. Was there a tremble about the mouth?

On we sped. When we had started, my heart had been ablaze with hot anger. Who was this youth who had usurped my ulace? Why had I been cast out of "They must always love her, then," I

heart had been ablaze with hot anger. Who was this youth who had usurped my place? Why had I been cast out of my place? Why had I been cast out of my place? Why had we quarrelled? Why had we not made it up again? It was all her fault—all. I had been ready to make friends, yearning for the old companionship, breaking my heart for her cruel sake; and she had never cared in the least, Cared! She had been filling up her time and thoughts with this young Herbert—Harold—whatever his name might be, and probably a dozen more. She was a mere flirt. In her heart she still despised me for being a doctor—"only a sawbone." as she used to say. She was the daughter of the Lord of the Manor: I—weil, I was as good as she. I was a man with a man's heart, head, hands. She had no right to play with me. Had she played with me?

She had no right to play with me. IIad she played with me?

At that moment I caught the pure profile against the lamplight. She had leaned suddenly forward, and was gazing away with a strange, far-away look in her eyes. She worthless! She a flirt! How pure and cold she looked! pure like the snow; yes, and cold like the snow. Ah no, not cold, with those deep dark eyes, those sensitive nostrils, that exquisite mouth. And yet why not? It is ever the most beautiful women who are most cruel.

romen who are most cruel.

And so went on the foolish, proud, unrensoning thoughts within my brain, while my heart grew warmer in its love for her at every stride the horse took. How could I help loving her with her dear presence so near me, her garments touching me, her breath rising like incense to heaven through

breath rising like incense to heaven through the clear air?

Oh, what a long drive! What a sad sore heart! I lelt as if I could bear it no longer—when the welcome cottage came in sight. Silently we drove up to the door.

"If you will go in, I will drive on, and leave some medicine for another patient, and come back for you," I said, breaking the silence for the first time.

Without a word, she left me.

I drove on about a mile further, and then returned slowly through the still night. Mrs. Clerk's dwelling had once been a fine old farmhouse in the days when farmers were opnlent and liked their rooms to be roomy. It had "come down" in the world, however; and was now divided off among several families of laborers. But outwardly it was still beautiful to the eye. From where I sat alone in the sledge, I looked through an archway of dark yews toward the old rambling building with its low eares and mullioned windows. The steep tiled roof was covered with the gleam-

SCIENTIFIC ODDITIES.

ng snow; the tall irregular chimney stacks rose black against the deep-blue sky; and from one uncurtained window the ruddy light shone out upon the snow-clad lawn. How still it was! Was the whole world dead? The bells on the horses' heads sounded painfully loud as the nnimals moved restlessly from time to time. I felt vaguely that I ought to walk them up and down, but the spirit of stillness seemed to have got the better of all my senses. I could not move. About was the still, silent sky: around, the still, silent world; and in my heart a strange China Will Embark in the Manufacture of Bessemer Steel.

IRON MAKING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

better of all my senses. I could not move, About was the still, silent sky; around, the still, silent world; and in my heart a strange sensation of unfeelingness. The world was dead. I was dead; everything was dead. I was dead; everything was dead. Nothing mattered any more. I felt nothing, nothing, Why trouble whether she loved me or not. It would all be the same when I was dead. My heart was dead now. The spirit of stillness had wrapped the world in its coid embrace, and my soul was at rest within its arms. I did not mind the delay; I did not feel impattent for her return; only, I wished the horses would stand still and the bells not jungle so.

Then, all at once, through the silence stole a beautiful sound, falling like golden snow from somewhere above me. A woman's voice! Singing softly, tenderly, gloriously! I held my breath to listen. No words reached me—only the sweet, clear notes; and even they seemed to come from the voice of a singer in a dream. The voice ceased. A little wind uprose and swayed the trees, as if protesting against the cessation of the wonderful music—then suddenly there came to me over the snow the sound of hells. Electricity Plays an Important Part in Medical Treatment.

