Of purest gold was fashioned the rest, In that one idol I loved the best; In that one idol I loved the best; And ah! that there should be this to say, That the feet were clay, the feet were clay

You may watch till watching outdoes your might. Never the gold is a whit less bright; The idol never shall lose a ray, But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing, the cost before; "If only the idol is mine to adore," I cried, "it is naught if the trumpets bray That the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

"If the thunder's voice should bear it afar
That the idol is what all idols are;
If I take them for gold, what matters it, pray,
If the feet of the idol are only clay?"

And yet the news one day must come With tune of harp or rattle of drum, In strife of squadrom, on moonlit bay, That the feet after all are nothing but clay.

Let the people tell it, and let them repeat What tales they like of the idol's feet, To this assurance my life I'll hold, That the idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshiper must be brave and wise—
The gold is a dauntless gazer's prize;
Tis the blind who chant in the same dull way
That the feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eyes of the blind awake, Let them see the truth for the truth's own sake, They shall know 'tis a foolish tale is told That even the feet are of aught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light, Nay, let them see truth in their visions of night, So shall they an idol fashioned behold Through and through of the purest gold. —Walter Herries Pollock in Longman's.

What Is True Life?

Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception duli, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor, and life is a warfare, and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame is ob-

What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one, philosophy. But this consists in keeping the demon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing with-out a purpose, nor yet falsely and with aught of hypocrisy; and besides, accepting all that happens and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and, finally, waiting for death with a cheer-ful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which

every living being is compounded.

But if there is no harm to the elements themselves in each continually changing into another, why should a man have any apprehension about the change and dissolution of all the ele-ments? For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature. - Marcus Aurelius.

A good story is told on Bishop Graf-ton, of the diocese of Fond du Lac. One of his first visitations was at Waupun, where there has been much church dissension in the past, and while there he was the guest of Mrs. Webster. After the prelate retired he was annoyed by a mouse in the room. He did not lie awake and wonder what could be done to

He quietly arose, took the remains of a lunch which he had been enjoying, placed it on top of a glass in the center of a wash bowl, filled the bowl half full of water, leaned a photograph from the table to the edge of the bowl, so as to give the mouse a runway, then calmly went back to bed. In a few moments he heard the pattering of the mouse's feet on the photograph, a splash, a few strug-gles and all was quiet. Then the worthy bishop turned over and slept the sleep of the just. As Mrs. Webster remarked the next morning: "Bishop Grafton will find no difficulty in governing the diocese if he can so easily handle a mouse."-

'Gimme a nickel's worth of buckshot.' said a St. Paul gamin wearing somewhat disordered raiment. His head just topped the counter in a bazar devoted to sporting goods.

"I suppose he will load them into a rusty pistol and accidentally shoot some one of his intimate friends," suggested a bystander.

'Oh, no," replied the proprietor of the gun store. "he has no firearms. going in to beat the nickel-in-the-slot scheme, and I suppose I am particeps

'Why, he will put them on the street ear track, the car will convert them into exact size of nickels and pennies, end, of course, you can anticipate the financial panic liable to ensue in St. Paul shortly, with a gum machine at almost every corner."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Atlantic Cattle Ships.

e boats each carry from 300 to 600 cattle per trip. The largest cargo ever taken over consisted of 1,300 head. The greatest number ever stowed on an upper deck for a single passage was 325 head. The voyage consumes from eight to six-

teen days.
Cattle are bardly ever sick at They readily catch the motion of the boat and after a couple of days find their sea legs as readily as the most hardened, weather beaten old salt of the brine. If they show any signs of "paleness about the gills" they are doctored with salts. The system of shipping cattle is encumbered with far less difficulties than that of carrying horses. The horse is a very troub..some animal to pilot across, and one of ...er ules applied is never to let him lie down.—New York Letter.

