## PANTHER HARRY'S CORDIAL,

A STORY OF THE ROCKIES IN THE WINTER OF '56,

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY HENRY HERMAN.

Author of "Eagle Joe," "A Leading Lady," "His Angel," "Scarlet Fortune," "For Old Virginia," "Between the Whiffs," "A Dead Man's Story," "The Silver King," "Claudian," Etc., Etc.

A stupendous chaos of whites and browns, canopied by a boundless firmament of lead. A rocky mountain solitude, majestic in

with a frenzied fury against the mighty

rocks that rose on all sides, sheer, and

snow had found a ledge or a tree stem on

tain torrent, flinging itself headlong into

sheet of grayish ice, against which the

patches of snow which it bore stood out a

sodden air, like huge uncanny ravens.

wilderness seemed to stretch gigantic arms

toward the vast plains that lay like a white

sea at its feet, barely perceptible through

the thick snowy haze, a tall man climbed

now and then a treacherous chasm between the uneven boulders threatened a terrible death. The hidden tangle of unseen creep-

ers, stripped of all foliage, and the nake

briary network of the underbrush mingled

many a stauch and stout heart. He seemed to be fashioned of iron, with a face of glass,

against which the whirling snowflakes flashed harmlessly. His long hair clung to his neck and shoulder like a wave of snow, with here and there a patch of black in the

midst of the white powdering foam. His beard resembled the frozen waterfall for its

grotesque covering of icicles, and his brown buckskin clothing was covered with brittle

patches of glassy gray. There was naught visible of his face save his shining black eyes, for he had tied a red cotton handker-

chief acrose his nose and mouth, and it had

become a frozen sheet, like the rest of his

The man climbed on downbill undaunted.

Many a time he slipped, and staggered, and fell, but rose again, panting; and now and then suppressing a low mean that surged to

his throat in spite of him. The rags which he had tied over his hands showed broad

red stains through their dingy frozen tolds,

and he limped more and more painfully as he proceeded on his awful journey. But not a sound escaped him. He might have

been a suffering dumb creature struggling for life against the murderous fury of the

At last the ground sloped more evenly; the fiendish webwork of naked briar and creeper ceased to impede the foot, and save for the sheet of snow, a yard-deep, through

which the man had to wade, progress was

At a sudden turniof the mountain, nestled

sheltered it from the fury of the wind, and

ence, painful, yet reassuring, returned his nearly frozen hands and arms.

defied the elements to bar ingress or egress to or from his wild home.

The rough plank door was open when the shivering traveler at least reached it. On

s threshold stood a tall and lean old man,

s gravish pale tace surrounded by a long

air straggling behind him. On the wrin

streaks, and the eyes shone with a hungry

led brow and cheeks the skin lay in flabby

When the old man saw the wanderer, he

stared at him for a few heart beats' space with feverish, flashing eyes, and then a strange little peal of sickly laughter rang

faintly between his bared teeth. He

stretched out a white and bony hand of welcome, but the newcomer held up his

blood-stained rags and swiftly entered the

house, flinging his frozen coverings from him as he walked. Broad red streaks re-

vealed themselves upon his hands and face

able longer to bear the nervous strain.

his thin bair as if in mortal agony, and his

som heaved as with lips parted he awaited

'Yes, all! They're lyin' in the Wamb-

"Whar are the others?" he cried.

the answer.

"All gone under."

beard, and with a veil of sparse silvery

easy and unobstructed.

clothing.

through the blinding hurricane,

ven-toned reply.

The old frontiersman raised his bony arms

"I sent yew an' the others to fetch food steep, and black, save where the flying an' yew bring me stones. My poor gell is dyin' in thar. Thar's bin no food in this house nigh on a week now. I've biled the bark of the cottonwoods an' eaten it, as if I which to fasten its ghostly pall. A mounwos a hoss. Day an' day, an' night an' night I've waited, an' said to myself, 'Painther Harry will live through it all. space from a dizzy height of hundreds of yards, had become a monstrous fantastic Painther Harry will bring me meat for my gell, acos he loves her. Painther Harry will save my Nellie, if he'll reach my door step to die on it.' An' yew've come back alone, an' yew've left even yewr rifle on dazzling white. The forest giants bent and cracked beneath the force of the tempest, and their bare branches, reft from the the road, and yew bring me this filthy gold. mother stems, whirled through the snow-Can yew eat gold? Can yew eat it? Speak, if vew're not dumb! Take it out of my sight. Away with it!"

