THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

A HEALTH FACTORY.

Mark Twain Initiated Into the Mysteries of Mary's Baths in Austria.

ALL TALK IS ON LIVERS.

Except When a Jovial Fat Man Runs Against a Happy Lean One.

A POEM RELEASED BY THE MUD.

Austria's Emblem Should Be a Grandmother Harnessed to a Dog.

PLOT FOR A TRRILLING STAGE ROMANCE



HIS place is the village of Marienbad, Bohemia. It seems no very great distance from Annecy. in Haute Savoie, to 30 hours by these Continental express trains - but the

proportion to the Geneva you have blue lakes, with bold mountains springing from their borders, and far glimpses of snowy wastes lifted against the horizon beyond, while all about you is a garden cultivated to the last possibility of grace and beauty-a cultivation which doesn't stop with the handy lower levels, but is carried right up the sheer steeps and propped there with ribs of masonry, and made to sthy there in spite of

Beyond Geneva-beyond Lausanne, at any rate-you have for a while a country which noticeably resembles New England, and seems out of place and like an intruder - an intruder who is wearing his every-day clothes at a fancy-dress ball. But presently, on your right, huge green mountain ramparts rise up, and after that for hours you are absorbed in watching the rich shadow effects which they furnish, and are only dully aware that New England is gobe and that you are flying past quaint and unspeakably old towns and towers.

Next day you have the Lake of Zurich, and presently the Rhine is swinging by you How clean it is! How clear it is! How blue it is! How green it is! How swift

at the toot of a street and look up the stant of it you see only block fronts of graceful pattern, with happily broken lines, and the bleasing accent of bay projections and bal-conies in orderly disorder and harmonious confusion, and always the color is fresh and cheery, various shades of cream, with softly concery, various shades of cream, with softly contrasting trimmings of white, and now and then a touch of dim red. These blocks are all thick-walled, solid, massive, tall, for this is Europe; but it is the brightest and newest-looking town on the continent, and as pretty as anybody could require. The steep hills spring high aloft from the very back doors, and are clothed densely to their tons with hemlock.

tops with hemlock.

In Bayaria everybody is in uniform, and you wonder where the private citizens are, but here in Bobenia the uniforms are very rare. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of an Austrian officer, but it is only occasionally. Uniforms are so scarce that we seem to be in a Republic. Almost the only striking feature is the Polish Hebrew. He is very frequent. He is tall and of grave is very frequent. He is tall and of grave countenance, and wears a coat that reaches to his ankle bones, and he has a little wee curl or two in front of each ear. He has a prosperous look and seems to be as much

espected as anybody.

The crowds that drift along the promenade at music time twice a day are fashion-ably dressed after the Parisian pattern, and they look a good deal alike, but they speak a lot of languages which you have not en-countered before, and no ignorant person can spell their names, and they can't proce them themselves.

The Miracles of the Spring.

Marienbad-Mary's Bath-The Mary is the Virgin. She is the patroness of these curative springs. They trains - but the changes in the changes in the scenery are great: they are quite out of a convent, and has been for 600 or 700 hundred years. However, there was never a boom here until a quarter of a century

a boom here until a quarter of a century ago.

If a person has the gout, this is what they do with him: They have him out at 5:30 in the morning, and give him an egg and let him look at a cup of tea. At 6 he must be at his particular spring, with his tumbler hanging at his belt—and he will have plenty of company there. At the first note of the orchestra he must lift his tumbler and begin to sip his dreadful water with the rest. He must sip slowly and be a long time at it. Then he must tramp about the hills for an hour or so, and get all the exercise and fresh air possible. Then he takes his tub or wallows in his mud, if mud baths are his sort. By noon he has a fine appetite, and the rules allow him to turn himself loose now and satisfy it, so long as he is careful and eats only such things as he doesn't want. He puts in the afternoon walking the hills and filling up with fresh air. At night he is allowed to take three ounces of any kind of food he doesn't like, and drink one glass of any kind of liquor that he has a prefudice against; he may also smoke one pipe if he isn't used to it. At 2:30 sharp he must be in bed and his candle out. Repeat the whole thing next day. I don't see any advantage in this over the gout.

