FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

NO. XIX.

Imperial Company—Austrian Scenery—Riding on Foot—A Miniature Gibraltar—Gastein—The Party Broken Up—Leaving Gastein—The Wrong Train—Patient Waiting—Geneva—"Extra"—Bismarck's Mot.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

GENAN, *Monday Evening*, August 1st.—Here we are, far away from the busy world of war and conflict, in the quiet and lovely scenery of the Tyrol. Nature is seen here in all her tranquil loveliness. What a contrast the undisturbed serenity of this charming region presents to the angry passions that are inflaming the breasts of excited thousands on yonder distant plains, and hurrying them on, in stern array, to the shock of battle, and to the fields of slaughter!

Our company is broken up again. We found friends from Bonn, at Ischl, and has joined them to go off in another direction. Now we are *three*. The party, thus reduced, left Ischl in a carriage, early this afternoon, to plunge into the heart of Tyrol. A pleasant ride up a beautiful valley brought us to our present resting-place before the close of the afternoon. We have comfortable quarters at a very nice inn on the shores of a lovely lake, shut in by mountains on every side. We ordered dinner on our arrival, and it was served up to us on the balcony of the inn, directly overhanging the deep, blue waters of the peaceful lake. While we were at dinner a very handsome carriage drove up and stopped at our inn. It contained a venerable looking couple, with a handsome youth, apparently about eighteen or twenty years old. They were attended by two very stylish-looking servants in livery. Observing that all the people around took off their hats to these newly-arrived personages, with every mark of profound respect, we felt, on inquiry, that we had the honor of stopping at the same house with the father and mother and the younger brother of Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria! They had driven out from the Imperial chalet at Ischl, for an afternoon ride, and after resting awhile at this beautiful spot, drove quietly away on their return to Ischl.

We expect to start in the morning on a pedestrian excursion to some interesting localities in this vicinity. It will occupy us all the day, and we are to return here to-morrow evening.

GENAN, *Tuesday Evening*, August 2.—We have had, as I anticipated, a delightful day's excursion. We had an early breakfast of nice mountain trout, and started between seven and eight o'clock in a little boat to the upper end of the lake, into the Hallstadt Sea, on which the hotel is situated at which we are now staying. It was but half an hour's sail to reach the point where we left the boat. Then we struck a path in the woods leading over the side of the mountain. An hour's steep climbing brought us through the woods out upon a good road. Then we had a three hours' walk through a beautiful and richly cultivated valley, with fine mountain scenery before us at every step. During the latter part of our walk there opened up before us a splendid view of the ice-fields and glaciers far away in the lofty bosom of the Dachstein, the highest mountain in this immediate vicinity. These formed a striking contrast to the beautiful verdure of the lovely valley through which we were journeying.

By twelve o'clock we reached the village of Aussee, which was our point of destination. It is most picturesquely situated in the midst of one of the most charming valleys I ever saw, and is circled round by a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains. After resting awhile at the hotel and cooling off from the effects of our morning walk, we all took a swimming-bath at the public bath in the village, which is amply supplied with clear, cool water from a mountain stream. It was refreshing and delightful, in the highest degree. Nothing could be more deliciously luxurious than such a bath, at such an hour, and after such a walk.

After this we took an hour's ride through the valley, to see another charming lake that lies there, quietly laid away among the shadows of the mountains. Then we returned to the hotel at Aussee to dine. We rested for an hour or so after dinner, and then started to return by a different route from that we had taken in the morning. We had a three hours' delightful walk through a pine forest, skirting round the side of a mountain. It was shady and pleasant all the way, with much of that sweet blending of light and shadow which the sun always makes, on a clear, bright day, in forest scenery. At about sunset we reached the lower end of the lake, from the upper part of which we had started in the morning. At the village, situated at that end of the lake, we hired a boat (built somewhat after the style of the Venitian gondola, but all innocent of paint), to convey us across to our hotel. The boat was rowed by an old Tyrolese peasant, assisted by his son and *daughter*. The latter, a fine, modest-looking buxom lass, with her well-developed, muscular arms, handled her oar with quite as much vigor and skill as her father or brother. It took us an hour to reach our hotel and the sail upon the placid lake, at that calm, still evening hour, was perfectly charming. There was hardly a ripple on the water. The lake was shut in on all sides by tall dark mountains, that rose up directly from the water, and cast gigantic shadows over its tranquil surface, and, oh, how gratefully! I never enjoyed a sail more. There was every element in combination to make it delightful in the highest degree. We reached the hotel about eight o'clock, having been gone a little over twelve hours. Some of our excursions have resulted in no more of the ragged, the grand, the sublime in natural scenery, but never, I think, in a single day, have I ever gazed on so many and such varied scenes of such exquisite beauty as in this day's excursion in the Tyrol.

