NEXT WEEK,

THE CLINK OF THE SHOE.

JUST A LITTLE HELP

of the Year-Do You Know What to Do?

stimulant is all the Spring medicine anyone

antly answer the purpose. Unquestionably,

whiskey, if of the right kind, is the proper

thing to use, but unfortunately, there are few good whiskies in the market, and only

one which is absolutely pure, and posse medicinal qualities. That whiskey is Duf-

SCENES FROM LIFE'S STAGE,

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY SIR GILBERT E. CAMPBELL, BART.,

Author of "Detective Stories From Real Life," "The Avenging Hand," "Tales of Romance and Mystery," Etc.

THE 9:45 EXPRESS.

At the time when the 9:45 express leaves the Great Southern Railway Station, the terminus is always a scene, not of contusion. for the excellent arrangements of the company make that impossible, but of bustling activity. Cabs laden with luggage, which is deftly removed by the active porters, block the entrance, the ticket offices are be sieged, and the platform is crowded with passengers, each one of whom hopes to obtain the coveted corner seat. The newspaper boys move swiftly about shrilly calling out the names of the various journals and periodicals which they have for sale. and above all the turmoll is heard the voice of the guard, loudly exclaiming, "Take your seats; take your seats for Slowchester,

Dulford and Darkingham." The 9:45 express does not stop after leaving town until it reaches Slowchester, where it halts for ten minutes, after which the pext stoppage is at Dulford, when a quarter of an hour is accorded to the passengers for refreshment, after which it speeds on its way without slackening its pace until it reaches Darkingham at 7:25 the next morn-

Mr. James Warleigh was a gentleman as well known to the members of the House as the Speaker himself, indeed, many thought that he was a far more important personage than the former functionary, as the one had only the ruling and government of the mem. bers in the House, while Mr. Warleigh had not only everything to do with their motions, but also had a great deal to say in the various parliamentary duties which are performed outside the House of Commons. In point of fact, James Warleigh was a par-liamentary agent, and in that capacity had attained no little celebrity. Upon the pres-ent occasion the parliamentary agent had taken a first-class ticket for Darkingham and was especially solicitous about a small valise which he carried in his hand, and well he might be, for it contained in gold and notes the sum of £3,000, which was to be used as the sinews of war for a political

and notes the sum of £3,000, which was to be used as the sinews of war for a political battle which was about to be waged in Darkingham.

"No, my man," said he to the porter, "I am not going in with that rowdy lot," as the man opened the door of a smoking carriage in which a rather noisy party of Darkingham men were preparing to beguile the hours of the journey with a game of solo whist. "Put me in with something quieter than that."

"Will you try this one, sir?" said the man, "there's a lady with six children and a couple of nurses—"

"Confound you, no," said Mr. Warleigh, "I will find a seat myself, there's a shilling, "I will find a seat myself, there's a shilling, "I will find a seat myself, there's a shilling,

"I will find a seat myself, there's a shilling, be off with you."

The man who knew the parliamentary agent by sight very well, grinned and touched his hat, and Mr. Warleigh proceeded on his search for accommodation At length he discovered a first-class carriage without a single occupant, and, de-lighted with his find, opened the door, and ensconced himself in a comfortable corner, with his back to the engine, placing the valuable value in the net over his head. The train was just about to start, when a lady dressed in a light-colored ulster ran hurriedly along the platform and jumped into the carriage in which Mr. Warleigh had taken up his quarters. With a half in-nudible apology the lady swept past him and took up her seat at the farther end of the carriage, just as the train rolled out of the carriage, just as the train rolled out of

Mr. Warleigh had been taking a farewell glass with two or three of his friends, and felt a little sleepy, and as the lady did not seem disposed for conversation, he placed his feet upon the opposite cushion and was

soon fast asleep.

He slept long and heavily, and had but an indistinct recollection of being aroused by the lady touching him as she endeavored to open the window on his side. As she did so, he fancied that it must be raining, for he felt a light spray falting on his face, then he sank into sleep again, but woke up completely, as the train slowly rolled into the Dulford station.

He rose from his seat, rubbed his eyes, and took a glance at the net to assure himself of the safety of his valise.