A Regenerating Revolution. A Regenerating Revolution.

In the case of most diseases that is about and rollicking and insolent is its gait and style! How vivid and aplendid its colors—beautiful wreck and chaos of all the soap bubbles in the universe! A person born on the Rhine must worship it.

In the case of most diseases that is about what one is required to undergo, and if you have any pleasant habit that you value they want that. They want that the first thing. They make you drop everything that gives an interest to life. Their idea is to reverse your entire system of existence born on the Rhine must worship it.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear.

Ves, that is where his heart would be, that is where his last thoughts would be, the "solder of the legion" who "lay dying in Algiera."

And by and by you are in a German re-



LEANNESS, FATNESS AND ALL THE REST.

swells, to the horizon. And there is another new feature. Here and there, at wide intervals, you have islands, hills 200 and like that. 300 feet high, of a haystack form, that rise abruptly out of the green plain, and are wooded solidly to the top. On the top there is just room for a ruined castle, and there

Nature in Rudest Shapes.

Beyond Stuttgart, next day, you find other changes still. By and by, approach-ing and leaving Nuremberg and down by Newhaus, your landscape is humped everywhere with scattered knobs of rock, unsociable crags of a rude, tower-like look, and thatched with grass and vines and bushes. And now and then you have gorges, too, of a modest pattern as to size, with precipice walls curiously carved and heneycombed by I don't know what; but water, no doubt. The changes are not done yet, for the instant the country finds it is

A couple of bours from Bayreuth you cross into Bohemia, and before long you reach this Marienbad and recognize another sharp change—the change from the long ago to today; that is to say, from the very old to the spick and span new; from an architecture tospick and span new; from an architecture to-tally without shapeliness or ornament to an architecture attractively equipped with both; from universal dismalness as to color to uni-versal brightness and beauty of tint; from a town which seems made up of prisons to a town which is made up of gracious and graceful mansions proper to the light of heart and crimeless. It is like jumping out of Jerusalem into Chicago.

No Such Variety Anywhere. The more I think of these many changes, the more surprising the thing seems. I have never made so picturesque a journey before, and surely there cannot be another trip of

rion, which you discover to be quite offerent from the recent Swiss lands behind you.
You have a sea before you; that is to say, the green land goes rolling away, in ocean walls to the rich sail of the sail of home and save the money? No disease would stay with a person who treated it

I didn't come here to take baths; I only came to look around. But first one person wooded solidly to the top. On the top there is just room for a ruined castle, and there and then another began to throw out hints, and pretty soon I was a good deal concerned about myself. One of these goutees here said I had a gouty look about the eye; next a person who has catarrh of the intestines asked me if I didn't notice a little dun sort of storagh ach a whon I appeared I had not contain the container. of stomach ache when I sneezed. I hadn't before, but I did seem to notice it then. A man that's here for heart disease said he wouldn't come down stairs so fast if he had my build and aspect. A person with an old gold complexion said a man died here in a mud bath last week that had a petrified liver—good deal such a looking man as I

Of course there was nothing to be uneasy about, and I wasn't what you may call really uneasy; but I was not feeling very well vet, for the instant the country finds it is out of Wurtemberg and into Bayaria it discards one more thickness of soil to go with previous disrobings, and then nothing remains over the bones but the shift. There may be a poorer soil somewhere, but it is uppose that that was not a good idea, because then they had me. I started in at the upper end of the mill and went through. I am said to be all right now, and free from this does not surprise me. disease, but this does not surprise me.
What I have been through in these two
weeks would free a person of pretty much
everything in him that wasn't nailed there -any loose thing, any unattached fragment of bone, or meat, or morals, or disease, and enough of my habits to make it worth while to live. To have nothing the matter with you and no habits is pretty tame, pretty colorless. It is just the way a saint feels, I reckon; it is at least the way it looks. I never could stand a saint.

