

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

The Rev. Thomas Baxter was a curate of the muscular, energetic type, which, fortunately for the church, is turned out not unfrequently by our universities and public schools. He was a big, broad shouldered young man, who, besides distinguishing himself greatly both on the river and in the cricket field, had taken a very respectable degree, for he was by no means afraid of hard work of any description. Such men often make capital parsons, and Tom was hardly less energetic in his parish work than he had been in very different spheres of action at Eaton and Oxford. But there were limits to Mr. Baxter's endurance; he liked an occasional holiday, and this was the only point upon which he and his vicar, the Rev. Septimus Straightway, were not entirely agreed.

The Rev. Septimus was an earnest man, and took a severe and gloomy view of the pleasures of life. He worked terribly hard in an East End parish; knew nothing and cared less about outdoor sports—or, in fact, about any form of amusement; and fully expected his curates to follow unhesitatingly in the extremely narrow and steep path up which he led them. Hence it came to pass that Mr. Straightway experienced considerable difficulty in finding curates after his own heart; the young men were continually leaving him for less arduous duties, and the vicar's opinion of human nature in general, and of the younger generation of curates in particular, steadily grew worse. In Tom Baxter, however, he really thought he possessed a treasure, and the danger of working a willing horse to death never so much as entered into his head.

Poor Tom did his very best to satisfy Mr. Straightway's requirements, for he really respected the man and valued immensely his good opinion, but, as has already been indicated, he could not help longing that his superior would enter a little more into his own harmless liking for occasional relief, and sympathize with his passion for rowing and all that was connected with athletics.

At the time I write of the cricket season was in full swing; but Tom's duties had not only prevented him from playing in a single match, but even from looking on at one for a few hours from the roof of the pavilion at Lord's. More-over the university cricket match, in which he took an absorbing interest, was fast approaching, and he was sorely troubled by the dread that he might not be able to see it. This fear haunted him day and night; it worried him during his visiting and mission work, spoilt his rest and occasionally obtruded itself upon him in the pulpit. Even the absent minded Mr. Straightway at length noticed that his curate's mind was ill at ease, and one day he went so far as to inquire the cause. Tom stammered out something about being out of sorts, and ventured to hint that he thought a day's holiday would do him good.

"When I was your age, Mr. Baxter, I never wanted a holiday," replied the austere vicar; "but you are certainly not looking well. Let me see, today is the 24th of June. In about a fortnight I think I can arrange a day for you. Say the 13th of July."

"Can't it be managed a week sooner?" queried Tom, desperately, for the university match was fixed for the 4th.

"Quite impossible, I fear," said the vicar, decisively, for he was a terrible martinet with his curates. So, with a wave of his hand, he dismissed the subject, and Tom knew that further appeal was useless.

"It's rather too bad," grumbled Mr. Baxter, as he walked home to his humble lodgings. "But it is no use talking to him about cricket; he doesn't know a bat from a ball." And with a heavy heart he tried to resign himself to the inevitable.

But two days later a circumstance occurred which entirely routed Tom's virtuous resolutions. A letter arrived at the vicar's gentleman's lodgings which was conched in the following terms:

HEATHCOTE HALL, LEAMINGHAM.
DEAREST TOM—We're actually coming to town! Only for two days, though; and we are going to Lord's to see the match. Uncle has got a drag there, block B. Of course I shall never forgive you if you don't come and see me on Wednesday afternoon, so this is our only chance of meeting. Do come; in terrible haste. Yours lovingly,
ALICE.

From the foregoing it may be gathered that Miss Alice Heathcote and Mr. Tom Baxter were on tolerably intimate terms. As a matter of fact they had been engaged for six months, during which time they had very rarely met. Baxter's people were well off, and he had a very rich uncle, among whose possessions was an excellent family living, destined in the future for Tom and his bride. But the uncle was a stern and conscientious gentleman, and he was determined, before he definitely agreed to give Tom the vacancy—which it occurred—to see what that young gentleman was made of. And this was why Baxter had been sent to help Mr. Straightway in the East End, and why he worked so hard in the parish, and why he was so desperately anxious to stand high in his vicar's opinion.

