PETROLEUM'S SOURCE.

Another Plausible Theory Advanced As to How It Originated.

LIMESTONE ROCKS AND HYDROGEN

Were All That Was Needed to Produce the Subterranean Supply.

INCONCEIVABLE LIMITS TO THE SUPPLY

Petroleum is one of the most widely distributed substances in nature, but the question how it was originally produced has never yet been satisfactorily determined, and continues a problem for philosophers. In 1889 the total production, says Light, Heat and Power, exceeded 2,600,000,000 gallons, or about 10,000,000 tons, and at 4 pence per gallon, was worth about £44,000,000, while the recognition of its superior utility as an economical source of light, heat and power steadily increases.

Notwithstanding its importance in industry, the increasing abundance of the foreign supply, and the ever widening area of production, practical men in England continue to distrust its permanence, and owing to the mystery surrounding its origin, and the paucity of indications where and how to undertake the boring of wells, they hesitate to seek for it, or even to extend the use of it whenever that would involve alterations of existing machinery. The object of this paper is to suggest an explanation of the mystery which seems calculated to dissipate that distrust, since it points to very abundant stores, both native and foreign, yet undis-covered, and even in some localities to daily renovated provisions of this remarkable oil.

How the Records Should Be Read, The theories of its origin suggested by Reichenbach, Berthelot, Mendeleeff, Peckham, and others, made no attempt to account for the exceeding variety in its chem ical composition, in its specific gravity, it boiling points, and are all founded on some hypothetical process which differs from any with which we are acquainted, but modern geologists are agreed that, as a rule, the records of the earth's history should be read accordance with those laws of nature which continue in force at the present day, e.g., the decomposition of fish and cetaceous animals could not now produce oil containing paraffin. Hence we can hardly believe it was possible thousands or millions of years ago, if it can be proved that any of the with which we are processes of nature with which viamiliar are calculated to produce it. The chief characteristics of of petroleum

strata are enumerated as: First-The existence of adjoing beds of limestone, gypsum, etc.
Second—The existence of volcanic action in close proximity to them.

The presence of salt water in All writers have noticed the presence of limestone close to petroleum fields in the United States and Canada, in the Caucasus, in Burma, etc., but they have been most impressed by its being "fossiliferous," or shell limestone, and have drawn the errroneous inference that the animal matter once contained in those shells originated petroleum; but no fish oil ever contained parafin. On the other hand, the fossil shells are carbonate of lime, and, as such, capable of producing petroleum under con-ditions such as many limestone beds have been subjected to in all ages of the earth's

Petroleum Is Composed of Carbon. All limestone rocks were formed under water, and are mainly composed of calcare ous shells, corals, encrinites, and foraminifera-the latter similar to the foraminifera of "Atlantic coze" and of English chalk beds. Everywhere, under the microscope, organic matter-its organic parentage, so to speak, and cousinship with the animal and vegetable kingdoms-is conspicuous. When pure it contains 12 per cent of carbon.

Now petroleum consists largely of carbon, its average composition being 85 per cent. of carbon and 15 per cent of hydrogen, and in the limestone rocks of the United Kingof carbon than in all the coal measures the world contains. A range of limestone rock 100 miles in length by 10 miles in width, and 1,000 yards in depth, would contain 743,000,000,000 tons of carbon, or sufficient to provide carbon for 875,000,000,000 tons of petroleum. Deposits of oil-bearing shale have also limestone close at hand; e. g., coral rag underlies Kimmeridge clay, as it also underlies the famous black shale in Kentucky, which is extraordinarily rich in

Volcanic Action Had a Hand in It. As evidence of volcanic action in close proximity to petroleum strata, the mud volcanoes at Baku and in Burma are described, and a sulphur mine in Spain is mentioned (with which the writer is well acquainted), situated near an extinct volcano, where a perpetual gas flame in a neighboring chapel and other symptoms indicate that petroleum is not far off. While engaged in studying the geological condi-tions of this mine, the author observed that Dr. Christoff Bischoff records in his writings that he had produced sulphur in his own laboratory by passing hot volcanic gases through chalk, which, when ex-pressed in a chemical formula, leads at once to the postulate that, in addition to sulphur, ethylene and

all its homologues, which are the oils predominating at Baku, would be produced by heating carbonate of lime with sulphurous acid and sulphureted hydrogen. So that these and all their homologues, in fact petroleum in all its varieties, would be pro duced in nature by the action of volcanic gases on limestone.