To his horror it was nowhere to be seen. Mechanically he looked toward his fellow-passenger, and almost began to believe

that he had taken leave of his senses, when, instead of a lady he saw a young gentleman, of about four-and-twenty years of age, putbag, preparatory to seeking the refreshment

'Here!" exclaimed Mr. Warleigh, "how did you get into the carriage?" "But, sir," answered the young man, in a decidedly foreign accent, "I got in train at the station at Londres, jut as the train was going to start ilong."

"Don't try that game on me," cried Mr. Warleigh, "it was a lady got in, and where in the name of fortune about the interest."

in the name of fortune she got to is more than I can make out. At any rate, don't you eave this till you hand over my valise." As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder, with the view of preventng him leaving the carriage.

But the foreign passenger was not one to put up tamely with this attempt at deten-tion. He struggled violently, and broke out into voluble though polyglot English: "Avot do you mean, sare?" exclaimed he. "I know your law, and to put one fingir on him is in his eye an assault. Otez votre main, your hand take off, or I vill summons the polismans. What for your valise you ask me? What is this talk of a lady? Yous ctes un perre gris, mon ami. My friend, you have too freely drank, but I will have you up before the Lor Maire. Aha! do you

By this time a little crowd had collected, and Mr. Warleigh, as well as his excite-ment would permit him, explained the matter to the station master, who had hurried up on hearing of the occurrence.

"Here is my billet, my ticket as you calls him," exclaimed the foreigner. "Great Southern to Darkingham. I have two colis, the baggages are in the van, but no valise. I have come all the way with this gentle-man, who has snored here like a pig. Here is my card, Eugene Lamont, Rue Chien qui Boite, Paris, and Hotel de Leycesterre Square, Londres. I am traveling for my pleasure, and if you me stop, parblen, as you have it, 'you shall pay for the piper.'" Mr. Warleigh was in a decidedly awkward fix. His statement regarding the invisible lady had rather prejudiced the public against him, and if be detained the French-

man he might have to pay heavy damages. There was but little time to be lost, and as he was debating the best course to take, he felt a hand laid on his arm, and, turning sharply round, recognized a face which was perfectly familiar to him. "Matthew Wen-

"Keep it dark, sir," said a little man, with an inexpressive cast of feature, lighted up now and then by a pair of piercing eyes, which occasionally seemed to "I think I can help you if you will put the affair into my hands. I've got a little theory of my own; come, sir, shall I do the job for you? If so, let us have a chat; there is no use going to Darkingham by this train, so let the foreign gent go."

Matthew Wenlock was a private detec-tive who had obtained considerable noto-riety by the solving of a mysterious murder case, known as the Mandeville square mystery, and by the defeating of a conspiracy of Fenian desparadoes, whose head center occupied rooms in Great Gyle street, and James Warleigh felt that he could not place his case in better hands, and so, to the astonishment of the spectators, he took

the detective's arm, and moved away to the interior of the station, leaving the Frenchman to regain his carriage, from the win-dow of which he still continued to harangue the bystanders as the train steamed away from the platform.

"I sm sorry that you let the French chap go, Wenlock," remarked Warlaigh; "I can swear he was not in the carriage when we started, and I am sure he knows something

"And so am I, sir," answered the detective; "but the foreign gent is in very good hands. There happened to be a young friend of mine on the platform with me, who has his wits about him, and I gave him the office to go into Darkingham and keep an eye upon Mr. Eugene Lamont." "Ah, that is good business," returned Mr. Warleigh, eveing the detective with considerable admiration; "and now what is

the next step?" "Do you know the number of the notes?" asked Wenlock.

"Ot course I do; am I an idiot?" returned the agent, irritably. "There was only £400 in gold, the rest being in notes, the num-bers of which I have here," he added, drawing a small piece of paper from his waistcoat pocket.

"Good for our side," remarked Wenlock, rubbing his hands "Wire and stop them at the Bank of England, and get

another £3,000 as a temporary revenue to keep things going at Darkingham."
"Confound it, Wenlock," returned the parliamentary agent, "you talk as if thousand pound notes grew on gooseberry

"I know you can get plenty more where thesecame from;" remarked the detective with a sly wink, "but get the telegraphing over sharp, for we ought to be back at Slow-

chester as soon as we can, for that is where Mr. Warleigh stared at the detective, but deemed it best to make no reply; and just as the telegraphing had been completed a train came into the station which took them back

"Who knew that you were coming up to Darkingham with this money?" asked the detective, accepting a cigar offered him by

"Why, the missis knew it, of course," answered Mr. Warleigh.
"Ah," said Wenlock, with a strange

platant French puppy, who yelled at me re a lunatic."
"Well, well, we are all liable to mistakes,"
"But Wenlock, philosophically, "But observed Wenlock, philosophically. "But we shall be at Slowchester in another quarter of an hour, and then we shall get your va-

"Perhaps you dropped it there yourself," said the agent, jocosely.