When Tom read the letter his first impulse, unclerical though it may appear, was to use strong language. But he restrained himself and fell to thinking over the various means of escaping from his duties. A fresh appeal to Mr. Straightway he knew to be hopeless. That worthy ascetic did not only look upon cricket as a frivolous waste of time, but he was a strong advocate of the celibacy of the clergy. Moreover, by merely asking the question Tom might offend him, and this he certainly could not afford to do under the circumstances. There was nothing for it then but a pious fraud, and although Tom's conscience rebelled against the idea of deceiving his vicar, who trusted him implicitly, he could not make up his mind to disappoint Alice, or to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her. He might, under more favorable circumstances, have dined at her uncle's house in Portman square, but as luck would have it he had undertaken to conduct an evening class on both nights of her stay in town. So he wrote

a very affectionate answer, promising that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent him from appearing at Lord's, and he at once set to work to arrange a plot for the deception of Mr. Straightway.

On the day before that on which he had promised to meet his intended Tom told his vicar that he was passing the night with a very old friend, who had just come home from India, in his rooms near Jermyn street. This, it must be said, was perfectly true, and of course Mr. Straightway could offer no valid objection, as Baxter had done all his work for the day. The next day, however, Tom stunk off to a telegraph office and in guilty haste dispatched a wire to the effect that he was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, but would, if possible, return in the evening.

By 11 o'clock he was at Lord's. The mere sight of the ground was so welcome to him that he was determined to spend as much time there as he possibly could. He knew, of course, that he would be certain to meet a number of his old friends, and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky; but he consoled himself with the thought that, as Mr. Straightway rarely, if ever, went into society of any sort, he was not at all likely to hear anything about it. So he ensconced himself in the pavilion and awaited the beginning of the play with pleasurable impatience. The Heathcotes were all enthusiastic cricketers, and he counted on their appearance by 12 o'clock at the latest.

The match commenced in due course, but upon its varying fortunes it is not necessary to dwell. The Heathcotes also arrived, and Tom at once took up a position on the drag by the side of Miss Alice, the warmth of whose greeting speedily banished all fears and qualms of conscience from his breast. Nothing, in fact, could have been more perfect than Mr. Baxter's happiness up to the luncheon interval. His stentorian "well hit" or "well bowled" could be heard a hundred yards away; he clapped his hands, stamped and waved his hat like the veriest schoolboy, and meanwhile he was unremittently in his attention to the girl of his heart. Two o'clock struck. The bell rang for lunch, and the occupants of Mr. Heathcote's drag prepared for the substantial meal which forms so prominent a feature of the two great matches at Lord's. Tom by no means despised creature comforts. Mr. Straightway's curates were expected, at all events when with him and on duty, to follow their vicar's example in asceticism, so a good lunch was very acceptable to him. He had supplied Alice's wants, and was in the act of lifting to his mouth a piece of salmon, when suddenly he turned pale, his jaw fell, his eyes dilated, and the piece of salmon, accompanied by the fork, fell unheeded to the ground.

It was too true. Beside the very next drag, talking to a gentleman on the box seat, stood a tall, lean man, in clerical attire, whose figure was horribly familiar to the guilty curate. He could not be mistaken, it was Mr. Septimus Straightway, though what could have brought the reverend gentleman to Lord's was beyond Tom's imagination. The vicar had his back turned, and evidently did not suspect his curate's proximity. Instant flight was the only hope.

"Good gracious, Tom!" cried Miss Alice, "what on earth is the matter? You look as white as a sheet!"

"I don't feel very well, dear. Excuse me one minute," stammered Mr. Baxter. And he rose hurriedly, upsetting his plate, and jumped to the ground. Just as he reached terra firma he saw the clergyman sinking hands with his friend on the box seat; he was turning toward Mr. Heathcote's drag; in another second detection would follow. Tom glanced hurriedly round; the door of the drag was open and no one was looking. He accordingly plunged in head foremost, shut the door, and to make assurance doubly sure, pulled up the wooden blind. Then he breathed more freely. But what on earth would the Heathcotes think? A confederate was absolutely necessary. The Heathcotes' family butler, Mr. Binns, was an old friend of Tom's, and might be relied upon. Baxter espied Binns opening a bottle of champagne, and attracted his attention as noiselessly as possible.

