Will Be There.

## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH,

SUNDAY, MAY 15.

## A NEGATIVE VICTORY

Of Which the Tories Are Making Just as Much Capital as Possible.

JOHN BULL AS A BLUFFER.

Conference Invitation Merely

A BID FOR BI-METALLIST VOTES.

He Is a Little Fore at Uncle Sam for His Steamship Move, And

HOPES TO GET EVEN IN SOME MANNER

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, May 14 .- [Copyright.]-The Tories have succeeded in keeping the North Hackney seat, and the achievement is trumpeted forth to the world as a Conservative victory. How small is the mercy for which the loudest of thanks are thus being offered! It can be measured by the fact that the Tory majority has been reduced by 534 votes, compared with 1886. It the Liberals can do this well at the general election all over London as they have just done in North Hackney, they will win at least 14 seats now held by Tories, with majorities ranging from & in Central Finsbury to 502 in Stepney. If the Tories are satisfied with that prospect the Liberals certainly have no cause for complaint.

The Government's acceptance of the Washington invitation to an international silver conference is striking proof of the progress made by the bi-metallist movement n this country. The chief pressure brought o'bear upon the Government came from Laneashire, which has been almost wholly converted to the belief that a bi-metallic standard would restore the prosperity of its staple trade. Capital invested in joint stock cotton mills depreciated 35 per cent in 15 years, and the average net profits have dwindled to 1 per cent per annum. Lan-cashire people, employers and workmen alike, have been taught to attribute this slarping state of affairs to the low price of silver and the fluctations in the exchanges.

Merely Meant as a Bluft. The Government, in view of the ap-proaching general election in which Lanashire is a very important factor, was of United States Government's invitation most not be taken to imply that there is any immediate prospect that England will adopt the bi-metallic standard. The iberals will in all probability be in power and that party is strongly monohe conference empowered to do nothing were than listen and talk. The Bi-Metallic League has converted Lancashire, but a condition precedent to final victory is the wing over of the great Liberal party, and that, if it ever be achieved, means hard

work for many years.

A noisy section of the labor party which wants Parliament to fix the number of hours per day during which full-grown men shall be allowed to work had by its gates an interview with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour this week. The delegates by those august persons had not Mr. Gladetone's refusal to receive a similar deputa-tion induced the Tories to believe that olitical capital might be made out of the

leaders, warrants the belief that neither party has much cause for satisfaction. "The aristocratic and moneyed classes," said Tillett, 'filled Parliament to protect their own interests. Despite all their promises, every politician of note had taken a negastarted a subscription in order to make comfortable provision for the Colonel through the number of the labor party. Mr. Morley had insulted it, Lord Salisbury twitted at it, Mr. Balfour had been cynical, and Lord Randolph Churchill hysterical. There was not a representative man in either reserved. not a representative man in either party who was not opposed to the labor proramme. The ruling classes cared nothing but the millions were weltering in ignorce and poverty, so long as their own exets were filled," and so on.

The tact is, the labor party in this country been so pampered and petted by all hitmal parties that it has become oiled child. For years past when it has eried for the moon it has been accustomed to receive a star to go on, and nowadays, hen it howls, it expects to be bribed into lience with nothing less than the entire

John Bull in a Quandary. John Rull has arrived at the conclusion that he has been very badly treated by Uncle Sam in the matter of the armed States registry an act of high treason, or to grapple with the difficulty in the natural commercial manner of outbidding the American bidder. Some of his sons are inclined to get hysterical over the business. stance, wants to know: "Are we to rely

A Vital Factor in the Wage Question in

England, as Here. THY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, May 14.—The vexed question of immigration of destitute aliens was discussed at a public meeting in St. James Hall last evening, whereat a resolution was passed warmly approving the decision of he Government to take some steps to remedy the evil. It was stated in the course of the discussion that toreigners, chiefly German and Russian Hebrews, had friven Englishmen and women out of the heap tailoring and bootmaking trades, and that a similar transformation was threat-ened in the cabinet-making, chair-turning and other industries in the East End of

As is usual at gatherings of this character, the United States immigration regula-tions were praised by all the speakers and held up as shining examples for England to

AMERICANS AT THE DRAWING ROOM.