No sound or sign of man, or beast, or bird of the air in the midst of this ghastly, wail-He grasped a feeble handful of the shining, raving, storm-monotony, save one ing fragments and flung them into the fire where they rang against the hard baked clay of the chimney. Then he sat down and buried his face in his hands, and his low moans filled the room as with calls of gaunt figure that moved slowly and painfully Where the rough, snow-covered plateau inclined prairie-wards, and the mountain

The young man stood there, with his dark, pain-stretched face clouded by the old man's accusation. With slow and diffident step he stole toward him, and laid his blood-stained hands gently on his

across the dangerous broken ground. The snow lay a yard deep everywhere, and every "Don't speak so hard, Daddy Hays," he said, with a heart-breaking quiet. "We found nuthen that we could bring on our-selves, but we found this. Thar's bushels whar' this comes from, and when the wind slows down it'll pay fetchin.' I didn't think I'd live through it, an' I'm nigh dead myself, but the instant minnit I can use my limbs, I'll take that rifle and start out agin. I cayn't go out with these things on. I'd die on the road an't hav'll be pieces of in snaring pitfalls beneath the covering snow, like a vast web of prick-covered whip-cord, ready to punish each unwary step. The man appeared to be accustomed to the dangers which would have affrighted I'd die on the road, an' thar'll be pieces of my skin comin' away with 'em as it is. But cheer up, Daddy, Nellie won't die, if Painther Harry kin save her, an' I will save her still."

The old man remained dumb in his grief and doubt, while Harry, with agonized efforts, stripped off his ice-covered clothing. In the corner by the fireside hung a striped Navajo blanket and a couple of mountaineer's buckskin shirts and trousers. Harry strapped the blanket around his waist, and tied strips of fresh rag around his wounded and bleeding limbs. Then he sat down by the fire, facing Hays. "An' Nellie?" he asked at last. "Whar'

Daddy Havs looked up.
"In thar," he replied. "Dead may be.
I ain't had the courage to look this hour

"She ain't had nuthen' to eat-for how long now?" inquired the young man, a feverish determination gleaming in his eye. "She ain't touched food for more than eight-and-forty hours now.

"May I go an' look at her?"

The young man strapped the blanket a little more tightly and wiped the dripping moisture from his dark hair and beard. In the fitful Rembrandtesque light thrown by the hearth fire, his wiry form, all brawny muscle and sinew, flashed now and then muscle and snew, hashed now and then like polished bronze. He might have been a model for Tubal Cain as he stood there, naked to the waist sud bare-tooted, with his blapket reaching the ground like a workman's gown of mythological days, and with his long, dark beard streaming around his meanly fees. his manly face.

cotton-woods, the traveler espied the low, snow-covered root of a human habitation. With slow and muffled footfall he stepped The smoke curled away lustily from its clay chimneys, and the warmth of the fire be-neath had melted the white shroud which to the dark blue blanket which served as a hanging between the two rooms. The chimneys of the two compartments of the hut covered the rest of its slopes, and thus re-vealed the brownish-yellow layer of clay and prairie grass which had served for tiles were built back to back, and a cherry wood fire was burning in the inner room. As he dropped the hanging blanket and paused for a moment in the half gloom, Harry The man strode on, as with a new heart, as could barely distinguish his surroundings by the aid of the smeary, yellow, flickering the near proximity of life and warmth strengthened his stiffening nerves. His flames of the logs. At the further end failing sight grew keener, and he even thought that a sensation of existing presstood a rough low couch, covered with buffalo skins, and upon its rich, deep brown shone the white face of a woman who had been beautiful before the agony of hunger had dragged the rounded cheeks into lined and angular forms, and had sucked the blood from the cherry-red lips. The big, grey-blue eyes looked nearly black in the dim light, and they stared vacantly. The huge, projecting hillside deadened; to him the blast of the tempest, which still raged and rioted overhead, to waste its now victimless fury until, in its widening sweep, it conched the barren, rolling plain far inland. The desperate journever had reached fingers, white and worn to the bone, lay upon the bearskin which covered her, like

level ground, and soon 300 or 400 strides brought him to the log hut that lay so snugly esconced in the protecting shadow of the mountain. The wind had wax models of dead hands. The young man approached the bed as a repentant pilgrim of old might have drawn piled a small hillock of snow against its side, and no window or opening of any kind was visible. The man plodded his weary way around the back of the house nigh to the shrine of the enskied saint whose intercession he craved. He looked at her, and his brawny limbs trembled and shook as in a palsy while he pictured to himself the lovely, loving and lovable girl whom he had hoped to call his own, and whom the hand of heaven had thus sorely the warmth of the chimney had transformed the snowy covering of the plain into a swamp of freezing slush, and again turning the corner, reached the side stricken. She moved not on her couch, nor here the thickly clustered cotton woods whispered a word, nor drew a breath-but had afforded a stanch screen against the for the slight movement of the bosom, and for the barely perceptible tremor of the lips she might have been dead already. The big eyes stared, and Harry thought they stared drifting flakes. Here the rough bark covered logs, and the clay-filled crevices were still in pristine greenish brown, save for a tew white ridges and lines. The wailhim and chided him softly, not harshly. ing wind was denied its playground here. The daring pioneer had so cunningly planned and constructed his house that he The gaze cut through his heart strings like a red-hot dagger, and he rushed from the

room.
"She is dyin'," he cried in his agony.
"Ain't thar nuthen at all to eat in the place -nuthen-nor a drink o' whisky-nuthen-