CHIPS FROM THE WORLD'S LABORATORY

A large steel producing plant for the Celestial empire is at the present moment on its way to China, after being constructed at the Tees Side Iron and Engine Works Company, Limited, of Middlesborough. It is a complete Bessemer plant, including two five-ton converters, with cupolas, together with blowing engines, cranes and other pieces of machinery. There is likewise the entire machinery for a large rail mill, as well as for a plate and bar mill, together with about 20 puddling furnaces. Two large blast furnaces of the Cleveland type, capable of producing 100 tons of pig iron daily, with all the necessary appliances, are in course of construction on the slope of the Hamyang Hills, opposite the city of Hankow.

Peace and good-will, good will and peace, Peace and good-will to sli mankind.

The door opened gently—closed: and, to the music of the bells, a white figure moved toward me through the whiteness. Under the arch of black yews she stepped. Did she do ton purpose? Did she know that the light of the carriage lump fell full upon her? Did she dream how beautiful she was with the spirit of her song still on her lips; with the light of her tender action still in her eyes? She stopped and listened. How sweetly, ghostly, sounded those far-off bells, those strange dream-bells. Not a sound, but their thin beauty dying and growing and dying again! And there she stood and listened "with the wonder growing in her face."

"Peace and good will—peace;" and then she looked at me, and camequickly forward—next moment she was beside me in the sledge.

"She is asleep," she whispered. "I think she will get we'll."

"Then let us got home," I answered; and that was all.

Jangle, iangle, jangle, went the sleigh A foreign technical staff has been secured. nd in the course of a few months it is anticipated that there will be produced in China plates and bars, steel rails, soft steel for ship plates, special metal for small arms, and other classes of steel and iron. Cer-tainly this may fairly be termed "one more instance of the slow but sure progress of the intelligent Mongolian to bring the latest scientific improvements to bear upon the varied industries of that immense empire." The works will cover some 20 acres, and the execution of the whole undertaking in all its details has been intrusted to the above named Middlesborough firm. An order for 2,000 tons of rails and sleepers was obtained in England some time back, and this is now stated to have been lately increased to 12,-

Iron Manufacture in Brazil.

A bulletin issued by the Bureau of American Republics states that the State of Minas Geraes, in Brazil, abounds with iron ore. It is not found in veins or strata, buried deep in the earth, but in enormous beds, often lying at the surface, or in mountain masses. These vast deposits are worked only by small scattered furnaces, charcoal being used in the reduction of the ore. Of these small furnaces there are five groups, pro-ducing about 3,000 tons annually, the product being used in the surrounding dis-tricts in the manufacture of article of home consumption, such as hoes, shovels, picks, irills, nails, horseshoes, etc.

"Then let us got home," I answered; and that was all.

Jangle, jangle, jangle, went the sleigh bells, and once more we moved through the silent world. But we went slowly on. Why? Was it because of the surrounding stillness, which one feared to disturb? Or was it because my whole soul was filled and thrilled with the knowledge of her nearness, with the knowledge that here were she and I alone in this sleeping—this dead world: the only living creatures in this great silence?

Slower and slower went the horses; and yet the road seemed to melt before us; and ever nearer came "home" and parting. But yet we did not speak. The sweet precious moments slipped by; and once more my heart came alive and beat and throbbed and suffered. I longed to throw myself down in the snow before her and humble myself utterly, if only, by my doing so, we might be again as once we had been. But still I could not do it. She had been wrong too. She must meet me half-way. Oh! she must feel it. Why would she not confess it? Could she not see how much braver, nobler, worthier of herself it would be than this indifferent unconcern, this obstinate silence? "I've dropped my muff," the clear voice suddenly said quietly.