Eleven Ludies From This Side the Water to

by English but Americans. From an English point of view the feature will be the presentation of the newly married Countess of Dudley, but Americans are briefly interested in the bride of Major box.

Post, the military attache of the United States Legation, though the ceremony will be short of much pomp, owing to the rigid etiquette observed by the diplomatic corps on such occasions. Although the court is out of mourning, the royal family is not, and the function of the diplomatic corps being to represent royalty, it is compelled to observe a long period of official grief. Therefore, Mrs. Post, being the wife of a military attache, will observe this tradition and appear in black.

I am informed that she will wear a court gown of rich black striped moire antique, of new and original design, the front of the

new and original design, the front of the skirt being covered with a finely jetted tableir and caught up to the back of the bodice with a diamond ornament, a Watteau His Acceptance of the Monetary train of Duchess satin, and plumes of osand pearls, according to the regulations prescribed for mourning in the diplomatic corps. Another feature of the drawing room is that Mrs. Catline, wife of the United States Consul at Munich, has received the Queen's especial permission, through the Lord Chancellor, to appear in a high-necked gown. Altogether, there will be eleven American ladies presented at this drawing

#### BORROWE BLOODTHIRSTY. anxious to Fight Fox Again, but at Eight

Paces-The Latter Won't Shoot Any More, Though, Without a Fresh Cause -More Echoes of the Piasco. (BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.)

LONDON, May 14.-Hallet Alsop Borrowe's blood-thirstiness has not been assuaged by the duel with Edward Fox. He last Sunday entrusted Harry Vane Milbank with a letter to Colonel Tom Ochiltree and a verbal message to Fox. The letter to Ochiltree stated that Borrowe had twice called at the Colone's chambers and been refused admission, and that Borrowe demanded to see him to ascertain if the charge that Ochiltree had made a threat to spit in his face were true.

The message to Fox was that Borrowe

would like to meet Fox again on the field of honor, and fight with pistols at eight paces until one of the two was killed or incapacitated from holding his weapon. Milbank called upon Ochiltree, but did not give him the letter. The Colonel said he would not fight a duel with anybody upon so trifling a pretext.

Milbank did not take Borrowe's mes-mage to Fox. However, he told Borrowe that if he wanted to fight Fox again there must be a new cause of quarrel, as a duel no matter how it ended, wiped out all existing grievances between the principals thereof. Then Borrowe drew up the following document, which Milbank signed.

I beg to state that I implicitly believe Mr. H. A. Borrowe's statement that he was totally unaware of the publication of the correspondence in the Borrowe-Drayton afcorrespondence in the Borrowe-Drayton aftair, and that he never gave his consent or
authority for any publication. Any statement that I am neutral in the matter is
therefore untrue, as is also the statement
that my friends have endeavored to induce
me to withdraw from any further connection with the affair. I am only too happy to
act in the future as I have in the past and in
the present, in every and any way in which
Mr. Borrowe may need my humble services.

The Dray and the consequent should

THE DISPATCH correspondent showed his to Milbank, who said: "That mean hat I believe there was a misunderstanding between Fox and Borrowe. I do not be lieve that Borrowe thought the correspond ence was to be published, neither do I believe that Fox gave it out for publication believing it to be unauthorized by Bor

Milbank has heard that his unnamed an tagonist in the recent duel at Ostend is progressing favorably. The Burgomaster at Ostend has been removed by the Belgian Government for "gross neglect of duty" in allowing the two duels to take place there.

#### MADAME BLAVATSKY'S ASHES

Divided Into Three Parts, One of Which Came to New York City.

LONDON, May 14.-Theosophy in London has not fully maintained the impulse it received some time ago by the almost miracolitical capital might be made out of the usiness.

Nobody Particularly Well Satisfied.