His searching glance traveled around the room unavailingly. The shelves were bare. "Thar ain't a morsel, nor a drop, and thar hasn't bin these two days," answered the old man, with a choking voice. "An' she'll die," Harry cried, "if she'll

get no food?" "Yes, die," echoed the pioneer. "Die,

like Joe and Bill and Dick, and yew and I will follow her." The young man flew at the cupboard and flung the dishes and plates and bottles and cups and jugs it contained on the floor in a clattering confusion. He dived into every nock, he ransacked every corner, he swept the boards for possible crumbs, and turned the bottles for any nourishing drops they might contain. Not a mite, not an atom of food, not a drop of liquor was there.

as he unwrapped them, like ugly, deep, newly-cut gashes. The skin, where it was visible, was of a deep purple blue, like dull-tempered steel. The old pioneer having rapidly closed the door, beckoned him to take a seat by the fire which crackled Then he took down the rifle which hung on a peg on the wall, and, half-naked as he was, he opened the door and walked out into the slush and the snow. The wind, cheerily in the clay chimney at the further even in its weakened forces, was icy and out him like a thousand whips. He walked all round the house, but no living thing, no end of the room, but the young man shook "Give me a minnit," he said, "I guess bird or game of any kind, was to be seen. Nothing anywhere but the great white pall I've got to thaw a bit afore I can say another word." of snow and the dark brown of the rocks The old man placed a three-legged stool and trees below and the endless gray sky by the fireside and sat there for a few

Shivering and trembling, he returned to the hut and closed the door against the moments in a trembling silence. Then he rose, writhing his arms in the air, as if unglacial blast "It ain't no use," he said, bitterly. "Dead," was the hard reply.
"Wint! Joe, an' Fire-headed Dick an'
French Bill, all gone under?" He clutched

knowed it warn't no use, but I thought I'd He sat down for a few minutes in a silent

tremor, with his elbows upon the table and hishead upon his hands.

On a sudden he jumped up like one mad.

His eyes glowed as with an inspiration that

might have been holy.

"By the livin' God," he cried, "she shall not die—my Nell—my darling Nell. You shall not die of hunger while Painther

dazona, frux to death."

"All! My poor boy with 'em," wailed the old man. "An' yew?" he asked. "Have you brought anythin' to eat?"

"Thar's nuthen that flies or walks alive "All My poor boy with em, waited he old man. "An' yew?" he asked. Have you brought anythin' to eat?"
"Thar's nuthen that flies or walks alive in the mountin. I've brought nuthen but his."
With that he painfully removed the waiter sately which hung from its strange. "Don't ask." Have sately described which hung from its strange. on the mountin. I've brought nuthen but leather satchel which hung from its strap across his shoulder. It was heavy, and it for breath between each sentence. "I'll save for removing indigestion.

her-but don't ask. Let me-and

"But I'm dyin', too," whined the old an. "I'm goin' blind, an'-I'm-help! help!"
The voice became fainter, and the pioneer's wasted form slid from his seat and rolled sideways on the floor.
Harry bent over him and looked into the starving man's face.
Then he rose slowly and haggardly.
His lips were tightly closed and he bit them.

them.
"She first," he said, after a slight pause.
"My darling first. I'll save him after-

Painther Harry selected the sharpest and the most pointed of the knives he found in the table drawer and took from the shelf whereon it stood a big drinking cup made from the horn of a buffalo. Then he gathered up a few strips of the rags he had left lying hearby, and after glancing for a brief second at the motionless figure of the old frontiersman, he raised the blue blanket curtain and stepped into the inner

The girl was lying white and silent as be-fore, with a death-like, peaceful smile wreathing her parted lips.

Harry stole to the couch and looked into

the girl's eyes. A merest gleam of a heart-breaking recognition flickered there—like a stray and feeble sunbeam—and vanished. The young man dropped on one knee by the side of his dying bride, and grasping her cold and humid hand, covered it with

his kisses.

"Oh! my God!" he cried, in the terror of his heart, "grant that it may not be too late."

He took the knife he had brought and with one swift and desperate movement cut a great gash into his left arm. The steaming blood spurted over his face and chest, but he dashed the horn cup to the wound with a lightning-like swing, and the hot fluid gushed into it. He felt his face grow red and white by turns, and a strong tremor filled his frame, but he kept a tight hold of the horn until he knew that his blood was trickling into it more and more slowly. Then he satisfied himself that the cup was nearly full to the brim, though his head swam, and the walls and the couch and the girl upon it appeared to him to turn round girl upon it appeared to him to turn round in a hazy whirl. He crept to the couch side with the love of a life beaming in his dark eyes. Gently, tenderly as a woman might have done, he inserted his right arm beneath the girl's shoulders, and raising her drooping head with a solicitous care, he held with his left the cup to her lips, though he telt the blood still flow from his arm in a warm stream. The half-open lips admitted a few drops, then the head sank back, as a gasping thrill pervaded the slender frame. Harry softly pressed the cup again to his love's lips and a few more drops

Then he waited a dozen seconds, while this sight grew dimmer, and his temples throbbed as in fever. Again he placed the cup to the white lips, and he was happy to see a few more drops of his life's blood rushing to save her whom he loved so well.

ing to save her whom he loved so well.