"Binns!" he whispered, in great agitation, "please say to Miss Alice that I am not well, and that I have gone to take a walk, to bathe my head—say anything, Binns—but for mercy's sake don't let her know that I'm in here. Don't let anybody know. You won't, will you?"

Mr. Binns thought that Tom was off his head, but his impressive face betrayed no surprise.

"Certainly, sir. Any other message?"

"No! that will do—and, Binns, come back here at once; I want you to do something else."

"Yes, sir."

The message caused some little surprise and much sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Alice; "it all comes from working so hard on those terrible shams, and never taking a holiday."

When Binns returned Tom asked him in the same agitated whisper:

"Did you notice a tall, thin gentleman—a clergyman—standing beside the next drag just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see him now?"

"Yes, sir," said Binns; also whispering, "he's a-standing close by."

"Good gracious!" murmured Tom. "Look here, come and tell me when he's gone."

And Tom pulled up the other wooden blind half way, and covered on the floor among the cushions and dust cloaks. It was terribly hot and stuffy, but he dared not move until Binns returned, and that personage was absent for no less than half an hour by Tom's watch. The captive was growing desperate, when at last a welcome face appeared at the window above the blind.

"Mr. Baxter, sir," whispered Binns, "the clerical gent, sir; he's on the roof of our drag."

"You don't say so!" groaned Tom.

"He is, indeed, sir. He and master seems very thick; they're talking over

old Cambridge times. I never waited on him before, sir."

"Of course," said the curate in despair. "I see it now. Old Septimus was at Cambridge, so was Heathcote; they are old friends. How in the name of Providence am I to get out of this? I say, Binns, do you know I must stop here till he goes. You will keep it dark—now won't you?"

"Most certainly, sir," said the sympathetic butler. "Won't you have some lunch, sir? Nobody will know."

Tom smiled in his misery at the idea. After all, why shouldn't he?

"Well, Binns, I really think I will."

The trusty servant disappeared to return with a huge plateful of cold pie, a bottle of champagne and some strawberries.

"Thank ye, Binns," same Tom, gratefully; "now go away and don't come back till the clergyman has gone. Whew! How hot it is!"

It was hot and no mistake. On a scorching day the interior of a drag with the windows shut is about as agreeable a resting place as the Black Hole. Tom could not let the blinds down, so he drank a tumbler of iced champagne, which made him much warmer than before, though it inspired him to smile at his position. His stiff collar was growing limp, and his heavy black garments began to grow insupportable.

"Wonder if I dare to take my coat off?" he asked himself. The mental answer was "Yes," and he proceeded to do so. Then he felt better, finished the plate of pie, and had another tumbler of the champagne. "I feel half inclined to go out and face him," reflected Tom, but his heart failed. He piled the dust cloaks, coats and umbrellas in one corner, and tried to make himself comfortable. Presently, however, the match was resumed, and then his real suffering began. Tom had never endured such torture. Loud applause frequently broke upon his ears; shouts of "Well hit!" "Well bowled!" "Well caught!" and, sometimes, more maddening even than these sounds, there was a deep hush of suspense in the noisy crowd, or a distinctly audible sigh of relief, which told his practiced ears that some exciting crisis of the game had come or gone.

He vainly peered over the half drawn blind to catch a glimpse of the players; he could, however, see nothing but a forest of black hats and variegated sunshades. Binns returned not—Tom dared not quit his hiding place, and despair once more possessed his soul. "Suppose I'm here for the afternoon. Holy Moses, how appallingly hot it is!" (Heat is apt to relax the propriety even of a curate's language.) "Wish I dared to take some more of my clothes off!" And then his eye fell on the champagne bottle, which was nearly half full. "Well, I can have another drink, at all events!" And again his troubles seemed less. He stretched himself out as well as he could, for he was a big man and the space was small, and by degrees he finished the bottle. "If only I had a weed," he reflected; "haven't smoked for months, it seems years."