A speech made last night at Bradtord by Iderman Ben Tillett, one of the eight-hour aders, warrants the belief that neither because he has lost faith in Mahatmas, but because he found the pressure of work more than he could stand. That no rupture has taken place between him and the faithful is testified by the fact that the latter have

> the time of her death, she was cremated. Afterward the ashes were brought to London, and at a secret meeting between Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. Judge, secretary of the society, were solemnly divided into three parts, one going to India, a second to New York and the third remaining to make London a holy place for the faithful.

#### NOBILITY MURDERS A BALLET GIRL Wronged Polish Wife Kills and Robi

One Who Destroyed Her Happiness, WARSAW, May 14 .- Josephine Gerlach had the reputation of being the most beautiful ballet girl in Warsaw. She had socumulated a considerable quantity of money and valuable presents from her admirers. craiters, and he is easting about for means whereby to prevent other steamship companies following the pernicious and unpatriotic example of the Inman people. He is not yet decided whether to make a transfer of the British ships to United States registry an act of high treason, or to granule with the difficulty in the patriol.

had been heard to utter threats against the ballet girl. This lady belongs to one of the upper noble families, and her ancestors are distinguished in the annals of Poland. The ocean graybounds under the Stars and Stripes pull up with shot the food of our millions?" But on the whole the matter is being discussed calmly here.

distinguished in the annals of Poland. The family, like many of the Polish families, is no longer wealthy. Boguslawa had reason to be jealous of Josephine. The police did not hesitate to arrest her. They were estonished to find upon her the conclusive evidence of her guilt. For some reason she had not disposed of the weapons with which she had murdered the ballet girl, but still carried with her a hammer and dagger which bore evidence of having been used in the sanguinary work.

#### NOT SO VERY FUN NY, AFTER ALL

A Would-Be Witness in a New York Court

Sent to the Tombs NEW YORK, May 14.—On the trial in the General Sessions to-day of Samuel Mortimer, charged with larceny, Assistant District Attorney Davis found the name of Alfred Sigel on the list of witnesses fur-nished to him by the Chief Clerk of the District Att orney's office, so he called Sigel. Sigel said he knew nothing about the

"How did you get here, then?" asked Recorder Smyth.

Sigel smiled and said, "Oh, I wanted to get into the court, and I couldn't get in without a subpœna, and so I went to the Clerk's office and said I was a witness, and leader of the court of the co asked for a subpœna, and he gave me one."
"Why did you do that?" asked Recorder

Eleven Ladles From This Side the Water to

Ee Presented To-Morrow.

[INY CARLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 14.—The drawing room on

Monday will be largely attended, not only
by English but Americans. From an En
her for fun, and I shall give you more fun
than you want. I will commit you to the

#### A BIG WHEAT FIELD.

Rudyard Kipling Sees the Wonders of the Great Northwest.

FARMING ON A WHOLESALE PLAN.

Scenery of the Canadian Pacific as Winter

ANNEXATION AND THE M'KINLEY LAW

VANCOUVER, May 9 .- "Five days ago

big as the houses, ricks left over from last year's abundant harvest and mottled here and there with black patches to show that the early plowing had begun. The snow lies in a last few streaks and whirls by the track; from skyline to skyline is black loam prairie grass so dead that it seems as though no one year's sun would waken it.

Kipling a Sarcastic Free Trader. This is the granary of the land where the farmer who bears the burdens of the State, and who therefore ascribes last year's bumper crop to the direct action of the Mc-Kinley bill, has also to bear the ghastly monotony of earth and sky. He keeps hi head, having many things to attend to, but his wife sometimes goes mad as the women do in Vermont. There is a little variety in nature's big wheat field. They say that when the corn is in the ear the wind chases shadow-waves across it for mile on mile, breeds as it were a vertigo in those who must look and cannot turn their eyes away. And they tell a nightmare story of a woman who lived with her husband for 14 woman who lived with her husband for 14 years at an army post in just such a land as this. Then they were transferred to West Point among the hills over the Hudson and she came to New York, but the terrors of the tall houses grew upon her and grew till she went down with brain fever, and the dread of her delirium was that the terrible things would topple down and crush her.