That reminds me that you see very few

like length in the world that can furnish so much variety and of so charming and interesting a sort.

There are only two or three streets here in this snug pocket, in the hemloca hills, but they are handsome. When you stand at the foot of a street and look up the slant of it world and managed by a convent. The few priests one does see here are dressed like human beings, and so there may be more of them than I magine. Fifteen priests dressed like these could not attract as much of some Strange Street Manners.

The tree are only two or three streets here in this snug pocket, in the hemloca hills human beings, and so there may be more of them than I magine. Fifteen priests dressed like these could not attract as much of some Strange Street Manners. of your attention as would one priest at Aix-les-Bains. You cannot pull your eye loose from the French priest so long as he is in sight, his dress is so fascinatingly

dressed like these could not attract as much of your attention as would one priest at Aix-les-Bains. You cannot pull your eve loose from the French priest so long as he is in sight, his dress is so fascinatingly ugly.

The Universal Subject of Conversation.

While waiting in the reception room all by myself two men came in and began to talk. Politics, literature, religion? Note their ailments. There is no other subject here, apparently. Wherever two or three of these people are gathered together, there you have it, every time. The first that can get his mouth open contributes his disease and the condition of it, and the others follow with theirs. The two men just referred to were acquaintances, and they followed the custom. One of them was built like a gasometer and is here to reduce his girth; the other was built like a derrick, and is here to fat up, as they express it at this resort. They were well satis-



fied with the progress they were making. The gasometer had lost a quarter of a ton in ten days, and showed the record with pride on his belt, and he walked briskly across the room, smiling in a vast and luminous way, like a harvest moon, and said he couldn't have done that when he arrived here. He buttoned his coat around his equator and showed how loose it way. It was pretty to see his happiness, it was so childlike and honest. He set his feet to gether and leaned out over his person and proved that he could see them. He said he hadn't seen them from that point before for 15 years. He had a hand like a boxing glove, and on one of his fingers he had just found a diamond ring which he had missed it wears ago.

broke in and began to tell how he was pring on blubber right along—three-quarters of an ounce every four days; and he was still niping away when I was sent for. I left the fat man standing there panting and blowing, and swelling and collapsing like a balloon, his next speech all ready, you see, and urgent for delivery.

They Talk About Their Livers.

The patients are always at that sort of thing, trying to talk each other to death. The fat ones and the lean ones are nearly The fat ones and the lean ones are nearly the worst at it, but not quite; the dyspepties are the worst. They are at it day and night and all along. They have more symptoms than all the others put together, and so there is more variety of experience, more change of condition, more adventure, and consequently more play for the imagination, more scope for living, and in every way a bigger field for talk. Go where you will, hide where you may, you cannot escape that word liver; you overhear it constantly—in the street, in the shop, in the theater, in the music grounds. Wherever you see two or a dozen people of ordinary bulk talking together, you know they are talking about or a dozen people of ordinary bulk talking together, you know they are talking about their livers. When you first arrive here your new acquaintances seem sad and hard to talk to, but pretty soon you get the lay of the land and the hang of things, and after that you haven't any more trouble. You look into the dreary, dull eye, and and say: "Well, how's your liver?"

You will see that dim eye flash up with a grateful flame, and you will see that jaw begin to work, and you will recognize that nothing is required of you from this out but to listen so long as you remain conteious. After a few days you will begin to notice that out of these people's talk a gospel is framing itself, and next you will find yourself believing it. It is this—that a man is not what his rearing, his schooling, his beliefs, his principles make him, he is what his liver makes him; that with a healthy liver he will have the clear-seeing eye, the honest heart, the sincere mind, the

eye, the honest heart, the sincere mind, the loving spirit, the loyal soul and truth and trust and faith that are based as Gibraltar is based, and that with an unhealthy liver he must and will have the opposite of all these; he will see nothing as it really is, he cannot trust anybody or believe in anything, his moral foundations are gone from under him. Now, isn't that interesting? I think it is.