I started as if I had been shot, and came back from my world of thought togaze with In the State of Sao Paulo are found de-posits similar to the best Norwegian ore, I started as if I had been shot, and came back from my world of thought to gaze with uncomprehending eyes on the sweet face at my side. How sweet it was, how calm, how contented! Why was it not full of shame and contrition? It ought to have been; but no, not a bit of it! The blue eyes were looking up at me with the utmost friendliness; the rosy mouth had a smile on it.

"Please," she cried—"please stop the horses. I've dropped my muff,"
I stopped the horses. and one of the mines is worked by the Government establishment, near the village of Sorocaba. This establishment has two fur-naces, and produced in 1887 790 tons of pig iron. The ore has about 67 per cent of iron. In Santa Catharina, not far from a harbor which is accessible to the largest vessels, are vast deposits of hematite, containing 30 horses. I've dropped my muff."

I stopped the horses.
"Will you please get out and find it for me?" went on the purring voice, "I will hold the horses."

"I may not be able to find it in the dark," said I, "it is white like the snow."
"It's whiter," she answered, still smiling. I got out and strode along the way that we had come. My heart was vexed within me; for I knew she had dropped that wretched muff on purpose that she might order me to go back and letch it.
At that moment my foot touched something soft. The little white muff! I picked it up; and something dropped out. I stooped per cent of manganese and 25 to 30 per cent of iron.

Electricity Used by Medical Men. Electricity is one of the most powerful agents affecting the human body, and yet our knowledge of it, both professional and lay, is very vague. Large numbers of people actually content themselves with tying the battery round their waist, and allowing the current to run in the battery itself, their bodies forming no part of the circuit. This is done in some of the galvanic belts. poles together round the bedpost, and save he discomfort of carrying this apparatus.

Others carry magnets in their pockets, or in bags somewhere on their bodies, the poles of the magnets, and not in the bodies of the wearer—or, at most, the magnetic field affecting only a superficial area of skin. But, in spite of all this inaccuracy and hap-hazard application, we shall one day get orderly and scientific in our knowledge of medical electricity, as our medical electricians of to-day are men who are appointed as electricians on the staffs of our hospitals. or who give special study to the subject in their daily work-not men who are simply the agents of battery manufacturers.

A Rich but Unapproachable Country. There are said to be five counties in Missouri and eleven in Arkansas, comprising a strip of country 125 miles square, that have no railroad communication with the outside world, and are yet wonderfully rich in zinc ore. This section of the country lies south and west of the Memphis Railroad, north and west of the Iron Mountain, south and east of the St. Louis and San Francisco, and north of the Arkansas river. The zine carbonates of this region yield 83 per cent and the "jack" 60 per cent of pure zinc

A traveler, Mr. W. E. Winner, of Kansas City, says that he found in the mountain a cave even larger than the Mammoth Cave. The manner of life of the people is extremely primitive. They live in log houses without windows. Bacon is their main staple of diet, and tobacco their only solace, for saloons are unknown. They seldom work as long as they have food and tobacco in the house. But they are virtuous, peace-able and kindly disposed to the stranger.

Use of Explosives in Mines.

It has often been complained that the use of modern explosives in mines leads to the production of such poisonous fumes that a grave danger to the workmen is thus incurred. A short time ago a committee was appointed by the Durham Coal Owners Association, consisting of representatives of both masters and men, to consider this important question. Careful experiments having been made, the committee came to the conclusion that the fumes produced are not more dangerous than those from gun-powder; that carbon monoxide—the irrespirable gas which is produced by the com-bustion of charcoal, and which has led to so many deaths—is present only in traces; that an interval of five minutes should be allowed to elapse before the men re-enter the gallery in which the charge has been fired; and that as they find a portion of the dele-terious gases are due to the fuse employed, the charges should be invariably fired by electricity.

of the Episcolar.

Presbyterian. There were also there laymen from each congregation.

