

### THE LAVA FLOW.

It found a valley young and fair  
And virgin of regret;  
That laughed away the amorous air,  
Nor dreamed of love as yet.

It left a valley wan and old  
And outcast of desire,  
When through her maiden heart had rolled  
Its passion flood of fire.

Her springs are dry; and dry between  
Is all her flowery pass,  
Save one wee strip of faithful green—  
The friendship of the grass.

And black across her beauty's wreck—  
Poor wreck, that may not die!—  
Lies dead the flame she could not check,  
Nor can revive.

So, wan and written in despair,  
So, frozen black in stone,  
They lie—the awful semblance there  
Of lives that I have known.

—Charles F. Lummis in Frank Leslie's.

### A Startling Prophecy.

Nothing in the future appears more probable than that within the lifetime of persons now living the industrial supremacy of Great Britain will pass away with the exhaustion of her coal fields. Switzerland, Italy and the Scandinavian peninsula are destined to become the great manufacturing districts of Europe. This extraordinary industrial revolution will be brought about by the transmission and distribution by electrical means of the inexhaustible and permanent water power in those countries. More than a year ago in Switzerland a woolen manufactory with 36,000 spindles, with the usual complement of auxiliary machinery, was operated wholly by electric power conveyed from a distant stream, deriving its never failing supply of water from the melting of Alpine snows. In the new era the Swiss republic may not improbably become the foremost industrial nation of Europe.—Electrical Engineer.

### Condition of Hayti.

The country is naturally rich, but not rich enough to support the hordes of shameless, self-seeking politicians anxious for their own enrichment. The cause for their appearance in such numbers is easily explained. The many revolutions, with their concomitant murders, pillages and conflagrations, have destroyed industry and labor, and have closed all the avenues to the attainment of a competence by honorable pursuits. Of what use is it to the peasant to plant cane or to cultivate coffee when at any moment the general of the arrondissement may force him to abandon his crops to bear arms in support of some one who, in the set terms of the usual proclamation, has "raised the standard of revolution against the most odious of tyrants?"—Cor. New York Post.

### How Stanley Punished a Traitor.

One anecdote told by Mr. Stevens of the way in which Stanley disposed of the Egyptian officer who was convicted of having plotted to hand the expedition over to the Mahdi, is worth repeating. Stanley, who was suffering with acute gastritis, had himself carried in a chair outside the tent. Turning to the incriminated officer he said:

"We have come through a thousand difficulties to save you and yours. Meanwhile you have been plotting to destroy us. Depart to God."

Saying these words, he pointed to a bough of a tree, where justice was done after the fashion of Judge Lynch.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Circumstances Alter Cases.

Northern Man (down in Florida)—  
What's the price of that orange grove?  
Native—Ten thousand dollars, mister.  
Had the consumption long?  
"Consumption! I haven't consumption."  
"Just weak lungs, maybe?"  
"My lungs are sound as a dollar. I am merely looking for a good place to locate; doesn't matter to me whether it's north or south, east or west."  
"Oh! Well, I'll let you have that grove for \$250."—New York Weekly.

### What Fogs Signify.

Night or morning fogs, or in winter persistent fogs, often signify a calm and settled condition of the air and the prevalence of fair weather. Heavy dews, especially in the autumn, likewise portend fine weather, but usually of shorter duration. Fogs appear usually in one of two conditions—either the air is nearly saturated up to a considerable height, or else is unusually dry, except in a stratum immediately above the ground.—Exchange.

### Adulteration of Food.

The total food consumption per year in the United States amounts to \$4,500,000,000. It is estimated that 2 per cent. of this is adulterated, or \$90,000,000, of which 99 per cent. is harmlessly doctored. If the estimate be true, then there is an annual output of food containing poisonous adulteration to the amount of \$9,000,000, while the portion that is harmless reaches a total of \$81,000,000.—American Grocer.