Released by a Mud Bath. Two days ago, perceiving that there was something unusual the matter with me, I went around from doctor to doctor, but went around from doctor to doctor, but without avail; they said they had never seen this kind of symtoms before—at least, not all of them. They had seen some of them, but differently arranged. It was a new disease, as far as they could see. Apparently it was serofulous, but a new kind. That was as much as they felt able to say. Then then they made a stethescopic examination, and decided that if anything would dislodge it, a mud bath was the thing. It was a very ingenious idea. I took the mud was a very ingenious idea. I took the mud bath, and it did dislodge it. Here it is: A Love Song.

I ask not "Is thy heart still sure,
Thy love still warm, thy faith secure?"
I ask not, "Dream'st thou still of me?—
Long'st alway to fly to me?"
Ah, no—but as the sun includeth all
The good gifts of the Giver,
I sum all these in asking thee,
"O sweetheart, how's your liver!"

For if thy liver worketh right, Thy faith is sure, thy hope is bright, Their dreams are sweet and I their god, Doubt threats in vain—thou scorn'st his Keep only thy digestion clear. No other foe my love doth fear.

But indigestion hath the power To mar the soul's screnest hour— To crumble adamantine trust To crumble adamantine trist
And turn its certainties to dust.
To dim the eye with nameless grief,
To chill the heart with unbelief.
To banish hope, and faith, and love,
Place heaven below and nell above.
Then list-details are naught to me
To thou'st the sum-gift of the giv
I ask thee all in asking thee,
"O darling, how's your liver?"

sciously crowding you out of the road; they seem to be innocently and stupidly unaware that they are doing it. But not so in Geneva. There this class, especially the men, crowd out men, women, and girls of all ranks and raiment consciously and intentionally—crowd them off the sidewalk and into the gutter.

There was nothing of this kind is Boy.

here. He buttoned his coat around his equator and showed how loose it way. It was pretty to see his happiness, it was so childlike and honest. He set his feet together and leaned out over his person and proved that he could see them. He said he hadn't seen them from that point before for 15 years. He had a hand like a boxing glove, and on one of his fingers he had just found a diamond ring which he had missed it wears ago.

The minute the derrick got a chance he broke in and began to tell how he was piling on blubber right along—three-quarters of an ounce every four days; and he was But drowning would help. But drowning would help.

A Heraldic Design for Austria.

However, perhaps one can't look for any really showy amount of delicacy of feeling in a country where a person is brought up to contemplate without a shudder the spectacle of women harnessed up with dogs and hauling carta. The woman is on one side of the pole, the dog on the other, and they bend to the work and tug and pant and strain—and the man tramps leisurely alongside and smokes his pipe. Often the woman is old and gray, and the man is her grandson. The Austrian national ornithological device ought to be replaced by a grandmother harnessed to a siush cart with a dog. This merely in the interest of fact. Heraldic fancy has been a little too much overworked in these countries, anyway.

Lately one of those curious things happened near here which justify the felicitous extravagances of the stage and help us to accept the stage and the st A Heraldie Design for Austria

pened near here which justify the felicitous extravagances of the stage and help us to accept them. A despondent man, bankrupt, friendless, and desperate, dropped a dose of strychnia into a bottle of whisky and went out in the dusk to had a handy place for his purpose, which was suicide. In a lonely spot he was stopped by a tramp, who said he would kill him if he didn't give up his money. Instead of jumping at the chance of getting himself killed and thus saving himself the impropriety and annoyance of suicide, he forgot all about his late project and attacked the tramp in a most sturdy and valiant fashion. He made a good fight, but tailed to win. The night passed, the morning came, and he woke out of unconsciousness to find that he had been clubbed half to death and left to perish at his leisure.

Cheated Out of His Suicide.