GENAN, *Wednesday Evening*, Aug. 3.—There is nothing like a trip through such a region as this: to brush up one's geographical knowledge of localities, concerning which, he has perhaps never heard before. If any one had asked me a day or two ago where "Golling" was, I should have been very much perplexed for an answer. But I can now give a pretty good account of its situation, appearance and general history now.

We left our nice little hotel on the Hollstadt Sea between six and seven o'clock this morning, for a long day's ride across the mountains of this village. Gosace, in spite of its beautiful situation, it must be admitted, is fairly entitled, to the homely but expressive designation of "a one-horse place." We needed a good sized carriage and a strong team of horses to take us and our baggage through the journey of to-day. But our landlord assured us that the very utmost Gosace could do for us was to furnish us an "ein spanner," or one-horse buggy, to carry us to the next village, which was richer in its resources as to vehicles. So we chartered the "ein spanner." What a humbug it is to pay for a conveyance, which it is agreed will *carry* you for a given distance, and then to find that you are expected to get out and walk up the hills, even though it is *hilly most of the way*. This was our experience with the "ein spanner," this morning. However, it did not last long, for an hour and a half brought us to the next village. Here we found a nice roomy carriage and a pair of good horses. These we engaged, with a driver, for two days, to carry us to a place called Gastein, which we expect to reach to-morrow evening, and where *my* journey in this delightful region will reach its termination.

We have had a very pleasant journey to-day. Our route has been emphatically over "high places." We have ridden over two mountain passes and through the valleys that lie between them. These are among the higher valleys of this region, lying far up towards the summits of the mountains. Their general elevation is between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Our road has been off from the general travelled fare, and where no public conveyances run. Here we have an opportunity of seeing the country, as well as the costumes and modes of life of the people in their true character. Nothing surprised me more than to find these high-lying valleys so thickly peopled, and with so much beauty, fertility and cultivation every where prevailing. Thriving farms and verdant, well-tilled fields were about us all the day. The hardy peasants were busily occupied in gathering luxuriant crops of hay and heavy crops of grain, even in portions of the valleys that lie very close to the bare rocky cliffs that form the summits of the mountains.

We stopped to dine at the mountain village of Abtenau, where everything wore an air of the most primitive simplicity. When we left for our hill, it was brought to us with the different items all *chalked* down on a diminutive looking *black-board*.

Golling is a small but ancient village, pleasantly situated on the river Solza, in the midst of a wide, open valley. We only stop here for the night, because it was too long a journey to go on to the next village in the line of our route.

BY GASTEIN, *Thursday Evening*, August 4.—We took an early start, this morning, for another long and interesting day's ride. We rose at half-past four, breakfasted at five, and were under way by half-past five. We crossed the valley in which Golling lies, and began to ascend the mountain on the opposite side. We had first to climb up a wild gorge in the mountain, through the bed of which the river Solza has made a passage for itself. In the midst of this magnificent Tyrol, we came out at once into the smiling and beautiful valley of Gastein. Here the mountains retreat, on either side, and come sloping gently down to the bottom of the valley. These slopes are all highly cultivated; and the rich emerald green of the pasture lands, with the ripening fields of golden grain among them, and the darker hue of the ever-green pines, scattered over them, give a charm and beauty to the scene that must be witnessed to be realized.

We arrived at our destination at half-past six, having been just thirteen hours on the way. It was cloudy and threatened rain all day, which set in vigorously just after our arrival.

Gastein is famous for its warm baths, which are much frequented. Formerly it was celebrated for the mines of gold and silver. Before the discovery of America it was the Potosi of Europe for silver, and its California for gold. But to-day for the precious metals it is over now. It was at one time, also, a great centre for the carrying trade between Northern Europe and Italy. But this, too, has passed away. Yet, amidst these changes, some things have known but little change here. As an illustration of this I may mention that the hotel at which we are now stopping, it is said, has been kept uninterruptedly, by members of the same family, for the last three hundred years.