But much of the most abundant of the volcanic gases appear at the surface as steam, and petroleum seems to have been more usually produced without sulphurous acid, and with part of the sulphureted hydrogen replaced by steam or peroxide of hy-drogen, which is the product that results from the combination of sulphureted hydrogen and sulphurous acid.

The Same Forces Now at Work.

It is explained that these effects must have occurred, not at periods of acute volcanic eruptions, but in conditions which may be, and have been, observed at the present time, wherever there are active solfataras or mud volcanoes at work. Descriptions of the action of solfataras by the late Sir Richard Burton and by a British sonsul in Iceland are quoted, and also a paragraph from Lyall's "Principles of Geology," in which he remarks of the mud volcanoes at Girgenti, Sicily, that carburted hydrogen is displayed. eted hydrogen is discharged from them, sometimes with great violence, and that they are known to have been casting out water, mixed with mud and bitumen, with the same activity now as for the last 15

Probably at all these solfataras, if the gases traverse limestone, fresh deposits of oilbearing strata are accumulating, and the same volcanic action has been occurring during many successive geological periods and millions of years; so that it is difficult to conceive limits to the magnitude of the stores of petroleum which may be awaiting discovery in the subterranean depths.

Gypsum may also be an indication of oil-bearing strata, for the substitution in limestone of sulphuric for carbonic acid can only be accounted for by the action of these hot sulphurous gases. Gypsum is found exten-sively in the petroleum districts of the United States, and it underlies the rock salt beds at Middlesboro, where, on being pierced, it has given passage to oil gas, which issues abundantly, mixed with brine, from a great depth.

The Enormous Product Up to Date.

Besides the space occupied by natural gas, which is very extensive, 17,000,000,000 gallons of petroleum have been raised in America since 1860, and that quantity must have occupied more than 100,000,000 cubic yards, a space equal to a subterranean cav-ern 100 yards wide by 20' deep and 82 miles

in length, and it is suggested that beds of porous sandstone could hardly have contained so much; while vast receptacles may exist, carved by volcanic water out of former beds of rock salt adjoining the limestone, which would account for the brine that usually accompanies petroleum. It is further suggested that when no such vacant spaces were available, the hydrocarbon spaces were available, the hydrocarbon vapors would be absorbed into and condensed in contiguous clays and shales, and, perhaps, also in beds of coal, only partially consolidated at the time.

consolidated at the time.

There is an extensive bituminous limestone formation in Persia, containing, 20 per cent of bitumen, and the theory elaborated in the paper would account for bitumen and oil having been found in Canada and Tennessee embedded in limestone, which fact is cited by Mr. Peckham as favoring his belief that some petroleums are a "product of the decomposition of animal remains."

Above all, this theory accounts for the

Above all, this theory accounts for the many varieties in the chemical composition of paraffin oils in accordance with ordinary operations of nature during successive geological periods.

AMERICAN TIN FAVORED.

The Pittsburg Article Is of a Higher Class Than the Imported and Sells Better-Congressman Niedringhaus Favors Reciprocity With South American Coun-

NEW YORK, Feb. 17 .- [Special.]-Phelps, Dodge & Co. received this morning a carload of roof tin from the Apollo Iron and Steel Company, of Pittsburg, Pa. It is a high class tin, better, Mr. McLane, of Phelps, Dodge & Co., says, than any now imported. "As yet," said Mr. McLane, 'little of the American article is received here in New York, but I understand that three or four Pittsburg firms are making it. There is no trouble in disposing of the tin even at a price above that of the foreign article. It is of better class."