Chested Out of His Suicide. Then he reached for his bottle to add the finishing touch, but it was gone. He pulled Then he reached for his bottle to add the finishing touch, but it was gone. He pulled himself together and went limping away, and presently came upon the tramp stretched out stone dead with the empty bottle beside him. He had drank the whisky and committed suicide innocently. Now, while the man who had been cheated out of his suicide stood there bemoaning his hard luck and wondering how he might manage to raise money enough to buy some more whisky and poison, some people of the neighborhood came by and he told them about his curious adventure. They said that this tramp had been the acourge of the neighborhood and the dread of the constabulary. The inquest passed off quietly and to everybody's satisfaction, and then the people, to testify their gratitude to the hero of the occasion, put him on the police, on a good enough salary, and he is all right now, and is not meditating suicide any more. Here are all the elements of the naivest Arabian tale; a man who resists robbery when he hasn't anything to be robbed of; does his very best to save his life when he has come out purposely to throw it away; and finally is victorious in defeat, killing his adversary in an effectual and poetic fashion after already hors du combat himself.

Arabian tale; a man who resists robbery when he hasn't anything to be robbed of; does his very best to save his life when he has come out purposely to throw it away; and finally is victorious in defeat, killing his adversary in an effectual and poetic fashion after already hors du combat himself. And now, if you let him rise in the service and marry the chief of police's daughter, it has the requisite elements of the Occide ntal romance, lacking not a detail as far as I can see.

MARK TWAIN.

RECEIVERS NOT BOUND BY LAW. A Remarkable Decision in a Railroad Dam-

THE SILENT MYSTERY

Is What New York Politicians Are Calling Grover Cleveland.

HILL AND HIS MACHINE WORK.

A Murderer the Most Interesting Character in New York.

HIS EXECUTION AN APPROPRIATE ONE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, Feb. 6. - Senator Hill, who s working the machine with all the ardon and many times the enthusiasm of a Mantalini at a mangle; Grover Cleveland in the strange role of The Silent Mystery, and Carlyle Harris convicted of his young wife's murder are the important actors on the metropolitan stage this week.

Of course the murderer is the most inter esting of the three. We never weary of intelligent murderers; in fact, we never have enough of them. Harris is the first that has turned up in a long time. His name and doings make conversation everywhere. When an ignorant brute commits a murder and dies for it, no one cares but himself. Here is an intelligent young man, tall and slim, who has a young woman on his hands, finds the load embarrassing, and decides to kill her. That interests everybody. It is well worth while to study a young chap able to win the affections of numerous young women, and possessing, at the same time, a character that made it possible for him to kill a girl who loved him as calmly as that girl would have drowned a batch of kittens that she was not prepared to entertain. Any num-ber of women thought a great deal of this diluted, vulgar little beast of a nineteenth century Henry VIII. Women's Intuitions Not Infallible.

Therefore what is the use of talking any more about the value of women's intuitions. That is one disillusion. Here is another. Many good people have had great faith in stirpiculture. That is to say, they felt that in the important matter of the perpetuation of the human race too much was left to luck. The mother of the young murderer is a stirpiculturist and has written a book protecting against the prevailing urinciple. protesting against the prevailing principle. In her book she lays down rules which she doubtless followed and which were to im-

prove future generations very greatly.

Her son turns out a murderer; an intelligent fellow and lovable, as his friends put it, but a murderer. That seems to discourage the stirpiculture idea.

It is almost enough to cause a revision of It is almost enough to cause a revision of his views by the young man of the period who does his thinking on all subjects for himself, and who just now usually decides against the existence of a soul because he can't see it. Here is a young man, entertaining, gay, intelligent and lovable, with the added advantages of stirpiculture tried on himself, who commits a cowardly murder. It's enough to make a young thinker believe that there are some things in nature with which his mind is not fitted to wrestle. The killing of Harris by electricity, if it ever takes place, will, in the language of newspaper men, be a great story. Electrical killing seems hardly fair treatment for the sturdy straightforward laboring man who commits his murder with an axe or a billet of wood. He seems to have almost a right to-demand that he be punished with the rope in simple fashion.

An Appropriate Execution. It is almost enough to cause a revision of

An Appropriate Execution.