An Open Question

It is said that the race of zebras is fast becoming extinct. Whether this is due to their ruthless destruction by hunters or is caused by the zebra's mortification over the resemblance he bears to a jackwith a blazer on, science does not say -Chatter.

THE DYING HORSE.

Fall back! Fall back! Give him room to die! Hard is the bed where he needs must lie. For his toilsome life this is the end! Has he no master—no loving friend?

Is it here the old horse must welcome dea Where a gaping crowd watches every brea Under the midsummer's scorching sun? Is this his reward for work well done?

How his limbs shudder! How his eyes roll Seek they at last for a pitying soul? Or only for quiet—quiet to die In some lonely valley green, where a gles by?

No; he knows nothing of clover fields cool, Where cattle at noonday stand deep in the pool. He never wandered the pastures sweet— His roadway through life was the stony street.

Cherished while work brought his owner gain, To strangers left in this hour of pain; Deserted now that his task is over; Not for his old days are the fields of clover.

Not for him will the field lark sing. Not for him the lush grasses spring; Nor to him will liberty come, In his tired old age, in some country hom

Here he must suffer—here he must die Under the midsummer's scorching sky. Him the broad shade tree will never woo; He has known but the pavement his whole

Still we in our vaunted pride of soul Conceive no future, no restful goal, No ethereal pasture in regions blest Where the poor old horse may in spirit rest. —Chicago Ledger.

ONE NIGHT OF HORROR.

One night I went to bed with gloss brown hair, and the face of a girl of 18; next morning I left my room with hair as gray as it is now, though forty-two

years have passed away since then.
In one night an awful horror struck
me suddenly with the weight of scores

My father was a Mr. Marriot, a ship broker, who lived in Russell square with his family, consisting of my mother and four children, of whom I was the eldest. One morning, in the December of 1842, while we were sitting at breakfast, my mother said, as she finished reading a letter which had just been delivered, "It's from Judith. She wants Ellen to go and stay a month at The Willows. But I do not like the idea. She never even called on us when she came back even cancer on us when she came back to England last summer. Besides, we have known almost nothing of her for years past."
"Oh! I should like immensely to see Aunt Judith," I cried.

"But you have never seen, and don't know anything about her," replied my mother. "It is nearly ten years now since I saw her, and she didn't leave a very pleasant impression on my mind. I had not seen her, of course, since I was a child, but, as I have often told you, there was something curious and weird about her that was not to my lik ing. In fact, she did not seem like a sister of mine."

Aunt Judith was my mother's elder sister by fifteen years. When she was about twenty she married a German baron who was a professor in a univer-sity. Why it was nobody knew, but some two years or so after her marriage sity. Aunt Judith became very apathetic as regarded her relations in England, and but rarely corresponded with them.

Her husband, the baron and professor, died about three years before the time of which I speak. Mourning cards were unknown in those days; still she might have sent a word to inform her sister of her bereavement. To our great aston-ishment, it was only from a friend who attended his funeral that we heard, cas ually, that he was dead and that she wa

Well, both my father and my mother were unwilling to let me go to The Wil-ows: my mother, because she had, or seemed to me to have, a prejudice against her sister; my father, for no reason that I could make out, except that he echoed my mother. At all events, I overcame their opposition at last, and started, one fine, or rather gloomy, morning—for the clouds were dark and heavy, I remember, as I left Londom—for The I remember, as I left London-for The Willows, a mansion in Warwickshire which had been left to my Aunt Judith by my grandfather. Traveling was slower in those days than it is now, and it was not until nearly 6 o'clock in the evening that I drove, in the lumbering coach

which conveyed me, up the dreary car-riage path which led to The Willows. Aunt Judith had only returned to live there during the past six months, so I was not surprised to find the place in a very untidy state. Such, at least, was my impression from what I saw through

the darkness of the evening.

