

THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

The world is sympathetic. The statement none can doubt: When a man in trouble don't we think that B should help him out? Of course we haven't time ourselves to care for any one. But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done. We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved. We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved. We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt. At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the ground. And there are others, so we find, as on our way we jog. Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log. They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known. That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone. If talking were effective there are scores and scores of men. Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again. But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt, They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

—Chicago Herald.

THE ELECTRIC HAND.

Early in the summer of 1886 I was sent from Yuma with dispatches for the commanding officer at Prescott, Ariz., being at that time in the employment of the government as courier and scout. All the tribes in the territory were hostile, and most of them were on the war-path. I decided, therefore, that it would be less dangerous to cut across the country than to follow the usual roads or trails on which travelers were being daily killed. I struck out in a northeast course, and followed that direction as nearly as the configuration of the country would permit.

On the afternoon of the third day, shortly before sundown, I struck the trail from Woolsey's Agua Caliente ranch to Wickenburg, and, following it for two miles or more, came to some water tanks. As I was getting into the Indian country I resolved to be very cautious. After preparing and eating my supper I carefully extinguished the small fire, and scattered the embers and ashes so as to leave no trace of it. After having given my pony a good drink at the tank I resorted to tactics with which every scout and mountaineer is familiar. Having ridden forward on the trail until I found rocky ground, where the hoofs of my pony would make no impression, I dismounted and put the muffers on his feet. I then turned round and rode back, and passed the water about half a mile, where at a point some five or six hundred yards from the trail I found good galletta grass for the horse and made camp. I was on the east side of the trail, and safe from observation from it or the tanks. As these maneuvers were executed after dark I felt sure that they could have been witnessed by no one. I laid down my blankets and went to sleep with a feeling of absolute security.

Some time about the middle of the night I awoke without any apparent reason. Listening attentively, all seemed quiet. Sinking back to rest, I noticed that my pony had quit eating. This again roused me, and soon the perfect silence was broken by faint sounds of horses' feet in the distance. "If it be Indians," I thought, "my caution has been warranted, for they can't find me for some time at least."

The sound of the hoofs became plainer, and I was soon able to determine that a single animal made them, and that it was being hard ridden. Wonder and alarm took possession of me when, at a point on the trail directly opposite from which I was sleeping, the gallop broke, and at a much slower pace the horse came in my direction. I reasoned that it could not be an Apache, for a solitary Indian would select an open place at some elevated point to sleep. It followed, then, that the midnight rider was white and a stranger to the trail, and his approach was nothing more than a chance. This reasoning was completely upset when, in a loud voice, the strange horseman, now quite near, sang out:

"Hello, stranger! where is you? Don't be 'tall alarmed; it's all right!"

How the man could possibly know that I was in that vicinity was something passing my understanding, but I answered his salute, although in a lower and more cautious voice; and when he came up to me proceeded to inform him, in language more forcible than polite, that we were in an Indian country, and that the people who went riding over it yelling like Comanches were likely to lose a lock or two of hair; that this might be a trivial matter with him, but for my part I considered my tresses valuable.

"Beg pardon; but that's all right, partner," he coolly replied; "there ain't no Injun in five mile of here; that I can bet. But it's lucky for me you camped on the right hand side of the trail or I wouldn't have found you. Where's your water?"

I handed him my canteen, and as I was thoroughly vexed at his impudence as well as nettled at the ease with which he found me, I inquired, in a manner not at all intending to disguise my feelings:

"How in the deuce did you find me, anyway? Were you hanging around here watching me make camp, and waited until this time to make your presence known?"

"No," he answered, in an undisturbed manner, as he took his lips from the canteen.

"I know you did not trail me. My horse must have attracted you by some noise."

"No, partner, I did not hear you or your horse, and I reckon I was fifteen or twenty mile out on the desert, seeing the time of night it is, when you spread your blankets. I didn't trail you, either; I felt you. It's lucky for me you're on the right hand side of the trail."