SALZBURG, *Friday Evening*, August 5th.—Our journey is broken up, and I am now making my way solitary and alone; and so I must do for the rest of the time until I reach home. I took leave of my companions this morning at Gastein. They expect to remain some two or three weeks together in the Tyrol, when they will separate. Dr. B. going home first, I next, and C. last. We are to sail on three successive Saturdays, returning, one after another, like scattered sheep.

I was hard to break off from such pleasant company, and to make one's way with no one to say a word to, and especially among a people whose language you do not understand. But there is no help for it and I must do the best I can.

I should have stayed another day in the beautiful valley of Gastein if the weather had been favorable. But it rained hard last night, and was still raining early this morning, with the prospect of continuing through the day. So I concluded to leave. I took the Diligence, at seven o'clock this morning, and came through to this place in twelve hours. In consequence of the wet, there are only two trains from here to Munich in twenty-four hours, instead of five or six, as there used to be. The most expeditious train does a midnight train, and I have concluded to take that. I expect to leave at one o'clock to-night on my way to Geneva, and shall be very glad when I get there.

TUNICH, HOTEL BELLEVUE, *Sunday Evening*, August 7.—I made no entry in my journal last night, owing to the late hour of my arrival here. By the time I reached the hotel and had taken a cup of tea it was near twelve o'clock, and as this was at the close of a journey of near thirty-six hours, twelve by diligence, and twenty-four by railway, with only such snatches of sleep as one can get in a sitting posture, I felt myself excused for letting the journal go.

My last entry was at Salzburg, on Friday, evening. I might have gotten two or three hours sleep that night, but as the train which I proposed to take was to start at one o'clock I was afraid to go to sleep, lest I should miss the train. So I occupied myself with writing my journal, and I left the house at half-past bill; got my baggage taken to the depot; had it submitted to the custom-house officers—for Salzburg, being a frontier town between Austria and Bavaria, is one of the many places in these lands where this annoyance has to be met—secured my ticket, and waited for the departure of the train. I was much relieved to find that I could get a ticket all the way through to Linden, at the foot of Lake Constance. I feared I might not be able to get further than Munich, and did not care to spend Sunday there.

At one o'clock the train started. It passed through Munich, Augburg and Kempten, with only a short stay in each, and reached Lindau yesterday at one in the afternoon. I dined there at the restaurant near the station, and then took the steamer across the lake to Rorschach. And here occurred the first adventure I have encountered in my solitary journeying. I got my ticket for Zurich, under the impression that there was a train to start for that place at half-past three. About that time a train came up in front of the depot. I asked one of the officials of the station if that was for Zurich. He answered "Yaw." So I entered, stowed away my baggage and quietly took a seat, indulging the pleasing thought of being safely landed in Zurich—that great centre of Swiss energy and enterprise—with the first stage of my long journey finished by seven o'clock. But here I was to have furnished me a practical illustration of the truth that

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

Before reaching the first stopping-place the conductor came along. I showed him my ticket. Instead of punching a round hole in it, by way of showing that all was right, he shook his head ominously, suspended the puncturing business, by way of showing that all was not right, and delivered quite a speech in German, not one word of which I could understand. Nevertheless, the whole proceeding left on my mind the settled, but sorrowful conviction that I was on the wrong train, and that the only thing for me to do was to get out at the next station, and wait for a return train.

This, accordingly, I did. The conductor got out too. He explained the matter to one of the officials there, and then tried to overwhelm me by letting loose a full stream of volible German. But I resented not to stand still and let ridiculous, whatever inward consciousness there might be of an undoubted right to *feel* so. Accordingly I made a counter movement, and met his stream of German by an equal stream of voluble English. I supposed the theme of the conductor's speech was the folly of persons in starting in a train without being sure of where they were going to. I chose as the subject of my discourse the folly and imperfection of the Swiss system of railway management, in allowing trains to depart before the conductor in charge has any chance to examine the tickets of the passengers. Such a mistake as I had made could not be made in any other country in Europe.