"You would make a model detective, Mr. Warleigh," said Wenlock.

"Thank you for the compliment, but it isn't my line," broke in Mr. Warleigh.

"For Scotland Yard, I should have said had you not interrupted me," said Wenlock, in his usual cool and imperturbable manner, "always suspect the wrong people, and you will get into such a muddle that the chances are not ten thousand to one against you hitting on the real criminal after all."

After this retort, Mr. Warleigh smoked on in indignant silence, and Wenlock did not utter another word until they had reached Slowchester.

the utmost energy, and bidding Mr. War-leigh wait for him, flew about putting a question to this official, drawing another aside and whispering in his ear, and again flying off at a tangent to a porter, and hold-ing a private meeting with him in the lamp-room.

room.

Presently he strolled leisurely back to Mr.
Warleigh, as if there was no hurry, and said
softly, "Your value is in the ladies' waiting
room, empty of course."

"Why, do you mean the thief has taken
my shirts, collars and socks?" demanded the
agent.

"No, only the notes and gold," answered

Wenlock.
"This is how it was managed, a lady in a "This is how it was managed, a lady in a light colored ulster —"
"Ah, you see I was right after all," exclaimed Mr. Warleigh, eagerly.
"Went into the ladies' waiting room, and, pleading that she was very unwell, asked the attendant to get her sixpenny worth of brandy, giving the woman at the same time half-a-crown; when she returned with the spirits the visitor had disappeared, and the only trace, save one, which was left was your valise, open on the table. A few minutes afterward the train went off, and—"
"And the woman with the light ulster in it," broke in Mr. Warleigh.
"All the porters say no," replied Wenlock, "and all declare that though there were many ladies in the train, yet none of them had an ulster of the color you describe."
"Of course the attendant noticed what the woman was like," said Mr. Warleigh after a

woman was like," said Mr. Warleigh after a "Well I am sorry to say she did not," answered Wenlock.
"What fools women are," muttered the "What fools women are," muttered the agent.

"But you can rectify that omission, of course," said the detective.

Mr. Warleigh looked very uncomfortable and then burst into a laugh. "I am fairly caught," said he, "but hang me if I can tell you whether my fellow passenger was dark or fair. But what was the clew you spoke of?"

"This," returned Wenlock, as he drew from his pocket a lady's handkerchief and handed it to the agent.
"It seems a very poor clew," remarked the

"It seems a very poor clew," remarked the agent.

"The border is rather a peculiar one," answered Wenlock, "black and blue horseshoes linked together with a red heart every second pair. I have a friend in the linen trade who perhaps can tell me something about handkerchiefs of this pattern."

"Well, I suppose you will come on to Darkingham by the 7 o'clock train to see about your sharp, young friend," observed Warleigh.

"It will just depend upon what sort of a report I get to-morrow," answered Wenlock,

report I get to morrow," answered Wenlock,
"I advise you to wait for it here."
Accordingly the detective and Mr. Warleigh made their way to an hotel, and feeling it useless to retire to bed, asked the
waiter to let them sit up in the smoking
room.

room.

As they were sitting over their breakfast at 9 o'clock, a telegram was handed to the detective, couched in the following terms: "Frenchman went to Bull and Badger; seems all right; left this morning by 8:30 for town; met woman on platform; tall; fair; light-colored dister; short conversation; then woman handed Frenchman small parcel. Am watching woman. See that Frenchman town; met woman on platform; tall; fair; light-colored dister; short conversation; then woman handed Frenchman small parcel. Am watching woman. See that Frenchman is looked after at Great Southern Terminus." "By Jove, I believe we are on the track after all," exclaimed Mr. Warieigh, exultingly: "what are you going to do?" "Wire to arrange for Frenchman's reception, and then go to Darkingham to help to hunt up woman," replied the detective, speaking as if he was writing a telegram.