"My mill is now turning out 24 tons of ay mill is now turning out 24 tons of tin plate a day and the industry is an assured fact in this country," said ex-Congressman Niedringhaus, of St. Louis, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The Democratic papers have tried to belittle the quality of the tin made by the ex-Congress man, but he has demonstrated that good tin can be manufactured here as well as in Wales. He said this about the outlook for the industry: "We have carried out our promise to the Ways and Means Committee of the Fiftieth Congress and shown beyond a doubt that we can make tin of the best quality in this country. It is now becoming a great industry. I pay about \$1,800 a day for labor. Already about 20 men have signified their intention to start tin factories, and altogether the prospect is

"What about reciprocity? "I believe in it, especially with the South American countries. But we must be careful not to exchange free of duty manufactured goods with England or any other country that pays labor one-third less than we do. That would mean ruination to the manufacturing industries here. A workman receives about three times the pay here as in England or any part of Europe, and he can buy nearly three times as much as the foreigner. That is just the difference between free trade and protection countries. It is wise to have reciprocal relations with South American countries because they do not manufacture to any extent, and we can find a market there in exchange for their coffee and general products."

"I Have been afflicted with an affection of the throat from childhood, caused by diptheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Troches."— Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky. Sold only

A THURSDAY BARGAIN SALE

That Will Make a Clean Sweep of All the Damaged Clothing That's Left-P. C. C. C., Clothiers,

The following bargains are for to-day's sale only. The sale starts at 8:30 in the morning and ends at 5:30 this evening. It is a terrific sacrifice of all clothing left from our late fire. Some of the goods are merely slightly damaged. The bulk of the suits are perfect. The prices we mention make other reduction sales appear ridiculous. Ours is the giant sale. Others are simply dwarfs. Remember, to-day.

These are the prices for goods placed in our basement bargain department: A complete line of men's fine pants worsteds and cassimeres, wide and narrow stripes, checks and plaids,

18 styles, at. \$1 32 lot of boys' three-piece suits, sizes 8 to 16 (coats and vests with knee pants), made of Scotch cheviot, at only ... 2 66
Boys' chinchilla reefers, with plaid
cassimere lining, sizes 5 to 18, at . 1 95

Men's English whipcord suits, sacks and cutaways, narrow and wide wales, blue black color, all sizes; nobody can beat our price of 5 90 en's double-breasted velour cheviot suits, retail at \$18 per suit; we sell

14, neat and fancy patterns 1 70 Sixteen styles of boys' long pants suits P. C. C., Clothiers, corner Grant and

Diamond streets.

Arrival and Departure of Trains on the r'ittsburg, Cincinnuti, Chicago and St. Louis Railway.

Commencing Wednesday, February 17, through express trains Nos. 2, 6, 10 and 20, eastbound, and Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 21, westbound, over the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway, will, until further notice, arrive at and depart from Pittsburg Union Station via the Ohio connecting bridge and over the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway. Accommodation trains will arrive at and decommodation trains will arrive at and de-part from Point Bridge station.

Use Twenty Carloads a Day. Since occupying their new mill the Marshall Kennedy Milling Company's capacity has so increased that it takes 20 carloads of the finest wheat a day to supply the demand. Such a large consumption puts them alongside of the largest mills in the world. However, no mill is as finely equipped as this local mill, whose most popular is "Camellia," the queen of flour.

SPECIAL offerings to-day in long cloth cloaks, plain and fur trimmed, at greatly reduced prices.

Jos. Horne & Co.'s Penn Avenue Stores.

DON'T fail to come and see that magnificent 30-inch frieze, the Egyptian Lotus design. One of the most effective wall decor-

ations ever brought out. JOHN S. ROBERTS, 719-721 Liberty street, head of Wood.

Holmes' Best

Monongahela Pure Rye Whisky was first introduced in this market in 1858. It has held its own as one of the leaders ever Always uniform in quality and

Special Rent Advertisements To-day in The Dispatch. See third page. Mondays and Thursdays are special rent

BREAD made from Minnehaha flour does not dry out quickly, so that one baking a week for a small family is sufficient. The

NEW black jackets in all new materials and new shapes, at very attractive prices.

Jos. Horne & Co.'s

PICTURES OF HADES.

How Some Christians Exercised Their Vivid Imaginations.

THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED

Among the Sinners. NEFFABLE MISERY WAS PORTRAYED

Described With Words That Caused Terror

In one of his moral essays Pope speaks of 'ears polite," and adds, in a note, "This is a fact." The "soft Dean" appears from the Guardian of the 31st of March, 1713, to have been an eminent divine, "most exactly well bred," who told his congregation at Whitehall that if they did not "vouchsafe to give their lives a new tirn they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that Courtly audience." Many Christian writers, says the Pall Mall Budget, have been less delicate than Swift's Dean, and have condescended to details with both definiteness and unction. From the pictures which these amiable divines have drawn of the tortures of the damned Mr. James Mew makes an effective mosaic in the Nineteenth

It has been proved over and over again (Mr. Mew remarks) by others besides Jerome and Tertullian that the fire of hell is a terrible reality; that it is corporeal material; that its constituents are probably sulphur and fluid pitch. The sulphur stinks. This is satisfactorily shown by quite a swarm of learned authorities. Infidel quibblings have been easily quashed. How can incorporeal spirits be burnt? Answer: By incorporeal fire. How can material bodies be burnt for ever? Answer: By the analogues of the asestos and the salamander, or again by a certain salting antiseptic virtue, or again by an Omnipotent implanting in the fire of a cer-tain force which burns but consumes not. Satan Had Horns Like a Goat, '

Cœsarius, a Cistercian of Heisterbach, says that in a town called Enthenich, in Bonn, a certain Walter when sick saw satan, with a face like a monkey and goat's horns. Walter asked him about the fate of his late master, Count William of Juliers. "You know," replied the demon, "the dis-trict between Wolkenburg and Drachenfels. In faith, I tell you that if that district and those mountains were both made of iron, and set in that place where the soul of your master now is, they would be molten antequam supercilium superius inferiori jungi posset—in a word, before you could wink." The color of hell fire is probably a lurid green, no light but rather darkness

There is cold in hell, but no water. It is not improbable that there are corporeal worms, in the sense of serpents, and immortal, of which some say they are as thick as the rushes on the floor. There is no clock in hell. Bridaine represents a tortured be-ing rising from his bed of appalling agony, and asking, What is the time? And a dull voice out of the darkness answers,

In the very entrance and gate of Dante's hell (quite a characteristic fourteenth century one) are placed the apathetic, the indifferent in spiritual things, a neutral soci-ety, while on earth, in the matter of religious ed and evil, which now fills the air sighs and lamentations, an air stained by solid darkness and unpierced by the light of any star. Then in the first circle or limbo unbaptized, among whom is Virgil himself, desire without hope.

Scenes That Dante Pictured.

In the second are carnal sinners tossed by warring winds where light is silent. In the third gluttons bitten by Cerberus are exposed in a stinking land to storms of hall. In the fourth are the prodigal and the miser, each pushing a heavy weight up a hill with his breast. In the fifth are the irascible under the foul and fepid slime of the Stygiau Lake. In the sixth archheretics smart and agonize in tombs of flame. In the seventh the violent swim in rivers of blood, suicides are changed into gnarled trees, and blasphemers writhe under a rain

of fire.

In the eighth, or Malebolge, are simonists with their heads downward in equal and circular holes, prophets with their faces reversed—both of these punishments are probably new and original—public peculators in a lake of boiling pitch, hypocrites under gilded hoods of lead, sacreligists stung by serpents, schismatics, among whom is Mu-hammad, with maimed limbs, alchemists, forgers and impostors, among them Ulysses, the hero of the Homeric poem, the victims of varied disease. In the ninth circle, which corresponds to the seventh or netherwhich corresponds to the seventh or nether-most Muslim hell, Al Hawiyah, which, being interpreted, is the place of precipitous descent, the hell of hypocrites, the last, the worst, the frozen, traitors are fitly placed; and among these, blue-pinched, shrouded in ice, and chattering like storks, are to be found the most famous of that crafty crew, Lucifer and Judas.

At the Bottom of Chaos.