Time after time during the next hour he repeated his work of mercy, until at last the glassy eyes brightened with the signs of reviving life, and a dim smile beamed there. The cold figure seemed to warm into pulsating vigor, the bosom heaved in more visible evenness, and at last a sigh, long-drawn, escaped from it.

Then Harry on a sudden felt all around him grow dark. His wounded arm burned as in a raging fever, and he swaved as he

as in a raging fever, and he swayed as he knelt by his Nellie's couch.

"I've done what I could," he muttered.

"Goodby, Nellie, Goodby, darling. Goody. Goodby!"

He stretched out a wildly tumbling hand,

glowed, an orb of red fire, on a horizon of silver, which graduated westward into a pale, steely blue.

Around the hut where Painther Harry lay, horses neighed and pawed the snowy ground, while the air was astir with cheery human voices.

A score of Uncle Sam's Dragoons, un-recognizable as soldiers under the oddest and most varied assortment of fur clothing, tramped up and down by the tethered horses, swinging their arms and stamping their feet to keep their limbs warm in the keen and bitingly brisk atmosphere.

Within, three or four men, two of them in the uniform of officers of the United States cavalry, were busy attending to the needs of poor Nellie, who sat, pale and shamefacedly, on her couch, looking with frightened gazelle eyes at her lover, whos wounds one of the men was dressing. "A fine fellow that, doctor!" exclaimed a boisterous lieutenant of Dragoons. "I

wonder how he came by that gash in the arm. The place is swimming in blood. Is he all right?" "Right as rain," the surgeon replied.
"He hasn't poisoned his constitution with
whisky of late. He'll be up and doing in a

day or two."
"And the old man?" asked the officer. "There's life in the old dog for many a day to come yet. But don't you go and feed him with rancid pork and molasses. A stomach that's been starving for a week or

two can't stand that." The story of Painther Harry's Cordial is

old to this day by many a pioneer's fireside out West.

The gold which Harry discovered at such an awful cost did not ruffle the even tenor of his and Nellie's homely lives.

(THE END.) out West.

Special Announcement. The Pittsburg Female College building is undergoing thorough repairs, and the pupils for the coming year are assured everything that can be done for their comfort and welfare. Important additions have been made to the faculty, both in the school department and the Conservatory of Music. The fall term begins on September 15, and a most prosperous season is anticipated.

special Seashore Excursion via Pennsylva

Thursday, July 21. A special train leaves Union station at 8:50 A. M., composed of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches. Tickets also valid on regular trains that date, leaving at 4:30, 7:10 and 8:10 F. M. Sleeping cars on night trains. The rate is \$10 from Pittsburg; proportionate low rates from points east. Good 12 days, embracing privilege of either Atlantic City, Sea Isle City or Ocean, and good to stop off at Philadelphia on return trip.

July Clearance Sa e Of gauze and jersey underwear, ladies' waists, muslin underwear, corsets, gloves, silk mitts, laces, embroideries, flouncings, etc., at special low prices to close remaining stock, at H. J. Lynch's, 438-440

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.

401 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenue Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$75,000.
Deposits of \$1 and upward received and necreat allowed at a per cent.

Excursion to Wheeling To-Morrow. Rate, \$1 50 the round trip. Train leaves B. & O. R. R. depot at 8:10 A. M.

RED and black ants will leave your house and never return the instant you sprinkle a little Bugine in the places they frequent. 25 cents at all dealers.

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

THERE is no time like the present to save money. Start with the People's Savings bank, 81 Fourth avenue.

Go to Steinmann's, 105 Federal street, for ANGOSTURA Bitters are the best remedy PLEA FOR GOOD ROADS

From a Traveler Who Knows How Foreign Countries Beat America.

WAKEMAN IN OLD CHURCH TOWNS

Exeter's Environment, Sunny Aspect and Noble Cathedral.

islands. The rain falls as though tumbled upon you by mischievous elves who have watched for your unwary coming, and the fogs and mists flap about the hills and mountains and slap the faces of the glens and valleys like a ship's unstaid sails

historic and scenic glories of any land. A good staff or stick, a stout pair of legs, a receptive mind and above all a cheery and sympathetic heart, whatever your luck, are the regal companions for such lotterings.

And nature never fails to appear to single devotees at her myriad doors and windows with radiant welcomings. How witching is even this foggy morning, half disclosing the wondrous charms of valley, mead and s tream! At times scarcely can your hand be seen before you for the atrange eddies, curlings and fantastic convolutions of the fog. There is your road, hard as "British conservatism," beneath your feet—one of the best and surest and most beautiful ways in all the road belonging to the best of

Hard Facts for the Traveler.

