

RAZOR AND A BUTCHER-KNIFE.

A GRUBBTOWN MAN SEVERS HIS WINDPIPE.

The Ghastly Slight That Met the Gaze of a Nurse—The Patient's Throat Cut From Ear to Ear and the Blood Standing in Pools on the Bed—A Case of Most Remarkable Vitality—The Man Will Probably Recover.

Grubbtown comes to the front with a most remarkable case of attempted suicide, the particulars about which are as follows:

On Saturday morning Dr. W. E. Matthews was called to attend a young man, Eugene Graham, aged about twenty-three, who boards with Mr. Daniel Luther, Grubbtown. The young man was suffering from an attack of pneumonia and was very bad. In the evening Dr. Matthews again visited his patient and found him no better, but somewhat delirious, and recommended that the patient have a nurse to stay with him during the night. The recommendation was carried out.

About 3 o'clock the nurse fell asleep, the patient having told him that there was no use in his remaining awake all night. Twenty-five minutes later the nurse awoke to find the patient breathing in a very peculiar manner. He sprang to the bedside and was horror-stricken to see the man's throat cut from ear to ear. The windpipe was severed and both ends protruded, while blood was smeared over all the clothing and had run through the mattress on the floor. The man was lying on his back with his head thrown away back, exhibiting the whole wound. He was breathing a little, the air in its passage through the severed windpipe, causing the blood to spurt and gurgle after the manner of a slaughtered animal.

Dr. Matthews was again summoned in great haste. When he arrived he thought the man was dying, but administered a stimulant. This somewhat revived the patient, who after a while regained consciousness, and seemed to realize his situation. Dr. Matthews went to work, after examining the wound, to sew it up, hoping to be able to save the man's life, although the case seemed a hopeless one. It was found that in addition to cutting the trachea, several large veins and arteries had been severed, causing a great quantity of blood to be lost. An hour was required to sew up the cut, it being necessary to sew together the windpipe, the cartilages and other parts besides the skin.

As the oesophagus was not severed the man was able to swallow. He became entirely conscious and rational and could after it was all over, write and tell his attendants what he wanted. It is wonderful that the great loss of blood did not kill him. He could also indicate his wants by motions, signifying to his nurse to put two pillows under his head instead of one. He could discernly smell when whisky was offered him in milk, and shook his head negatively, but the milk alone he drank freely.

During the twenty-five minutes during which the nurse slept, Graham had become delirious and had gone to the kitchen and procured a butcher's knife in one cupboard and from the top of another one across the room he had got a razor. While in the kitchen he began the work, for there were several large pools of blood in various parts of it. He must have completed the job after returning to bed, for butcher knife and razor were found in the bed with him.

Three distinct cuts were on one side and two on the other. There had also been some miscellaneous lacerating, making it one of the most ghastly slights that could be looked upon.

Dr. Matthews visited his patient again yesterday evening and reports him doing well. The pneumonia seems much better and the neck, he says, looks as well as could be expected.

On the whole it seems to be one of the most remarkable of cases, and should the man recover, as there is a chance of his doing, it will certainly be considered a feat of surgery.

Graham came here from Maryland the second day after the flood, and has been holding a good job at Moxham. His acquaintances and is respected by all his acquaintances. His parents, who live in Maryland, have been notified of his misfortune, but up to yesterday evening no reply had been received.

How Captain Cashed the Check.

A few days ago, A. Hillbert, representing the firm of M. De Mott, 39 Barclay street, New York, stopped at the Hotel Windsor. Being in need of money Capt. James H. Gageby had cashed a check for \$10 which he presented, drawn on the firm which he represented. The Captain thought nothing more of it until the check was returned through the bank unpaid. The Captain does not wish a joke like this and inasmuch as a stranger of the check was a trustworthy man, and the check deserved consideration, the firm on which it was drawn should have cashed the check and deducted the amount of same from their employee's wages. He got cranky once in a while.

Hibbard's Throat and Lung Tonic.

For throat and lung troubles this is the best. It is guaranteed to cure in its first stages, and even in advanced stages of that disease it relieves coughing, aches, hoarseness, whooping cough, hoarseness, splitting phlegm, and all pulmonary diseases it has no equal. Prepared only by Hibbard's Syrup Co., 1509 Mich. St. Ask your druggist for it. For sale at Slater's drug store, corner of 5th and Park Place, Johnstown, Pa. feb-23-6d-w-ly.

Sairy Jackson's Baby.

UNCLE JACK KNEW THE LORD WOULD PROVIDE.

Death in the Blackchapel District—A True Story from the Tenements of the West Side in New York City—"We Have Done What We Could."