Milton's hell is situated at the bottom of Chaos. Its description is, in short, an antarctic region of fire and ice, of dire hail and ever-burning sulphur. Its distance from heaven is three semi-diameters of our mundane system. The stature of Satan mundane system. The stature of Satan reaches the sky. Four infernal rivers are introduced from the pagan theology. In this geographical view Lethe is also in-cluded. On the other side of the flood of oblivion is a frozen continent. Hither all the damned are haled by harpy-footed Furies from beds of fire to pine in ice. The gates of hell are guarded by Death and Sin, in forms too well known to need description. By these ideal architects a long bridge is built from hell to the "ut-most orbs of this frail world," which, being interpreted by Masson, is the uttermost circle of the starry sphere. Milton's torments are more poetic, but less painful, we may suppose, than those of the Christian fathers.

An original idea of hell was the result of the speculative inquiries of Jean Hardouin. This most learned fool, as he has been some-what impolitely called by Peignot, among the Jesuits, was a contemporary of Pina-monti. He maintained that the rotation of the earth was due to the efforts of the damned to escape from their central fire. Climbing up the walls of hell, they caused the earth to revolve as a squirrel its cage,

or a dog the spit. Bodies Burned, but Not Consumed. From the description of hell by Jonathan Edwards, that sturdy theologian, one sentence will probably be found more than sufficient: "Your bodies, which shall have been burning all this while in those glowing flames, shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through eternity!"
But still, even according to this amiable ecclesiastic, the damned will have one satisfaction. It is an ill wind that blows no-body good, and theirs will be the unselfish consolation of reflecting that the sight of the hell torments which they suffer will exalt the happiness of the saints for ever; for it will make them "more sensible of it, it will give then a more lively relish of it." Parents will see their children, children their parents, wives their husbands, and husbands their wives, in ineffable agony, and prize their own felicity the more—"a sense of the opposite misery in all cases greatly increases the relish of any joy." Of devils, Gulielmus Parisiensis has found on an exact computation that there are 44,435,556, but it has been said that they vastly exceed that number. Their external forms and internal characteristics have been minutely described. Their bodies are not terrestrial, but, according to the Church scholastics, something analogous. John Wier, a physician of Cleves, convinced that this world is peopled by crowds of devils, wrote in 1576 a book of some thousand folio wrote in 1876 a book of some thousand folio pages, which is one of our chief sources of information on the subject. He makes 72 princes of devils with 7,405,926 subjects. By Europeans the devil is commonly painted black. The Africans prefer a white devil.

A TWIN-IDENTITY.

EDITH STEWART DREWRY IN "GRAVIA."

How and when had she got in? Had the on nibus stopped or even slackened, unnoticed by me, in my strange absorption? No, no, how could it? Yet there the stranger sat. And what a singular face it was! What deathly pallor and painful melaucholy in every line! What sad, wistful eyes, that an agent' seemed full of unshed tears, and kent looking, looking at me, through me, into my soul, with an intense strained gaze that "soft Dean," who never mentioned hell to never wavered, and seemed every moment to grow deeper in its dumb agony of appeal as of one struggling for the speech of which God had bereft her tongue.

I looked away, aside, out of the doorway, onscious that my blood was creeping dull and heavily, like half-frozen water, through my veins; but a strange, weird fascination compelled me to again meet that gaze. Did she know me? Impossible! I had certainly never seen her before. My heart throbbed up into my throat, my blood began to beat fast and warm again, and as we rolled onward I was aware of a curious subtle change in my sensations. Every nerve, every fiber was still strung up to a painful tension; but there stole over me, into me, body and spirit, a sense of steel-like strength—a strange settling down of my faculties into seal steel tending to the strange settling down of my faculties into seal steel feet toward was then that a cool, steadfast power, and more than that, a sense that grew slowly to impelling conviction that that fellow passenger knew what I did not-whosoever or whatsoever she was, and that my movements must follow hers, blindly. As that odd feeling deep-ened and possessed me, my eyes again went to the woman's face—to meet a look of intense restfulness and content that dom-inated all other expression of anguish or strained eagerness, as if after something un-reached. Did she-or-it-read my soul and find there all its tortured, trammelled spirit sought?

It gave me almost a shock to suddenly see the stalwart, prosale conductor at the doorway, asking for "fares to Tottenham Court Road," which I had named when I got in. I noticed at once that he did not even glance at my strange neighbor— seemed not to see her—but I saw her shake her head to me.