Even in the drizzle and fog you cannot mistake both of these hard facts. What may be to the right or left or before, your fancy quickened by the morning's awaken-ing life, intensified by near and far mysterious sounds, can alone locate or divine.

great drops striking like silver pellets upon swinging glass; until the very chlmes of the fairies are rung in your ears beside the road. Not a rod away, but invisible, rivulets of the night's making wimple from rocks to pool, in all manner of melodic runs, from the staccato of tenor trills to the

Just at your side perhaps a goose will suddenly his, as if reaching its long neck from fog hidden door puddle to snap at you or behind the curtaining mist. Beyond or behind some chained dog, making a dismal hewgag of kennel door and chain, leaps in and out, baying to his peasant master of untimely footsteps. Over your head the restless abrasion of boughs whisper that the leaves, from their weight of fog cups, sigh and moan as if impatient of their sunless prisoning. Hedge branches crackle from the water weight, as in the frost battles of approaching winter.

rupted view of vault and vista of the entire nave and choir to be found in England.

Two other structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the average of equal length, and throughout the whole edifice the openings are wide and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The latter feature contributes greatly, along with the emphatic feeling that the structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the whole edifice the openings are wide and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The latter feature contributes greatly, along with the emphatic feeling that the structure is not a hodgepodge of "restoration," but one great design, to a sense in the beholder of indescribable breadth and spaciousness. Whatever else you may feel within Exeter Cathedral, which has stood there nave and choir to be found in England.

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muffled, from little hamlets in the distance, the notes of school bells steal faintly along

the folds of the clinging mist.

Making your way is sometimes like pushing through impalpable banks of snow. But in the cheery old English inn, in the presand tell face toremost on the floor.

ing through impalpable banks of snow. But in the cheery old English inn, in the presence of muffins white as snow, bacon crisp and brown, and omlet as yellow as a frostpainted beech leat, a jug of "clotted" cream as sweet as a nut kernel and a fragrant brew

Good Roads Shorten Long Journeys. As the too lifted I could see from my inn window cart after cart jogging comfortably on to the Saturday market day sales in Ex-eter. From the bustling good wife of the inn I inquired the distance they had come. "From round about Bow, Copplestone

places?" I asked.
"North Tawton may be likes 10 or 12 mile, sir, at least from Exeter,"

horse.

"Contrarywise," she retorted cheerity,
"many comes from far beyond Eggesford
and Chumleigh, 25 mile, sir, by hill and
dip; and many carts, sir, do be loaded as
heavy as a ton and a half and two tons, sir.
American beasties 'aven't the might of
Devon cattle, I am told, sir," she concluded

half quizzically.

Quite right she was, I told her. And I clipped the wings of her Devonshire pride by also relating, may the saints forgive me! how we did not require that sort of cattle in America; as we had railways between all villages, all over our farms (I could have truthfully said railway mortgages), did chores on roller skates, and went to the milking and visited neighbors on tram cars propelled by electricity; for all of which she made me pay handsomely at the reck-

Excellent Bighways of England.

That morning, all the way to Exeter, alongside those huge carts which bowled along under their great loads as easily as over a cathedral floor, and in a thousand other places on the highways of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have inexpressibly longed for the power to bodily transfer some of these grand old roads to our country; to make American millionares, who may still have American pride left in them, see their beauty, magnificence and utility beyond those of all things money and patriotism can give to communities; and to compel Excellent Bighways of England. ism can give to communities; and to compel American farmers to know what might be

American farmers to know what might be the matchless independence of their lives and living with these perfect defenses for their toil and homes and granaries against most of the monopolistic and "corner" abominations of our land.

I set out to write about Exeter; but this subject of better American roads will not down. In five years' time I have tramped along 3,000 miles of British roads. Each time I step my feet upon their broad, firm, even surface every drop of American blood time I step my feet upon their broad, arm, even surface every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless road sloughs of our own splendid country—rich, great of our own splendid country—rich, great of the roads of and strong enough to match the roads of Europe without a week's delay. And yet for five months of every year, and in a lesser degree for the other seaen, half of the people of our farming communities are imprisoned and impoverished helplessly at

Not All the Boads Are Old. As one result the people of the whole country pay, in an indirect road tax, through annual sharp advances on all food necessi-ties of life, all of which the farmers lose, ties of life, all of which the farmers lose, a sum each year enormous enough to maintain as superb roads as England anywhere possesses, around every section of cultivable land in the entire United States. But our wise American economists, and our unwise and often suspicious and shiftless farmers who, in the fall, winter and early apring months, prefer to resentfully brood over their filled and rotting granaries and building new political parties rather than build good roads, both retort:

"Ah, but the grand English roads you so

glibly write about have been centuries in building. How can we accomplish, in a year or generation, what has required 2,000 years' labor for perfection there?"

