TEN ORIGINAL STORIES,

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY SIR GILBERT E. CAMPBELL, BART.,

Author of "Detective Stories From Real Life," "The Avenging Hand," "The Mystery of Mandeville Square," Etc.

> NO. 1. A BLACK PIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Bywater had been married for nearly seven years, and it cannot be said that their wedded life had been a particularly happy one. Not that they ever came to open dissention or vulgar quarrels, but they seemed to have agreed to differ on almost every point upon which it was possible for man and wife to take opposing

The fact was that the marriage was a patched-up affair, in which the element of ove was conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Bywater had a remote chance of succeeding to a baronetey, and there was a chance that his wife might be left the heiress of a rich hachelor uncle, with whom she was reported to be an especial favorite.

Neither of these possible contingencies came to pass. Mr. Bywater's uncle, the baronet, took it into his head to marry, and the sirth of an heir knocked Mr. Bywater's birth of an heir knocked Mr. Bywater's hiopes on the head, while Mrs. Bywater's mucle died, leaving the whole of his large property to the founders of a new religion, who had managed to get hold of the old gentleman during the last year of his lite. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bywater were deficient either in money or connection, but these two failures appeared to have soured hem, and embittered them terribly toward such other. Mr. Bywater was a medical man, in good practice, therefore he took up with the dectrine of homeopathy. Mrs. Bywater was fond of theaters, balls and evening anusements of all kinds, and therefore her husband suddenly betrayed a strong predilection for spending his evenings at some, insisting, of course, that his wife property to the founders of a new religion, who had managed to get hold of the old gentleman during the last year of his life. these two failures appeared to have soured them, and embittered them terribly toward each other. Mr. Bywater was a medical man, in good practice, therefore he took up with the doctrine of homeopathy. Mrs. By-water was fond of theaters, balls and evening amusements of all kinds, and therefore her husband suddenly betrayed a strong

prefix of doctor) had not visited any of his patients, but had jumped into a hansom and told the driver to take him to the Mega-therium Club, Pall Mall, where he asked the hall porter if there were any letters for

Upon this occasion there was only one, a delicate little missive, with an elaborate green and silver mongram, the envelope ad-dressed in an unmistakably feminine handwriting. Mr. Bywater thrust it into his pocket, and, walking into St. James' Park, selected a seat which had no other occupant, broke open the envelope, and perused

profound meditation. The sudden appearance of a guardsman in charge of a nurse-maid, with the children in a perambulator, and a lubberly-looking boy with a hoop, who were evidently making for the seat he occupied, made him vacate it with the utmost celerity, thrusting the letter into his breast pocket as he did a.

Upon his return home, Mr. Bywater displayed the same charming temper, which he had promised to endeavor to exhibit for the future at the compact made during the



should bear him company, and so on to the One day, as they were seated together at

the breakfast table, the morning after a disagreement of a more serious nature than usual, Mrs. Bywater suddenly broke the silence which had reigned from the commencement of the meal.
"Mr. Bywater," said she.

Mr. Bywater, said sne.
Mr. Bywater was busily engaged in perusing the Daily Signal, the broad sheet of
which entirely concealed his face from view,
and paid no attention to his wite's words. "John," said she, in a higher key; "Will]
you listen to me for a tew minutes?"

Mr. Bywater gave a sudden start, as if his thoughts had been far away, and laying namer presented to his wife a face which made her utter a little shrick of surprise, and exclaim: "Gracious me, John, what is the matter with you, are you ill?" The wife might well ask the question, for husband's countenance was perfectly livid, and all the muscles were twitching as if he was enduring great physical or mental

"It is nothing," answered he, hoursely, "only a sharp tinge of that confounded neuralgia. What do you want to say?" "Do you not think that we are a pair of fools to go on spending all our lives in jungling," said she, "when by a little matual yielding we might jog along well