The charges were that Judge Alkens, a month or so ago, while in Sloux Falls, stopping at the Cataract House, became intoxicated, and seized the maid of Baroness de Stuers. The maid screamed, bringing out a number of guests, who locked the Judge in a room. As soon as the landlord was made aware of the circumstance the Judge was ejected from the hotel. Baroness de Stuers has now an application for a decree of divorce before Judge Aikens, the trial having been set for the last week in January. The second rumor, the divine stated, was that three weeks ago the Judge, in company with two divorce clients, became intoxicated and entered a "hole in the wall" which he had issued an order to have closed. Other ministers recited stories of the antics of the Judge. Then a letter was written to him requesting him to resign. Judge Aikens will take no notice of the communication. Carp for Destroying Mosquitoes. A correspondent of Nature describes a method for the destruction of mosquitoes which we believe is not commonly known; and he tells us of an English resident on the Riviera who had freed his property from this pest. Fresh water on the Riviera, as many of our readers well know, is scarce, and therefore it is treasured accordingly She Must Allow It to Be Talked About in The inhabitants store it for use in tanks and other receptacles. Now, the larvæ of the mosquito, it is a serted, can live only in fresh water, and the carp happens to be a fish which is particularly fond of that larve as an article of diet. The gentleman re-ferred to exterminated the insects by the simple device of placing a pair of carp in each tank attached to his premises. We feel certain that there are many places abroad where the conditions are similar and where this experiment might be tried with advantage.

> Calculating the Distance Traveled. It is often desirable to relieve the tedium of travel by rail by testing the speed at which the train is running along, and many persons amuse themselves by timing this speed by noting, watch in hand, the time at Butler Accommodation which the various mile posts are passed.
>
> Zelleuopie and Foxburg.
>
> Butler Accommodation for the various mile posts are passed.
>
> Particlass face to Chicago: \$1.00 pc. The passed of the various mile posts are passed.

There is a rule, however, which gives approximately correct results, which any one may practice without reference to a time-keeper. The rails average about 30 feet in seeper. The rails average about 30 teet in length; and the number passed over in 20 seconds equals, roughly, the number of miles per hour at which the train is traveling. Unless the train is running at a very high speed, say over 60 miles per hour, there is no difficulty in counting the number of rails passed over, as there is a dis-tinet click as the joint between each pair of rails is covered by the wheel.

Recipe for Making Ivory.

Natural ivory is composed of tribasic phosphate of lime, magnesia, alumina, gelatine, albumen and calcium carbonate. Many attempts have been made to make an artificial substitute, but until recently they have proved unsuccessful. The process is, briefly, to treat quicklime with sufficient water to convert it to a hydrate, adding to it, however, just before it becomes completely hydrated, an aqueous solution of phosporic acid, and while thoroughly stirring incorporating small quantities of calcium car-bonate, magnesia and alumina, and finally the gelatine and albumen dissolved in

Thus is obtained a plastic, intimately mixed mass, which is set aside to allow com-pletion of the action of the phosphoric acid upon the chalk. A day later, while the mixture is still plastic, it is pressed into the desired form and dried in a current of air about 1500 C., and after being kept for three or four weeks becomes perfectly hard. The proportions, which can be colored by the addition of suitable substances, are quicklime, 100 parts; water, 300 parts; phosphoric acid solution (L05 specific gravity), 75 parts; calcium carbonate, 16 parts; mag nesia, 1 to 2 parts; alumina precipitated, 5 parts; gelatine, 15 parts.

Wood Fibre Used for Bath Tubs.

Wood fibre or pulp is now employed in the manufacture of bath-tubs, the material being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure. The pores are filled with a hardening material and subjected to a high heat to make the tub impervious to water. articles so made are in one piece there are no joints or cracks in which dirt can collect. Owing to the fact that wood is a non-conductor of heat and cold, tubs made of this material possess some advantages over

Production of Steel Rails.