This would be good argument were it true. But it is not. There is not a British,

or for that matter a European, stone road in existence that was not originally at once constructed to absolute completion, whenever begun and however long it may have been maintained. And, with European governmental and social conditions inconsistent that the state of the social conditions in the ceivably hard upon peasant populations, wherever these roads exist the condition of the people is incomparably more happy and prosperous than where they do not; while land values have invariably been in-

Austria's More Recent Experience, Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 2,000 miles of stone highway up and down and from end to end of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Previous to that time, materially, a no more wretched, God forsaken land existed on the face of the earth. What was the result? In less than ten years' time these roads did more for the 6,000,000 people of Austrian Poland in material and social advancement than all the churches, all the books, all the newspapers, all the battles, all the railways and all the governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Micczyslaw and Boleslas to the

day these roads were done.

Cannot some of the expensive and high art trills of that great Columbian Exposi-tion at Chicago be trimmed a little, and thus make room for a road exhibit—not in inaccessible dabs and bits in a dozen different departments, but in one generous and comprehensive department? The millions of visitors, including city and suburban of visitors, including city and suburban folk everywhere whose health and pleasure largely depend on good roads, as well as farmers whose betterment and comfort would be incalculably augmented by perfect roads, might thus carry away with them a knowledge and purpose which would not only add billions to curnational wealth, but make, in good time, our broad land bloom and blossom fairer than the sweetest garden spots in all this old and worn out Europe.

England's Splendid Cathedrals,

With such thoughts as these I came with the carts and cartmen, along the brow of the hills skirting the noble valley of the Exe, to ancient Exeter, which looks far away to the warm green sea that beats upon the red cliffs of Devon.

Coming one by one to England's splendid cathedrals, you will at least surely remember of them all those impressions upon your mind and heart which seemed most powerfully characteristic of each.

In the sense of architectural distinctive-ness Exeter cathedrals will remain in your memory remarkably distinguished from all other English cathedrals. Their plans invariably comprise a huge central tower and smaller towers at the west end. Here are towers crowning the transept. This does away with the usual four cumbersome arches architecturally separating nave and choir, and permits the grandest uninterrupted view of vault and vista of the entire nave and choir to be found in England.

as you now see it for certainly more than 600 and perhaps more than 800 years, it will remain in your memory as the one cathedral of England which must stand as the highest expression in consecrated stone of perfect dignity and repose.

EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

CHESS. An communications should be addressed to the es Editor, P. O. Box 463. Chess Editor, P. O. Box 463.

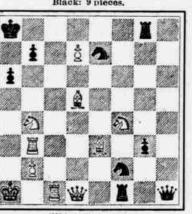
The Pittsburg Chess Club meets at the Pittsburg Library, Penn avenue.

The Allegheny Chess Club meets at Dr. Miller's Hall, North avenue, Monday and Thursday even-

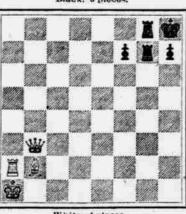
Solvers who understand the German notation a

Problem Tourney No. 1 closes with the problems published to-day. PROBLEM NO. 217 (For Dispatch Problem Tourney No. 1.1

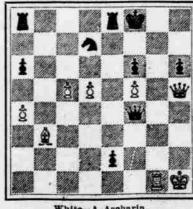
Motto: "Ruse de guerre."



White: 10 pieces. White mates in three moves PROBLEM NO. 218. [For Dispatch Problem Tourney No. 1.1 Motto: "Skirmishing."



White: 4 pieces, White mates in three moves GAME ENDING NO. 45. Black-Amateur.



White-A. Ascharin. White to play and draw. SOLUTION.

SOLUTION'S TO TOURNEY PROBLEMS "It does not," Black. Three Variations.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## When the pores open freely, is the time of all others to cure heat humors, itching and burning eczemas, scaly and blotchy eruptions, and every species of torturing and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, with loss of hair. At no other time are the celebrated

ON FIRE WITH ECZEMA ITCHING BURNING SORES

My baby had eczema. Oh, his tor-turing agonies! Tried two hospitals and seven doctors in this city, no benefit. Tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, relief was inmediaze. In nine weeks was entirely cured. Now as fair a boy as any mother could wish. . MRS. M. FERGUSON, 86 W. Brookline St., Boston.

SKIN OFF, FACE RAW

Short time after birth baby broke out with eruption. The skin was peeled off the face was almost raw. Family doctor said not much to be done. We tried several remedies, all failed. Then tried CUTLA REMEDIES. Did not think they would amount to much, but the result was wonderful. One set cured the child.

W. A. BANG,

174 William St., Newark, N. J.

ERUPTION FROM BIRTH

My baby boy suffered from birth with eczema. His little neck, arms, and thighs were one raw and exposed mass of red and inflamed flesh. His sufferings were intense. No rest for us day or night. Doctors failed to relieve. Tried CUTLURA. It worked wondrously, relief immediate, cure speedy and complete.

WM. A. GARDNER,
184 E. 123d St., N. Y.

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children the CUTICURA REME-DIES will do. They afford instant relief, and a speedy cure in the most agonizing of itching and burning eczemas and other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases and point to a speedy, permanent cure.