She paused, half expecting a snub in return for the advances for a reconciliation she had made; but to her surprise after a short pause, as if he had been considering the question, her husband replied: "I do not know but what you are right, Mattie; at any rate. I am willing to do my best, but we have both sugot much into the habit of saying sharp things to each other, that I am afraid we shall find it somewhat difficult to drop

His voice quivered a good deal as he spoke, but Mrs. Bywater ascribed this to the emotion her sudden proposal had caused

There's a dear," said she, rising from her chair, and kissing him on the forehead, "and now let me ask you if you will be in

"No," replied Mr. Bywater, "why?"
"Heenuse Jenny is coming. I know you dislike her, and to tell you the truth, I had asked her here to aggravate you," answered Mrs. Bywater, "but now that we have come to an understanding she shall not be here half so much, for I am sure she makes mischief between us.

Jenny was Miss Polton, the elder sister of Mrs. Bywater, now a confirmed old maid, but who, so rumor asserted, had once set her cap at the young doctor, and had never forgiven him for preferring her younger

"No, I shall be out, thank goodness," re-plied her busband. "And now be quiet for a moment as I wish to see if Ultra Montanos

are going up."
"What are they, balloons?" asked Mrs.
Bywater, innocently.

"Figure 1: "Honocently." "Figure 1: "Figure 2: "Figure 2: "After having perused the paper for some time with considerable attention, Mr. By water laid it down, and to ling his wire he should be back about 4, he left the house, as was his usual carotte.
When Jenny Prived, her sister flew to-

ward her, and at once informed her of the new arrangement between herself and her husband. "And do you know, my dear," said she, "I am sure that we shall get on all right now, for all that snapping and snarling was wearing out my life completely. But, do you know, I am half afraid that John is not well, for he looked ghastly this norming, and at first I thought that he had peen something unpleasant in the paper, but it wasn't so, for he was only looking to see if Ultra Montanes were going up." hra Montanos?" repeated Miss Pol-

"Yes, shares in a gold mine," replied her sister, triumphantly. "Why, I thought you dabbled a little in stocks and shares; but, there, don't worry me about the horrid things. You can take the paper if you like; but come upstairs and see my lovely bonnet, he sweetest thing you ever saw, and cost a

The mere nothing was 6 guineas, and was

the cause of the dispute between the hus-band and wife the night before. Miss Polton did dubble a little in stocks Miss Polton did dubbie a little in stocks and shares, and as she had never heard of a gold mine named the "Ultra Montanos," who took the newspaper with her when she terminated her visit to see what informa-tion she would gain respecting it. Meanwhile Mr. Bywater (he hated the

the contents of the missive.

A dark frown passed over his face, and for some time he sat plunged in the most profound meditation. The sudden appear-



THE DETECTIVE SPOKE TO HER

hour's work to do in the surgery, but I know hour's work to do in the surgery, but I know that you will not have got yourself up by that time."

Mrs. Bywater now was on her good be-havior, and when her husband emerged from his dressing room, whither he had gone after completing his work, he found his wife waiting for him.

after completing his work, he found his whe waiting for him.

"Why, you have made yourself look quite smart, John," said she. "I am quite proud of my escort. I wonder how long my newly-lound happiness will last."

"As long as your life, I hope," answered Mr Bywater, gallantly; and then his wife, calling him "an old dear," began to examine him to discern whether his toliet required

him to discern whether his toilet required any finishing touches.

"Why, what have you got that ugly black ple in your coat for?" said she.

Mr. Bywater made a little gesture of annoyance. "Do not touch it, my dear." answered he. "I have set my heart on having one of those beautiful Polynesian flowers, and the young ladies who sell them never have anything but it e usual pin, which looks so had on black cloth, and so I have supplied myself with one of the same hue as the coat itself."

supplied myself,"
sthe coat itself,"
"You vain thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Bywater. "Shall we start now, for I am beginning to feel quite hungry?"
Mr. Bywater assented, and, leaving the
house, they made their way to the nearest district station.