Things, however, seemed to chang for the better when we drew up at the house itself. It was a great, straggling building, which had stood for more than a century, and was cold and forbidding to look at from the outside. But from the windows, and what I could the hall, it seemed to be well lit, warn and well appointed within. servant came out to meet me as the coach

stopped at the door.
"Mlle. Marriot?" she inquired, in German voice, as I descended.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes," I replied.

"Ah! your aunt would like well to see you," she said. "I shall take you to her. She is dressing for dinner." I followed her up stairs, and into a large bedroom. Standing before a glass at the end of the room was a tall woman whom, from the description I had heard of her, I imme

diately recognized as Aunt Judith.

Her figure was very erect, almost ma jestic, but her face puzzled me. Th features were very regular, and clearly drawn. There was in them a consider-able amount of power, and yet, what I could not understand, a curious, wizeried, almost craven expression, which just bordered on being sinister. I was only a girl at the time, and knew nothing of physiognomy, but, instinctively, I felt a sense of uneasiness as I met her keen gray eyes, which seemed never to rest for a moment, but to wander about as if at the bidding of an uneasy spirit, though her demeanor was otherwise curiously

to-night. Your parents are well, I hope."
"Your parents!" and this in allusion to
her own sister, whom she had not seen for years! Her greeting-in fact, her manner, everything about her—was per-fectly polite, but strangely cold. "Yes," I replied, "they are quite well,

thank you.' thank you."
"You can come down stairs when you are ready," she continued, as she stood before the glass, giving the last touches to her toilet. "Dinner will be on the table in about twenty minutes. I had better go down—they will be waiting for me," saying which she left the room.

A curious woman, I thought, when she was gone; and, altogether, I did not care much about her—perhaps, also, I was a little sorry that, against the wishes of my parents, I had come to The Willows at all. When I came into the drawing room I found a party of about a dozen people assembled there. There were, be-sides my aunt and an elderly German lady, who was a relative of her late husband, the clergyman of the parish with his wife and two daughters, the local doctor—a good looking young man of about six or seven and twenty; the squire about six or seven and twenty; the squire and three or four others, who, like myself, were staying on a visit at the house. Dinner passed very pleasantly. We had music and a dance when the gentlemen came up stairs. Altogether I enjoyed myself very much, and it was past mid-night when we rose from the supper table. One thing I did notice almost unconsciously during the evening, and this was a strange, absent, and at the same time searching, expression which some times came upon Aunt Judith's face. It was as though she were looking at or for something which was invisible to everybody else.

Well, when supper was over, and those of the guests who were leaving the house had taken their departure, I went with Aunt Judith to her bedroom, "to see," she said, "whether Sophia had got my room ready yet."

Sophia was waiting for us when entered the room, and my aunt and she immediately began to talk in German. What they were saying I could not tell, as I did not understand the language; but somehow, from their manner or the tone of their voices, it seemed to me as if they were discussing something which they did not want me to know about.

t last my aunt said to me in English:
"My dear, I am sorry the room I had intended for you is not ready yet. It will be ready to-morrow, but for to-right you must sleep in another room." Here Sophia said something in German,

and after a moment's pause Aunt Judith

said, as if in answer:

"The blue room. Yes, my dear," she continued, speaking to me, "it is an old fashioned room, but very comfortable. Sophia will show you to it. Good night, dear."

Again the curious look I had noticed before came over her face as I left the room with Sophia, who walked before me with a candle.

me with a candle.

We went up a flight of stairs that led to a part of the building which seemed to be but little used. At the top of these stairs there was a long narrow passage, the walls of which were lined with oak panels. When we got to the end of this passage we turned to the right and went a few yards down another and similar passage, until the servant opened a door passage, until the servant opened a characteristic that led into a spacious bedchamber.

