sessed these letters and he was approached by publishers in New York and elsewhere, offering him large sums of money for them. Davis, however, although a poor man, declined all such offers. He determined to return as many of the letters as possible. He asked Mr. Weed to take a bundle of her saked Mr. Weed to take a bundle of her own letters to a lady, who, although then advanced in years, was occupying a high social position in New York. Mr. Weed shrank from so delicate a task, and Mr. Davis himself handed them to the lady, when she confessed to him that a secret sorrow and dread of years had been lifted by the return of them.

Mr. Davis took another package of letters to a lady in New Haven, and he sent by General Scott a package to a lady in Richmond. Some other packages were returned, and one evening Mr. Davis kindled a great fire in a wood stove, and in Mr. Weed's presence burned the rest of the letters. In speaking of this evidence of a deprayed heart afterward, Mr. Weed said that it was appraisand by Burr himself on the eye of his To beave Them to His Daughter. heart afterward, Mr. Weed said that it was surpassed by Burr himself on the eve of his duel with Hamilton, for he wrote a letter that night in which he committed those letters to his own daughter, Theodosia, in case he fell, bidding her to do with them what she chose. Burr died in 1836, and there are probably not a dozen persons is New York city to-day who know where he

The two Clintons were entirely unaffected by their defeat as Presidental candidates. Of course the career of Henry Clay after his unsuccessful first canvass for the Presidency is one of the few political careers which have become almost household words. Mr. Blaine has said that the most striking sugcareer is that he was a candidate three times when he was doomed to defeat, and that he e might have been elected.

Presidency, and betrayed not the slightest disappointment, but professed a desire to retire from public life. Therefore he resigned from the Senate, returned to Georgia, and in order to support himself secured an election as Judge of Probate, and the man who was so nearly President became within a year a petty justice, dying in that office.

John C. Calhoun was never a Presidental candidate in the sense that around him were centered his party's hopes. He was, of course, always a Presidental candidate so far as the hope of receiving the nomination of his party was concerned, and it was sup-posed that he would succeed Andrew Jackion. In fact, the understanding when Jackson was elected in 1828 was that he should serve one term and then Vice President Calhonn should be promoted as his successor. Yet within less than two years Daniel Web-ster, in the Senate, had predicted that ar-rangement would fail. It was a memorable scene. It was during his famous reply to Havne. Calhoun sat in the Vice President's chair, and Webster, turning of a sudden and fixing his great eyes upon the Vice President, quoted the lines from "Macbeth," maying that his dream of power would prove "a barren scepter in his grasp, thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand, no son of his succeeding." Senator Clayton, wholreports the scene, says that Calboun turned ashy pale, and every Senator revealed that dramatic interest which is best exemplified by earnest gaze and perfect quiet. Mr. Webster had reference to the machinations of Martin Van Buren, and Calhoun knew well William Wirt, Hugh L. White, Willie

P. Mangum, who were Presidental candidates in opposition to Jackson and Van Buren, looked upon their deteat as the elimax of their political careers, accepted in proper spirit such indication, retired to after. Martin Van Buren, defeated in 1840, retired to his beautiful place, Lindenwald on the Hudson. Mr. Van Buren was the richest of Presidents, in last no President has ever been elected who had anywhere near so large a fortune as Van Buren. He was a very thrifty man, had no expensive family to maintain, being a widower and his son self-supporting, and when he entered the Presidency he made an estimate of his wealth, putting the figures at \$250, 000, which was great wealth for that day. He did not touch his salary as President until he retired from his office, and then

Besignation of Lewis Cass. Tom Corwin was once chatting with Rosone Conkling about some of the great men of the past, and he asked Conkling what he thought was the best indication of the ability and character of Lewis Cass. Conkling replied that it seemed to him that Cass was replied that it seemed to him that Cass was a stolid, heavy, but rather profound sort of intel ee, with no brillinney and with no imposing personal characteristic.

"Ah, but," said Corwin, "you misunderstand him. He revealed his greatness in his resignation. He received the news of his defeater arounders.

his defeat as candidate for President with perfect composure, without the slightest particle of resentment, and he was able more completely than any public man I ever knew to sink his own identity and to look upon Lewis Cass merely as the repre-sentative of his party. It was the party which was defeated, and not Cass the man, In his opinion, and the simple dignity with which he retired from public life to his home in Michigan was, in my opinion, a beautiful indication of the man's true great-

General Scott, though he coveted the Presidency, and was somewhat disappointed at his failure to secure the nomination in Indifferent, when he received the news of his deteat in 1852. Said he: "Frank Pierce was a good soldier with me in Mexico and he ought to make a good President," and then the General went on with his business as officer in command of the armies. The General grew so heavy that it was a burden for him to move about, and when the war broke out in 1861 he was physically incapacitated, and he grieved and fretted over that far more than he did over the loss