Mr. Warleigh and the detective accordingly waveled up to Darkingham, and were met on the platform by the sharp young man, who looked ready to cry with rage and disappointment. "She has done me," said he. "Evidently she knows Darkingham well; she walked up Latterlee road, where there are a lot of small houses, and knocked at the door of one which was to let. After a brief talk with the caretaker, an old woman, she was let in, and I hung about outside. I walted for half an hour, and then, going up to the door, knocked. The same old woman opened it. 'A lady has been here to see the house!' said I. 'Yes,' answered the old woman, shortly. 'She dropped this as she came up the steps,' said I, producing a dummy parcel, which I had hurriedly made up. 'Well, you've taken your time to bring it, young man, 'said the old woman, severely,' for she has been gone this 20 minutes.' 'Gone,' repeated I. 'Yes, she looked all over the house and said it would suit her very well, and that she would communicate with her brother; then she must needs see the garden at the back, and finding that there was a back way out into Alderley road, she said she would go out that way, and so she did.' I was stupefied, and could only faintly remark: 'Did she leave any name?' Why, of course she did,' answered the caretaker.' I wrote it down, for she said she had sprained her finger and couldn't hold a pencil.' Here it is:—Gencial Perre del Barrachio, 34 Abruptswith square, S. W."

"Why, hang it, that is the Terra del Fuegan Ambassador," exclaimed Wenlock.

"We have a rare cheeky one to deal with. Iou see, my child," he added, turning to the sharp young man, "she saw that she was followed, and, being a woman of resource, quietly gave you the go by. Let this be a warning to you, my young friend, and never leave a loophole of escape."

"Well," remarked Mr. Warleigh, "I must look after my business. It won't take me long; and perhaps, Wenlock, you may by that time have heard something from town about the Frenchman."

"You will find me at the Lord Chamberlain," replied the detective, and Mr. Warleigh went off to make the best arrangements he could over the unlucky business.
On its completion he found the detective and his young friend in the smoking room, the former still impressing upon his disciple the enormity of the fault of which he had been guilty.

As Mr. Warleigh took his seat and called

been'guilty.

As Mr. Warleigh took his seat and called for a cigar the waiter appeared with a telegram, which he handed to the detective.

With a glance of triumph at the abashed neophyte, the detective tore open the wrapper, and read as follows:

"No person answering to your description arrived at Terminus. May have got out at Elverley Junction, where tickets are taken."

"By the Lord Harry," exclaimed Wenlock, bringing down his hand heavily upon the table, "I forgot all about that confounded junction; and the fellow has slipped through my fingers."

A momentary glance of triumph shot

table. "I forgot all about that confounded junction; and the iellow has slipped through my fingers."

A momentary glance of triumph shot across the sharp young man's face, as he said, in tones of the utmost respect: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Wenlock, but in order that I may not commit such a fault again, would you permit me to take down the exact words you used in my notebook? They began, I think, thus: 'Never leave a loophole of escape.' How did they go on?"

In spite of his loss, Warleigh burst into a roar of laughter, and, after a pause, Wenlock was compelled to do the same.

A week had elapsed since the daring robbery had been committed in the 9:45 express, and Wenlock, in spite of the most energetic researches, was as much at fault as ever. The notes had never been presented at the Bank of England, nor as far as he could learn had they been offered for sale in the usual markets for stolen goods on the Continent. His friend in the linen trade had declared to him that the landkerchief was not of English manufacture, and that he could not be certain whether it came from France or Germany.

The detective for several days kept a strict watch upon the movements of Leon Forget, the clerk of Messrs. Stote and Pherret, but found him a very quiet young man, the extent of whoseelissipation was a game at dominoes in a cafe in the wilds of Soho. He had almost given up any hope of solving the mystery, when chance, in which he had a firm belief, afforded him an unexpected clew. Matthew Wenlock was one of those kind-hearted souls who do good deeds secretly, and he had been paying a visit to an old friend in the neighborhood of Walham Green, who had fallen upon evil days, and after helping him as far as his means would permit of, was making his way to the nearest point where he could catch an omnibus. As he was passing down a street of small houses, he heard sobs of a child, and looking about soon ascertained the cause. A large dog had blundered against a perambulator in which she was conveying washing home, and the contents

His cheery manner caused the little girl to dry up her tears, and she and Wenlock began their task. The towel in which the washing was packed had become unpinned, and as the detective commenced picking up the scattered articles, he gave a great start of surprise; for a number of handkerchiefs of the horseshoe and heart pattern met his eyes. "Where are you taking the washing to, my pretty one?" said he.

"To Madame Devigne at No. 24," answered the child.