Upon her return home, Miss Polton began to look through the paper to discover what sort of a position in the market the shares of the "Ultra Montanos" held, for though she now hated her brother-in-law with all the energy of a slighted woman, yet she was not above taking a hint from him. To her extreme surprise she could find no such name, and thinking that she must have missed it by some accident, she searched through all the columns again with the utmost care. She did not find what she wanted, but she discovered something clse, which made her utter an exclamation of the utmost surprise. It was simply an announcement in the deaths which had attracted Miss Polton's attention.

attention.

"On the 17th instant, at Villa St. Elmo, Cannes, Josiah Bigg, in the 68th year of his "No wonder he turned pale when he read this," murmured Miss Polton. "The 17th in-stant, more than a week ago; there is mis-culet brewing, or my name is not Mary Polton."

Polton."

There was quite a sensation on the platform at South Kensington as the train drew up, and a hatiess and excited gentleman leaped out of a first-class cartriage, and called loudly for help, "My wire is dead, or dying!" cried he. "Will no one help me to get her out of the train."

The porter and station master were at once on the spot, and the unhappy lady was at once conveyed upstairs in a perfectly insensible condition.

A short slight man, whose face would have

sensible condition.

A short slight man, whose face would have not been remarkable for the intelligence of its expression had it not been for a pair of keen flashing eyes, had been a passenger in the train, and had formed one of the little crowd which had gathered round the carriage door when the announcement of the sad occurrence was made. He appeared to be well known to the railway officers, for one of them remarked, "Now, Wehlock, are you going on? the train will be off in another minute."

"I may as well go on," remarked the man, addressed as Wenlock, "and this compartment will suit me as well as any other," and, suiting the action to the word, he jumped into the carriage from which the insensible form of Mrs. Bywater had just been reproved.

been removed.

"What nerves these private 'tecs' have," obsered the official, addressing one of his subordinates. "Now, I confess, I shouldn't have cared to travel in that carriage, for the poor lady is evidently as dead as a herring."

Wenlock, as soon as the train started, had commenced to carefully examine the carriage, but found little to reward his efforts. "Of course," muttered he, "it may be all on the square; but I have got into a habit of looking with suspicion on all mankind, a hasty, uncharitable habit, Matthew Wenlock, but a precious safe one for all that."

"Hullo what is this." he added, as he pounced on a small object lying in the cushion.

pounced on a small object lying in the cushlon.

"If you see a pin, and let it lie,
You'll want another before you die,'
as my poor, old mother used say. Now,
there may be nothing in this, but it may
mean a good deal, though I can't see now it
can. At any rate I'll just put this little me
mento of the tragedy with a piece of paper,
and stow it away in my pocketbook. Then
I'll just get back to South Kensington and
find out what I can."

Mrs. Bywater was dead beyond all donbt,
and the body had been removed to her home
to await the inquest, which would have to
decide the cause of her death.

At the inquest her husband deposed that
on the day of her death, his wife had appeared to be in her usual health and spirits,
and had herself proposed the visit to the
l'olynesian Exhibition. Just before arriving at Sioane Square, she had complained of
sudden faintness, but this he attributed to
the closeness of the carriage, and opened
the window. While he was doing so the
train moved on again, and he saw that his
wife had tailen forward. It was impossible
to stop the train; besides there would be no
means of getting any assistance before
reaching South Kensington.

Dr. Killane, of Hathoway Terrace, South
Kensington, deposed that he saw the de-

WELLS ARE FALLING OFF.

ceased at the station, and that in his opinion she had died from syncope.

By the coroner to Mr. Bywater:
"Had you any idea that deceased was suffering from weak action of the heart?"
Witness—No, but for some months past she had had been taking homeopathic remedies, and I noticed a bottle which had contained aconite slobules but nearly empty, which and I noticed a bottle which had contained aconite globules, but nearly empty, which may have tended to affect the heart.