The Story of Hangman Foote, N. P. Sargent tells a very interesting story of John P. Hale. In a speech which Mr. Hale made in the Senate he said some things which made some of the Southern nators indignant, and Governor Foote, of Mississippi, replied. In the reply the Governor said that if Hale came to Missis-

sippi and made such a speech he would be banged to the nearest tree and that he (Foote) would cheerfully assist his executioner. It was a most unfortunate speech for Foote, and he himself confessed it. Within a month he was known all over the North as Hangman Foote, a sobriquet by which he is remembered to this day.

It was not known throughout the North that personally Foote and Hale were on the most intimate terms. They dined together,

they were fond of swapping stories, and they were very fond of each other and the speech gave Hale no offense, for on that very day he took lunch with Foote and

very day he took lunch with Foote and laughed with him over it.

No man ever took defeat so philosophically as John C. Fremont. His impulsive and sanguine temperanent enabled him to forget the past and look into the future with enthusiasm and hope. He spent some time after his defeat in 1856 in New York City, and he seems to have had the ambition to develop great plans and to secure an enormous fortune, not because he was par-ticularly fond of money but because he delighted in the excitement of projecting and

executing great enterprises.

Both John C. Breckinridge and Stephen

A. Douglas, who were added to the list of the great defeated in 1860, revealed after defeat something of the strength of charac-ter which enabled them to obtain conspicuous political honor.

McClellan's Only Political Office, After his defeat for the Presidency Genmanently to private life. He spent some years in Europe and then took a country place in Orange, N. J., living in the winter moutha in this city. His life would have been a happy one had he not nursed the disappointment which the failure of his political career entailed. In 1877 the New Jerger December 1, 1877 the New Jerger 1, 1 sey Democrats met in State Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor. The contest centered around three men, and the fight was a hot one. While the convention was in session somebody in the gallery sailed for three cheers for "Little Mag."

and in an instant the convention was at the white heat of enthusiasm. It was a veritable stampede. There was no resisting this tremendous demonstration, and when at last it had quieted down it was found that McClellan had been unanimously nominated for Governor of New Jersey. This was the only political office McClellan ever held.

Some ten days after Mr. Greeley, in a half humorous announcement, made on the morning after the election of 1872, said that he had resumed the editorial control of the Tribme, there appeared in the New York papers a report which startled the community. It stated that Horace Greeley had gone insane and was dying. The report was true, his mind had given way, there had been a sort of a paralysis of the brain, and he ex-pired less than a month after his defeat.

Disappointment Did Not Kill Greeley. His death was not due to disappointmen He knew six weeks before the election that the tide had set strongly against him, and the looked forward with joy which he could scarcely restrain from showing to the day when he should take up his pen as editor of the Tribune. Even before election he made the Tribme. Even before election he made arrangements to resume his post on the morning after election day, and did so, but it was made manifest speedily that his hand had lost its cannling and his intellect was not within control. Greeiey's death was due to the exhaustion of the campaign, followed as it was by the tender nursing of his wife, who fell ill and died a few weeks belore election day. Nighteafter night Greeley sat by her bedside, getting no sleep, while he spent the day in vigorous campaign work. The strain was too great. Insomnia seized him with all its terrors, and it seemed to those who knew him as if he, realizing that he had dangerously strained his mental and physical powers, gave up at once without making a struggle for life.

Two days after the election of 1876, when it became evident that there would be a dispute over the result, Mr. Tilden entered the National Committee room, betraying not a sign of trepidation or anxiety, but, with an expression on his face which was as near a smile as he ever permitted himself to indulge in, he said: "This looks like a pull up, don't it?" and that is the only comment of a personal nature which heever made respecting his defeat. After that he always spoke of it as an affair of the Democratic party and not of Samuel J. Tilden, and he discussed it with his friends exactly as if Tilden was a third party. If he had personal disappointments, he did not reveal them: if he nourished any resentments, no one knew it.

Grat Versatility of Tilden.

Great Versatility of Tilden.

Nor was his mind so distracted that he was unable to pay heed to other things, for while the country was struggling with the problem of the electoral commission and hot headed men were talking of sending a peaceful army of 100,000 men to Washington Tilden was engaged in one of the most colossal speculative deals which had oc-curred up to that time on Wall street. With his then friend, Cyrus W. Field, and some others, be had got control of immense quan-tities of New York Elevated Railroad secur-

others, he had got control of immense quantities of New York Elevated Railroad securities, and by shrewd manipulation of the market, the price was carried many points above par. Tilden and Field together controlled the stock, and Field has always claimed that there was an understanding between them that neither should sell with out the consent of the other.