And growing bold even to recklessness, he hunted in the pockets of the other men's overcoats till he found a cigar case. When he had lit a cigar he felt comparatively at ease. It was very hot, he thought, but a peaceful feeling stole over him; the hum of the crowd grew fainter and fainter; the shouts of applause more distant; even the hammering of sticks and umbrellas on the drag, within six inches of his head ceased to annoy him. He pulled at his lips energetically; soon it fell from his lips, and the Rev. Thomas Baxter slept as peacefully as a child.

He was awakened by a rough shove and shout in his ear of "Hi, wake up!" Returning to semi-consciousness he distinctly heard exclamations of "Shameful!" "Disgusting!" "Who would have thought it!" And then a familiar voice said in somewhat quavering accents, "Leave him to me, papa. I must see him alone." Tom pulled himself together with a jerk, opened his heavy eyes, and found himself confronted by Miss Alice Heathcote, who stood with flushed cheeks and indignant expression at the door of the drag.

"Are you awake, sir?" she inquired, with elaborate sternness.

"Awake! yes; why not, dear?" stammered Mr. Baxter.

"Then what is the meaning of this? You leave me hours ago and say you don't feel well, and here I find you sound asleep when the play is over for the day, and we have been sending all over the ground for you. And in your shirt sleeves, too!"

"Good gracious! I beg your pardon. I forgot." And, blushing scarlet, the curate huddled on his coat.

"And they all say that you're drunk," she continued, with a half sob. "Oh, Tom, it's shameful!"

"Drunk!" cried Mr. Baxter, indignantly. "I should like to meet anybody who says that I'm drunk! Let me explain, darling. I'll come out now." And then he caught sight of his vicar again and shrank back. "Is that man never going?"

"What man?" asked Miss Alice, with impatience. "Really, Tom, you must be mad today."

"Why, the clergyman, Alice, dear; do you know who he is?"

"Of course I do; it's Mr. Grayson, a vicar somewhere in Yorkshire, an old college friend of papa's; they haven't met for twenty years. I'm sure he's not an alarming person—in fact, the only strange thing about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man—Mr. Straightway, you know. Are they at all alike?"

"Yes, they are—rather," gasped Tom, scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or heels. "Come and introduce him to me, darling. I'll make it all right with your father."

And he did; but it will be some time before he hears the last of that cricket match.—London Truth.

A boiler head in the dye house of Henry Wing, of Chicago, blew out and scattered a box of pins standing near with such force that Mr. Wing was literally stuck full of them. He will recover.

A HAUNTED ROOM.

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand; And haunting Loves flitting on every head Whimper her praises who is far away. A thousand delicate fancies please and play On every object which her robes have framed, And tender thoughts and hopes bloom and expand In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray. Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace Of all the loveliness once mirrored there, The clustering glory of the shadowy hair That framed so well the dear young angel face! But no, it shows my own face, full of care, And my heart is her beauty's dwelling place. —John Hay in Scribner's.

AN IRON DEVIL.

An Especially Murderous Locomotive on the East Tennessee Railroad.

There is a particularly vicious engine on the East Tennessee road.

It has killed twenty-seven men, and engineers and firemen feel a superstitious dread whenever they have to take a run on the rails with this man killer.

"I sometimes feel," said a grizzled old stoker a few days ago, "that there is a murderous spirit in that engine. She killed two men before she got on the rails. While she was being steamed up in the shops a plug blew out, and two mechanics were scalded to death. Then it was brought south and sent out on its first run. She mounted the rails and plunged down an embankment, killing her engineer and fireman.

"Soon afterwards she was fixed up and put on the road again. She ran for a while all right, until one night the engineer that was driving her saw a headlight bearing down on him and tried to reverse the lever and run back; but the engine acted like a mule and wouldn't answer to the throttle. She went whirling on and crashed into the other train. Five men were killed in the two engine boxes.