The production of steel rails this year will amount to 1,000,000 or 1,100,000 tons. The output was considerably cut down during the summer by a sfrike of the coke workers. Judging from the present prospect, 1892 will show a large gain over 1891 in rail production; it is estimated that at least 500,000 tons more Bessemer iron will go into rails next year than during the present year. We see no reason why the iron and steel makers of this country may not breathe more more freely and look forward to a largely expanded market and better prices for their products.

Reindeer Hals in Life Belts.

A new life belt, lately invented at Stettin, is composed of reindeer hair, confined in at canvas covering. It is in the ordinary shape of a life belt, but is very much lighter than those of cork, weighing only two pounds, and will support 22 pounds of iron in the water. Reindeer hair is hollow, and contains air, being also impervious to

Thus the life belt may be immersed for any length of time, but is still as buoyant as when put in. The hair, being extremely soft, may be used for ship's mattresses or the seats of chairs, sofas, etc.; also coats, waistcoats or traveling rugs may be formed from it. The inventor obtains the hair from the tanners at Leipsic, to which place the largest number of reindeer skins exported from Norway, Sweden and Fin-

HUMOR by the great master of it, Bob Burdette, in THE DISPATCH to-mor-

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.

Purest BEEF TEA Cheapest INVALUABLE

In the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Coroa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. I fundreds of subtle maindless are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Urid Bervice Guzette.

Made sumply with boiling water or milk. Sold

Service Gazette.

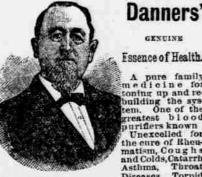
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound this, by grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homocopathic Chemists, London, England.

myl6-50-Tus

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines'
Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never falls. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an atter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist, 6-page book of particulars free. To be had of A. J. RANKIN. Sixth and Penn av. Pittsburg. Trade supplied by GFO. A. KELLY & CO. Allectheny agents, E. HOLDEN & CO., 43 Federal st. jy2-80-TTS



GENUINE Essence of Health.

reatest blood the cure of Rheu-matism, Coughs and Colds, Catarrh

Asthma, Throat Diseases, Torpid Diseases, Torpid tation of the Heart, Cramps. Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Scrofula and diseases arising from imperfect and deprayed state of the blood, Piles, Costiveness, Nervoussess, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys. It properly taken we guarantee a cure. For sale by druggists, and

The Danner Medicine Co.,

242 Federal st., Allegheny. Price \$1 00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5 00. Write for Testimonials.

PITTSBURG AND WESTERN RAILWAY-Trains (Ct'l Sian'd time). | Leave. | Arrive

RAILBOADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 20th, 1891.

Trains will leave Union Station, Pittsbur as follows (Eastern Standard Time):-MAIN LINE EASTWARD.

MAIN LINE EASTWARD.

Pennsylvania Limited of Pullman Vestibule Care daily at 7:15 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg at 1:35 p. m., Philadelphia at 4:35 p. m., New York 7:30 p. m., Baltimore 4:30 p. m., Washington 5:25 p. m., Reystone Express daily at 1:20 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg 8:25 a. m., Philadelphia 11:25 p. m., New York 2:30 p. m.

Atlantic Express daily at 1:20 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg 8:25 a. m., Philadelphia 11:25 p. m., New York 3:30 p. m., Baltimore 1:15 p. m., Washington 2:20 p. m.

Harrisburg 8:25 p. m., Baltimore 1:15 p. m., Washington 2:20 p. m.

Day Express daily at 8:20 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg 3:20 p. m., Baltimore 6:30 p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:35 p. m., Washington 8:15 p. m.

Mail train Sunday onle, 8:40 a. m., arrives Harrisburg 1:20 p. m., Philadelphia 10:35 p. m.

Mail Express daily at 1:50 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg 1:20 p. m., Philadelphia 10:35 p. m.

Mail Express daily at 1:50 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg 1:20 p. m., Chiladelphia 1:25 a. m., and New York 7:10 a. m.