While Field was in Europe Tilden unloaded, making by the operation something like \$5,000,000, and then he sailed for Europe, while Field returned to give vent to the most violent language of denunciation at what he called Tilden's treachery.

When Mr. Tilden returned he said that he simply forestalled Field, who, he was assured, expected to unload without Tilden's knowledge. This operation was regarded by business men as one of the best indications of Tilden's intellectual power, his subtlety and his self-mastery. It was going on while the country was hot over the disputed election, and was consummated only a few weeks after Mr. Hayes took the Presidental chair. Tilden then practically retired from professional life.

Blaine as a Defeated Candidate, Mr. Blaine took the news of his defeat with perfect composure, although some display of irritation would not have been surprising in view of the fact that he was informed by in view of the fact that he was informed by men whom he couldtrust that he had lost New York State by accident and not by fair and square test. His self-mastery was indicated by the ease with which he took up the pen of the historian. He had had it down when he was nominated for the Presidency. The first volume of his history had been completed and published, but the second was yet to appear. He contracted with his publishers to finish it before March 4 of the succeeding year, whether he was elected Presidency. densers to maiss it before March 4 of the suc-coeding year, whether he was elected Presi-dent or defeated. Within a week of his de-reath he was at work in his historical en-deavor as if there had been no interruption and no cannass which had become dawor as if there had been no interruption and no canvass which had brought him within 1,000 votes of the Presidency.

When the work was completed Mr. Blaine began to turn over in his mind a project for a new historical work, for it did not then seem likely to him that he would ever again return to public life. He had long desired to spend a year in travel in Europe with his family, and the profits on his history were so great that he found himself not only with sufficient means to take the trip in luxury, but also for the first time in his life a capitalist—not a great one, but still with large sums of money to invest. It was his intention on his return to resume literary work, but, being summoned to the Cabinet of President Harrison, he put the project saide. In publishing circles in New York it is understood that when he returns to Washington next fall—for he will continue to live there in the winter—he will begin to make research with a view to writing political history.

Grover Cleveland in Defeat.

Grover Cleveland in Defeat. Within a month after his defeat in 1888 resident Cleveland had received propositions from one of the greater law firms of New York to enter into partnership with it. His relation to the firm was to be that of counsel, and he was not long in making up his mind to accept the proposition.

As a practicing lawyer at the New York bar the ex-President has cut no figure whatever. He appeared in one case before the supreme Court of the United States, and some of his briefs have been submitted to the higher courts of New York. Of course, the amount of service he was engaged in as counsel for this firm does not appear, but his time was not so greatly occupied as to make it impossible to accept appointments as referee, and it is the opinion of the bur here that his most profitable employment has been while serving in such capacity.

He did have some idea, it is thought, that his experience might be something like that of Roscoe Conkling, who came to the New York City bar without a retainer, so poor that he was obliged to borrow a friend's library, and who within six years had made nearly \$700,000 by his practice.

Mr. Cleveland, when he came to the New York bar, was just she age of Mr. Conkling when he opened an inconspicuous office on Nassau street. He had the prestige of the Presidency and Conkling the prestige of another sort, handicapped with the humiliation which he experienced in resigning from the Senate and in his failure to secure a re-election. The difference between the two men, however, lay in one fact: Conkling buried all political ambition and sought with mighty earnestness for professional success, while Cieveland has permitted his professional aspirations to be distracted by political inclination and the desire for renomination.

E. J. Ebwards. tions from one of the greater law firms of New York to enter into partnership with it,

\$16 SUITS FOR \$7 85. Appraisers' Sale at Saller's Tou can select any \$10, \$12, \$14, \$15 or \$16 suit in the establishment, light or dark color, sack or cutaway, for \$7 85 to morrow (Monday) only.

Corner Smithfield and Diamond streets.

ORANGEMEN'S PICNIO At Hulton, Allegheny Valley Railroad, Tuesday, July 12, Trains leave Union station at 8:20, 9:05, 10:15, 11:30 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 2:30, 5:45, 5:90, 5:30

Excursion to Atlantic City On Thursday next, July 14, via R. & O. B. R. Rate, \$10 the round srip and tickets good is days. Trains leave Pittsburg at S.A. N. and 920 P. M.

THE FIRST 10 MONTHS' RECORD -OF-

or an average increase of more than 100 every day of those ten months! The figures are as fellows: 

Advertisers receive the most gratifying returns from the use of she Classified Col-

An Organization Almost Perfect Down to the Minutest Details.