A bit of crape, hanging side by side with a strip of satin ribbon which had once been white, but was now discolored by constant use, swung idly from the tack which held it in place at the entrance to one of the tall tenements on the west side. It is in the district known as Blackchapel, and all the houses thereabout are occupied by colored folks.

There is always a pathos about a scrap of crape at the door, especially if the grim announcement is hung out for a child. But the lean legged and woolly headed black children who were playing shinny in the street were too young to allow their sport to be interrupted by the presence of death.

"ONLY SARAH'S LITTLE BOY." If any one had asked the stout negress who lolled at the door, they would have been answered with: "Oneley Mis Sarah Jackson's little boy. An' it's de Lawd's bressin' he gone, kase he's bin ailin' ebber since he was bawn. What does she lib? Up on de top flo', in de roah. Yo' cawn't miss it. Jess knock hard on de do', kase Miss Jackson may be sorrowful like, on 'count ov it bein' her Johnnie."

And then, if one had followed her direction, he would have wondered if there never would be any end to the bare, steep flights of dirty stairs, with the too brief landings, and the musty, dark halls, and the black, woolly heads thrust out of half open doors in a spirit of youthful inquiry.

But there is an end to all things, and at last the top is reached. It is lighter here, and the air seems a little more wholesome, although the same musty smell of crowded quarters is to be noticed. A ladder leads up to a hole in the roof, and the sun sends a slanting ray down through the aperture. The block of sunlight strikes the entrance to one of the three doors on the landing, and has only the effect of bringing out in greater relief the worn pine boards half hidden by an accumulation of dirt.

It is very quiet on this floor, so quiet that when the visitor listened he could hear a sound of sobbing, and then a low voice crooning words of comfort. A knock at the door brings the answer: "Come in." The room is not more than twelve feet square, and is considered a large room for a tenement. But the question of accommodations is not taken into consideration now.

There are two persons in the room. An old woman, whose tears were shining tracks upon her black skin, was bending over a young woman who rocked to and fro in an old chair, sobbing and moaning for her baby. The room was uncarpeted and miserable. Bags and wads of paper stuck loosely in the holes in the broken window panes helped to give an indescribable aspect of desolation to the room.

Upon the only table in the room, its attenuated form wrapped in an old red shawl, ragged and threadbare, was the dead baby. Its little black face, tinged with a grayish hue, was turned up toward the cracked ceiling, and the lids hardly concealed the dull white of the eyes.

"The babe had been dead since the day before, and the mother was too poor to bury it. Her husband was away somewhere. He had deserted her months before, so she need not expect him in her hour of trouble.

"THE LAWD WILL PERVIDE."

As she rocked the door creaked on its hinges and an old negro entered. He was lame, and made his way carefully along with a cane. A high hat that had seen years of hard service rested on a fringe of grayish wool which covered the back of his head, and a handkerchief made a picturesque substitute for both collar and cravat.

"Hullo, Jack, yo' back agen?" said the old woman. "Sairy's (bin taken on power) lence yo's bin gone, an' she mos' cried her eyes out. Did yo' git em any?" "No, an' I've done clean pestered out, a-trampin' and a-trampin'. What wid de rheumatism and de sorrow 'bout Jacky, I ain't myself."

"Uncle Jack," said the young woman, jumping up, "I'll jes' ask yer ter go to one moah place fur de money. Jes' one moah. I dese washin' fur dis lady, and mebbe she help me."

"Come, come, gal," said the old man; "I dese doin' all I can fer yer, but de good Lawd will pervide. Jes' put yo' trus' on him."

"I know, Uncle Jack, I know dat; but we mus' do somethin'," she said. With unsteady hand she wrote a note in a cramped hand on the back of a grocery bill, the only piece of paper there was in the house. The paper was blistered with her tears.

Mrs. REED—Would you please to help me a little, I am sorry to ask you, but my Baby died yesterday at noon, with the Brown-keepers and the guitar in the throat. We have done what we could. I have been sick myself, and the little darling I had saved I had to pay out for medicine. I am not feeling well. FROM SARAH JACKSON.

Uncle Jack hobbled out of the door and down the stairs. He had to go a long distance, and when he came back a gentleman came with him. He had come in answer to the letter and to see the dead baby was buried decently. Not long ago his own baby had died, and when he stood by the table and saw by the light of the one lamp in the room the face of the little dead baby he broke down and wept. His tears mingled with those of the poor black folks about. A common grief had torn away the barrier of race, color and station, and he was as sincere a mourner as old Uncle Jack, who stood with bowed head near him. And as the old handkerchief neckerchief seemed to grow tighter and tighter around his throat he said:

"I knew de Lawd would pervide, Sairy, I knew it, chile, kase he allers does."—New York Sun.