Bad Complexions

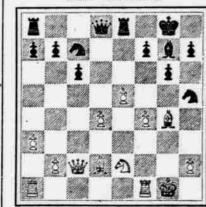
Pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, summer rashes, tan, freckles, and sunburn, bites and stings of insects, prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP, most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world. Only preventive of pimples, because only preventive of clogging of the pores.

Four Variations. White

Solutions to all three received from L. E.

GAME NO. 144. Fourth game in the recent Blackburne-Lasker match, played May 31, 1892, at the British Chess Club.

Queen's Pawn Opening. White, Lasker, Black, Blackb 1 PQ4 PQ4 12 PQR3 BR 2 KKt B3 KKt B3 13 Kt K2 QK Black-Black burne.



White-Lasker Q R 5 38. K B 3 39. B K 3 P K B 4 40. P X P 41. R K t 8 P X B 42. P K t 4 4 R K t 7 K t K 6 45. R B 7 c a 46. R X P K K B 1 48. P B 5 c a 4 48 Q Kt 5

PHOTOGRAPHS from Homestead in THE DISPATCH to-morrow.

Would prefer being excused from a surgical operation when they could be positively cured or piles by using Hill's Pile Pomade. A printed guarantee with each package. Price, \$1; six packages, \$5. By mail. For sale by Joseph Fleming & Son, \$12 Market attest.

Cuticura Remedies so speedy, effective, and economical. Cured by

My little girl was troubled with itching, burning sores. Doctor called it Italian Itch. He doctored her three months, did not do her any good. Every part of her person was covered with sores, excepting head. After taking CUTICURA REMEDIES two weeks the itch stopped, and in four weeks the sores were all gone. CHARLES M. GRONEL, Consholocken, Montsoners Co. Pa.

BAD ECZEMA ON BABY

Our baby boy, four months old, had bad case of ecrema. Head was a solid sore. Three doctors did not help him. Hands tied sixteen weeks. Mittens on his hands to prevent his scratching. CUTICUEA REMEDIES cured him, and

GEO. B. and JANETTA HARRIS,

WORST FORM ECZEMA Baby had eczema, worst form. Baffled the best doctors here. The little sufferer was in agony eight months. Then began with CUTICUMA REMEDIES. In two mouths the awful disease had ceased its vengeance. No trace could be seen of it, ug boy was cured. and my darling boy was cured.
J. A. NICOLES, Bunker Hill, Ind.

Parents and all having the care of children should know that no remedies ever compounded in the history of medicine have performed the wonderful cures daily made by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which are in truth the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

**Luxuriant Hair** 

Is produced by the CUTICURA SOAP. It strikes at the cause of dry, thin and falling hair, cleanses the scalp of irrintions, scales, and crusts, stimulates the hair follicles, and destroys microscopic insects which feed on the hair, and hence succeeds when all other methods fail.

OIL WELL SUPPLY CO.,

91 and 92 Water Street,

PITTSBURG, PA

по3-53-ттекови After 19 Years of Trial,

FAMILY SAFEGUARD OIL

e conceded to be the Fest and Sales; Ol

Cannot be Exploded. petroleum, from which, in the process of manufacture, every impurity has been clim-

inated.

Elaine is free from benzine and parafilms, it will never chill in the coldest temperature known on this continent.

In color, Elaine is spring-water white, and its "fire test" is so high as to make it as absolutely safe as any illuminant known.

Having no disagreeable odor, Ecame is a pleasant off for ramily use. Can be Burned in Any Petroleum Lamp. A POSITIVE PROTECTION FROM LAMP

EXPLOSIONS. MAKES THE SAFEST AND BEST LIGHT KNOWN. ELAINE! The Family OIL. 100 Million Gallons ELAINE sold in 18 Years

Elaine cannot be improved upon. WARDEN & OXNARD. MANUFACTURERS.

PITTSBURG, PA.

From 1873 to 1892,

JAS. M'NEIL & BRO., BOILERS, PLATE AND SHEETIRON WORK.

PATENT SHEET-IRON ANNEALING BOXES. With an increased capacity and hydraulic machinery, we are prepared to fornish all work in our line cheaper and better than by the old methods, Repairing and general machine work. Twenty-ninth street and Allegheny Valley Kailroad.

## for Infants and Children.

Castoria cures Colle, Constination, Sour Stomach, Diarrhesa, Eructatio Kills Worms, gives sleep, and pro I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.,
New York City.
Late Paster Bloomingdale Beformed Church

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

"The Winthrop," 195th Street and 7th Ave

New York City.

Baby blemishes, rashes, chafings, irritations, and inflammation of the skin and scalp, with dry, thin, and falling hair, prevented and cured by CUTICINA SOAP. Most soothing, healing, and purifying skin soap in the world, as well as the purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. B. & B.

It is the season of all others to

forever cleanse the blood, skin,

and scalp of all impurities and

hereditary elements, which, if

neglected, may become life-long

afflictions. Parents, think of this.