"No," I said to the man, "I am going further. I'll stop you when I want to get

Under this curious calm that had settled on me, I was not at all surprised at the man's evident obliviousness of that passenman's evident obliviousness of that passenger. I should have been surprised if he had evinced any knowledge of her presence, and it seemed to me quite in the order of things when, on reaching Gray's Inn road, she raised her white hand to me, and glided out on to the payement unnoticed by the conductor. I raised him and extend to the ductor. I paid him and stepped to the stranger's side, thrilled right through with a weird feeling that should ordinarily un-nerve one; yet I had never felt more strong, nerve one; yet I had never felt more strong, cool, ready for the most desperate danger or emergency; and as my guide—I following—moved swiftly northwards I drew off my gloves and felt in my bosom to be sure the revolver was ready to hand. There was grim work, I knew. She led on straight up past the shops, still ablaze at past 11 in that neighborhood on this eve, and at last turned down a street which I knew to be turned down a street which I knew to be mostly filled with third-rate, shady lodging houses, where doors are on the latch all night, and never a question is asked of "whence, whither or what?" This class of houses have the commonest latch locks that are easily fitted, and, of course, I was well provided with such appliances of noiseless

Before one of these houses my mysterious guide stopped. Save a light in the first floor window all was darkness—either the inmates were asleep or out. To that win-dow my guide eagerly pointed, with a look and gesture that vehemently urged instant action, as if a minute's delay were fatal; so I drew out and fitted a key. She was close, her lips moved, but there was no sound, not her lips moved, but there was no sound, not a whisper; yet into my mind, as if I had heard it, came a name—Louis Saumarez—and at that moment I opened the door and entered, leaving the door just ajar for her to follow. But she did not. What I meant to do or felt I near could not into words. My do or felt I never could put into words. My mind was concentrated on one great fact—that the murderer was in that lighted room, about to escape, and that I—a woman, alone must stop him and arrest him.

Terror, danger, were not present to me then-I was too strung up-grimly cool. It

then—I was too strung up—grimly cool. It was I who was dangerous. I stole up quietly, easily, as, if I had a right there, opened the door and paused.

One glance took in the mise-en-scene. A shabby room, scantily furnished, a fire nearly out, wine and food on the table, a value packed up, and just drinking a glass of wine union the left hand was satisfied. of wine, using the left hand, was a rather tall, good-looking, but sallow-faced man. Mon Dieu! I must see that other hand by

"Que Diable," said I, with a bitter but abandoned manner, "but you are a cruel enough lover to me, M. Saumarez."

He swung round, so startled that he staggered and caught at a chair with the right hand, to which it was nearest. I saw it full under the lamplight; a dark scar across it; the fourth finger gone! The assassin at last !

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded savagely, recovering himself a little. "I never saw you before, and you are too ducced handsome to be forgotten. Leave my room! I have to catch a train, and my name is Merciar." name is Mercier."

"Pardons, Monsieur," said I coolly, my right hand on the butt of my weapon, my eyes on his ready for his attack, "you are Louis Saumarez, and you—are—my prisoner for murder."

I stood near the door, he at the far end of the large room. At the last awful words he snatched a knife from the table with a fierce snatched a knife from the table with a herce "Sacre—r," and sprang toward me; but at that second I fired, and the fellow reeled back with a yell like a wounded wild beast, and fell heavily, partially stunned by the blow to his head, on the floor, the blood coming from his side. I knew where to hit safely. I was turning quickly to get police help be-fore my prisoner regained consciousness, when men's steps came quickly along from below, up the stairs, and two constables came into the room, one exclaiming: "Hulloa! What's this—murder? Are

you hurt too, ma'am?" Shaken now a little, I had leaned against the wall, as the other man knelt beside

"Non, non," I said. "I fired in self-de-fence. I am here to arrest that man for the murder of Madame Folcade. I am a French police agent. It is all right."

police agent. It is all right."

One was a sergeant, and whilst the other bound up the slight wound, I briefly explained matters and gave my captive in charge. The sergeant sent for the divisional surgeon, who had Saumarez removed to the hospital—in custody, of course—and said in two or three days he would be able to be taken to Bow street for the necessary formalities of extradition. After we had left him at the hospital, with the constable in charge, I asked the sergeant as we walked back west-

hospital, with the constable in charge, I asked the sergeant as we walked back westward, how they arrived so opportunely—had they heard the shot and cry?