He felt me at a distance of five or six hundred yards. The reply convinced me that I had been overtaken by a lunatic.

Before I had a chance to speak again, he inquired:

"Where's highest water?"

I told him where the tank was, and with the assurance that he would be right back he rode away. That I was completely confounded at the strange visit and nonplussed by the traveler feebly expresses my sensations at the time. After the unknown traveler had returned from water, he unsaddled and staked out his horse, and I heard him gathering up twigs of the mesquite. Divining his intentions, I asked:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Build a little fire, partner, and have a bite to eat; haven't had nuthin' since mornin'."

"Well, if you are an escaped lunatic, and desire to commit suicide, I am not. Do you want to bring a hundred or more Apaches down here within the next hour, and have us both killed? This is my camp, and you shall not build a fire here to-night. You can wait until morning to eat; if not, go some place else and make your fire, far enough away so that I will not be compelled to suffer for your stupidity and nonsense," said I, losing all patience.

"Well, partner," the midnight horseman replied, in an injured and disappointed tone, but free from all offence. "I don't like to be unsociable, and won't do nuthin' when you says no, and I wait till mornin' for my coffee and bacon. Man, I don't danger myself or nobody. A little fire in that wash there couldn't be seen ten yards by an Injun or nobody else, and when I tells you there's no Injuns nigher to us than five miles, I know what I is talking about. I was born in western Missouri, twenty-nine years ago, when the Injuns was tryin' to burn our cabin, and my good mother—leastwise, I never seen her—died two hours after I came to the world. Do you think that's for nuthin'? Do you think a good woman gives up her life for a boy who grows to be a man, and give up whites to the Injuns? No, sir-ee. I hates 'em, and I wish I could kill every one of 'em, for the whole lot of 'em, ten million times over, is not so good as my mother. I can feel 'em if they is nigh, and I have had one of 'em for every hair that was in her head—leastwise, if she was like other women. Travel with me, pard, and there is no danger to nobody. I sc a friend to every man as had a white mother, and an enemy to all Injuns. Good night to you!"

I awoke first in the morning, made a fire, and was getting coffee ready when the stranger got up. He was tall and slender, with a round, good natured face, black eyes, hair and mustache, and appeared several years younger than the age he gave the previous night. His countenance was frank and open, and his actions simple and modest. He gave the name of Dick Harbert; was going to Santa Fe—a very dangerous trip at that time—and was glad to have company. So, after our breakfast, we saddled up and started off together.

I learned little of my strangely met companion during our ride that day. He was a good rider, excellently mounted and well armed, and the only physical peculiarity I noted was that he was decidedly left-handed. His right arm and hand may as well have been of wood for the uses made of them, yet they were apparently sound and uninjured. I became more and more mystified with the man. He rode along, so far as I could see, without giving the slightest attention to his surroundings, but his peculiar confidence was expressed and illustrated whenever he detected me inspecting the country with especial care, by some remark, as: "There's no Injuns here; never you mind, partner, I'll tell when they is around."

We had a good hard wagon road for the greater part of the day's travel, and, as water was plentiful, made good time. We entered People's Valley toward evening, and intended to make the old station, a few miles further up, for the night. Harbert was riding slightly ahead of me, when I noticed him drop a switch which he carried in his right hand, and extend that arm in front of him. A moment or two afterward he turned to me and said, with a smile which I thought unsuited to the situation, "There's Injuns about here."

I could not see the slightest thing to justify the assertion, and we rode on for about fifteen minutes before Harbert drew up his horse and said:

"Yes, they is to the north of us, and not mor'n half mile ahead of us. They think they'll s'prise us, but they won't do nuthin' of the kind. How's your guns, partner?"

I took a careful look at my weapons, while Harbert examined his pistols, handling them with his left hand, but did not take his rifle out of the holster. My curiosity had by this time overcome all other considerations, and I could not refrain from asking my companion how he knew that Indians were in that vicinity.