"But I can't remember half the devilry that engine has played. Once she seemed to get into the dumps while on the road and just wouldn't be managed. She acted as if the devil was in her cylinders. Whenever the engineer pulled open the throttle she would storn down the track like a hell cat, and it was like stopping a bucking bronco to get her down to a quiet pace.

"An emigrant train was running ahead, and the engineer of the man killer had orders to look out for it. After a run of an hour or so he came in sight of the emigrant train as it rumbled slowly up a heavy grade; then it disappeared over the crest and this devil of an engine went charging up and over about a minute behind. The engineer expected to see the emigrants away down the track, but they had slowed up and were only a few hundred yards ahead. Down went the engine following like mad, and as soon as the emigrants heard it, out they steamed as fast as they could. But the old hell cat could outrun the Flying Dutchman, and there was no stopping her. She rushed down, eating up the space between her and her prey. Eager faces were looking out the windows of the passenger car ahead, and the engineer, fireman and coaler, when they found that they could not check the speed of the engine, stood at the doors ready for a leap.

"They had to take it pretty soon. Already the emigrants were leaping from the steps and rolling down the sides of the embankment. The engineers were till the last moment before the crash, and leaped for their lives as well as they could. I can afford to say how many lives were lost as the engine tore into that train packed with emigrants, but it swelled the list of the men that the old brute had killed.

"No matter what road she runs, and she has been on a great many, she has kept on killing the men who stand at the throttle. We're too nervous when we have to run her, when you steam her up it seems to get her devil in her."—Atlanta Journal.

A Good Use of Wealth.

In reference to your article, "What I Would Do if I Were Rich" I would build in the suburbs of large cities cheap, substantial dwellings, which I would dispose of to the poor at a small rent a month, the rent to go towards the purchase of the house, and toward house I would place a bath room, sanitary now enjoyed by the poorer classes, but very necessary. Erecting a large number of houses would minimize the expense.

I would, in the large cities where available, build a bath which might be used at a nominal cost by the poor. As it is now, the workingman's family is obliged to do without this "luxury." The person who has a claim to modesty cannot in the cramped quarters occupied by the poor, enjoy this health preserver. Half of the diseases are bred in the foul smelling garrets, etc., where the inmates await with eager anticipation the delights of the "free bath" that is open in the summer months. If this were done in the winter months you would soon observe a decrease in the death list.—Cor. Chatter.

Improved Transplanting Pot.

A valuable addition to the working outfit of a gardener is a new transplanting pot made in three parts, the body being divisible and the bottom removable. In transplanting, the bottom is removed from the body, the pot inserted in a hole in the ground, and the keys which control the grip of the side pieces are withdrawn, when the halves are pressed laterally apart and raised from the earth, leaving the earth and plant it had contained in the new location.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Experts on Counterfeit Money.

Miss H. L. Wright is one of the most efficient experts in counterfeit money. Miss Hoy is another, and has held her position for many years. Mrs. Fitzgerald is in the comptroller's office, where all the bank notes come for redemption. Much of the money that has arrived at the treasury by reason of railroad accidents passes through her hands. She is a sweet faced, white haired lady, and has been at her desk for twenty-five years.—Washington Letter in New York Press.

TO-MORROW IS A HOLIDAY.

The daughters of four generations sat In the dark shadows of an humble room. The youngest played, the gray grandmother spun, Her daughter mused, while in the corner's gloom The great-grandmother bent low in her chair— And strange hot fashes filled the quiet air.

The child: "To-morrow is a holiday And I will play along the grassy fields And run the hills and pluck the fairest buds That all the flower covered meadow yields; I'll sing, and walk upon the brooklet's shores." O, in the distance how the thunder roars!

Mother: "To-morrow is a holiday And all of us will merry be and glad. I'll deck myself in what I have of best, For life should not be always bleak and sad. The sun shines bright for e'en the darkest soot." And coming nearer fierce the thunder rolls.

Grandmother: "Ah, 'twill be a holiday. There's no such thing as holiday for me. My fate's to spin and cook the daily meal. For life is work and solitude and drear. It's well for those who may do as they please." See the quick lightning flashing through the trees.