"Then suppose I come along with you," suggested Wenlock. "In case another big dog should take it into his head to bang up against you." against you."

The little girl made no objection, and Wenlock duly escorted the washing to No. 24. As the door opened his heart gave another great leap, for on the threshold appeared the tall, fair woman, whose description he had obtained from his sharp, young friend.

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powder through the operation of fallacious and de-

employs such agents, and whenever the name of

this Company is used to gain entrance to houses,

the applicant, no matter how respectable in appear-

ance, should be regarded and treated as an imposter.

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woman, bitterly; "and now are you going to detain me, for I want to be off? I don't care about facing Etienne, especially if he comes home mad drunk as usual."

"I am going to hand this money back to the rightful owner." answered Wenlock after a pause. "If you think fit to clear out during my absence, well. I can't help it; I'm only a private 'tec,' and have been acting on my own hook."

Madam Devigne looked at him venomously, as if she would like to have put a knife in him as she heard this statement, but Wenlock, bidding her a polite goodby, left her house well satisfied with his morning's work.

Mr. Warleigh too was agreeably surprised. "I shall make a good deal more than the 50 out of this job, old man," said he, "and you shall not be forgotten; but do you know, I feel quite sorry for that poor woman's home being broken up, and her being cast on the world without a penny!"

"Bon't waste any sympathy there," replied the detective, with a sly wink. "I have always found that ladies have a habit of taking care of themselves; and I heard a good deal of jingling coin when Madame Devigne went to the bureau; I'll be bound she kept back 50 or perhaps even more; but if I had made a fuss she might have cut up rusty, and I knew you wanted the money back with as little trouble as possible."

[THE END.]

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NEXT WEEK, The detective raised his hat, and explained the whole circumstance.

"I was looking for a comfortable room, you see, ma'am,,' he said, "when I heard the kid in trouble, and seeing it was a lady's things which were knocking all about the street I lent a hand to get them together."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," answered the woman in a slightly foreign accent. "I think there is a room to let in this house; shall I inquire?"

"Well, if you do not mind, ma'am, I should take it as a great favor," replied the detective, and the woman sped away on her engand. In a few minutes she returned. "The landlady is out," she said, "but she will not be more than ten minutes. Will you come into my room aud sit down:"

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," rejoined Wenlock, and he followed his conductress into a room leading out of the passage.

"Will you take a glass of wine?" asked the woman. "I am sure but few persons about here would have taken the trouble you have." The detective raised his hat, and explained

"Thank you." answered Wenlock. "I won't have anything to drink, but you might oblige me in another way."

The woman looked at him in some sur-The woman looked at him in some surprise, but made no reply.
"I was a good bit taken with these hand-kerchiefs of yours," continued Wenlock. "and should like to get some like them. I managed to get hold of one once, but have never been able to find any more. See, here it is," he added, producing it from his pocket.

'The woman turned pale, and faltered out, "Where—where did you get that?"
"In the ladies' waiting room at Slowchester station," replied the detective promptly. "It was left there by the sister of General Perre del Barrachio."

From pale the woman turned to scarlet, and wrung her hands in a paroxysm of terror.

"You see" warmsyled Weylest "I have

"You see," remarked Wenlock, "I know everything, so you had better make a clean breast of it. Where are the notes?"

"I—I haven't got them," stammered the

"I—I haven't got them," stammered the woman.
"Oh, yes, you have, and in this very room, too," replied Wenlock. "Come, I don't say matters may not be squared if you give up the swag, but, if you don't, why—"
He did not finish the sentence, but it frightened the woman more than if he had made a specific threat, and, going to an old-fashioned bureau, she produced from it notes to the amount of £2,500 and £250 in gold.
"Etienne has fooled away the rest," said she, sullenly, "and has not bought me a rag nor a scrap of jewelry."
Wenlock placed the money in his pocket with great glee.

Wenlock placed the money in his pocket with great glee.

"Now," said he, "if you will tell me all about the affair I think I can promise that you shall hear no more about it; but, mind, if you keep back anything it will be the worse for you."