For, in other countries, no train is allowed to depart till the conductor has been all through, and has examined the ticket of every passenger. The Swiss have attempted to imitate our American system of railways, and, like all imitators, have followed the *faults*, rather than the perfections of their model. When my friend found that I was not to be overwhelmed with talk, he subsided, and went on board his train, which soon moved off.

Shortly after the return train came along, and I got back to Rorschach. But then, on inquiry, I found to my regret that I had to wait between three and four hours, for the evening train to Zurich. Now, of all dull and stupid things, the most dull and stupid is, to be obliged to lounge for hours about a railway station, with nothing to read and nothing to do. I went into the waiting room, got out my writing materials, and brought my journal, which was a little behind hand, up to date. Then I walked out to see the town. It is a small place with only three or four streets in it. Then I walked slowly through, up one side and down another, and examined every shop-window, made a sort of mental inventory of their contents, and tried to determine what I would buy, in case I was obliged to make a purchase for each of them. And here, let me remark, that if any enterprising Yankee should have it in contemplation to get up a directory of Rorschach, and will call on me, on my return, (not immediately, by any means, but sometime after, say about next Christmas, or midsummer), I think I could give him some interesting particulars about the ins and outs of the town, the best places for the purchase of useful and fancy articles, &c., &c.

But what a beautiful condition patient waiting is. How many of the "ills that flesh is heir to," it enables us to "overry through with." Some one's observation, and not long after, it came the train, the right train, for Zurich. I got into it there, a little after seven, and out of it here about two hours, and then ended the first long stage of my solitary journey. It was more expeditious than I had supposed to be possible; and more varied by adventure than I care to be the immediate subject of it prove.

It was a great luxury to stretch the weary frame on a good long bed with wide covering. In the region where I left my friends the beds are very short, and the covering ridiculously narrow. They have the queerest sort of quilts, about as broad as a yard-wide strip of carpet. We were constantly reminded of the proverbial words, for literally "the beds were shorter than that a man (especially some men), could stretch himself on them, and the covering narrower than that he could wrap himself in them."

I have spent a quiet, pleasant Sabbath here, in the quiet room of my lonely one, with not a soul in the place that I know. This morning I attended service at the English Chapel, where there was a large congregation, quite filling the place. We had a discourse about twenty minutes long, on that beautiful text in Isaiah, "Thou will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." The rest of the day I have spent quietly in my room, except taking a walk along the shore of the lake above sunset. The hotel at which I am staying, stands directly on the lake, and my room window overlooks its peaceful waters.

Zurich has not the grandeur of scenery that marks Lucerne, or Brienz, or some of the other lakes of Switzerland. But it has the charms of life, and rich cultivation. Its borders teem with population. Every little stream turns some mill. At the mouth of the valley are enormous factories, and the shores of the lake appear almost like an uninterrupted village. And this is an historical point of view, it is interesting as having been the scene of the life and labors of that brave reformer *Zwinglius*.

I expect to leave here to-morrow for Geneva, and to get there in the evening. I will not close my letter till after my arrival there.

GENEVA, THEATRE DE LA PAIX, *Tuesday Morning*, August 8th.—Here I am back at the old place which I left with my companions a month ago. I left Zurich at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and arrived here early so much of the night, just a twelve hours' ride. I found, as I anticipated, a nice lot of letters awaiting me.

There is great excitement here about the war. The boys were crying "Extras" at the stations along the road to-day, containing official announcements of a Prussian victory. Paris is declared to be in a state of siege. This I suppose is only a pretext for placing it under martial law, so as more readily to check any outbreak in case of further reverses. I heard of a bitter saying of Bismarck's the other day; some one asked him what would be the probable cost of this war. His reply was: "Its cost in one month will be more than its income in will probably cost about—*two Napoleons*!" I wish I were through my business in Paris, and comfortably settled down in Rome to enjoy the quiet of the Eternal City.

POLITICAL NOTICES.

UNION.

REPUBLICAN TICKET

JUDICIARY.

Judges of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and Quarter Sessions:

EDWARD M. PAXSON,
THOMAS K. FINLETTER.

Judge of the District Court:

JAMES LYNDE.

COUNTY.

Sheriff:

WILLIAM R. LEEDS.

Register of Wills:

WILLIAM M. BUNN.