"Know? Why, I allus knows. Didn't I tell you before? I feel 'em. Listen."

With this, he held his right hand close to my ear, and my astonishment was complete. His fingers, which were slightly trembling, as I first supposed through fear or excitement, gave forth a very faint yet distinct metallic sound, more closely approaching that made by a tuning fork than any I had before or have since heard.

"It's my alarm clock; it allus goes that way when Injuns is nigh," said he, in answer to my countenance. "Now, if you is ready, we'll go on. We'll cut from the road to the right, and give the Apaches a long shot. You use the rifle, and I'll make my pistol count at short range, if need be; leastwise, I won't waste no ammunition, you can bet."

We started down the gentle slope at a long, swinging gallop, and sure enough when we had covered about half a mile I saw an Apache raise his head from behind a rock on the hillside to our left. As I drew up my Winchester to shoot a volley from four or five rifles was fired at us, but the range was too long, and we suffered no injury. I returned the fire, and, although there was no prearranged plan of action, both Harbert and

myself wheeled our horses and started toward the Indians.

They broke from their shelter and scattered, all endeavoring, however, to pass beyond the ridge of the hill of the side of which they had made their ambush. I followed several up the hill in the direction from which we came, firing eight or ten shots, and having the satisfaction of seeing one of the murderous fiends fall to the ground.

As I had not heard a shot from Harbert, I turned around to see what had become of him, and thus witnessed one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable occurrences in my life. Harbert was pursuing, in a diagonal direction from me, three Indians, who were endeavoring to cross the ridge at the lower point than those whom I attacked, but, while within close range, did not attempt to shoot. Just at this moment a buck, who was nearest to him, pulled up his weapon, but the pistol in the left hand of my companion cracked, and the Indian fell over dead. I could see that Harbert's horse had a free rein, and that it understood the work in hand as well as its master, for in another moment it was alongside of the second Indian. No shot was fired this time. Harbert clutched the Apache by the neck with his right hand, and threw him from the pony he was riding, scarcely pausing in his mad chase after the third savage.

Thinking that the Indian who had been pulled from his horse was simply stunned, I rode rapidly towards him, but was surprised, upon reaching the body, to see, by the distorted features and protruding tongue, that life was extinct.

By this time Harbert had come up to the last wretch; again his right arm went out and his hand clutched the throat of the Indian, who rolled from his horse as though his skull had been cloven. Again turning into the road and shouting to me to follow, Harbert started in the direction we had been previously traveling at a speed which my pony could not begin to maintain.

The entire fight, if fight it might be called, did not last over five or six minutes. Although not unfamiliar with such things, I was completely bewildered. How did Harbert kill the last two Indians? He surely did not strangle them to death, for he did not take sufficient time, and he certainly did not possess the strength to dislocate a man's neck while using but one hand. Why did he not shoot them like an ordinary man would have done? Was he a wizard, and what unseen powers did he possess? While trying to settle these and other questions of a similar nature which rapidly came to my mind, I overtook my companion, who lay writhing on the ground in apparent agony, while his horse was quietly grazing on the grass near by.

Believing that he had been wounded, I sprang to his side to render what assistance I could, when he turned his face toward me and fairly hissed:

"For God's sake, man, don't touch me; I'll kill you!"

His jaws set, his eyes rolled and his features gave evidence of the most intense pain; great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. His limbs were twitching, and his entire frame was convulsed. I never saw any one suffer such agony as Harbert did for the next five or six minutes, and when the throes became less violent he sat up and began rubbing and beating his right arm, repeating over and over again, in a low moan, "Oh, I'll kill me; I'll bust; I'll break; some time I'll cut it off—cut it off!" It was fully half an hour before the suffering man was able to mount his horse and ride to the station, but in the meantime he assured me he had not been wounded by the Indians.