### Weeds That Travel.

The thistle and some other weeds have winged seeds, and these not infrequently travel 300 miles in a day in a passenger car and by rail, are swept out at the end of the journey, find a suitable habitat, take root and grow. There are plants growing in Kirkwood between the railroad tracks which are only found in Kansas, the seeds being brought on the railway trains.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Good Memory.

"How far back can you remember, Bobby?" asked his uncle.  
"Well," said Bob, "I can remember when I didn't know how to play marbles."  
"No further back than that?"  
"Oh, yes; I can remember when I couldn't remember at all."—Harper's Bazar.

### A Frog That Dies of Old Age.

A frog in Nicaragua, colored red and blue, fearlessly hops about in the day time. It has perfect faith in its warning color. No snake or bird will touch it, for it is disgusting to the taste, and the sooner it is recognized the better.—Catholic World.

### THE BROADWAY PARADE.

A Few Lines About the Shopping District and the Shoppers.

The Broadway of the promenaders is divided into three parts.

The first part, the shopping district, reaches from Eighth street north to Twenty-first, the second part stretches from Twenty-first to Thirty-third, and is the widely known "Tenderloin or Hoffman House district," and from Thirty-third to Forty-second stretches the "sou-brettes' parade."

There is no other walk in this country to compare with Broadway on a sunny day.

It begins to fill up with shoppers as early as 11, but it is in the afternoon that it is at its brightest and best.

The shopping district is the least interesting to the men. The women who go there are in a hurry. They are preoccupied; they have a mission to perform. They have heard that there is a place where they can get a piece of surah silk to match the stuff they bought last week at another place for fully three cents a yard cheaper; and they are looking for that cheaper.

They take time in their haste to look at each other, or rather at each other's garments. They also take time to look at what they themselves have on as they pass the impromptu mirrors of the plate glass windows. If the reflection is a strong one they will stop and walk up to it, keeping up an appearance of deep interest in what is displayed in the shop window, but in reality seeing only their own pretty faces and bonnets.

They are just as busy and earnest over their gloves and trimmings as are their husbands and big brothers over their "puts" and "calls" down town.

You see very few men in the shopping district. They leave it to the enjoyment of their feminine relatives and walk further up.

From 3 to 5 o'clock the real promenade begins on Broadway. It is a genuine promenade, for the pedestrians are not there by accident; they walk there for the pleasure of walking and of seeing each other and being seen. Perhaps it would be more correct to say to be seen, and then incidentally to see others.

You will see everybody who is anybody on Broadway sometime if you wait long enough. But you will see very few of the swagger set, either men or women. They keep to Fifth avenue, and only strike Broadway where the avenue crosses it. Broadway is only for the less fashionable and perhaps less select citizens of Gotham. The women who are seen there are just a little too conspicuously dressed, and the men who saunter there stare at them more than is quite proper. This may be because all the actors and actresses in New York walk on Broadway in the afternoon, and the non-professionals are always on the lookout for them.

They are frequently rewarded by the sight of Sara Jewett, who dresses overmuch on the street and looks, for some reason, shorter and broader than she does on the stage, and Pauline Hall in sealskin and diamonds, Cora Tinnie in black, with a black boa, and generally accompanied by her mother, who is said to be a real mother and not a hired "stage mother," and sweet Annie Russell, who sees no one, but keeps straight ahead with eyes "front."

The men who haunt Broadway are as well known by sight as the Worth monument or the clock in front of the Fifth Avenue hotel, and they are quite as hardened to the curious glances of the pedestrians.—New York Evening Sun.

### Slight Preparation.

A young man well known in the city lately departed for Europe with the shortest notice on record. A few hours before the train left Buffalo that made connection with the steamer at New York he determined to join some friends on their European tour. He went home, told his family of his intention, and, of course, was met by the surprised queries: "How can you get ready? You have got to prepare for an ocean voyage. What are you going to do?" "Nothing, but black my boots," was the laconic reply. Who will assert that woman is superior to man after such an incident?—Buffalo Express.