Some excitement was at this moment produced in court by the sister of the deceased exclaiming that the witness was a murderer, and that she would prove it; but upon examination by the Coroner, she only made a rumbling statement with regard to a love affair in which her sister's husband had been concerned previous to his marriage.

riage.
After an address by the Coroner, the jury returned a verdict of "death from natural" returned a verdict of "death from natural causes."

As Miss Polton was leaving the court, bitterly regretting her indiscreetness in naving so openly shown her hand, she was touched gently on the arm, and looking round, was confronted by a small slightlooking man, who said: "Beg pardon, miss, but Coroner or no Coroner, you were right; the husband did the trick sure enough. I can read faces, and that man is guilty."

Scenes 4.

Miss Polton had an idea that some trap was being laid for her. "I don't know who you are," she said, turning away.

"Beg pardon again, miss, it's all on the square Mystery, and the Great Gryle Street Conspiracy, but I don't like to intrude, only you may take your 'davey that he did the trick."

Miss Polton had heard of Matthew Wen-

Conspiracy, but I don't like to intrude, only you may take your 'davey that he did the trick."

Miss Polton had heard of Matthew Wenlock, whose name had achieved so great a celebrity in the tracking down of criminals, and at once saw what a valuable ally he would be. "Come and talk the matter over at my house," said she.

As soon as they were in privacy, Matthew begged her to tell bim all she knew, and she narrated the reconciliation between 'husband and wife. "A pretended one on his part," she added, "for he had just received intelligence which made him more anxious to get rid of the tie by which he was bound." "Why, miss," exclaimed Wenlock, with a groan of delight, "you are going to give us a motive which was the real difficult point in the case. Prove that, and we'll put a rope round his neck, as sure as my name is Mat Wenlock."

"In the paper in which he pretended he was reading about a mine which only existed in his imagination," continued the lady, "was the amouncement of the death of a certain Joan Bigg, at Cannes. Before the villain married my sister he had won the affections of a young girl of great beauty and large fortune, one whom he had attended in his medical capacity. The love affair was discovered and the girl taken away. She afterward married an enormously wealthy man much older than herself, a Mr. Bigg, the announcement of whose death I have just read. Doubtless John Bywater's old love has been left a very wealthy widow. He had great influence over her, and if he could only get iree, left sure that she would consent to become his wife."

"He wouldn't start in a business like that on spec,," broke in Wenlock, "depend on it the lady has written to him, and to his club, or course which is to now?"

on spec.," broke in Wenlock, "depend on it the lady has written to him, and to his club, or course; which is it now?" "The Megatherium," answered Miss Pol

ton.

"I know, in Pall Mail, I'm off there to make inquiries," exclaimed Wenlock. "And don't you stir from here, if you please, until you either see me or get a clew."

Miss Polton promised, and Wenlock sped away on his mission.

Miss Polton awaited his return with the utmost impatience, but it was fully an hourands-half before the detective again put in an appearance.

and-a-half before the detective again put in an appearance.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, miss," said he, "but I had a little difficulty in making the hall porter talk, a man like that is what the novelists call 'a tomb of secrets,' so you see our friend rides rather rough shod over the flunkeys, so they don't like him. Well, to make a long tale short, he did get a letter with a foreign stamp on the very day the event took place, and precious glad I should be to get a sight of that same note. I'm going into the house with Graves, the undertaker's man, and I'll have a good look round. Criminals are sometimes awful fools, when they think themselves most clever. The envelope had a small monogram on it, in green and silver, F. B., the porter said, as he thought it was."

"It is from her," exclaimed Mrs. Polton, "Flo Bigg; oh, my poor sister has been murdered beyond a doubt."

It was nearly 8 o'clock before Wenlock again made his appearance at Miss Polton's residence, and this time his countenance was lighted up with an air of complete triumph.