Having put the candle on the mantel-piece, and laid my traveling bag, which she carried with her, on the floor, she looked curiously round the room, and then, when she had bidden me good night, went out and shut the door. I felt very nervous as I looked about the apartment, which seemed to be in an ua-nhabited part of the large house, and was furnished, I thought, ir an antique and rather grewsome manner. The lofty walls, paneled as they were with wood painted blue, contrasted strangely with the heavy silk window curtains, which were of a dark red color, and with some old portraits in oil that hung in massive oak and ebony frames. The chairs and tables were all cumbrous and old fashioned, and, as to the bed, it almost fright-ened me to think of sleeping in it, so vast and gloomy did it look with its huge

anopy and somber curtains.

It is not easy to go to sleep at once dur ng the first night of one's stay in a strang ing the first high to tone stay in a strange house, especially if anything has happened to make the mind uneasy and suspicious. For a long time I lay awake wondering at the curious look I had seen on Aunt Judith's face, and shivering, now and again, as I thought how far away I was from the rest of the household. If I ware to be taken suddenly ill. If I were to be taken suddenly ill, or if anything were to happen to me during the night, what could I do? There was a bell rope in the room, but I had for gotten to ask Sophia whether it commu-nicated with a bell, and, if so, whether there was any one to answer my ring. polated as I was in this large and isolated as I was in this large and gloomy chamber, my mind was agitated with vague fears, and it must have been nearly two hours before I got to sleep.

How long this state lasted I do not

know, when suddenly I awoke. In a moment I was wide awake, staring be-fore me into the black darkness and listening intently to the profound about me. Why was I doing this? I asked myself, but could not give any answer. Something must have happened to awake me. What was it? I wondered. I looked and listened. There was only blackness and

For many seconds I lay thus peering and listening, and was just on the point of shutting my eyes again, when, glaring at them through the darkness, I saw two other eyes, and hot on my cheek came the breath of something—man, or beast, or monster! I drew my head some inches back: the eyes, to which mine were riveted, advanced. I felt a form bending over the side of the bed. It stopped. The eyes stopped, the form became motionless. In the pure agony of the moment—actuated by that alone—I rose a little in my bed, and bent my head forward; the form also rose, and the eyes, which were still fastened to mine, retreated. As they did so, to my unutterable horror I discerned

covered with hair. There was a dread ful gibber--such as might come from an ape or a dumb man in pain—and before my fascinated gaze flashed two rows of shining teeth. The creature-monster or maniac-was by my side, ready, waitor maniac—was by my side, ready, waiting to spring upon me. Hot upon my face came its breath, while the awful eyes shone like the eyes of a tiger. It was on the spring—to tear me limb from limb. Just one thing stayed it. Just one thing was keeping off the awful death that threatened me. In all the ecstasy of my terror I comprehended what that one thing was. It was the power of my eyes. I was fighting an eye battle with the monster.

Into its dreadful eyes I gazed, as

Into its dreadful eyes I gazed, as though I was gazing into the very gates of hell. Like the eyes of a wild beast, they seemed ever restlessly pouring forth a tumultuous torrent of passion, and ever restlessly in search of mine, which yet they shrank from when they met. Constantly as they did so there was the same hideous, inarticulate gibber of baffled rage.

Thus some two or three hours at least must have passed until the daylight began to steal in through the curtains,

gan to steal in through the curtains, which were only partly drawn.

When the light came the sight before me was even more horrible than my imagination had conjured in the dark. Crouching by the side of the large bed, between the window and me, was a man. But such a man! A tall man in a flowing gown, with long, matted, unkempt yellow hair and beard, his face deadly white, but every muscle in it throbbing in convulsive sympathy with the fires that blazed from his wild and awful eyes!

eyes!
Minute after minute passed, though I took no heed of them. All my thought, all my strength was concentrated into the one weapon I had—my eyes. Still, I felt at last that I could not prolong the battle much longer. What was I to do? My strength was giving way. The mon-ster or maniac was becoming more and more excited, foaming at the lips and uttering short, sharp cries, while his long, cruel fingers worked convulsively, as though they were impatient to be on

as though they were impatient to be on their prey.