The woman hesitated for a moment, and then, as if she had suddenly made up her mind, began:

"Etienne will kill me when he comes home and hears what I have done, but I won't give him the chance, and shall make a bolt of it as soon as you have gone, that is if you will let me. My husband is Etienne Devigne, and is cousin to Leon Forget, from whom he and is cousin to Leon Forget, from whom he medicinal qualities. That whiskey is Duffy's Pure Malt. It has been upon the market for years. It has the unqualified endorsement of physicians and chemists, and it is the only whiskey which can be recommended. It is true, certain unscrupulous druggists and grocers seek to sell other and interior goods, claiming they are equal to Duffy's, but they possess little purity and no medicinal power whatever, whereas Duffy's is specially designed as a medicinal whiskey. It would be well to bear sheef facts in mind when considering the subject of Spring medicines, and how to best put the system in shape for the requirements of the season. will let me. My husband is Etienne Devigne, and is cousin to Leon Forget, from whom he learned about the old gentieman going up to Darkingham with £3,00; Leon gave the information quite innocently, and had no idea of my husband's intentions. We made every preparation. I made myself a reversible ulster, dark one side and light the other, and Etienne and I took tickets for Darkingham—"

"stop a bit," interrupted the detective; "how was it that none of the booking-clerks could recollect either of you taking a ticket?"

"A triend of Etienne's took them," replied

could recollect either of you taking a ticket?"

"A triend of Etienne's took them," replied she. "Then I watched for the old gentleman and got into the same carriage with him, Etienne going into another part of the train. Fortune favored me, and I was quite alone with my victim, who soon fell into a sound sleep. To make sure, however, I gave him a taste of ether spray, and at Slowchester I stepped out with the valise, went into the ladies' room, sent out the woman for some brandy, under the plea that I was not feeling well, and as soon as I was left alone, I opened the valise, took out the money, and reversing my ulster, changed places with Etienne, That clever young man who followed me about at Darkingham can tell you the rest," she answered, with a little satirical laugh.

"But why upon earth," asked Wenlock, "did your husband make no attempt to change the notes."

"Oh, he has been gambling and on the drink ever since, he had the money, and said any time would do," answered the

are Warned

An Overdose of Morphine-And Why?



A lady was found dead upon her bed. In vestigation showed that she had been a ter-rible sufferer from nervous weakness and That Is All Which Is Required at This Time prostration, probably aggravated by Spring Debility, which so weakens us all at this season of the year. For months she had We hear a great deal, just now, about Spring medicines. It is known that people feel run down after the labors and siege of complained of being tired and nervous, her stomach and bowels troubled her, there was palpitation, headache, malaria, strange, faint winter, and it is assumed they need a Spring medicine. This is not true. Spring medicines are not needed; nature will throw off feelings, and for the last week she had felt discouraged, depressed in mind, miserable.
In a fit of desperation she took her own life
by an overdose of morphine.
A peculiar after-effect of the Grip is that, mulated during the winter, if she has only a little help. Nature is able to clean her own house, and take care of her own household, with a little assistance, and a little, gentle owing to its extreme weakening effects upon the nerves, it makes people feel blue, de-pressed and discouraged and without their requires. "But," you may say, "what do you mean by stimulant, and what do I require?"
We answer, something absolutely pure, powerful, and which has been proved to abund-

cides can take place when at the present day it is well known that these weakening nervous diseases can be easily cured by nervous diseases can be easily cured by using that great discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura. Its effects are sure in all such cases, and it is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Druggists, \$1.

"I employed 23 doctors for my wife. Many pronounced her incurable, some advised placing, her in an asylum, while others did

her no good. She had poor blood, was weak, nervous, debilitated and half crazy. She had female weakness, and her kidneys were very bad. Dr. Greene's Nervura has completely sured her. She thanks God that I bought Dr. Greene's Nervura. N. B. KING, Danvers, Mass."

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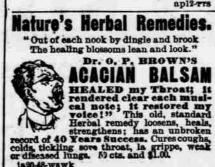
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Broken Lots, but All Perfect

\$4.50 Shoes at \$2.90. \$4.00 Shoes at \$2.90. \$3.50 Shoes at \$2.50. \$3.00 Shoes at \$2.18. \$2.75 Shoes at \$1.98. \$2.00 Shoes at \$1.48. Wholesale and Retail.

W.M.LAIRD

433 and 435 | 406, 408, 410 WOOD STREET. MARKET STREET.



DESKS.

Have you seen those OX-FORD SHOES AT 85c? Sold 700 pairs in two days, but sizes are still unbroken. Won't be so by Saturday. Come

CAMPBELL & DICK.

81, 83, 85, 87 & 89 Fifth Ave.

WHAT IS THIS?



former joyous feelings.