"He left it in his overcoat nocket, hanging."

umph.
"He left it in his overcoat pocket, hanging up in the hall," exciaimed he, "just as if it wasn't a compromising document. People are asses; the house was all sixes and sevens, are asses; the house was all sixes and sevens, and the servants running about, scattered like rabbits. Here, miss, read it."

Miss Polton took the note, which exhaled a delicate perfume, and read:

"DEAREST—The jailer is dead, and the prisoner free. I have been left everything, and if you have waited for me as you promised, we can be wealthy, and consequently happy for the rest of our lives. As soon as I hear from you I shall start. I am in a dream of love.

Yours ever,

"She shall have a rough awaking," said Miss Polton, clenching her teeth. "Is this

She shall have a fough awaking, said Miss Polton, clenching her teeth. "Is this sufficient to fix it on him, Mr. Wenlock?"

"Well, hardly," answered the detective, "it is certainly strong corroborative, evidence, and shows a motive; still, if it were not for one other little link, he could slip through our fingers."

"And what is that?" demanded Miss Polton, eagerly.

In reply, Wenlock handed her a paper signed with the name of one of the first analytical chemists of the day, to the effect that he had received from Matthew Wenlock a common black pin, that with it he had inflicted a slight puncture on the nose of a dog, and that ten minutes after the creature had died from syncope. The symptoms were

and that ten minutes after the creature had died from syncope. The symptoms were those of poisoning by aconitia.

"And what is aconitia?" asked Miss Polton, with a sindder; "and what has all this to do with my poor sister's death?"

"Aconitia!" answered the detective, with the air of a schofolby who had learned his lesson, "is the active principle of aconite. As for the black pin with which the experiment was tried, I found it in the compartment in which your sister was murdered. You see, "he added with ghastly simplicity, "the poor thing had absorbed most of the poison, and so the dog had a longer spell or life than sile. It was the fellow's talk about aconite at the inquest that put me on the right scent."

Miss Polton's solicitor genresented the

Miss Polton's solicitor represented the mysterious facts in the proper quarter, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr.

a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Bywater.

He submitted quietly enough, strongly protesting his innocence, but on the way to the police station in a cab he suddenly fell forward, and on examination by the doctor it was discovered that life was extinct.

"There's Scotland Yard all over," muttered Wenlock, as he read an account of the occurrence in the newspaper. "I put it on the right track and they take all the credit of it, and muddle up the whole affair in the end. Why, the fellow must have had a whole store of those murderous bits of wire, and I'll lay a dollar that if they had looked in the straw at the bottom of the cab they would have found a Black Pin."

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Copyright, 1892, by Tillotson & Son. [THE END.] NEXT SATURDAY THE 9:45 EXPRESS,

Is practiced by many people, who buy in-ferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Con-densed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

ing Qualities-Fife No. 2 Drilling in an Interior Sand, and Looks Like a Fallure -Another Well on the McCarty.

The reports from the McDonald field yes terday were rather cheering for the bulls. The production dropped off from 2,900 to 28,000 barrels, notwithstanding that one 20barrel an hour well was added to the list of big ones. It is Isman & Co.'s No. 1 on the Short & Wade lot and was reported in THE DISPATCH yesterday. Thirty barrels an hour was its estimated capacity, but deeper drilling did not improve it, and like the other Noblestown fifth

capacity, but deeper drilling did not improve it, and like the other Noblestown fifth sanders, it fell off gradually to 20 barrels an hour. It seems to have as much oil as any of the others, but it lacks the gas to bring out the petroleum. They intend to shoot it to-day.

Nearly all of the Noblestown fifth sanders were off vesterday morning. J. M. Guffey, Russell & McMullen's No. 1 Wettengel dropped from 40 to 30 barrels an hour: Greenlee & Forst's No. 1 National Coal Company's No. 1 was down from 40 to 25; their No. 1 Mc underly, from 80 to 70; the Lumber Yard Oil Company's No. 1 fell off from 45 to 25, and the Bear Creek Refining Company's No. 3 Campbell dropped from 45 to 30.