### Pillars from Pompeii.

Delmonico's old Beaver street building is probably the only one in America partially erected from material found in the ruins of ancient Pompeii. The marble pillars of the portico over the entrance, and, in fact, nearly all the marble of which the porch is composed, were imported from Pompeii in 1834.

So well authenticated is the history of these marble pillars and slabs that the Metropolitan Museum of Art is making efforts to obtain them.—New York Telegram.

### Different from Her Treatment.

Bobby (looking out of the window)—  
What's the matter with that horse, mamma?

Mother—The horse is balky, Bobby; he won't obey his driver.

Bobby—Well, what's the man patting him for?

Mother—He is coaxing him.

Bobby (with an injured air)—That ain't the way you treat me when I'm balky.

—London Tit-Bits.

### Decorated with Brown Paper.

When the late Cornelius Vanderbilt built his summer residence at Hartford at an expense of over \$100,000 the decorators covered the walls of his dining room with ordinary brown paper, such as is used by butchers to wrap meat in. There was a cherry wood dado and a rich frescoed frieze. This room was considered one of the handsomest in the wealthy town.—New York Sun.

### A New Way to Do It.

An Indianapolis bookkeeper made some changes in figures to look suspicious, asked for and got a week's leave, and after the firm had published him as an embezzler he returned, proved that he was O. K. and got \$5,000 to poltice his wounded feelings with. There is more than one way for an honest bookkeeper to make money.—Detroit Free Press.

### OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

A Negress Who Has Documents Showing That She Was Born in 1745.

In the northeastern portion of Dallas, Tex., between Bryan and Live Oak streets, and fronting the Houston and Texas Central railway, lives Aunt July Cole, who has but recently grown too old to take in washing. The cabin in which she lives is a rude hovel, and yet it is kept as neat as a pin. It is surrounded by a dozen huts of the same kind, though not so well kept, all huddled together in an irregular colony. The railway people have forced their right of way with barbed wire to keep the horde of pickaninies off the track, but in vain. They crawl through the fangs of the fence and gather upon the road in such numbers that the cautious engineer finds it necessary on passing through Freedmantown to use both bell and whistle.

After the train had passed the other day The Republic man crawled through the wire fence, and with difficulty found the cabin of the "Ole Furginny Aunt." She sat in a low chair and smoked a blue clay pipe. As she raised her face slowly and her wrinkled features were first seen they involuntarily asked himself: "Is it alive?" When she spoke her tremulous and cracked voice increased his astonishment. But it was not only alive, but it smoked and talked.

"My name is July Cole," she said. "I belonged to Col. Cole in Furginny, and he fit de Britishers wid Gen. Washington. Norfolk was my home, sir; right on de sea. My mammy come from de Cape in Afriky, and my daddy went back dere. My mammy was named Lucretia, and was give to Col. Cole by Gen. Washington's lady, who had many servants. I was brought to Henry county, Tennessee, and sold to Thomas Waters. I had great-grandchillun den. After I helped to settle Tennessee I was sold to William Rabb for lan'. Mars Jef come to take me home to Tennessee, but ole man Rabb wouldn't let me go wid him. Den I lived on Rabb's Creek, below La Grange, Tex. I was took away from my husband and two chillun in Tennessee, and my ole man he run away and followed me till dey caught him wid dogs right on de banks of de Mississippi river. Yes, sir, right dar in de bed of de river, whar de bill is and de high trees, and right down by de boat in de dark—fur he was runnin' to git on de boat wid me. But dey caught 'im and I never saw 'im any more."

On being asked her age the old woman began to rise slowly, holding, in the meantime, to the chair for support.