DAWN IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

The pearl robed morning shook her garments free; In an old garden sown with eglantine, Faint odors of the white and saffron rose Made delicate delight, though breeze was none; And rising coolness, gleam of summer dawn, Stole like a spirit through the leafy shade Where starlight wandered with the glow worm lamp. Though penciled rays shot from the hidden sun, Set the air trembling with a sense of bliss, And every black roose melted to gray.

Soft leafage shot with rose and plummy gold, Thinned where the branches touched the pallid sky, Invites the bird to rise on rosy wing And send his love note in a ruffled song To the mate's drowsy ear, where warm the nest Lies under blossoms dripping silver dew.

The cypress holds its warning finger high And whispers, "Breathe not now lest the spell break, And the earth traced in beauty, drugged with sleep, Arouse itself to ancient pain and loss;" But as the pale blurred morning turned to gold, There started from the shade of hoary trees Half muffled statues round a hoary fount— Like harlequin tossing a crystal plume, A muse with brows august and tragic mask, Laocoon entwined in snaky folds, And the great archer with his lifted dart Aimed at the breast of hapless Niobe; And then the magic of the dawn was fled, And day put on its old relentless face.

—Boston Transcript.

Actor Sothern's Rebuke.

An old lady, laden with bundles, stood in the aisle, weary and almost ill with fatigue. Close by her sat a big brute, spread out comfortably and complacently over the space that two people could easily occupy and refusing to budge an inch when the lady mildly looked with longing eyes upon the seat. Everybody glared at him, but he took no notice of that; there were muttered words of disapproval, but he paid no attention to those. At last Mr. Sothern, with one of those Lord Chumley stares, so full of innocence and simple good nature, leaned over from the strap on which he hung and in a very audible stage whisper inquired: "Excuse me, e-s-sir, but would you kindly t-t-tell me what k-k-kind of nerve tonic you use?" Even the roar of laughter which followed in the car did not bring a wrinkle to the mildly beaming face of Lord Chumley, but it did make the old hog leave his seat and the car.—Exchange.

Tolling a Bell for a Dead Dog.

The citizens of Woodruff, S. C., were startled by the tolling of the Baptist church bell, and upon inquiry could not learn the cause of it. Various rumors were set afloat as to why it should be rung, but no one could give a satisfactory reason. After hesitating a good while some one, with more nerve than the others, entered the belfry and found a young white boy, named James Darwin, tolling away as solemnly as the sexton would for a funeral. He was asked why he was doing so, and his reply was: "That his father's dog had just died, and he had instructed him to go and toll the bell to announce the sad news to the citizens of the town."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Avoid the Danger of Fire.

Drafts, flues and the chimney should be cleaned at least four times a year. Consult your insurance policy; read carefully and fulfill all the conditions. See if your chimney is up to the required standard, and that the stove is far enough from the wall. Know that no sparks can escape any place, especially where the pipe enters the chimney. It will pay. Have your fire safe! Insurance money is hard enough to get when all the conditions have been justly complied with. It is terrible to burn out! If your stove smokes, find out the reason and stop it.—Good Housekeeping.

He Achieved Greatness.

Miss Redingote—No, Aunt Brindle, I am not engaged. When I marry it will be a great man.

Mrs. Brindle (doubtfully)—Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Josiah—

Miss Redingote—You don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself!

Mrs. Brindle—Well, I'll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!—Lippincott's.

Getting It Fine.

A loose horse on a highway in Ontario was chased by a dog. The horse ran into a farmyard and knocked down a calf and broke its leg. The owner of the calf seized the horse, and the owner of horse sued the owner of the dog, and a hired man ten miles away who left a gate open by which the horse got into the road had to pay \$23.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Mistaken.

A Detroit Pole, who was carrying home a load of wood on his back, took the railroad track. He heard the train coming, but supposed it would stop and request him to step aside. The first thing he said when he came down was expressive of his great surprise that people had no rights in this country.—Detroit Free Press.

A Comforting Reflection.

The Dominic (solemnly)—Amid your worldliness and recklessness, young man, bear well in mind that all flesh is grass.

Young Mashemal (rapturously)—Yes, But, thank heaven! some of it goes to grass widows!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

From the German.

Teacher—Can you mention a species of cold blooded animal which multiplies with astonishing rapidity?

Son of a Journalist—Yes, the creditor, That's what pa says.—Texas Siftings.

A Killing Compliment.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: "Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man."—Chambers' Journal.

Easy Enough.