The only well scheduled to get the fifth sand yesterday was the New York Oil Company No. 2 on the Fife farm, northwest of Noblestown a couple of miles. It was reported last evening to be three bits in a very inferior sand, and the chances are it will be a dry hole, or at most very small. The New York Oil Company's No. 1 on the Ulrich is still doing 90 barrels a day was the cause of drilling half a dozen wells in this locality. Dry holes have now been drilled all around the original well except on the west and southwest. North of west from it Fitzgibbons & Co. recently finished up a 20 barrel well on the Walker farm, but northwest of it Schlegel, Lenz & Co. got a dry hole on the same farm.

The Trio Oil Company's No. 1 on the A Bell farm is due to reach the fifth sand this morning. It is located east of the Fife No. 1, but between the latter and the Bell well is a dry hole on the Fife which was drilled by Schlegel, Lenz & Co.

Millison, Fried & Co.'s No. 2, on the Henry Shaffer farm, in the western part of the McCurdy field, is showing for about 40 barrels a day. They were 21 feet in an excellent sand last night. It is located 1,800 feet west of their No. 1, on the same farm, which never made over 30 barrels a day and did not make a barrel until it was shot.

Bailey & Roland's No. 1 on the school house lot is down 1,400 feet. The boiler

ploded yesterday, but fortunately no one was injured.

Brown & Co.'s well, located just below the school house, was on top of the Gordon sand last night.

Mellon & Wilson's No. 2 on the McCarty farm near Midway was in the Gordon sand yesterday and showing for a good well in that formation. It is located west of their No. 1 on this farm, which for months produced 90 barrels a day.

The McDonald Gauges.

The McDonald Gaures. The following estimates were submitted by the gaugers of the Southwestern Pennsylvania Pipe Line Company.

The production of the field was 28,000

1,000 less than the day before. The hourly gauges were as follows: Matthews' No. 3, 25; Jennings, Guffey & Co.'s Herron No. 4, 25; Devonian Oil Company's Nos. 1 and 2 Boyce, 25: Oakdale Oil Company's Nos. 2 2 Boyce, 25: Oakdale Oil Company's Nos. 2 and 3 Baldwin, 45: Forest Oil Company's No. 1 M. Wricht, 30: No. 1 Jane Stewart, 60; Rus-sell, McMullen & Co.'s No. 1 Wettengel, 30; Greenlee & Forst No. 1 National Coal Com-pany, 25; No. 1 McMurray, 70: Lumber Yard Oil Company's No. 1, 25; Bear Creek Refining Company's No. 3 Campbell, 30: Iseman & Co.'s No. 1, 20; production, 28,003. Stock in field, 56,000.

Co.'s No. 1, 20; production, 28,000. Stock in field, 58,000.

The runs of the Southwest Pennsylvania Pipe Line Company from McDonald Thursday were 27,374; outside of McDonald, 10,916. The National Transit runs were 35,107; shipments, 8,530. Southern Pipe Line shipments, 27,483. New York Transit shipments, 29,194. Eureka shipments, 1,637; runs, 5,838. Macksburg division of the Buckeye P. L. Co., 799. Buckeye runs, 25,419; shipments, 62,334.

Yesterday's Market Features. As on the previous day, the finish was bet ter than the beginning. Trading aggregated about 25,000 barrels. The opening was 50%c; about 25,000 barrels. The opening was 55%c; highest and close 50%; lowest, 55%c. There was no change in refined. Daily average runs; 74,690 barrels; daily average shipments, 73,680 barrels; clearances, 34,000 barrels.
OIL CITY, April 8.—National Transit Certificates opened at 56%c; highest, 57c; lowest, 56%c; closed at 56%c. Sales, 31,000 barrels; clearances, 74,000 barrels; shipments, 69,941 barrels; runs, 83,458 barrels.
BRADFORD, April 8.—Market discontinued. New York. April 8.—Petroleum opened steady, advanced ½c and closed dull. Pennsylvania oil, spot, sales, none; May option opening, 56%c; highest, 57c; lowest, 56%c; closing, 57c; Lima oil, no sales; total sales, 7,000 barrels.