COMPARATIVELY SMALL FORCE.

Ne Matter What Happens a Guardian Will De Only What He's Ordered.

CAN'T HELP A WOMAN IF SHE PALLS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] Paris, June 30. URIOUS things hap pens here. One day not long ago a pro-fessor of English in

the great University of Paris entered a barber shop and saw an Englishman of 60 or more gesticulating despairingly to the roprietor. He wanted to be shaved and o could not talk French, The French rofessor offered his services. The English-

man grasped his hand. "Do you talk English?" The professor had addressed the old gentleman in the tongue but he politely ignored the irrelevancy of the question and

answered. "I do. sir." "Then," replied the delighted man, "you can do me a greater service than to explain to this numskull of a barber what I want done tomy beard. I am lost. I have been lost for two days. I can't speak a word of French. I have forgotten the name of my hotel. You are the first person I have found who speaks English. Help me to find myself and I'll bless you all my life."

your "inflooence," but it amounts to the same thing and works in the same way—to the detriment of the service and the disgust SCENES IN PENZANCE.

of the upright.

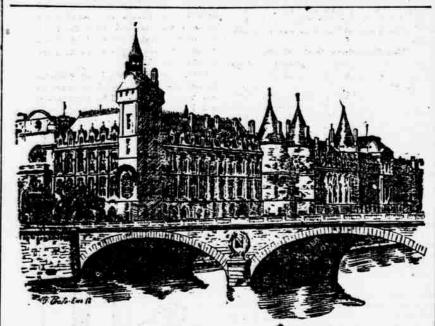
A policeman's work is thoroughly outlined for him. He has his beat, his hours, his particular duties, and his time is divided according to a set schedule. The night service is made with a companion—who is supposed to stay on the opposite side of the street—but who generally does not. It is forbidden a policeman to smoke, drink, or talk with women during his hours of service, and it is not wise to disobey too openly, since there is a branch of the openly, since there is a branch of the uniformed service which spies on the guardians and reports even such peccadillos as a sly chat with a pretty laundress.

Do Only Their Set Duties. "Inactive" is an adjective that many peo-ple apply to the French policeman. There is reason for it. Sometimes they utterly lack interest in you. They do the one thing they are ordered to do and nothing else. For example, men are stationed on certain crowded places in the streets on what are called refuges (a capital institu-tion which American people ought to adopt,) to prevent an overcrowding of car-riages and to look after foot passengers. An American policeman in such a place would make it his business to look especially after ladies, and if they were loaded with bundles, carried a child, or were especially attractive, would take them through the crowd himself. A Parisian policeman does not recognize the most helpless or heavily laden woman.

Even if she falls be often does not aid her. One slippery day I saw a woman with her arms full slip from the curb and tumble aimost at the feet of a guardian. He looked down at her without moving a muscle. A man from across the street ran to her assist-

"Why did you not help her?" he de-manded angrily of the policeman.
"It was not my business," he replied. "I look after the carriages."
The reply is typical of their attitude.
Nothing which is not strictly according to the letter of their directions stirs them. There are two reasons for their apathy. Most of these men have been trained as soldiers. Accustomed to act under orders and I'll bless you all my life."

The professor smiled. "That is simple tiative. They will stop a runaway horse it it enough. Go to the police. They will find costs them an arm. Put them in a body



THE CONCIERGERIE, THE GREATEST PRISON IN PARIS.

dered old man with a note to the prefecture of the police, and sure enough within two hours the old gentleman "found himself."

The Perfection of Police Organization, To place a foreigner who has lost himself two days after his arrival in a city of 2,423,-000 people is a nice piece of work, but the French police can do it, and a great many other remarkable things. The service which accomplishes so much which is surprising, is like everything else in France So complete is this great police structure that one can diagram it as the grammars do the sentences or tabulate it as the geologies the earth's strata. I have before me an outline of the French police service which I have prepared for my own amusement from have prepared for my own amusement from
the printed reports. It locates ever man in
the service, his place of work, his heurs, his
duties, his salary. It is interesting simply
as an example of the perfection to which
municipal organisations are carried in Paris.
The Parisian police force is divided into
two parts, the sedentary and the active. The
first is the office force: that which plans two parts, the sedentary and the active. The first is the office force; that which plans, orders, reports, prosecutes. The other is the street force. This latter is divided into classes, which might be named popularly the uniformed and the ununiformed. The first division of this active force correspondences by the one policemen. Gardians first divisision of this active force corresponds exactly to our policemen. Gardiens of the peace the French call them, and they are ordinarily the only visible power for compelling order and tracking down the offender to be seen in Paris. They are easily recognized by their dark blue uniforms, their silver buttons, the city coat of arms on their caps, the sheathed sword at their sides, and, on Sundays and fete days, their white cotton gioves. But they are their white cotton gloves. But they are such a quiet, unostentatious (inactive the scoffers say) folk that I have known people to live in Paris sometime before discovering what a policeman looks like.