That is a true story.

They work for harvest with steam plows here; how could mere horses face the endless furrows? And they attack the earth with toothed, cogged and spiked engines that would be monstrous in the shops, but here are only speckles on the yellow grass.

Everything on a Grand Scale, Even the locomotive is cowed. A train of freight cars is passing along a line that comes out of the blue and goes on till it meets the blue again. Elsewhere the train would move off with a joyous vibrant roar. Here it steals away down the vista of the telegraph coles with an away dwinner steals. telegraph poles with an awed whisper, steals away and sinks into the soil. Then comes a town deep in black mud—a straggly inchthick plank town with dull-red grain elevators. The open country refuses to be subdued even for a few score rods. Each street ends in the illimitable open, and it is as though the whole houseless outside earth

were racing through it.

Toward evening under a grav sky flies by an unframed picture of desolation. In the foreground a farm wagon almost axle deep in mud the mire dripping from the slow turning wheels as the man flogs the horses. Behind him on a knoll, of sodden, soggy grass fenced off by raw ralls from the landscape at large, are a knot of utterly unin-terested citizens who have flogged horses and raised wheat in their time, but to-day lie under chipped and weather-worn wood-en headstones. Surely, burial here must be more awful to the newly made ghost

than burial at sea.

There is more snow as we go north and nature is hard at work breaking up the ground for the spring. The thaw has filled every depression with a sullen gray-black spate and out on the levels the water lies six inches deep in stretch upon stretch as far as the eyes can reach. Every culvert is full and the broken ice clicks against the than burial at sea. wooden pier guards of the bridges. Under the Queen's Sheltering Power,

Somewhere in this flatness there is a refreshing jingle of spurs along the cars and a man of the Canadian mounted police swaggers through with his black fur cap and the yellow tab aside, his well-fitting overalls and his better set up back. One wants to shake hands with him because he is clean and does not slouch or spit, trims his hair and walks as a man should. Then his hair and walks as a man should. Then a Custom House officer wants to know too much about cigars, whisky and Florida water. Her Majesty, the Queen of England, and the Empress of India, has us in her keeping. Nothing has happened to the landscape, and Winnipeg, which is, as it were, a center of distribution for emigrants, stands up to her knees in the water of the thaw. The year has turned in earnest and somebody is talking about the "first ice-shove" at Montreal 1,300 or 1,400 miles east.

They will not run trains on Sunday at Montreal and this is Wednesday. Therefore the Canadian Paolific makes up a train to Vancouver at Winnepeg. This is worth remembering, because few people travel on that train and you escape any rush of tourists running westward to catch the Yokohama boat. The car is your own and with it the services of the porter. Our porter seeing things were slack, beguiled himself with a guitar which gave a triumphal and festive touch to the journey ridiculously out of keeping with the view. For eight and twenty long hours did the bored locomotive trail us through a flat and hairy motive trail us through a flat and hairy land, powdered, ribbed and speckled with snow, small snow that drives like dust shot in the wind-the land of Assinabola.

## Towns, Sections and Trails.

Now and again, for no obvious reason to the outside mind, there was a town. Then the towns gave place to Section So and So; then there were trails of the buffalo, where he once walked in his pride; then there was a mound of white bones supposed to belong to the said buffalo, and then the wilderness took up the tale. Some of it was good ground—very good ground—but the most of it seemed to have fallen by the wayside and the tadium of it was sterned. the tedium of it was eternal.

the tedium of it was eternal.

At twilight—an unearthly sort of twilight—there came another curious picture. Thus: A wooden town shut in among low treeless rolling ground; a calling river that ran unseen between scarped banks; barracks of a detachment of mounted police, a little cemetery where ex-troopers rested, a painfully formal public garden with pebble paths and foot-high fir trees, a few lines of railway buildings, white women walking up and down in the bitter cold with their bonnets off; some Indians in red blanketing with buffalo horns for sale trailing along the platform; and, not ten yards from the track, a cinnamon bear and a young grizzly standing up with extended arms in their pens begging for food. It was strange beyond anything that this bald telling can suggest; opening a door into a new world. The only commonplace thing about the spot was its name, Medicine Hat, new world. The only commonplace thing about the spot was its name, Medicine Hat, which struck one instantly as the only possible name such a town could carry.