"Yes—just outside," he said; "but they had come from the station near at the summons of a lady in black, who was as white as a ghost, and was dumb, for she could only beckon—beckon like mad, and when we followed led us to that house—just as the shot was fired—and was gone before we could look round. Awful queer, ma'am," he added. "Who was she?"

"I do not know," I answered in a choked

"I do not know," I answered in a choked voice. "Good night, I am dead tired now." oice. "Good night, I am dead tired now."
I was shaken to the center now that the terrible, long strain was so far over, and the murderer secured; but next day, Christmas Day, I wired to my cheft, and received a re-ply that he would send over a responsible official with a mandat d'arret to receive the prisoner from the English authorities and bring him over to Paris. Meanwhile, I of course had to obtain at Bow Street a war-

rant under the Extraditions Act, and two

days later Saumarez was pronounced quite able to be removed. As a result—well within five or six days of his arrest he was safely lodged in the Parisian prison. I had traveled with my French comrades (two of course) and their captive, who had maintained a sulky silence save once—to savagely curse that "diablesse of an accept"

I went the same day of our arrival to re-port myself to my delighted chef, who asked how I had trapped the bird at last? I felt too shattered then to tell him the I felt too shattered then to tell him the actual truth, I shrank in sensitive dread from the possible smile of incredulity, so I said that a person I met by chance had spoken of a Frenchman named Saumarez who had one finger gone, and this person had shown me his lodgings, which he was on the point of leaving when I entered.

"So I had to be summary in my actions," I added as I rose to go.

I added, as I rose to go.

"Quite right, Marie, you are invaluable and have well" redeemed my confidence in you. You have earned my confidence in you. You have earned a rest truly, and a reward from M. Folcade. By the way, I have made a promise there for you."

"Comment, Monsieur?"—I was surprised—"my existence is unknown to him and his."

"Individually, yes, but professionally, not so. I went myself to tell M. Folcade of the daring arrest of the assassin by my clever agent—a woman, I added, and he made me promise to send you to his house here in Paris directly you arrived. He and his sister-in-law, the wife's twin sister, es-pecially wish to see the lady of whom I

I started, but said quietly:
"The twin-sister, Monsieur, is she then
over here?" For though outwardly not a
muscle of mine moved, I was startled right through by his words, by the wildly ex-traordinary fancy that flashed across me as recalled all that had taken place on Christmas Eve.

"Yes," Dupre replied, "Mademoiselle Clarice Grey came over here to her be-reaved brother-in-law just before Christmas; she was too ill to bear the voyage earlier. Will you have a fiacre and go at once, mon "Yes, assuredly," I said. I felt that I

must go at once and solve this mystery, which was surely on the borderland of the real and unreal, the seen and the wondrous unseen, of which our finite humanity, the soul's prison, knows so little and con-jectures so much.

I went then to the banker's house, but

I went then to the banker's house, but found that he himself was not yet returned from the bank, though momentarily expected. "Would I see Mademoiselle Clarice?" I said yes, gave my name, and was shown into an elegant salon.

In three minutes a young lady came in, and in that moment as we faced each other we both stood transfixed decade as if well. we both stood transfixed, dazed—as if pul-sation itself were arrested—each had seen the other, each knew where, but not hownot how; -my strange, silent fellow-pass-enger and guide of Christmas Eve, no flesh and blood, as this was who now came slowly forward and held my hands tightly—but, the same identity—only that other was in

"We know each other," she said, in a hushed, awed way, "not in the flesh but in the soul, and yet a reality, not a dream, though they say I lay like one dead asleep, and when I came back to sentiment life knew nothing of where we-she and I-had

the spirit.