Eastern Express at 7:10 n. m.

Eastern Express at 7:10 n. m. daily, arriving Harrisburg 1:25 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg 1:25 a. m., and New York 9:20 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg 1:25 a. m., and New York 9:20 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 2:20 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 2:20 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 2:20 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 2:20 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m., Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., Washingt

York 9:20 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Venanda, ton 7:30 a. m., All through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of "Brooklyn Annex," for Brooklyn, N.Y., avoiding double ferriage and Journey through New York City.

Johnstown Accom., except Sunday, 3:40 p. m., Greensbur Accom., H:30 p. m., week-days, 10:20 p. m. Sundays, Greensburg Express 5:15 p. m., except Sunday. Derry Express 11:30 a. m., except Sunday.

except Simony. Derry Express 8:50, 9:40, 10:30, eept Simony.

Wall Accoin. 5:25, 6:00, 7:40, 8:55, 8:50, 9:40, 10:30, 11:00 a. m., 12:15, 1:00, 1:20, 2:30, 3:40, 4:00, 4:50, 5:15, 6:00, 6:55, 7:25, 9:00, 10:20, 11:20 p. m., 12:10 night. except Monday. Souday. 8:40, 10:30 a. m., 12:25, 1:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:30, 7:20, 9:30, 10:30 m., 12:25, 1:00, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, 7:20, 9:30, 19:30
p. m.

Wilkinsburg Accom, 5:25, 6:30, 6:15, 6:45, 7:00, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:35, 8:30, 9:40, 19:30, 11:3

SOUTH-WEST PENN RAILWAY. For Uniontown 5:25 and 8:35 a. m., 1:39 and 4:3 week days,

MONONGAHELA DIVISION.

12:25, 1:00, 1:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:30, 7:20, 9:500, 9:500,

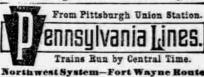
For Monongabela City, West Brownsville, and
Unionitown 10:49 a. m. For Monongabela City
and West Brownsville 7:35 and 10:49 a. m., and
4:50 p. m. On Sunday, 8:55 a. m. and 1:91 p. m.

For Monongabela City only, 1:01 and 5:50 p. m.,
week-days. Dravosburg accom., 6:00 a. m. and
3:20 p. m. week-days. West Elizabeth accom.,
8:35 a. m., 4:13, 6:30 and 11:35 p. m. Sunday, 9:40
p. m. MONONGABELA DIVISION.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 16th, 1891. From FEDERAL STREET STATION, Allegheny City— for Springdale, week-days, 6:20, 8:25, 8:30, 10:40, 11:50 a.m., 2:25, 4:10, 5:00, 5:40, 6:10, 6:20, 8:10, 10:30 and 11:40 p. m. Sundays, 12:35 and 9:30 p. m. For Butler, week-days, 6:55, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 3:15

For Paulion and Blairsville, week-days, 6:35, 8:30, 10:40 a.m.,
For Freeport, week-days, 6:35, 8:30, 10:40 a.m.,
3:15, 4:19, 5:40, 8:10, 10:30 and 11:30 p. m. Sundays,
12:35 and 9:30 p. m.
For Apollo, week-days, 10:40 a.m., and 5:40 p. m.
For Paulion and Blairsville, week-days, 6:35 a.m., 3:15 and 15:30 p. m.

3:16 and 15:30 p. m. CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.