That next morning brought us the Canadian Pacific Railway as one reads about it. No pen of man could do justice to the scenery there. The guide books struggle desperately with descriptions adapted for summer reading of rushing cascades, lich-

## ened rock, waving pines and snow-capped mountains; but in April these things are not there. The place is locked up—

Dead as a Frezen Corpse. The mountain torrent is a boss of palest emerald ice against the dazzle of the snow; the pine stumps are capped and hooded with gigantic mushrooms of snow; the rocks

are overlaid five feet deep, the rocks, the fallen trees and the lichens together, and fallen trees and the lichens together, and the dumb white lips curl up to the track cut in the side of the mountain and grin there, fanged with gigantic icicles. You may listen in vain when the train stops for the least sign of breath or power among the hills. The snow has smothered the rivers and the great looping treatles run over what might be a lather of suds in a huge wash tub. The old snow nearby is blackened and smirched with the smoke of the locomotives, and dullness is grateful to

Tields to Spring.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1

there wasn't a foot of earth to see. It was just naturally covered with snow," says the conductor standing in the rear car of the Great Northern train.

He speaks as though the snow had hid something priceless. Here is the view: One railway track and a line of staggering telegraph poles ending in a dot and a blur on the horizon. To the left and right, a sweep as it were of the sea, one huge plain of corn land wailing for the spring dotted at rare intervals with wooden farm houses, patent self reapers and binders almost as big as the houses, ricks left over from last the sea, one that the sea of the sea, one huge plain of corn land wailing for the spring dotted at rare intervals with wooden farm houses, patent self reapers and binders almost as big as the houses, ricks left over from last the sea of the sea, one that the sea of the sea dreaming of the spring and caught a passing freight train. Our cars grind cautiously by, for the wrecking engine has only just come through. The deceased locomotive is stand-ing on its head in soft earth 30 or 40 feet down the slide, and two long cars loaded down the slide, and two long cars loaded with shingles are dropped carelessly atop of it. It looks so marvelously like a toy train flung aside by a child that one cannot realize what it means till its voice cries, "Anyone killed?" The answer comes back: "No; all jumped," and you perceive—with a sense of personal insult—that this sloven-liness of the mountain is an affair which may touch your own sacred self.

hing eyes.

comotives, and dullness is grateful to

may touch your own sacred self. In which case the train is out on a trestle,

into a tunnel and out on a trestle again. It was here that everyone began to despair of the line when it was under construction be-cause there seemed to be no outlet. But a cause there seemed to be no outlet. But a man came, as a man always will, and put a descent thus, and a curve in this manner, and a trestle so, and behold the line went on. It is in this place that we heard the story of the C. P. R. told, as men tell a many times repeated tale, with exaggerations and omissions, but an imposing tale none the less.

In the beginning when they would federate the Dominion of Canada, it was British Columbia which saw objections to coming in, and the Prime Minister of those days promised it for a bribe an iron band between tidewater and tidewater that

British Columbia which saw objections to coming in, and the Prime Minister of those days promised it for a bribe an iron band between tidewater and tidewater that should not break. Then everybody laughed, which seems necessary to the health of most big enterprises, and while they were laughing things were being done. The C. P. R. was given a bit of line here and a bit of line there and almost as much land as it wanted. was given a bit of line here and a bit of line there, and almost as much land as it wanted, and the laughter was still going on when the last spike was driven between East and West at the very place where the drunken man sprawled behind the engine, and the iron band ran from tideway to tideway, as the Premier said, and people in England said "how interesting," and proceeded to talk about the "bloated army estimates."