"We—you and she!" I repeated, feeling my flesh creep and my heart stand still. "There—there were not two but one guide with me." "We, twain but always one," Clarice said in the same way, her wistfel eyes looking into mine—"dead and living, our twin-born souls are one identity for ever, and so born souls are one identity for ever, and so the dread secret with which her soul was oppressed, passed with it into mine, but densely trammelled by my mortality till your despair and strength of purpose and desire drew us from our mortal prison to your aid. I felt the mighty spell of your agony enfolding itself with my own mad-dened thirst for justice, felt a strange ob-livion stealing my physical senses, and knew no more, save when I awoke a

knew no more, save when I awoke, a deep joy, gratitude, triumph—a restful-ness. I knew before your chef spoke that

ness. I knew before your cher spoke that the murderer was arrested by the agent he named, it all came back to me then, and I—we twain knew all."

I stood looking at her as her mystic presence that night had looked at me. What awesome secret of the unknown was indeed half unfolded it seemed, in these twin-born sisters whom even the mysters of death. sisters whom even the mystery of death could not part from their entwined co-existence? Had, in truth, the dead sis-ter's soul passed as it were into its twin soul yet encompassed by its mortal body, and so through its own beyond death, and so through its own beyond death, knowledge, God-given yet only "through a glass darkly," had a mystic power as the one spirit of the Twin-Identity to guide me, the mortal agent who was the material instrument of God's justice? It might be so. Could I—could any mortal in his bounded finiteness say it could not be? So there must it rest as mystery till all mysteries shall be seen face to face.

You ask me "What was the end of that grim tragedy?" Well—I traced out Saumarez's antecedents and my suspicions of his motive proved to be true. His guilt

of his motive proved to be true. His guilt was undeniable by the proofs we had—the ring, the finger and knife and many other collateral links of evidence, and Louis Saumarez was condemned and guillotined.

It was months before I could work again.

It was months before I could work again, and indeed M. Folcade and Clarice Grey would have had me retire on the competence they insisted on settling on me, but I could not settle to a quiet, useless life while I was young and strong. So I am still agent-de-police, and I am going to visit Clarice in London, where she is married to an Englishman. Ah, see, the train is going on again and we shall soon reach London. Clarice likes her chere Marie Lacroix "to be with her on Christmas Eve."

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My line of hand printed wall decorations has never been equaled in the city. Come and see them. JOHN S. ROBERTS, 719-721 Liberty street, head of Wood.

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A SWEET, firm, light body, a crisp deli-cious crust that tastes of wheat—that is a loaf of bread made from Minnehaha flour.





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French Shoe Blacking, large

Wire Picture, or Cup and Saucer Easel, worth 10c Egg Beater, the latest improve-

ments, worth 25c.... Hair Curling Irons, superior make, nickel plated, worth 15c..... Bird Cage Bracket, nicely

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Lap Boards, folding, with yard measure, worth \$1..... Dust Pans, extra heavy, nicely Japanned, worth roc..... Curtain Poles and wooden trimmings complete, worth

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Plate Holders, useful and ornamental, extra fine finish.. Soap Powder, a labor saving article, I lb package, warranted as good as any in the market, worth 15c..... Best Laundry Soap, in 1 lb

bars, wrapped, per pound.. Self-Closing Clothes Pin Bags, with clothes pins, worth 25c Crystal Glass Nappies, latest designs, worth double...... Butcher or Kitchen Knives,

good steel, worth 25c Oil or Vinegar Cruets, thin blown, engraved, worth 30c Parlor Lamp, with brass pedestal, hand painted bowl and shade to match, with large burner.....

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Genuine Le Page Glue, for mending china, glass or anything else, with brush...... Lemon Squeezer, does its work quickly and thoroughly, worth 15c.....

Nail Brushes, a very convenient toilet article..... Bird Gravel, per box, large size, sold elsewhere 8c..... Bird Food, per box, large size, sold elsewhere 12c.... Window Blinds, with fringes, complete and ready to hang,

worth 50c..... Feather Dusters, extra large size, worth 50c.... Cuspidors, extra large, Japanned and decorated, with gold band, worth 40c Carpet Beaters, extra strong made out of one piece of steel wire, worth 25c

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Plates, odds and ends off the counters, worth 50c and \$1..... Plain White Vegetable Dishes, with cover, worth 65c...... Fenders for grates, with

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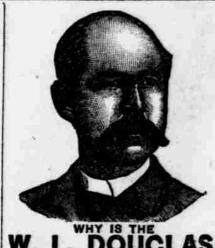
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