But for a scientific, medical murderer who uses drugs, prescriptions, and a knowledge of human nature in his work, the complex dynamo, with its alternating currents, volts and wires and the knowledge it demands of nerves and other medical things, appears to

herves and other medical things, appears to be singularly appropriate.

Harris passed his medical examinations most brilliantly. He will know what is in store for him quite as well as those who kill him. That will enable those who write about the electric killing to give a new color to the affair. There will be interesting copy also concerning the professional feelings of the doctors who constitute themselves executioners and who will have to

selves executioners and who will have to operate on one of their brethren.

The action of the Legislature admitting reporters to electrical executions will make of the Harris execution a notable event in the history of newspaper work.

That action, by the way, is a sad thing for

123 State street, and saye the expense of

123 State street, and save the expense of sweeping.

Hill is now far beyond the stage in which it is necessary to speculate concerning him. From his early manhood he fought a series of political fights, always winning, and finally crowned his work by a fight for Democratic control of this State, as the end of which a decision of the Court of Appeals made him for the first time a serious candidate for the Presidency.

He is now working to be President, and makes no secret of his ambition or his efforts. He has preferred to the salvice of disinterested friends the old advice about a bird in the hand, and has decided to have his midwinter election of ddlegates and get the right ones while he is sure that he has the power to do it.

Everyone is waiting now to hear what Cleveland will say if he makes up his mind to talk. There is much speculation as to what the inside workings of his mind are. what the inside workings of his mind are. Does he worry about Senator Hill, is he doing deep political scheming on his own account, or is he simply drifting with the tide, and how much interest has he in the committee organized to protest against the midwinter convention which is now sending out protests for signature? If he would answer these questions and a few others he would greatly oblige many who are interested in him.

The feeling aroused against Hill because

Supreme Court has rendered a remarkable decision in the case of S. S. Turner against the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, Cross & Eddy, receivers.

John Turner's mother sued for damages for the death of her son who was killed on the railroad. The case came before Williamson county on an appeal, and the judges decided that, inasmuch as the law mentions specifically as liable owners, proprietors, etc., and omits receivers, the latter cannot be held responsible for injuries inflicted, nor compelled to pay damages.

Sound greatly oblige many who are interested in him.

The feeling aroused against Hill because of his determination to hold a midwinter convention has seriously alarmed many of his sincere friends in New York. It is feared that if he sends a lot of straw men to the National Convention a contesting delegation will be admitted, as were the Tammany Hall men in 1880, and that all the result of his wonderful machine work will be lost.

Tammany's Second Man.

The possibility that Hill may prove unavailable when the Democrats meet in Chicago lends important many of his determination to hold a midwinter convention has seriously alarmed many of his sincere friends in New York. It is feared that if he sends a lot of straw men to the National Convention a contesting delegation will be admitted, as were the Tammany Hall men in 1880, and that all the result of his wonderful machine work will be lost.



A CONJUNCTION THAT KNOCKS JUPITER AND VENUS SILLY.

might prove to be Tammany's second choice. Gorman, Flower and Whitney are among those talked about. Whitney is the most

He has remained very much in the background of late, but there is not any doubt that he has great influence with Tammany Hall. The fact that he has taken no open part in the efforts that have been made to fight Hill in Cleveland's interest—the absence of his name from the list of those protesting against the snap convention, for instance—has caused it to be generally declared that he was sitting up nights nursing a "baby" boom of his own.

It is quite possible that he has been, but his faiture to fight Hill is no sign. A man who at any time may reasonably expect something pleasant to happen in a political way cannot afford to stand off and throw stones at the machine.

The chief thing in the way of Whitney's preferment, as often happens in politics, is one for which he is certainly not to blame—the prosperity of the Standard Oil monopoly. After his nomination, if it should occur, every Republican newspaper in the country would be dotted with Standard Oil barrels, decorted in various humorous ways, and unless the Republicans should put up some man of the Depw railroad type the Democrats would have a hard time with the sons of toil.