"I doesn't know by de fingers, but I knows by de happenin's," she said. She moved to an old trunk, which was covered with rawhide with the hair on and tacked with big headed brass tacks. From this she drew an old letter on blue paper, which she says was "de paper" given to Mars Waters by Mars Cole when she was sold. Only the lower half of the sheet remains, the other having evidently been taken off by time, and the only legible portion of the writing purports to give the date of Aunt July's birth. The only words are "was born Dec. 19, 1745."

The writer had heard that she was 145 years old, but of course he believed nothing of the kind. The appearance of the old negro and the evidence produced by her to prove her age were astonishing.

"Dey says I is er hundred and forty-five year ole, an', honey, I spee' it is so." "What is your earliest remembrance, aunty? Do you remember Gen. Washington?"

"I never seed him," she said, "but I knows when he was general, and I knows when he was president, too. I heard Mars Cole say when de tea was flung outen de Boston ship. I has seed de Tories, an' my brother was wid Mars Cole when he went into de war wid de Britishers. Dat war was seven years, and Mars Cole he got shot in de arm. I members when dey fit de French an' Injuns, too, sir."

It took quite a while to get all this out of the aged creature, who is very feeble. She had only one want—smoking tobacco—and that was supplied, after which the writer left her at her low, hairy trunk putting away her documents.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

### Love for Horses.

Once in the horse business always in the horse business might be put down as a proverb. I have known a good many men to get tired of race horses and sell out, but unless they sold out on account of age or infirmity they have always gone back to it. Look at Will Barnes. He sold his stables a few years ago and swore he would never own another horse. He is now in the market buying a lot of yearlings, showing that he means to stay in the business. I could name a number of others who have done just what Barnes has done. There is a fascination about racing that sticks to a man through life.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Social Opportunities Are Equal.

There is no good reason why the mechanic should not play the piano or the banjo if he is so inclined; none why he should not keep himself clean and respectable and go into society; none why the doors of mansions should not open as wide to him as to the salesman in a store. If the daughters of Squire Tinsel look down upon a mechanic and smile upon a counter jumper, the former may console himself that he is no loser by the preference, and that he may save the money the latter expends upon concert tickets and carriages.—Oliver Optic's Letter.

### A Peculiar Ballot Box.

Probably the most extraordinary system of voting was in Hungary, where the ballot boxes were immense casks and the ballot poles from four to six feet long, which the citizen carried and deposited for his favorite candidate with peculiar pride.—Detroit News.

Ralph Disraeli, a brother of Lord Beaconsfield, retired at the age of 80, after fifty years of public service, from the office of deputy clerk of the parliament, to whom he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield.

### Growth of Falcon Island.

In 1867 H. M. S. Falcon reported a shoal in a position about thirty miles west of Namuka island, of the Friendly or Tonga group. Ten years later smoko was reported by H. M. S. Sappho to be rising from the sea at this spot, and eight later, in 1885, a volcanic island was reported by a passing steamer, the Janet Nichol, to have risen from the sea. In 1886 the United States steamer Mohican visited the new islands—which had emerged from the ocean during a submarine eruption on Oct. 14 of the previous year—when its length was found to be one and four-tenths of a mile and its height 165 feet.

In 1889 the island was thoroughly examined, and the surrounding sea sounded by her majesty's surveying ship Egeria, when it was found to be one and one-tenth of a mile long and nine-tenths of a mile wide.

A little steam issuing from cracks in the southern cliff was the sole sign of activity, but there were many proofs existing that the island still retains considerable heat near the surface. From the condition of the flat, it is apparent that it has neither risen nor subsided during the past two or three years. Unless there be a hard core it seems probable that its existence as an island will be short. It has been named Falcon island, and soundings between it and Namuka show that they are separated by a valley 6,000 feet deep.—Newcastle Chronicle.