One Officer for 500 People.

There are at present in the city 6,400 policemen. This is a small guard for nearly 2,500,000 people. The force has not been increased in proportion to the growth of the population. Thus, in 1871, there were 1,800,000 inhabitants and a police service of

1,800,000 inhabitants and a police service of 6,100 men.

The question of enlarging the force has been agitated many times. It is probable that something will be done this year. If it is, Paris can thank the Anarchista. The scare which they caused last spring has put an astonishing amount of vigor into the police service. During the excitement which preceded the 1st of May the inefficiency of the police was shown again and again. It was due to no lack of bravery, skill or care, simply to lack of numbers. Much of the disturbance and of the destruction might have been avoided had the administration been more generously equipped.

equipped.

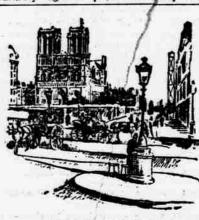
The plans for reconstructing the service, which the Prefect of the police has recently published, call for 1,100 men more. This is published, call for 1,100 men more. This is not so extravagant a demand as it sounds, for a Paris policeman is not an expensive luxury. A new-comer into-the service receives but \$280 a year salary, with an annual indemnity of \$24 for clothes and \$37 for lodgings. The uniform is furnished them with the understanding that they are not to wear out more than \$2.50 worth in a month, and that if they can be proved to have been careless with their garments they nay for the damage. There is a chance for pay for the damage. There is a chance for advancement. At the end of the first three advancement. At the end of the first three or four years a man, if worthy, is advanced to the third class, with \$60 more salary. There are four classes to pass through. At the end of a dozen years he may be made an under-officer, with a salary of \$360 and the above-mentioned indemnities. Among the reforms at present planned is the increase of salaries. Men at \$250 will be also as a salaries. of salaries. Men at \$280 will be given \$320; those at \$340, \$400; the under-officers, now on \$360, will receive \$420. The indemnities

remain the same. In spite of the small pay there are hosts of men seeking the places. Ordinarily the candidates chosen have served as under officers in the army. To get positions they must be between 21 and 30 years of age, and must have a stature of at least 5 feet 7 inches (good height for a Frenchman). The policemen are, as a rule, the biggest men in Paris, but they would be obliged to stretch their necks to look into the faces of an American squad. They must know how to read and to write and must have a certificate of good character. These qualifications are strictly insisted upon, but it is claimed that the great American institution known as the "pull" is also vigorously used. They call it your recommendation here instead of The Position Considered Desirable.

to their death. It is their duty. But ask them to do the least thing out of their literal orders and they are passive.

things. Every policeman is obliged to carry a little book in which he reports from hour to hour all that occurs which is unusual in his beat. The caricaturists usually represent him coming around the corner after the fight, the robbery, the runaway, or the fire and writing is his book that such a thing was said to have occurred, but that he did not get there until the

their inertia is that the public never stands by them. The Parisian crowd is almost in-



A Policeman at a Refuge "hold up the hands," so to speak, of the worst offender against morals and order rather than support a wearer of a municipal uniform. Le Temps tells a story which il-

This state of feeling is probably a relic of the just indignation which the people of Paris learned to feel for the imperial police. In time it will surely change for the service is efficient, in spite of its apathy, else the streets of Paris would not be what they are among the affect in the world. they are, among the safest in the world.

A Tremendous Men's Clothing Sale for To Morrow (Monday) in Our Well-Lighted

cars on night trains.

Treated Just as in America. They have a bad reputation for not seeing

A second reason and a very good one for



A commissionaire, wearing the medal which gave him the right to ply his trade, drank too heavily and made a disturbance in a crowded square. The guardian of the square, once a soldier and decorated with a military medal, attempted to remove the offender. He resisted and appealed to the growd.

offender. He resisted and appealed to the crowd.

"He wants to arrest me because he wears a medal. So do I and my medal is as good as his."

This was too much for the soldier, who in turn solicited public tavor.

"You hear him, sira. He pretends his medal is as good as mine. That shows he is drunk."

But the crowd aried: "Ha's right He drunk."

But the crowd cried: "He's right. His medal is as good as yours. Let him alone. What harm is he doing? What if he is drunk? It is a man's privilege."

And the poor fruardian was obliged to call assistance before the crowd allowed him to touch the brawling fellow.