"It must be difficult for two mutes to understand each other?" "Oh, no; simply a mutual understanding."—New York World.

A Comedy of Errors.

Attorney C. C. Babcock is a very honest looking young gentleman, and yet he was twice taken for a thief and once for a dead beat.

Mr. Babcock went into a restaurant on Third street and deposited his umbrella in the rack and hung his black Derby hat on a nickel plated hat hook. When the disciple of Blackstone had finished his repast he walked over to the wall and took what he supposed was his hat, put it on and started toward the counter to pay for his breakfast.

An athletic looking gentleman, who was eating his morning repast and watching his portable property, roared out: "Come back here, sir, and leave my hat."

All the ladies and gentlemen in the restaurant watched Mr. Babcock as he replaced the hat and took his own.

The young lawyer was as mad as a hornet and somewhat confused at the contretemps. Then he walked over to the umbrella rack and picked up an umbrella. The observant gentleman whose hat Mr. Babcock had taken noticed that it was his umbrella that was being carried off, and he shouted in stentorian tones: "Drop that umbrella or I'll hand you over to the police."

Mr. Babcock saw that he had made a second mistake, and soon fished his own rain shedder from among the many others that were in the rack.

Then he left the restaurant, and he was called back by the cashier, who came to the door and excitedly said: "Haddn't you better come back and pay for your breakfast? You will at least avoid being handed over to the police."

As he still had his check for a fifty-cent breakfast in his hand, Mr. Babcock walked back and paid his bill, with the eyes of every lady and gentleman in the place fixed suspiciously upon him.

One elderly lady audibly remarked: "He don't look like a thief, but you can't tell by looks nowadays what a person is, as good clothes don't cost much."—Seattle Press.

With the Tongs.

A great deal of laughter has been expended on womankind for taking the broom as a weapon in "shooting" an enemy, but, after all, why should not one use the implement to which she is most accustomed? Great execution is possible with the weapon of our choice, as an English lady, living in Canada, has proved.

She was one day greatly interested in putting out the family washing to dry. Sheets and tablecloths were on the line, which, to her horror, suddenly fell, dropping her spotless clothes in the dirt.

A large buck, caught by the antlers, was the cause of the trouble. There was not a man within five miles—they had all gone to a neighbor's for the day. The deer plunged about, and the lady screamed. Something had to be done, and done at once. There was a fine gun in the house, loaded, but the lady would not approach it, as firearms were her especial dread.

Among her many possessions she had a large pair of tongs. She thoroughly understood this firearm, and with all her housewifely instincts outraged, she seized them and began the attack.

Within five minutes the buck's skull was pounded to a jelly, and then the victor, her clothing slightly torn, sat down and indulged in a good cry.—Forest and Stream.

Trout and Superstition.

The trout is derived from a word meaning to eat, just as salmon from one meaning to leap. The former fish has acquired some celebrity in folk medicine. Thus it is a superstition of Shropshire that a pie dish full of cider should be taken down to a river and a good sized trout caught and drowned in the cider, would a person recover from the whooping cough. Trout and cider were then to be carefully carried back to the house, and the sick person must eat the trout after it has been fried and drink the cider. In Northumberland for the same ailment a trout's head is put into the mouth of the sufferer, and, as it is said, the trout is left to breathe in the patient's mouth. Still more curiously, Mr. Henderson relates that a friend, when fishing in Cleveland, was asked by a peasant to give him a "wick" (live) trout to lay on the stomach of one of his children who was much troubled with worms, a trout so applied being a certain cure for the complaint.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Nine Tailors Make a Man.

Everybody has heard of the saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man, and the general supposition is that it reflects upon tailors in some indefinite manner, and no one knows where the saying originated. Now, the truth is that the saying is misquoted, and the proper word is tailors, or tellers, not tailors, as often written, and its origin can be traced back several centuries.

It was one of the customs when a person died in the parish to toll the church bell once for every year of the deceased's life. But nobody from this could tell the sex of the departed, so the sexton, to gratify public curiosity, after ringing in the usual way the number of years, would give eight quick strokes if the deceased was a woman and nine if it was a man. This being rung at the end of the strokes for the years were called tailors, and thus nine tailors made a man.—Golden Days.

Understood the Case.

Stranger—I should like to retain you in an important case. It is a fight over a child.

Great Lawyer—Between husband and wife?

"No, she is an orphan and has no near relatives. The contest is between distant relatives on both sides of the house."

"Ah, I see. How much is she heirless to?"—New York Weekly.

In the statistics of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States there is an increase in the number of Sunday school scholars for the year 1888-89 amounting nearly to 33,000, nearly a quarter of the increase being in Pennsylvania.