So long as I could ward him off with my eyes, he dared not approach me nearer; directly, through faintness, I dropped them, he would fall upon me and tear me to pieces. My strength was going. A look of exultation came upon his face. The daylight had lasted for a long time. Oh, God! would no one ever come? I could hold out no longer. His elare of triumph increased. My eyes glare of triumph increased. My eyes were getting dim. His face was getting nearer and more exulting. It seemed as though another spirit

came suddenly into my body—I was hardly conscious of what I did—looking into his eyes with a strength that did not eem to be mine, I rose in my bed, bent forward my body, eye to eye, drove the creature back till he was more than a yard from the bed—slipped from the bed gard from the bed—supped from the bed—gave one spring—caught the handle of the door, and was in the passage running. There was an awful noise behind me of wild yells and laughter and pursuing feet. As I fled, screaming, down flight after flight of stairs, it grew near-caugh gaves. The non-star was twonty. er and nearer. The monster was upon me. A number of people seemed to be about me. I heard shouts and blows—a confused trampling, shouting and scuffling-and then all was dark.

When I awoke I was in bed. I had seen very ill for many days, they said. It was a long time before I was allowed to see a looking glass; when I did, I found that my beautiful brown hair was gray. It had changed its color in that one awful night. The maniac was Aunt one awful ingit. The manace was Aunt Judith's only child, who had escaped during the night from the room where he was confined. Aunt Judith, and the baron when he was alive, had secretly kept the poor creature since it had been discovered during its infancy to be in-The constant sorrow and anxiety which it entailed was, I may add, the cause of most of what was strange about Aunt Judith.—Saturday Review and Republic

A special dispatch from the City of Mexico states that William B. Richardson, the young Boston naturalist, has fin ished 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 mor signs of activity, great clouds of vapor gas and ashes coming up with magnifi-cent 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 per sonal 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 followone night during the eruption the 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 expe-

to his party.—Boston Cor. New York Herald. The Muscle Shoals Canal. The obstruction known as the Muscle

dition resulted in no harm to himself or

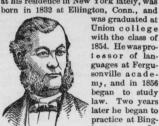
Shoals, in the Tennessee river, which covered about 23 miles out of the 453 between Chattanooga and Paducah, at its mouth, are at length overcome by means of locks and dams built by the general government, and the river is now open so that boats loaded at New Orleans can at all times proceed to Chattanooga, and most of the time to Knoxville. The dis-tance 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 Chatta-nooga 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 caim and self possessed.

"Your room is not ready yet, but it will be presently," she said, when we had greeted each other; "you can dress here. We have a few friends to dinner to the darkness, could see that it was some York Telegram.

So, to my unutterable horror I discerned to the outline of a human face! Pittsburg. The improvement of this short piece of the river has been more or to the darkness, could see that it was New York Telegram.

The Late Orlow W. Chapt

Orlow W. Chapman, solicitor general of the United States, who died suddenly at his residence in New York lately, was



with the class of 1854. He was proguages at Fergu-sonville academy, and in 1856 began to study law. Two years later he began to practice at Bingham ton. In

orlow w. CHAPMAN. 1862 he was appointed district attorney of Broome county, and a few months later was elected to the office, holding it till 1868. He was made a state senator in 1867 and re-elected in 1869. He also held the office of superintendent of insurance for his of superintendent of insurance for his state. In 1869 he was appointed solici-tor general, the office being that of the legal adviser of the government. Mr. Chapman was a large man, of genial temper and uniform kindness and courtesy.

& Question of Sides.

Lady in Drug Store (who has just taken a dose of belladonna, picks up a hand mirror)—Oh, my! My right pupil's ever

so much larger than my left.