We reached Prescott the next evening without any further encounter with the Indians, and during the day Harbert explained to me reluctantly—for he was averse to talking on the subject—the nature of his peculiar gift or ailment. It seems that he had possessed it since childhood, and was inclined to attribute it to the painful circumstances attaching to his birth. It was never thoroughly developed until he came into the Indian country, when he found that by the sensation in his right hand he was able to detect the presence, at considerable distances, of his inherent foe, and also that of other people if they were to the right of him. When unduly excited or angry his "electric hand," as Harbert himself called it, became an instrument of certain death, instantaneously killing any one upon whom it was laid. After such occasions he invariably suffered the agony I had witnessed the day before.

Poor Harbert never reached Santa Fe alive, his dead body—stripped of its flesh by the coyotes—having been found near Navajo Springs some two months after our meeting. The cause of his death still remains a mystery, and his premature demise unfortunately closed to the medical fraternity all opportunity of ascertaining the cause and determining the nature of the storage power which I saw him exercise.—Charles Lane Mosher in Boston True Flag.

Rapid Doubling.

A physician of New York, at a little gathering there recently, told of one of the first professional calls made by a fellow practitioner. He was sent for by a rich but avaricious man who had dislocated his jaw. The young surgeon promptly put the member in place.

"What is your bill, doctor?" asked the patient.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Great heavens!" And the man opened his mouth so wide as to dislocate his jaw a second time. The physician again put things to rights.

"What did you say your bill was?" again asked the patient.

"I said it was fifty dollars; now it is one hundred."

The man grumbled, but paid it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Chance for Damages.

Mrs. Merritt—I hear your husband fell on the ice and broke his leg. That was dreadfully unlucky.

Mrs. Giles—I should say it was. He fell on our own sidewalk.—Epoch.

A LIBRARY OF BIBLES.

THE SCRIPTURAL COLLECTION MADE BY A RESIDENT OF BOSTON.

Old Jewish Manuscripts That Were Hard to Obtain—A Roll from the Famous Jerusalem Dealer—The Wonderful "Chained Bible"—A Piece of Papyrus.

S. Brainerd Pratt, of Forest Hills, is the owner of the largest and finest collection of Bibles in this part of the country. For upward of twenty-five years Mr. Pratt has been accumulating this collection, and now has over three hundred volumes and a great variety of manuscripts of the Bible. Some of his Bibles are nowhere else to be seen in this country.

Beginning with the manuscripts, is a Jewish roll of the five books of Moses. These Jewish rolls are very difficult things to get. Mr. Pratt had been trying for ten years to find one, when a learned German professor, Dr. Gregory, of Leipzig, secured this one for him. It is contrary to the Jewish law to allow one to fall into the hands of a Gentile. When one is worn out, or for any reason of no further use, it is buried in the ground and the place of its interment forgotten as soon as possible. It would be considered sacrilege to destroy one in any other manner as much as to let a Christian have it. This roll in Mr. Pratt's possession was made by a learned rabbi of Posen, Prussia, for his own use, and at his death his children thought more of the money than the sacredness of the roll and sold it to Dr. Gregory. It came into Mr. Pratt's hands for \$65.

The roll is of vellum, which is a material of finer texture, thinner and smoother than parchment, and is a continuous roll 48 1/2 feet long, made by sewing together a lot of skins some 20 inches in length. Not an erasure or correction appears on the whole manuscript, as the copyist is obliged, if he makes an error, to destroy the entire skin on which it has occurred and begin his work again.

THE TWELVE MINOR PROPHETS.

Mr. Pratt has since received several of these rolls, one of the most interesting of which contains the twelve minor prophets, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi. This roll was used for a long time at a synagogue in Jerusalem, and was finally laid aside, as the letters were too fine for the eyesight of the reader, and another was made in larger letters. The discarded roll was condemned to be buried, but the Rev. Dr. Selah Merrill, who was then in Jerusalem, persuaded the man to whom the duty was intrusted that it could be buried in Boston just as well as in Jerusalem.