Northwest System—Fort Wayne Route
DEFART for Chicago, points intermediate and beyond:
1.30 a.m., \*7.10 a.m., \*12.20 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*8.45
p.m., \*11.30 p.m. Analyze from same points: \*12.05
a.m., \*11.13 a.m., \*6.00 a.m., \*6.35 a.m., \*6.00 p.m.,
\*6.50 p.m.
DEFART for Toledo, points intermediate and beyond
7.10 a.m., \*12.20 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*11.20 p.m. Analyze
from same points: \*1.15 a.m., \*6.35 a.m., \*6.00 p.m.,
\*6.50 p.m.
DEFART for Cleveland, points intermediate and
beyond: †6.10 a.m., \*7.10 a.m., †12.45 p.m.,
\*11.05 p.m. Analyze from same points: \*6.50 a.m.,
\*2.15 p.m., \*6.00 p.m., †7.00 p.m.
DEFART for New Castle, Erle, Youngstown, Ashrabala, points intermediate and beyond: †7.20 a.m.,

bula, points intermediate and beyond: 17.20 a.m., 12.20 p.m. ARRIVE from same points: †1.25 p.m.,

19,00 p.m.
DEFART for New Castle, Jamestown, Youngstown and Niles, †3,45 p.m. Arrive from same points: 19.10 a.m.
DEPART for Youngstown, \*12.20 p.m. ARRIVE from
Youngstown \*6.50 p.m.

HIS friends said he would surely die. Dr. | Southwest System-Pan Handle Route

DEPART for Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St.
Louis, points intermediate and beyond: \*1.20 a.m.,
\*7.00 a.m., \*8.45 p.m., \*11.15 p.m. America from same
points: \*2.20 a.m., \*6.00 a.m., \*6.55 p.m.

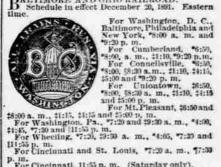
DEPART for Columbus, Chicago, points intermediate
and beyond: \*1.20 a.m., †12.65 p.m. America from
same points: \*2.20 a.m., †1.55 p.m. America from
same points: \*2.20 a.m., †1.55 p.m., †8.55 a.m.,
†1.55 p.m., †8.30 p.m., †1.45 p.m., †4.50 p.m. America
from Washington, †6.15 a.m., †5.50 p.m. America
from Washington, †6.55 p.m.
†10.25 a.m., †2.45 p.m., †6.25 p.m.
†2.20 a.m., †4.10 p.m. America from Wheeling,
†2.20 a.m., †8.40 a.m., †1.05 p.m., †5.55 p.m.
PULLMAN SLIBERING CARS AND PULLMAN DINING
CARS run through, East and West, on principal trains
of both Systems.

Time Tames of Through and Local Accommoda-

of both Systems.

Time Tances of Through and Local Accommodation Trains of either system, not mentioned above, can be obtained at 110 Fifth Avenue and Union Station, Pittsburgh, and at principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburgh. Daily, 'Ex. Sunday, IEx. Saturday, 'Ex. Monday, JOSEPH WOOD, E. A. FORD, Goneral Manager General Passenger Agent

BALTIMORE AND OHIO BAILROAD. Schedule in effect December 20, 1881.



For Cincinnata, 11:55 p. m. (Saturday only).
For Columbus, 7:20 a. m., 7:30 and 11:55 p. m.
For Columbus, 7:20 a. m., 7:30 and 11:55 p. m.
For Chiengo, 7:20 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Trains arrive from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 75:20 a. m., 78:30 p. m.
From Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago, 73:50, a. m., 78:50 p. m.
Parlor and sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washington, Clucinnati and Chicago

m. \*8:50 p. m. From Wheeling, \*8:50, \*10:45 a.m., 14:15, \*8:50 p. m.

Parfor and sheeping cars to Baltimore, Washington, Clucinnati and Chicago.

"Daily, 1Daily except Sunday, ISanday only, ISaturday only, \*Daily except Saturday.

The Pittsburg Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences upon orders left at B. & O. theket office, corner Fifth avenue and Wood street, or 401 and 633 Smithfield street.

J. T. ODELL.

General Manager.

CHAS, O. SCULL.

Gen. Pass. Agent.