The great-grandmother slowly turns and speaks: "A holiday to-morrow and the tomb All wide awake for me. What's earth but care? And we would nothing breaks the joyless gloom And why should I yet linger in the world?" Great God! The lightning's bolts upon them hurled.

They do not see nor hear the awful flame That lights the chamber with a noontide glow. The daughters of four generations lie All dead together, smitten by one blow. Four lives thus ended by the lightning's ray— This their to-morrow, this their holiday. —Philadelphia Times

Difference in Sponges.

There are very many people who cannot tell the difference between "Turkey cups" and common reef sponges, and they are astounded at the difference in price. They are asked \$8 for what they think they can get just as good for twenty-five cents. There are sponges from Florida called sheep's wool, which, in the opinion of many buyers, are as good, although much cheaper, for all practical purposes as the silk ones. They are used mainly for washing carriages, although they make a good bathing sponge. Reef sponges come from Cuba and Nassau. Turkey cups from around the islands of the Archipelago. Sheep's wool and reef sponges come in ten, twenty and forty pound bales, and the finest of the former, known as Rock Island goods, sell wholesale at from \$2.80 to \$3.15 per pound. The Turkey cups are sorted at London and Paris into three qualities and sent to us in bags. They are sold by the piece.—Boston Globe.

Just a Difference of Opinion.

The artists are always finding fault, in every clime and country, with the work of the local "hanging committee." Never was an artist who did not claim, if any of his work was exhibited in an exhibition, that the unfortunate "hanging committee" had dwarfed his effort by hanging it in the worst possible place. At an exhibition in this city a certain artist had a work accepted and was requested by the hanging committee to visit the gallery and pick out his own place. He did so. When the exhibition was opened a fellow artist who visited it found fault with the place given one of his own paintings. "But I will not speak of my own work," he said to the party to whom he was complaining. "Now there is —'s picture over there. An idiot would have put it in a better place." When he found out later that — had made his own selection of position he had nothing further to say.—Chicago Herald.

Amusements in Great Britain.

In London the places of amusement number about 550 or 600, including 450 music halls. The capital invested in London places of amusement is little short of \$20,000,000, without reckoning places like the Crystal palace, Albert hall, etc. Direct employment is given to about 150,000 people, besides indirect employment to a host of tradesmen and workpeople. The London theatres, music halls and concert halls have accommodation for about half a million of sight sees. The capital invested in similar places of amusement in Great Britain is over \$20,000,000. This gives direct employment to about 350,000 people and provides accommodation for nearly 1,250,000 spectators.—Chatter

Hardly Courteous.

During the epidemic of influenza in one of our cities a gentleman who was suffering acutely from it went down town one morning, and on the way met at least a dozen sympathetic friends. At the twelfth encounter his patience was exhausted.

"Have you the prevalent cold?" inquired his twelfth assailant, a burly, good natured man.

"Yes," said the invalid, cautiously; "I have. Have you the prevalent sympathy?"

The retort was hardly courteous, and the man himself felt ashamed of it afterward, but at the moment it seemed to do him good.—Youth's Companion.

Eat More Fruit.

Meat three times a day is more than average down town dwelling human nature can endure. Functional disturbances of the liver, gall stones, renal calculi, diseases of the kidneys, dyspepsia, headache, fits of ill temper or of the blues, irritability and general absence of the joy of life are largely due to an excess of meat and other highly concentrated food. What shall we eat? We reply, eat more food.—Medical Classics.

It is believed that the use of smokeless powder by armies will result in making military operations much more difficult than they are now. The absence of smoke and the reduced noise of the detonations will scarcely allow of marching by the sound of the cannon. In order to get an idea of the situation on a battle field it will be necessary to examine it directly from some elevated point.

Vaughelm, the famous Hanoverian sportsman, slew wild boars by the hundreds, but ran away from a table upon which there was a roasted pig, or fainter if unable to beat a hasty retreat.

The "Duchess," whose novels are so well known in America, lives in Cork, Ireland. She is a handsome woman of 40, although her portraits represent her as being ten years younger.

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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. 1891, 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, and
JAMES M. WALTERS, Solicitor.