It is strange that such foolish acts as sui-

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be onsulted free, personally or by letter. Call consulted free, personally or by letter. Call or write to him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.



Easter and Millinery seem as closely associated as Easter and eggs. No wonder. Nature is putting on her spring garb of beauty, and ladies wish to copy the example of Mother

Nature has been faithfully copied in the fabrication of artificial flowers this season. Hard to tell that the flowers on the hats this spring are not just from Nature's garden.

The perfection of this art is exemplified in our grand display of Easter Millinery this week. Come and see; you'll admire and buy, perhaps.

You're welcome, anyway. How about your little Easter necessaries:

GLOVES, NECKWEAR, TIES, HOSIERY. HANDKERCHIEFS,

You can't visit any of these sections without becoming interested in price values.

BEAUTIFUL HEADWEAR

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

We offer extraordinary attractions in artistic millinery this Easter week. Never before has such an immense assortment been seen in Pittsburg. It includes hundreds of stylish and exquisitely trimmed Bonnets and Hats, Fine French Flowers, Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets, Misses' Hats. Children's Hats. Infants' Caps. etc.

Hats and Bonnets trimmed in any style desired at short notice. Workmanship guaranteed strictly first-class. We have engaged additional salespeople, so that all can be waited upon promptly. The corps of artistes employed in our workrooms is equal to any emergency, and there will be no trouble in executing late orders.

EASTER GLOVES

Just come and get an idea of what a complete glove department really means. Here you will see everything in the glove line-everything but the exorbitant prices that some dealers charge. Recollect, we are sole agents for the P. & P., Chaumont, Berthold and Fontaine famous French Kid Gloves.

7-hook French Kid Gloves, \$1 25, \$1 50 and \$1 75. 8-button Suede Mosquetaires, 68c, \$1,

4-button French Kid Gloves, 68c, \$1, \$1 50. 8-button Glace Mosquetaires, \$1, \$1 25, 5-hook French Kid Gloves, 85c and \$1. Misses' fine 4-button, 75c; 5-hooks, 95c.
4-button Freuch Suede, extra quality, \$1.
7-hook French Suede, extra quality, \$1 50.
Black and colored Silk Gloves and Mitts for ladies and children. 8-button extra quality French Biarritz, \$1. Gents' French Kid, 75c, \$1, \$1 50, \$1 75,

See our splendid showing of Neckwear for Ladies and Children, Parasols, Laces, Easter Souvenirs, Boys' Star Waists and hundreds of other things suited to the season.

CLOAKS AND SUITS.

All the latest novelties in LADIES' BLAZER SUITS, from \$4.65 to \$15; SILK WAISTS, \$3 to \$8.75; CLOTH CAPES, \$4.65 to \$25; REEFERS AND BLAZERS, \$2.50 to \$15; NEWMARKETS, \$6.24 to \$11.65; TEA GOWNS, \$1.48 to \$20.



510-518 MARKET STREET

J. B. VANDERGRIFT COAL COMPANY, Limited, VANDERGRIFT BUILDING. TELEPHONE, NO. 191.

YOUGHIOGHENY GAS AND STEAM COAL. WHITE AND RIVER SAND.

Rap Prompt service to manufacturers and consumers generally.

Mills supplied with river sand.

EASTER BARGAINS. **EVERYBODY WELCOME**

Come in and look through our immense establishment. In order to nake room for our rapidly increasing trade we have leased the EN-TIRE BUILDING and made extensive enlargements and improvements. On our three floors we have now displayed, so it can be plainly

seen, what is undoubtedly the finest display of

In Pittsburg, which we sell on our easy credit plan at the same prices as others do for cash. Every new effect in Scotch and English Tweeds, Clay Worsteds, Cassimeres, Serges and Tricots. Suits, Overcoats and

INSTALLMENT HOUSE

SIXTH STREET 17 WE NOW OCCUPY THE ENTIRE BULDING

MERCHANT TAILORING We show the latest dewhich we will make up in the latest style and guar-

LADIES' AND MISSES'

JACKETS AND CLOAKS. Watches and Jewelry.

American Watches, Gold, Gold Filled and Silver, and the choicest line of Diamonds and Jewelry.

CREDIT

OUR TERMS: One-third down, balance in small weekly, semi-monthly or monthly payments.

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Visitors will be shown through with pleasure. WE NOW OCCUPY THE ENTIRE BUILDING.

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