This state of fashing is probable a relic

July and August.

Fare for round trip \$5.00, tickets good 15 days. Trains leave Union station at \$20 A. M. and \$50 P. M. Bullman buffet parlor cars on day trains and Pullman palace sleeping

SMALL in size, great in results; De Witt' Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation best for sick headache and sour stomach.

Wakeman Describes Some of the

Mysteries of Pilcher Curing. CURIOUS CORNISH SUSPICIONS. Wiping the Shoe, and How It Is Bone and

Looked Upon. AROUND ST. MICHARL'S BAY AND MOUNT

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] PENZANCE, CORNWALL, July 2.-Before leaving the ancient Cornish seaport of St. Ives my friendship with the fisherfolk of the town led to the gaining of much interesting information regarding the famous pilcher fishery of the bay.

Brief reference is made in my preceding

article to the coming of the shoals, the character of the fish, which is very similar to the diminutive Eastport, Me, herrings packed as sardines and given French labels in that enterprising Yankee port, and the genuine sardine of Biscavan waters, while mention was made of the curious operations of the "huers" or watchers and the universal excitement in St. Ives when a shoel is sighted.

Seines from 1,000 to 2,000 feet long are used for impounding the shoals. They are carried in a large boat called the seineboat, vorked by from eight to ten men with oars. No sails are used. The seineboat is attended by two smaller boats called, "tow-boats," which carry smaller nets called thwart or stop nets, while these towboats are followed by still another tender, rowed by strong lads, and used for carrying men between the larger boats or to and from the shore, as circumstances may require. Shooting at Once on Order,

When the watchers upon the heights sig-nal the order to shoot, both the seineboat and the thwartboat start from the same point. From the former the seine is cast around the fish on the outside, forming a large segment of a circle. From the thwart-boat this stop net is thrown forming a sort boat this stop net is thrown, forming a sort of continuation of the circle, but the fol-lower remains at the point of departure to prevent the fish from passing through the opening between the ends of the two nets. As soon as the seins is shot the work of the "blowsers" begins. Twenty to 40 of these take the warp or line at its shore end, attach it to a huge capstan and begin drawing it inshore. At the same time another
line called the towrope is carried from the
opposite extremity, and with this the men
in the seineboat warp the net inward. The
nets with the fish inclosed or penned in are
now brought near enough to land to be out
of tide's way and are safely moored.
Gathering in or taking up the fish is of tide's way and are safely moored.
Gathering in or taking up the fish is called "tucking." When the tide is low the seineboat is utilized within the moored seine, and has on board what is called a "tucknet." With this the fish are scooped from the wriggling shoal and brought so near the surface that they may be dipped out of the sea in a basket. Boatload after boatload is thus taken, until enough are accorded to be thus taken, until enough are secured to be handled in the curing process between one low tide and another, and when the shoals are large a week of night and day work is

"Tucking" at night is always an interesting and often a brilliant scene in St. Ives' Bay; the boats hastening to and fro, the oars sparkling with phosphorescence at every sturdy stroke; the subdued yet eager activity of the fishermen as they plunge their baskets into the water to raise at each dip a stream of quivering silver; the bustle and excitement along the pier and the busy streets where the labor never ceases so long as the shoal holds out; and then old St. Ives, hanging like ragged mistletoe from the heights above, with the terrace lights like a flashing tiara, are all worth storing away among the pleasant pictures of the

From the boats the pilchards are taken to These are square vessels like open boxes, with handles at each end. The fish are salted in bulk, that is, they are built into huge piles, in alternate layers of fish and salt. All this work is done by women and girls who are quite as powerful in all necessary handling and carrying as the men. essary handling and carrying as the men, and far more dexterous.

The fish are allowed to remain in bulk for

30 or 40 days. During this time a vast amount of "pickle" and oil drains away, finding its way into receptacles from which the oil is skimmed. Then the fish are rashed perfectly clean in huge troughs, when they are put with great nicety and in regular layers into casks, locally called "hogheads," of 52 gallons each. They are then subjected to strong pressure for a week, causing another large flow of oil, after which they are headed up and are ready for exportation to Mediterranean ports.

Boughest of Larks and Play. These St. Ives curers are the wives, daughters and sweethearts of the St. Ives fishermen, brawny of arm, stout of frame, among the cleanest of women at home, not among the cleanest of women at nome, not given to the unrepeatable Billingsgate of the Thames-side fishwives; and they get more pleasure out of their neighborly "tens" and their Wesleyan prayer meetings "teas" and their Wesleyan prayer meetings than is secured out of any manner of diversion by any other lowly women I know. But despite the prayer meetings they enjoy their rough larks and play, which are usually the source of discomfiture to some man of their own kind who has been caught at some unforgivable pecadillo, or some "oopstart" stranger whom they dearly love to "hustle" for awhile and then treat to a bath in the harbor or within some convenient vat of "pickle" and oil. Indeed, throughout all Cornwall all women who work at man's labor in gangs together, like these St. Ives fisherwives and the "bal girls," or mining pit brow lasses, seem to have a penchant for treating any man who has secured their dislike in so rough a way that it often merges upon brutality.