IF your room or boarding does not sail you peruse the "To Let Rooms" and "Wanted Boarders" in the cent-a-word of the Saturday and Sunday DIS-

IN 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were in-troduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unpar-TTSSU

Shoo! Shoo!!

Our thirty-second Easter "Panel," entitled as above, will be given to all our customers next week, April 10 to 16. Every purchaser of one pound of tea, one pound, of baking powder and two pounds of coffee will receive one of these gems of art. Do not fail to get one, and at the same time you will enjoy your Easter meals by using our goods. These "Panels" can be had only at the stores of stores of The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Com-

THE GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA C PANY.

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1703 Carson street, Pittsburg.
4314 Butler street, Pittsburg.
6127 Penn avenue, East End, Pittsburg.
1618 Penn avenue, Pittsburg.
126 Federal street, Allegheny.
128 Fifth avenue, McKeesport.

A most beautiful collection of baccarat glass, with gold decoration. Flower holders—these goods are something entirely new You are invited to see them by

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Confirmation Dresses In crepons, crepe du chenes and dotted swiss; also a lovely assortment of evening dresses for very young ladies. PARCELS & JONES, TTS 29 Fifth avenue.

Order Your Easter Suit Now

Of Saller & Co., corner Smithfield and Diamond streets. Every fabric, shade and style in spring goods are in at prices lower than every Bugine is a powerful disinfectant, and kills roaches, bedbugs and other insects the instant it touches them. 25 cents.

There Is Flour and Flour. But there is no flour equal to "Lawrence-ville Amber"—so say the millions who use it. If you haven't used it do so at once, All

The Best Baking Powder.

The Official Government Reports:

ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any

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other. (Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)

makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.)

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL

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Best Spring Medicine.

For Nervousness, Spring Debility, Nervous Debility, Weak and Shattered Nerves, Tired Feeling, Sleeplessness, Poor Blood, Heart Failure, Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Despondency, &c.

The Great Nerve, Brain and Blood Invigorant.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA If you are weak, tired and restorer in existence.

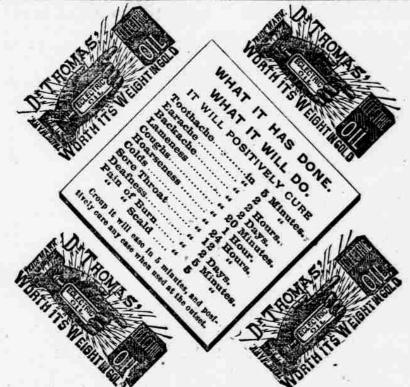
well, for it is a sure and positive cure. For sale by all druggists: price \$1.00 per bottle. Refuse all wastitutes.

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Use this wonderful remedy if you wish to get | Dr. Greene, the famous lecturer and specialist in York, personally, or by letter.



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Go to the stores of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Commany for your teas, coffees and baking powder, and at the same time you will get the beautiful Easter panel

Men's spring underwear, in silk, natural wool, merino and balbriggan, at James H. Aiken & Co.'s, 100 Fifth avenue.

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Vancleef at \$1 35 per sack.

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The above brands are so well known that

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Out of each nook by dingle and brook."
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Lung healer—loosens, heals, strengthens.
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There is no need of going to Pittsburg to buy 23 lbs of Granulated Sugar and 27 lbs of Coffee Sugar for \$1. With \$10 worth of goods you can get that same bargain at 36 Onio street, Allegheny. Besides, you will get more and better goods for your \$10 than anywhere else. Come and ask our prices be-

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Look carefully at my prices of flour this Famons at \$1 25 per sack. McKee's Amber at \$1 25 per sack.

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