Drug Clerk (gravely)—You probably swallowed your medicine all on that side, madame.—Detroit Free Press.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experi

Monkeys as Crab Catchers

The way in which monkeys catch land crabs is described by a sportsman who made an expedition to the jungles around Singapore, and there enjoyed sport which makes the contemporaneous records of makes the contemporaneous records of Indian experiences pale into insignificance. The monkey lies down flat on its stomach, feigning death. From the countless passages piercing the mud in every direction thousands of little red and yellow crabs soon make their appearance, and after suspiciously eying from form printing the brown fur of the for a few minutes the brown fur of the monkey, they slowly and cautiously slide up to him, in great glee at the prospect of a big fe. ¹ off the bones of Jocko. The latter peeps through his half closed eyelids, and fixes upon the biggest of the assembled multitude. When the crab comes within reach, out dashes the monkey's arm, and off he scampers into the jungle with a cry of delight to discuss at leisure his cleverly earned dinner.

"Rarely did the monkeys seem to miss their prey," adds the describer of this scene. "I saw, however, one old fellow do so, and it was ludicrous in the extreme to see the rage it put him in. Jumping for fully a minute up and down on all fours at the mouth of the hole into which the crab had escaped, he positively howled with vexation. Then he set to work poking the mud about with his fingers at the entrance to the passage, fruitlessly trying every now and again to peep into it." These same monkeys, the so called pig tailed variety, are taught by the Malays to pick fruit for them in the for-ests. The monkeys select the ripest fruit, and their masters, by following their movements, catch them in a cloth before they reach the ground. The monkey is too well trained to attempt to eat any fruit while at work, but when sufficient are gathered he is duly rewarded for his self denial.—London Globe.

Reporting Rapid Talk.

"Speaking of rapid talkers makes me think of the time I was sent to report a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher," said the mayor's private secretary, Tom O'Neill, at the Press club the other day. "I was something of a stenographer and head always been able to keep pace with had always been able to keep pace with every man I had been assigned to take. So, with no misgivings, I sharpened my So, with no misgivings, I sharpened my pencil and took my seat at the reporters' table and waited for the distinguished divine to begin. The subject was 'Evolution,' which, in those days, I knew absolutely nothing about. Well, he started in, and for a minute everything went all right. The second minute he took a spurt, and I found myself pushing my pencil at a high rate of speed. The third minute he put on more steam and I had to write so fast my pencil got hot and came near setting the paper afire. The fourth minute he spurted again and I was lost. He kept on spurting until at

last he struck his gait.
"Heavens! how he talked. No manuscript. No notes. He just stood up there by his desk with one hand on it, the other by his side. His mouth was open, last he struck his gait. and without changing the expression of his face or moving a muscle the words came rolling out one after an drops of lead from the summit of a shot tower."—Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Stockbridge, of Michigan, likes a good horse. She knows one, too, and can judge of an animal's points as keenly as a Kentuckian. "At times I like horses better than people," she remarked naively once, and she genuinely has a love for the noble animal. Of all colors she pre-fers the blacks, and the Stockbridge stables will have three spans of magnifi cent black horses this winter.

About Money Making.

No one who has any experience can

No one who has any experience can doubt that money is one of the great practical forces of organized society. The poor boy who resolves to "make money" is not necessarily mercenary in his spirit or low in his aims. To gain a foothold by the ownership of property is simply one step on the great to success. simply one step on the road to success. That gained, he has gained a great lever. Every energetic, aspiring American boy may rightly and naturally look forward to the accumulation of property. But to wish for money, to seek it, or to use it in a selfish, base spirit, to make it in the first and most important object of life, is contemptible and degraded mannood. Think about making money then; think about it earnestly and with a fixed determination to do ιt ; but think quite as seriously of other and higher things ιt ? be done.—Country Gentleman.

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A DMINI AATOR'S NOTICE.

- Estate tion in the estate of conrad
Baker, late fire of Pennsylvania, deceased, notice
having been all these knowing themselves
is hereby 3d, estate to make immediate payindebted the having claims against said esment, and fee having claims against said estate to pr them duly authenticated for seitement tet, city.

Administratrix.