Mr. Pratt has another roll from Jerusalem containing the Book of Genesis. This was purchased by the Rev. H. C. Turnbull, D. D., at the shop of M. W. Shapira, a famous Jerusalem dealer in ancient manuscripts, who became noted for almost succeeding in swindling the British Museum out of \$250,000, which he demanded for an alleged ancient copy of some rare Biblical manuscript. It took the keenest experts on the subject in the world to prove the manuscript spurious. This roll in Mr. Pratt's possession is a fine specimen of Hebrew lettering, with one funny thing about it. It is against the Scriptures out of Jerusalem. But the Jewish standard of absolute correctness and perfection in their roll is so high that an imperfect copy doesn't count, and a single letter wrong or missing makes the whole roll imperfect and worthless in their sight. So the first letter of the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis is omitted. This vitiates the whole business, and the roll is of no account, it can lawfully be sold, it can go into the hands of a Gentile, and it can be sent out of the sacred limits of the holy city.

Four more of these curious rolls came from Constantinople to Mr. Pratt's library, containing respectively the books of Ruth, Songs of Solomon, Ecclesiastes and Lamentations, all of them on parchment. He has two parchment rolls of the book of Esther, which came from Constantinople, one of which was formerly read from in a synagogue in the sultan's capital, and another on an exquisitely carved ivory roller, which is written in characters so small as to be a perpetual wonder and tribute to the extraordinary patience and finger cunning of the copyist. He has a roll of Esther on paper from Russia, and one on parchment from Germany.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

One of the greatest curiosities in the whole collection is a "chained Bible." This mediæval relic was printed at Strasburg in 1480, less than half a century after the invention of printing, and twelve years before the discovery of America. It is in four immense folio volumes, each being 20x13 1/2 inches in size, and containing a voluminous commentary on the sacred text, both text and commentary being in Latin, the tough old black letter being used, which none but a few adepts can read. The binding of these ponderous tomes is heavily re-enforced with iron plates and clasps, and a heavy iron chain is attached to each of them, by which the old books were secured to pillars in the churches where they were kept. These volumes were printed by John Gutenberg, the father of printing, and were doubtless among the first Bibles ever printed.

One can only gaze with awe and veneration upon a piece of papyrus, framed behind glass, on whose brown and dingy surface, in strange characters dulled by centuries and barely distinguishable, is written the third verse of the second chapter of Exodus. This dates back, perhaps, 2,000 years—no one can tell how old it belongs to an antiquity so vast. The very reeds from which this papyrus was made were of a species that ceased to exist centuries ago. The language is ancient Coptic, a dead language while Latin and Greek were daily spoken by millions. Mr. Pratt has another similar but less ancient piece of papyrus, also

from Egypt, and bearing a fragment in Greek letters.

Mr. Pratt was impelled to begin his collection by the general ignorance of the origin of the Bible and the way it came down to us, among the people, as revealed by his Sunday school class. So he started to form a collection of manuscripts and volumes that should illustrate each successive form which the holy books have taken from the beginning until the present day, the various kinds of material on which it has been inscribed or printed, and the languages which it has passed through. What it has cost him he has no precise notion, but the closest guess that can be made would not place its total cost at less than \$5,000.—Boston Advertiser.

Candyng Fruit.

The candyng of fruit, whole or cut, is carried on at Genoa and westward along the French Riviera, as well as in Spain and Portugal; but Leghorn may be considered to occupy the first place in Italy, and perhaps on the Mediterranean, in the preparation of candied citron and orange peel. The citron is bought for the purpose from Corsica, Sicily, Calabria and other southern provinces of Italy, as well as from Tunis, Tripoli and Morocco, and the candied peel is exported to England, Germany and North America. The Corsican citrons are the best; then follow those of southern Italy, the African fruit taking the third place. The oranges used nearly all come from the islands of Sardinia, Corsica and Sicily. Every requisite to the industry comes from abroad. Egypt furnishes the sugar, England the fuel, and distant provinces of Italy the wood for the boxes in which the product is exported. The province of Leghorn contributes nothing but the labor.—Once a Week.