In spite of the Standard Oil, however, a

good many who find time to speculate believe that Whitney is the second Presidental choice of the State machine.

So much for politics in New York this
week. It might perhaps have been well
boiled down and confined to the statement
that Hill is still on top, with Cleveland the
gainer by a widespread revolt against the
early convention, and a lot of little fellows
holding their thumbs and praying for good
luck.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The Grippo Raging in Alabama. "La grippe is raging here, and I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be a certain cure for it," says W. G. Johns, of Trimble, Culiman county, Ala. Mr. Johns ordered a supply of the Remedy to be shipped by express as quickly as possible. There is no question but this Remedy is of great value in the treatment of the grip,

especially on account of its counteracting any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. It is also a prompt and certain cure for the cough which usually follows an ttack of the grip. 50-cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Wil carry large force of expert furniture packers, and furnish estimates on packing, storing and shipping of household goods. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

TWO BANDS OF STEEL

That Will Draw North and South America Into Commercial Union.

ENGINEERS ARE AT WORK

Surveying the Routes for the Intercontinental Railway.

1,000 MILES OF UNKNOWN LANDS.

In Places the Iron Borse Will Run 12,000 Feet Above the Sea.

CONCEPTION AND SCOPE OF THE WORK

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, February 6.



tral America to make the surveys for the line of the Intercontinental railway. Ever these parties have been in the field, and though suffering the greatest of hardships and surrounded by all the inconveniences. and difficulties

of the rainy season among the Andes and ou the highlands of Guatemala they have prospected and mapped out nearly 1,000 miles of road. The territory through which they are traveling is practically unknown to the world and a great part of their journeys have to be cut through forests and for hundreds of miles they are away from the lines of wagon-roads and have nothing but mule-

paths to guide them. The reports from the different expedition have been received regularly at the Intercontinental Railway office here, and very full private letters have been written to Mr. Cassatt, the President, and to Lieutenant Brown, the executive officer of the commission, by the men of the various parties. This correspondence and these reports have not been given to the public, and I have spent several days during the past week in

Plan of the Great Enterprise, But first let me give THE DISPATCH some idea of this wonderful undertaking. It is the most stupendous international en-

CREDIT CO.,

723 and 725 Liberty Street,

BUSIER NOW THAN WE **GENERALLY ARE** IN APRIL.

CREDIT CO.,

723 and 725 Liberty Street.

That action, by the way, is a sad thing for the unhappy prison wardens. They can only admit six reporters to each killing and will have to deal with at least 25 newspapers, each thoroughly convinced of its right to send a man. Warden Brown, of Sing Sing, has two men to kill next week. After careful thought he has decided that the reporters from morning newspapers shall witness one of the executions and those from evening newspapers the other.

Hill and Cleveland the Big Men.

The two political big meu are in the sight of New York once more. Mr. Cleveland is back from his fishing and doubtless very busy at Lakewood. Senator Hill in Albany sees so many callers, according to reliable reporters, that they keep the snow from falling on the sidewalk of his house, No. 123 State street, and saye the expense of If not, let us have your ear for a moment, and, when you hear it, be generous and kind and charitable, and tell the neighbors across the way. They may not be readers of the Sunday Dispatch. It is our yearly custom before the spring season starts in to sacrifice every odd piece of furniture in the store to make room for the spring stock arriving daily.

> OUR \$25 SUIT REDUCED TO \$15. OUR \$45 SUIT REDUCED TO \$25. REMNANTS OF CARPET AS LOW AS 10c PER YD.

> > WE MAKE AND LAY ALL CARPETS FREE OF CHARGE! WE STORE AND DELIVER ALL GOODS FREE OF CHARGE!

Make your house comfortable and pleasant.

Happiness will then walk in and peace reign supreme.

\$30. \$30. Cash or Credit Reduced from \$45.

THIS SUIT



THIS SUIT Cash or Credit. Reduced From \$25.



PITTSBURG'S MOST ACCOMMODATING INSTALLMENT HOUSE.