Incidentally the man who told us—he had nothing to do with the C. P. R.—explained how it paid the line to encourage immigration and told of the arrival at Winnipeg of a trainload of Scotch crofters on a Sunday. They wanted to stop then and there for the Sabbath, they and all the little stock they had brought with them. It was the Winnipeg agent who had to go among them arguing (he was Scotch, too, and they couldn't quite understand it) on the impropriety of dislocating the company's traffic. So their own minister held service in the station and the agent gave them a good dinner, cheering them in Gaelic at which they went and they want on to set the which they went and they want on to set the which they went and they want on to set the which they went and they want on to set the good dinner, cheering them in Gaelic at which they wept, and they went on to settle at Moosomin, where they lived happily ever

How the Men Speak of the Manager, Of the manager-the head of the line from Montreal to Vancouver-our companion spoke with reverence that was almost awe. That mausger lived in a palace at Montreal, but from time to time he would sally forth in his special car and

station masters on the big Northwestern in India.

Then a fellow traveler spoke, as many others had done, on the possibilities of Canadian union with the United States; and his language was not the language of Mr. Goldwin Smith. It was brutal in places. Summarized it came to a pronounced objection to having anything to do with a land rotten before it is ripe, a land with 7,000,000 negroes yet unwelded into the population, their race-type unevolved and rather more more than crude notions on murder, marriage and honesty.

"We're picked up their ways in politics,"
he said mournfully. "That comes of living
next door to them, but I don't think we're anxious to mix up with their other masses.

They say they don't want us. They keep on saying it. There's a nigger in the fence somewhere or they wouldn't lie about it." "But does it follow that they are lying?"
"Sura. I've lived among 'em. They can't
go straight. There's some fraud at the back

From this belief he could not be shaken. He had lived among them—perhaps had been beaten in trade. Let them keep them-selves and their manners and customs to their own side of the line.

The Two Sides of Annexation This is very sad and chilling. It seeme puite otherwise in New York, where Canada was represented as a ripe plum ready to fall into Uncle Sam's mouth when he should open it. The Canadian has no special love for England—the mother of colonies has a wonderful gift for alienating the affections

wonderful gift for alienating the affections of her own household by neglect—but perhaps he loves his own country.

We ran out of the snow through mile upon mile of snow sheds, braced with 12 inch beams and planked with two-inch planking. In one place a snowslide had caught just the edge of a shed and scooped it away as a knife scoops cheese. High up the hills men had built diverting barriers to turn the drifts, but the drifts had swept over everything and lay five feet deep on over everything and lay five feet deep on the top of the sheds. When we woke it was on the banks of the muddy Frazerriver, and the spring was hurrying to meet us.

The snow had gone; the pink blossoms of the wild currant were open, the budding alders stood misty green against the blue black pines, the brambles on the burned black pines, the brambles on the burned stumps were in the tenderest leaf and every moss on every stone was this year's work fresh from the hand of the Maker. The land opened into clearings of soft black earth. At one station one hen had laid one egg and was telling the world about it. The world answered with a breath of the real spring—spring that flooded the stuffy car and drove us out on the platform to snuff and sing and rejoice and pluck squashy green marsh flags and throw them at the colts, and shout at the wild ducks that rose from a jewel green lakelet. God be thanked that in travel one can follow the year. This, my spring, I lost last Nowember in New Zealand. Now I shall hold her fast through Japan and the summer into her fast through Japan and the summer into New Zealand again. Here are the waters of the Pacific, and

Vancouver (completely destitute of any de-cent defences) grown out of all knowledge in the last three years. At the railway wharf, with never a gun to protect her, lies the Empress of India—the Japan boat—and what more auspicious name could you wish to find at the end of one of the strong chains RUDYARD KIPLING.

Bargains in Wall Paper. Great clearance sale of this season's fine cods. Wm. H. Allen, 517 Wood street, near Fifth avenue,

JIMP AWNINGS are neat and pretty, at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn avenue. Theu

#### CAPE MAY'S OPENING.

THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE TO BE READY FOR OCCUPANCY JUNE 1.