DIFTSBURG AND LAKE CHIE RAILROAD Company; schedule in effect November 15, 1891, Central time. P. & L. E. R. — Depart-For Cleveland, \*8:00 a. m., \*1:50, 4:23, \*7:45 p. m. For Cleveland, \*8:00 a. m., \*1:50, 4:23, \*7:45 p. m. For Cleveland, \*8:00 a. m., \*1:50, \*1:50, \*9:44 p. m. For Buffalo, 8:00 a. m., 4:20, \*7:45 p. m. For Salamanca, \*8:00 a. m., \*1:50, \*1:45 p. m. For Youngstown and New Castle, 6:00, \*8:50, 8:50, 8:50, 7:50, \*9:50, 9:55 a. m., \*1:50, 3:50, \*4:20, \*2:50, \*7:50, \*55, \*7:50, \*55, \*7:50, \*55, \*7:50, \*55, \*53, \*6:00, \*6:55, \*7:50, \*7:50, \*55, \*7:50, \*5 DITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD 1553 3:20, 3:45, 74:23, \*4:25, 5:10, 5:10, \*8:00, \*9:45, 10:20 p. m.

ARKUE-From Cleveland, \*6:22 a. m., \*12:20, 5:13, \*7:30 p. m. From Cleveland, \*6:22 a. m., \*12:20, 5:13, \*7:30 p. m. From Ruffalo, \*6:20 a. m., \*12:20, 5:20 p. m. From Ruffalo, \*6:20 a. m., \*12:20, 5:20 p. m. From Salamanca, \*3:20, \*7:200 a. m., \*7:200 p. m. From Youngstown and New Castle, \*6:30, \*10:50 a. m., \*12:20, 5:13, \*7:20, 9:20 p. m. From Beaver Fall, \*2:20, \*2:13, \*7:20, 9:20 p. m. From Reaver Fall, \*2:20, \*2:15, \*7:20, 9:20 p. m. From Reaver Fall, \*2:20, \*2: From McKeesport, Elizabeth, Monongahela City and Belle Vernon, \*8:55, 11 05 a. m., \*4:00 p. m. From Belle Vernon, Monongahela City, Eliza-beth and McKeesport, \*7:40 s. m., 1:20, \*5:05 p. m. \*Daliv, \*(Sundays only, City ticket office, 629 Smithfield st.

City ticket office, 620 Smithfield 54.

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD-ON A and after Sunday, June 28, 1891, trains will leave and arrive at Union station, Pittsburg, eastern standard time: Buffalo express leaves at 8:29 a. m., 8:45 p. m. (arriving at Buffalo at 5:45 p. m. and 7:20 a. m.), it arrives at 7:10 a. m., 6:25 p. m. old City and DuBois express—Leaves 3:20a m., 1890 p. m.; arrives 1:00, 6:25, 10:00 p. m. East Brady-Leaves 4:05, 6:15 p. m.; arrives 3:05 a. m., 7:40 p. m. arrives 8:25, 10:00 a. m., 5:35 p. m. Brachnru-Leaves 4:05, 6:15 p. m.; arrives 3:05 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Valley Campo-Leaves 10:15 a. m. 12:05, 223; 11:20 p. m.; arrives 6:40 a. m., 12:03, 21:15 a. p. m. Hulton-Leaves 8:00, 9:50, p. m.; arrives 2:25, 11:20 p. m. Forty-third street—Arrives 2:25, 220 a. m., 8:45 p. m.; arrives 7:10 a. m., 6:25 p. m. Emlenton-Leaves 9:05 p. m.; arrives 9:15 p. m. Rittanning—Leaves 1:26 p. m.; arrives 7:16 p. m.; arrives 7:16 p. m. Brachura-Leaves 2:50 p. m.; arrives 7:18 p. m. Pullman parlor buffet car on day trains and Pullman sleeping cav on night trains between Pittsburg and Buffalo. Ticket offices, No. 110 Fifth arenne and Union station. DAVID M'CARGO, Genera Superintendent. JAMES P. ANDERSON. 6-20

BAILHOADS,