Among their immemorial customs none is more rigidly adhered to or more likely to

among their immemorial customs none is more rigidly adhered to or more likely to make trouble to a supercilious stranger than the one among the St. Ives fishwives of "wiping the shoe." If you by chance step into one of these huge fish curing cellars, where from 50 to 100 St. Ives fishwere are at work their shrill cleak and women are at work, their shrill clack and clatter of voices are instantly husbed. Some substantially built middle-aged woman advances to you and without a word gives the toe of one of your shoes a quick wipe with a bit of old rag filled with oil. Paying One's Reckoning.

That is all there is to "riping the shoe," if you immediately respond with a half crown, or even a shilling. This is counted as "paying your reckoning" for satisfying your curiosity, and the proceeds go into a common fund. If you fail to at once turnish the gratuity, you are suddenly surrounded and roughly "hustled," in the meantime coming in contact with rough knuckles and hard elbows, which these fishwives know how to savagely handle, and you are certain to at last land in the bay or Read what we offer you. Clothing dealers are not excluded from this sale. Everybody is welcome, and can take advantage of this liberal offer. Here are the bargains:
350 men's geauine black cheviot smits... 35 90
They come in round cut sacks or square cut sacks, made with patch pockets.
275 men's black bird's-eye worsted suits.
These suits are well known to the trade, and we'll sell them to-morrow for smers, light and medium weights, at. 35 55
260 men's small, neat cheek cheviot suits, sack style, at. 35 80
This we believe is the most liberal offer ever made to the public for good, reliable clothing. Bear in mind, she prices we offer these goods for barety pays for the raw material. Remember, this sale starts to-morrow (Monday) at 8 0 clock. We are prepared to wait apon you quickly. Mail orders for these goods must be accompanied by cash or money orders to receive prompt attantion.

P. C. C. C. Clothiers,
Corner Grant and Diamond streets.

S500—Lake Chautauqua and Return \$500—Via Alleghony Vaitey Railway Each
Tuesday, Friday and Saturday During
Juty and August.

Fare for round trip \$500, tickets good is days. Trains leave Utilon station at \$205 a.

M. and \$550 r. M. kullman buffet parlor cars Cornishman to be wholly an unworthy one.

The traveler will learn that the pleasure in visiting Penzance is to be found in the extraordinary objects of interest and the glorious coast scenery accessible from the town, rather than in the place itself. It is barren of antiquities and historia charm.

There were once some smugglers hare. Sir

Martsoif Ping Company, corner Ponn avenue and Sixth street. S. S. Holland, Druggist, corner Smithfield and Liberty streets.

IN ALLEGHENY CITY

At E. Holden & Co.'s, Druggists, 65 Federal street, and Kaeroher's, 62 Federal street, jylo-wan

Humphrey Davy was a native of the place.
A comic opera has been written about it. That is nearly all, beside numberless inns and lodging houses, which you can find to interest you here. The Features for Tourists.

It is, however, the metropolis of the Land's End district of Cornwall and is al-Land's End district of Cornwall and is al-ways running over with tourists for whom the famous logan or rocking stone, the sublime headlands, the hoary parish churches roundabout, the grand old ec-clesiastic antique, St. Michael's Mount (which must not be confounded with Mont St. Michael on the coast of Normandy), and Land's End itself, the southwestern-most point in England, have an endless fascination. One feature of Penzance itself is indicative of the genuine snicyment of is indicative of the genuine enjoyment of English people in summer in their trips by coach or in humbler trapsor vans. In the one, long, narrow street of the city you can on any summer's day count from 100 to to 200 of these vehicles, whose occupants, as there is no railway or town of any importance beyond Penzance, are tarrying here for refreshment and rest.

But Mount's Bay itself, at the edge of which rests Penzance, on almost level ground behind her huge waterbreak, and from which St. Michael's Mount rises to a very great height with sheer escarpments of granting on three sides and the dim all of granite on three sides, and the dim old crag, crowned by mass upon mass of me-dieval towers, is one of the most charming marine bits for observation and study in

The bay is horseshoe shaped, its mouth opening directly to the south upon the English Channel, which is at all times covered glish Channel, which is at all times covered with sailing craft and steamers. On the right or western side is Penzance, backed by far-reaching hills, and straggling off to the southwest toward the headlands of Mousehole and St. Clements. On the north of the bay, asleep in the shimmer of the summer sun, is Marazion, a market for Cornish tin controlled by Hebrews from 1,500 to 2,000 years ago. Around this old place cluster some of the most curious legends of Cornwall's remote past. Cornwall's remote past.