DEATH OF JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

The End Came Wednesday Morning at 8 O'Clock.

Wednesday morning about 8 o'clock Mr. John A. Campbell, only son and only surviving child of County Commissioner John Campbell, died at his residence at No. 413 Third street, Thirteenth ward, Peconicville. The cause of Mr. Campbell's death was lung troubles, induced by the grip, which attacked him some months ago.

The death of Mr. Campbell leaves his aged parents childless, as their daughter and only other child, Mrs. William Wehn, was drowned in the flood.

The deceased was born and brought up in Conenagh borough. Years ago he worked with Michael Murphy and Nicholas Carroll, who kept a store in the old Merchants' Hotel building. He afterward worked with John J. Murphy in a store where Dibert's new building stands. Later he was employed for a long time in the vegetable department of the Cambria Iron Company's store.

Mr. Campbell was married about three years ago to a Miss Rodden, who, with one child, a daughter, survives him. His age was about thirty-seven years.

Camped on a Volcano.

A special dispatch from the City of Mexico states that William B. Richardson, the young Boston naturalist, has finished his work in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and on the active volcano of Colima, where he has been camped for the last two months. From the extreme summit of the Sierra Nevada he could look down into the crater of the volcano. There were every five hours or more signs of activity, great clouds of vapor, gas and ashes coming up with magnificent effect and rising to a tremendous height. But from the Sierra Nevada no sound could be heard.

Richardson, being determined to investigate nearer at hand, moved his camp to the side of the volcano at great personal risk, pitching his tent at the upper line of pine trees and just below the lower lines of ashes and lava. From this point Richardson and his Indian followers could hear the sounds of the volcano.

One night during the eruption they could distinctly see the deep red glow of molten lava as it ran down the mountain. Richardson was regarded by the natives as phenomenally daring, but his expedition resulted in no harm to himself or to his party.—Boston Cor. New York Herald.

The Muscle Shoals Canal.

The obstruction known as the Muscle Shoals, in the Tennessee river, which covered about 23 miles out of the 453 between Chattanooga and Paducah, at its mouth, are at length overcome by means of locks and dams built by the general government, and the river is now open so that boats loaded at New Orleans can at all times proceed to Chattanooga, and most of the time to Knoxville. The distance from Chattanooga to New Orleans is 1,601 miles, as against 2,067 from Pittsburg and 1,567 from Cincinnati, and it is claimed the coal freights from Chattanooga to New Orleans will be between 80 and 90 cents, as against \$1.05 from Pittsburg. The improvement of this short piece of the river has been more or less under construction for sixty years.—New York Telegram.

Thieving in China.

According to a Chinese story a miser had three sons-in-law; one was a tailor, another a jeweler, and the third a spendthrift, who did nothing at all. One day the miser called his third son-in-law and said to him: "See here! Your two brothers-in-law are thrifty men, and are gradually adding to the family fortune; the tailor, by cabbaging a little of his customers' cloth now and then, you know—bless you, they don't know it!—and the jeweler by—well, by debasing the jewelry just a little, don't you see. But you!" exclaimed the miser, "what do you do?" "Father-in-law," said the ne'er-do-well, "I will go out, and watching my chance, I will break in merchants' doors, open their tills, and bring you back thousands of pieces of silver where my brothers-in-law bring you only paltry gains."

"What! How?" exclaimed the miser, in terrible anger; "can it be possible that you would actually be a thief?"—Boston Herald.

Making Pins and Needles.

Metal pins were introduced into England from France in 1543. Within a short time after machines were constructed in England for the manufacture of pins. "Previously they had been filed to a point and the head had been soldered by hand. Great opposition was made to the novelty," says Felkin, "but utility and cheapness prevailed in its favor. The common sewing needle was brought hither from India after the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope. Before that time sewing was performed in the method still used by shoemakers."

Self Control.

When you step on a loose brick and an ice cold stream of mud shoots up to your collar button, don't say any naughty words. Smile pleasantly and explain to the grinning people about you that you don't mind little things like that. They will then admire you and depart wondering whether your wings will sprout on this earth or wait until you join the silent majority.—Greensburg (S. C.) Argus.

Making Poets.

The secret is out. Indiana poets are not born but made, says The Chicago Inter-Ocean. The teacher in the Indianapolis high school has issued an order that every pupil must write poetry and hand in poems on certain prescribed days. There is no evasion of the order. The muse must be captured and brought into the school room. It seems that Miss Anderson, the teacher who issued the order, has been in the high school for over twenty years, and that the majority of the "Indiana poets" are her graduates.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and finally set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

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