### The Colors in Rivers.

The colors of rivers differ widely. The Rhone is blue, and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. Anybody who has traversed the wonderful Adirondack region and fished in its waters must have noticed the remarkable difference in the color of its rivers and smaller streams which radiate in every direction from the central group of mountains. The waters of the Sacondaga are yellowish, while those of the Canada creeks and of the Mohawk are clear, with perhaps a bluish tint in deep holes. Fish creek is black or deep brown, and its neighbor, Salmon river, is colorless. Next comes the Black river, whose color is indicated by its name, but between it and the Grasse, which is also black or brown, is the Oswegatchie, with clear white waters. The St. Regis, again, is black, but the Raquette is white. The St. Lawrence is blue.—Nature.

### Ancient Voting Methods.

The Syracuseans used at one time olive leaves for ballots. Rome, at an early day after democracy was introduced, borrowed the ballot box system of the Greeks, but never took kindly to it. The Australian system of today is a revival of the practice in Rome 2,000 years ago. The voting classification in Greece in olden times was both social and territorial, not unlike the arrangement in this country in presidential elections. Many of the ancient systems of voting were corrupted by extravagant favoritism and bribery was not uncommon.—Detroit News.

### Many Judas Iscariots Sacrificed.

The inhabitants of many of the Mediterranean sea islands hang or burn a figure of Judas on each recurring Good Friday. One remarkable part of the ceremony consists in decking the head and face of the figure with red dyed wool, which may be accounted for by the fact that there is a tradition that Judas was red haired. Shakespeare calls red hair "Judas colored hair," and many foremost writers have spoken of it as "the flaming brand of infidelity."—St. Louis Republic.

### Served the Government Seventy-one Years.

Judge James Lawrenson entered the postal service when he was 16 years old, and has been in it continuously for seventy-one years. He is said to have sworn in every postmaster general since the administration of President Andrew Jackson. When Mr. Vilas was sworn in Mr. Lawrenson was overlooked, and when the postmaster general heard of his record he sent for Mr. Lawrenson and was sworn in again.—New York Sun.

### Drink Buttermilk.

Lactic acid, which is not far off from the beverage commonly termed buttermilk, has been doing the peptic wonders, it is announced. A good many people who are "out of sorts" with liver troubles might try the buttermilk cure direct, without waiting for an illness to have it prescribed for them. Especially old and feeble people derive benefit from the churn's surplus.—New York Telegram.

### In a Cheap Eating House.

Diner—Here, waiter! what in thunder have you given me here? I called for tripe; but this is the stringiest stuff I ever encountered.

Waiter (after critical examination)—Just as I expected. That cook of ours is awfully nearsighted, and instead of homey comb tripe, she's served up a piece of Turkish elze. Perhaps you'd like something else?—Boston Transcript.

### Betrayers of Christ Created.

When the ceremony of washing the feet is performed in the Greek church at Smyrna, the priest represents Christ, the twelve apostles being acted by as many priests. He who personates Judas must be well paid for it, and such is the feeling of the people that whoever accepts this odious part commonly retains the name of Judas through life.—St. Louis Republic.

### Jonathan in Switzerland.

There is something exquisitely cool in the following reply of a Yankee to a European traveler when the traveler asked if he had just crossed the Alps:

"Wall, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

—New York Ledger.

Italian editors have tried hard to translate the words Buffalo Bill. One of them makes it: "Compagnia Americana di Guglielmo Bufalo Occidentale Selvaggio" ("the troupe of William Buffalo Savage West"). Another paper says: "Suocapo e Guglielmo il bufalo" ("its chief is William the buffalo").

### THE VOICE OF THE VOID.

I warn, like the one drop of rain  
On your face, ere the storm;  
Or tremble in whispered refrain  
With your blood, heating warm.  
I am the presence that ever  
Baffles your touch's endeavor—  
Gone like the glimmer of dust  
Dispersed by a gust.

I am the absence that taunts you,  
The fancy that haunts you;  
The ever unsatisfied guess  
That, questioning emptiness,  
Wins a sigh for reply.  
Nay; nothing am I,  
But the flight of a breath—  
For I am death!