The western boundary of the bay is

The western boundary of the pay in formed by one of the strangest rondways in the world. From the mainland near Mar-azion winds a submarine thoroughtane, cer-tainly submarine at high tide, to the far grim mount within the sea. At low tide it is high and dry and a splendid means of communication between the island and the land. No one has ever been able to solve the mystery of this singular road, and whether a natural phenomenon or made by the hand of man you can only conjecture as you wend your way upon it with the gray old height looming vaster and more mys-

The Theme of Many Poets. Poets have made it their theme; artists have been delighted with the picturesque grandeur and beauty of its overhanging rocks, and kings have fought furiously for its possession and mastery. The legend is that St. Michael, the archangel, appeared here in 495, and in consequence of this it was visited by St. Kenna, who founded a religious establishment to commemorate the event. It is known, however, that a priory of Benedictine monks was placed here by Edward the Confessor, and the mount was exclusively devoted to religion until the time of Richard I. Since that time it has been the scenes of countless defenses and captures, captivities and immurefenses and captures, captivities and immure-ment, valor and treachery. In 1660 it came into the possession of the St. Aubyns, of Cornwall, who bave continued to beautify this one of the most extraordinary spots in the world.

At the northern base are extensive fortifi-At the northern base are extensive fortifications and a village. At the top of the mount there is a more striking collection of buildings, formed for the purpose of religious uses and the stoutest defense in medieval times to be found elsewhere in Great Britain. The guardroom with its ancient armor is alone worthy of a month's study. Warwick Castle cannot boast grander parts. The chapel, which is fitted up with stalls in the manner of a cathedral, and chapel tower deserve to rank among the most venerable and stately curiosities in Europe. The Chevy Chase room, which the old refectory is now called, from the mane of hunting scenes upon its frieze, is a marvel-ous study in ancient oak carving.

The present owner of this surpassing medieval relic is Sir John St. Aubyn, of Cornwall, and the royal family are his guests here nearly every year.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAR.

A PIECE OF PAPER

Seemingly Worthless Turned out to be of great value. Do you remember the piece of yellow paper we gave you last fall or winter when you bought that overcoat from us? Well, look it up; its the guarantee that will repair that coat for you free of charge. Now the time has come our tailors are not busy; they are waiting for you to bring it in. We'll put it in shape for you so that it will keep well, and when you are ready to put it on you'll not be a hamed to wear it. July and August are the months to do that kind of work in; if you don't attend to it it's not our fault. Jacksons, \$54 and \$56 Liberty street, Star Corner.

Volksbrau Pure lager beer, made from hops and malt, without a particle of adulteration. Just the drink for hot weather. Bottled or on tap. Manufactured by Eberhardt & Ober. Trsu



## TRY SKIN FOOD

For your wrinkles and become youthful, fresh and lovely. It feeds the shrunken or impoverished skin as cream and beef feed and renew the impoverished stomach and body. It feeds the fatty membrane and the active tissues which are indispensable to a good skin. The flabby flesh becomes firm: the ravages of age, sickness and worry disappear; lines and wrinkles becomes smooth; the skin is again soft and refined and beautifulf Skin Food is fragrant, delicate, soothing and refreshing. By its use

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Handsomest Lots on the Market-Nice Sites for Pleasant Homes in a Good Neighborhood.

Lots in Subdivision of the Nimick Place, Wood street, Brushton, are now being sold.

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Salesmen will be on the ground July 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 from 2 to 5 P. M.

Call at 133 FOURTH AVE. for Plan of Lots.

C. K. CHAMBERLIN, Agent.

# PUBLIC SALE BUILDING LOTS

MONDAY, July 11, on J. & S. McNaugher's new plan, Linden avenue, Tenth ward, Allegheny, within 3 squares of Perrysville avenue and East street electric cars, and 15 minutes' walk of Allegheny Market House. Prices from \$350 up. Terms, small cash payment down; balance in small monthly installments. Title perfect. No taxes for 1892. Electric light, city gas and water. Don't miss this sale it you want to double your money. Bring your family and spend the day. Free dinner and free concert by the Great Western Band. For tickets, plans and full particulars

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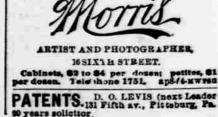
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