Ericsson's Monitor.

John Ericsson, the great engineer, in a confidential letter, written March 23, 1866, said: "The great importance of what I call the subaquatic system of naval warfare strongly presented itself to my mind in 1826; yet I have not during this long interval communicated my ideas to a single person, excepting Emperor Napoleon III. What I knew twelve years ago, he knows, with regard to the general result of my labors, but the details remain a secret with me. The Monitor of 1856 was the visible part of my system, and its grand features were excluded from its published drawings and descriptions." Among Ericsson's papers were found, after his death, a series of autograph pencil drawings, showing these concealed features of his monitor system as originally conceived. They represent the ideas of subaquatic attack first presented in the Destroyer in 1878, after being withheld from the public gaze by their author for half a century.—Scribner.

A Born Mathematician.

A curious character in southwestern Maine is George S. McIntyre, whose appetite for mathematics and poetry has given him a reputation more than local. He is over 60 years old and has always led a hand-to-mouth existence, his remarkable proficiency in the branches mentioned never having proved of any particular value to him. His taste for figures was roused when he was a boy by the gift of an old algebra. He mastered this without assistance, and since then has never been able to satisfy his greed for mathematics, the most abstruse branches proving no obstacle to his strange mental acquirement. His fondness for poetry is also marked, and he recites at random from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Whittier. At present McIntyre lives in a Biddeford garret, subsisting on the scraps which charitable acquaintances give him.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Thread Leads to Fortune.

Ever since the police put a stop to fanning and other gambling in Chinatown there have been wailing and gnashing of teeth among the poverty stricken Chinese sports. The most ingenious of all the tricks yet introduced is as follows:

The fan-tan shops are now all upon the top floors of Chinese tenement houses, instead of down stairs, as formerly. A bright string is tied upon the knob of the door leading into the tan shop long enough to reach to the bottom of the several floors; a piece of kindling wood is fastened at the end, upon which is written in small Chinese characters this interesting information: "If you want a fortune quickly, please follow the string."

There are always so many poor Chinamen in New York who "want a fortune quickly" that lots of them follow these strings, and the places are always crowded.—New York Sun.

Dr. Talmage's Congregation.

Talmage preaches not alone to the 6,000 souls who are to fill the grand new tabernacle that is now rising over the ashes of the old one, but to the four corners of the earth. His words are translated into all tongues, and appear in Scandinavia in Swedish and in Spain in Spanish as they are in English in England. They are not infrequently met with in Chinese, in Japanese, in Turkish and in Hindoostanee as well. The late Henry Ford computed that each of his sermons in all lands has a circulation of 30,000,000. But even at the most conservative estimate possible it is beyond all cavil and dispute that every Sunday Brooklyn's famous divine speaks to at least 15,000,000 souls.—New York World.

A Nation of Bathers.

Among the working classes in Siam even the festoons of cobwebs rarely attract attention, though they may be black with age and dust and smoke (for there are no chimneys to the houses, and the cooking is all done inside). And yet in their own way the Siamese are a very cleanly people.

They are a nation of bathers, and from infancy always indulge in a regular plunge two or three times a day. The children are amphibious, and rather more at home and much happier in the water than in the house.—New York Journal.

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BLACK:
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NOTICE OF APPLICATION

FOR CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an Application will be made to the Hon. Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, on the 7th day of April, A. D., 1890, for the Charter of a Corporation to be called THE AMERICAN MUSIC AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT ASSOCIATION of the City of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the character and object of which are the advancement and culture of music, beneficial and social entertainments.

JAMES M. WALTERS, Solicitor.