Save your children years of

physical and mental suffering by

reason of torturing and disfigur-

Cuticura

BABY RAW AS BEEFSTEAK

Baby very sick with eczema when three months old. Had home doctors and specialists. Got worse all the time. Whole-body raw as beefsteak. Hair gone. Expected him to die. Sick six months before we tried CUTICURAS. No faith in them but in two months he was entirely curred. Not a spot on him now and plenty of hair.

MRS. FRANK BARRETT, Winfield, Mich.

**FERRIBLE ITCHING** 

there was not a sore or pimple, not even a scar-

MRS. OSCAR JAMES, Woodston, Kan-

BABY ONE SOLID SORE

Baby two months old. Head, arms, feet, hands each one solid sore. Doctors and everything else did no good. Without faith tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. In one week the sores were well. Now fat baby. Sound as a dollar. Mas. BETTIE BIRKNER. Lockhart, Texas.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, the great Skin

Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents;

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Puri-

fier, \$1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

For Baby's Skin

64 pages, 300 diseases, mailed free.

"All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair,"

with white pimples on red surface, itching was terrible, scabs formed on head and face. Used everything could hear of five months. Grew worse all the time. Purchased Cuticura Remedies. In three weeks

ing humors and diseases.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Fine White Lawn, embroidered

ELAINE, front, collar and cuffs, Were \$2.50, are \$1.75. Were \$1.75, are \$1.25. Were \$1.25, are \$1.00.

> Were \$1.00, are 75c. The latter trimmed in both white and colored embroidery. ALL WHITE WAISTS and WHITE with figured lawn collars

and cuffs, 75c values at 60c.

About 10 dozen BOYS' STRIPED MADRAS BLOUSE WAISTS, the "tough as leather" sort, well suited to the average boy; 65 cents they've always sold for. At this special sale go for 50c Each. Large lot of BOY'S COLORED

singly and combined, good colors. Pay a third inore, or come for these at 50c Each. At Hosiery Department new lot LADIES' ELACK RICHELIEU RIBBED LISLE HOSE. We closed this special line for agent and share

PERCALE WAISTS, stripes, figures,

benefit with customers at 35c a Pair, 3 pairs for \$1. LADIES' FAST BLACK COT-TON HOSE, double heel and sole, still take the palm for long-wearing qualities, 25c and 35c a Pair.

LADIES' FAST BLACK SILK PLATED HOSE, double heel and toe. A continuous demand for them proves their worth, 50c a Pair. LADIES' BLACK PURE SPUN SILK HOSE, double sole, highspliced heel, \$1.00.

Assorted lots of hosiery on counter, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c to \$1.50 values, reduced 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c to \$1.

See Black Silk Polka Spot Laces with Chantilly edge, 9 inches wide, 121/20: 13 inches wide, 15c per yard. REMARKABLE.



ELITE PHOTO GALLERY, 516 MARKET STREET. CABINETS \$1.00 PER DOZEN. No stairs to climb.

Use the elevator

(Copyright, 1892.) He went to the table and opened the SOME OF THE PLEASURES OF THE ROAD creased from 100 to 1,000 per cent. As he felt about there for a knife his left hand touched the little piles of golden fell on the deal table with a dull thud. The old man leaped toward it, and tore it open greedily. A number of uneven glittering [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] ore that lay on the table.

With a furious sweep of the hand he sent them flying on the floor.

"Gold?" he cried. "Gold! All the gold in the world ain't worth a crust o' bread." EXETER, ENGLAND, July 7 .- Nature "What's this?" yelled the old man.
"What's this?" yelled the old man.
"What in the name of God is this?"
"It's gold, Daddy Hays, gold!" was the wears other aspects than those of sunshine its awesome desolation, with the icy winds and gladness in these "tight little" British howling, whistling, roaring through the gorges and the canons, and dashing itself

pounding its deck in a storm. But you find a sovereignty of elation and exultation in wandering alone among the

in all the world, bringing to the heart of the American wanderer upon it the keen and patriotic pang that those of his grander land are shamed by honest comparison.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, bravely as you may, these grow into consciousness so imperative of recognition that, despite yourself, ever and again you stop to listen.

Drip, drip, drip from the leaves of the hedges into water basins of solid rock, the

barytone minors of state psalms.

tles of approaching winter. Sounds Heard From the Road. Here and there, as the heavy breezes move a trifle, come the hesitant pipe of stirring bird, the patter of wild hares' feet upon the slippery leaves, the shuffling scamper of some skulking pheasant, the complaining chatter of rooks and daws, the half-caught, hoarse resonance of hidden waterfall, while faint and tar and strangely

ing of tea in the delft pot under the "cosey," you have reason to rejoice in the blood tingle that comes from doing a half dozen miles before breaklast over a perfect road,

through a genuine British fog.

It was on such a morning that I came over the east Devonshire hills and halted at a wayside inn, still high up among their wooded heights, as I neared the old cathedral town of Exeter.

and North Tawton," she answered.
"And how far is the farthest of those

I told her I thought that a good distance for a heavily laden cart drawn by only one

John H. Tracy and Eugene Woodard.