Late private 72d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Clerk of the Orphans' Court:

SERGT. JOSEPH C. TITTERARY.

CITY.

Receiver of Taxes:

ROBERT H. BEATTY.

City Commissioner:

CAPTAIN JAMES BAIN.

CONGRESSIONAL.

1st District—BENJAMIN F. BUCKLE.
2d " — HON. CHARLES O'NEILL.
3d " — HON. LEONARD MYERS.
4th " — HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY.
5th " — ALFRED C. HARMER.

Senator—Third District:

BENJ. W. THOMAS.

ASSEMBLY.

1st District—SAMUEL P. THOMSON.
2d " — WILLIAM H. STEVENSON
3d " — JOHN CLARKE.
4th " — WILLIAM ELLIOT.
5th " — WILLIAM KLEES.
6th " — COL. CHARLES KLECKNER.
7th " — ROBERT JOHNSTON
8th " — WILLIAM L. MARSHALL.
9th " — WILLIAM H. PORTER.
10th " — JOHN R. PETERSON.
11th " — SAMUEL M. HAGER.
12th " — JOHN LAMON.
13th " — JOHN DURBELL.
14th " — JOHN GILBERT.
15th " — ADAM ALLBRIGHT.
16th " — WILLIAM F. SMITH.
17th " — WATSON COWLY.
18th " — JAMES MILLER.

By order of the City Executive Committee.

JOHN B. BILL, President.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, } Secretaries.
W. D. MCCLOSKEY, }

CORSETS.

REMOVAL.
MRS. A. H. GRAHAM,
Having removed from No. 707 Arch to No. 704 Arch Street, is prepared to fit her customers with the Celebrated Corset, which has increased so much in popularity during the past year, that it continues to sell her corsets in preference to all other makes. Also, Paris Patterns.
Also, Corset Jeans.
P. S.—All other goods reduced in price.

BROWN'S
Wholesale and Retail
Corset and Shirt Warehouse,
819 Arch Street.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS GET THE BEST LIBRARY BOOKS from THIRTY-SEVEN different Publishers, of J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., No. 606 Arch street, Philadelphia.

TWO BRIGHT BOOKS.

GINGERSNAPS.

A silly, brilliant new book of sharp and telling points against the follies and absurdities of the day; "Gingersnaps" will be ready in a few days. Price, $1 25.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS.

A clever book, by Mrs. CHAPIN, by Rev. Dr. Burton, Rev. Dr. Chapin, Rev. Dr. Ryder, Rev. Dr. Ward, Rev. Dr. Lansing and others. Price, $1 25.

Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

CARLETON, Publisher, New York.
Hesiman Burnet, corner Fifth Avenue.

THE NEW YORK STANDARD.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,

No. 34 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Containing full and accurate Telegraphic News and Correspondence from all parts of the world. TWO CENTS per single copy, or $10 per annum, to mail subscribers.

TRENWITH'S BAZAAR 634, Chestnut street.

CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, 505 Chestnut street.

ASSOCIATED NEWS COMPANY, 10 Spruce street.

CALLIGER, Third and Walnut streets.

WINCH, 505 Chestnut street.

CAWLEY, corner Third and Dock streets.

And other Philadelphia News Dealers.

Advertisements received at the office of the MORNING POST.

HEATERS AND STOVES.

PANCOAST & MAULE

THIRD AND PEAR STREETS,

Plain and Galvanized

WROUGHT AND CAST IRON PIPE

For Gas, Steam and Water.

FITTINGS, BRASS WORK, TOOLS,

BOILER TUBES.

HARDWARE, &c.

BUILDING AND HOUSEKEEPING HARDWARE

Machinists, Carpenters and other Mechanics' Tools.

Hinges, Screws, Locks, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Saws, Files, Rasps, Hammers, Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Shades, &c., &c. All to be had at the Lowest Possible Prices at the CHEAP ONE-PRICE HARDWARE Store of

J. B. SHANNON,
No. 52 North Second Street.

HARNESS &c.

ANTHONY LYNCH,
SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER,
No. 20 North Thirteenth St.,
ABOVE MARKET,
PHILADELPHIA.

HORSE-CLOTHING BLANKETS, and every article embraced in the business, on hand at lowest prices, and in the best style.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY.

Orders for these celebrated Shirts executed promptly. Brief notice.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Of late styles in full variety.