It Looks Neat in a New Coat of Paint-The Hotels Beginning to Show Signs of Life-A Base Ball Team Organizing-Wanan

CAPE MAY, N. J., May 14.-[Special.]

The repairs to the Presidental cottage are nearly completed, and the family expect to occupy it the first week in June. The cottage looks pretty in its new coat of paint. The rooms are all being overhauled, and nothing but American-made products are being used in the repairs. The tin for the verandss is, by orders of the President, domestic made and furnished by a Philadelphia firm. Mrs. Harrison probably would have been down to the shore this early, had not her recent illness confined her at home. After the proposed excursion down the Potomac in a revenue cutter to Fortress Monroe or

in a revenue cutter to Fortress Monroe or some sister place, the family will come to Cape May for the summer.

The hotels are gradually opening, and by the 10th of June they will all have been opened. A large number of hotel rooms have been applied for, and the cottages have rented well and at fairly good prices.

An electric pleasure railway is being An electric pleasure railway is being constructed on the beach front, and the famous Cape May baseball team is being organized with the best of players from the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton College, Cornell University and Harvard University. These will form the most popular amagnants this season. ular amusements this season.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has his

cottage ready for occupancy.
City Treasurer George D. McCreary, of
Philadelphia, will within a fortnight take possession of his cottage for the season.

The hotels already have many guests and several cottage families have arrived.

Roacuss, bedbugs, etc., are instantly and sternally eradicated by Bugine. 25 cents.

# PRICES THE MAGNET THAT

Many people thought when they saw our store burning that we would be completely wiped from the face of the earth. Not so, we never say die. The mammoth building, No. 414 Wood street, was instantaneously turned into a Grand Housefurnishing Bazaar, where everything can be had to make home beautiful at such low prices that our store has been throughout the entire week with hundreds of happy buyers, who swear that nowhere can be had such beautiful goods at such low prices as at the "Household," a name that is honored and respected in every home

On Account of Its SQUARE Dealing.

OUR \* NEW \* QUARTER \* BARGAINS

THAT DRAW THE PEOPLE TO

WOOD STREET. 414

BARGAINS In our New Quarters, 414 WOOD ST. An elegant Rug Parlor Suit \$50—\$50—\$50.	BARGAINS In our New Quarters, 414 WOOD ST. A Neat Wardrobe \$12—\$12—\$12.	THIS 7-PIECE CHAMBER SUIT \$20—\$20—\$20. Cash or Credit.	BARGAINS In our New Quarters, 414 WOOD ST. A Good Bed Lounge \$10—\$10—\$10.	BARGAINS In our New Quarters, 414 WOOD ST. A Nice Chiffonier \$14—\$14—\$14.
EASY TERMS TO SUIT YOU. Our stylish Hatrack \$12—\$12—\$12.	EASY TERMS TO SUIT YOU, A FOLDING BED \$20—\$20—\$20.		EASY TERMS BEST TO SUIT YOU BRUSSELS CARPET 75c—75c—75c	EASY TERMS TO SUIT YOU. INGRAIN CARPET 25c—25c—25c.
OUR TERMS SUIT THE MASSES, OUR PRICES MAKE THE CUSTOMERS,	OUR WAYS ARE AS CLEAR As the Noonday Sun On a Cloudless Mayday.	THIS PARLOR SUIT \$30—\$30.	ONCE A BUYER Always a Customer The Unbroken Rule Of Our Business Career.	PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. TERMS ALWAYS THE EASIEST.
SEE THAT FINE EXTENSION TABLE We sell at \$10—\$10—\$10.	SEE THAT COOKING STOVE Called the Housekeepers' Friend, \$9—\$9—\$9.	A BARGAIN That will draw hundreds of New Patrons.	SEE THAT ELEGANT CUPBOARD WE SELL AT \$6—\$6—\$6.	SEE THAT SIDEBOARD EVERYBODY BUYS AT \$15—\$15—\$15.

# HOUSEHOLD CREDIT COMPANY

PHŒNIX-LIKE RISEN FROM THE ASHES,

WOOD STREET.