—George Parsons Lathrop in Century.

### Politicians in Hayti.

Hayti suffers from a superfluity of politicians; the supply largely exceeds the demand. The offices to which perquisites are attached are too few to satisfy the hordes of rapacious time servers, each anxious for an opportunity to steal enough from the public funds to support himself the remainder of his life in ease, be it in France, if the sum be large enough, otherwise in Jamaica or some other neighboring island, or even in Hayti. But once successful, he generally prefers to leave the country than to remain and run the risk of being compelled to disgorge the fortune won at the expense of his fellow citizens and his own honesty.—Cor. New York Post.

### The Eccentric Boy at School.

The eccentric boy at a public school is unable to take a kick kindly; he resents having his hat knocked into the gutter, or being asked why his tie is like a telescope, or being made the victim of booby traps; and the ability to take these little attentions with good temper is half the battle with a new boy at a great school who wishes to lead a happy existence. The average schoolboy, of course, does not mind these things, and, being neither a positive dunce nor a genius, gets through his school days fairly well, and neither needs nor desires the exceptional treatment which ought to be given to exceptional youths.—London Telegraph.

### Insects in Drugs.

At a meeting of the Chemists' Assistants' association some rather disquieting specimens were exhibited, demonstrating the existence of "insects and germs" in sundry pharmaceutical preparations and drugs. The first was a fair looking sample of crushed linseed, recently obtained from a large wholesale firm, and kept in a wooden cask with a wooden cover. The exhibitor gravely asked what would be the effect of applying a poultice containing "thousands of insects" to an open wound, especially if the poultice be made from hot instead of boiling water?—London Lancet.

### The Chicken Crop.

Government statistics show that \$560,000,000 are required to represent the annual expenditure for the chicken crop of the United States, and that 15,000,000 dozen of eggs, worth \$2,677,000, are imported to this country per year. Show me a wheat crop result that can touch those figures.

The expenditure in this country each year for poultry and eggs will amount to a much larger sum than that which comes to the credit of either the wheat crop, the cotton crop or the dairy product.—Interview in New York Star.

### The Age of the Spinster.

There is no period of life that determines old maidhood; the habit of each individual is to move the figure along the scale of years as time goes on so that a girl of 16, who considers 25 a cold and hopeless age for a spinster, is certain to change her mind and fix upon 27 as the year of desolation when 25 has been reached. Thus, by degrees, 37 is come upon with some color of complacency and hope.—Chatter.

### Where Sponges Come From.

The Bahama group of islands is the world's supply source for the cheaper grades of sponges. The industry brings to the islanders an annual revenue approximating \$300,000, and is constantly increasing. Nearly 6,000,000 of the slimy protozoa, so soft, yielding and clean in their evolved commercial state, but so revolting in their habitat, are taken yearly from the Bahama waters.—Cor. Providence Journal.

### The Right Kind of Man.

Women like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the last new magazine or the latest puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than its duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Not So Black as Painted.

"I was agreeably surprised, Mr. Brief, at your bill."  
"I'm very glad, sir."  
"Yes; I was told you were a consummate swindler, but I don't think you are any worse than the ordinary bunco man."—Harper's Bazar.

### A New Explosive.

Experiments with a new explosive called ocerasite, which is to dynamite as 100 to 70, have recently been made in Austria, and are said to have succeeded so well that the invention has been purchased for military purposes exclusively.—Christian at Work.

### He Was in Luck.

"Have you got \$5 in your vest?" asked a constituent of a congressman.  
"No, I must confess that I haven't," and he turned away and felt happy because he always carries his money in his trousers pockets.—Washington Post.

### The Last Straw.

Hitherto Patient Boarder—Mrs. Starven, I can stand hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie I draw the line.—Harvard Lampoon.

It is said of Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of The Century, that he can reject a manuscript so gently that the disappointed author travels 300 miles to see him—and stay to dinner.

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