WINCHESTER & CO.
706 CHESTNUT.

PAINTING.

SAXON GREEN

Is Brighter, will not Fade, costs less than any other, and it will Paint twice as much surface.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN

PAINTS.

J. H. WEEKS & CO., Manufacturers,
128 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

PIANOS

PIANOS-FORTES CAREFULLY Repaired and Tuned. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. B. REICHENBACH,
Manufacturer of Pianos,
322 North Eleventh street.

BOARDING.

BOARDING.

1,600 ARCH STREET HAVING BEEN newly fitted up, is now open for reception of families or transient boarders. Apply to premises.

ATTORNEY'S-AT-LAW.

FRED. FAIRBROTHER, THEO. D. RAND,
FAIRBROTHER & RAND,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
No. 1 Dock street, Philadelphia.
Drafts and notes negotiable collected.
Prompt attention to the business of all kinds in the city of Philadelphia, and throughout the State of Pennsylvania. Refer by permission to Acknowledgements taken for all the Courts.

INSTRUCTIONS.

RIDING SCHOOL.—MR. E. DE KIRFFER will open his Riding School, No. 1342 Hunting-street, below Spruce, on September 15, 1870, with a good stock of well-broken horses, and trained to the saddle. Three lessons per week for a term of twenty-four lessons, including the use of a horse, Saddle horses and stylish Buggy ponies, &c.

PHILADELPHIA RIDING School and Livery Stables, No. 1333 MARKET street, will remain open all Summer. Gentlemen's Riding Horses, Horses and Vehicles and Saddle Horses ready at all hours.

Horses taken for the Saddle. Instruction to Ladies. Stores for Wagons and Sleighs.

JAMES M. CRAIGE, Proprietor.

SHEATHING FELT.—TEN FRAMES of this superior article for sale by PETER WRIGHT & SONS, 23 Walnut street.

MANTELS, &c.

SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other kinds of Slate Work, manufactured by

PEACE BUTTON HOFFMAN & CO.,
Factory and Salesroom, SIXTEENTH and CALLOWHILL Sts., Rear.

HARDWARE, &c.

BUILDING AND HOUSEKEEPING HARDWARE

Machinists, Carpenters and other Mechanics' Tools.

Hinges, Screws, Locks, Trimmings, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Saws, Files, Rasps, Hammers, Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Shades, &c., &c. All to be had at the Lowest Possible Prices at the

CHEAP ONE-PRICE HARDWARE Store of

J. B. SHANNON,
52 North Second Street.

STEAM HEATING

Pipe of all Sizes Cut and Fitted to Order.

CARD.

The firm of HENRY PARCOAST and FRANCIS MAULE, is continued in our employ for several years past, will be found with our successors of our PIPE ESTABLISHMENT, located at the corner of THIRD and PEAR streets, in the rear of our Warehouse, at the same place, with a full assortment of PIPE, FITTINGS, BOILER TUBES, BOILERS, Bath Tubs, Wash Basins, Water Closets, &c., &c., &c., and in future the firm will be known as PANCOAST, MAULE & RAND.

PANCOAST, MAULE & RAND,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Gas, Steam and Water Pipe, Brass Goods, Gas Fixtures, Tools, Steam Gauges, Oils, Packing, Rubber Belting, Emery Wheels, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Tin Pipe, Solder, Plumbers' Materials, Coal Oil Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Lanterns, Lamp Wicks, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Iron Fittings, Brass Fittings, Coal Oil, Gasoline, Benzine, Turpentine, Varnish, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Brushes, Cotton Batting, Wadding, Candles, Coal Oil Stoves, Gas Stoves, Portable Furnaces, Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Grass Shears, Scythes, Snaths, Hardware, Cutlery, Tools, Guns, Fishing Tackle, Base Balls, Bats, Gloves, Belts, Boxing Gloves, Masks, Dumb Bells, Croquet, Archery, Base Ball, Cricket, Skates, Sporting Goods, Fire Works, Fire Crackers, Torpedoes, Roman Candles, Blue Lights, Fire Balloons, Chemicals, Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Hammers, Nails, Screws, Hinges, Locks, Latches, Bolts, Door Knobs and Plates, Window Fasteners, Door Springs, Door Springs, Door Springs