THE LORD'S LIBRARY

Built Up From Vast Volumes of Dust, on Whose Pages Are

THE RECORDS OF HUMAN LIFE.

How the Words He Traced in Sand Made Hypocrites Tremble.

TALMAGE PLEADS FOR WOMEN

And Pays His Respects to the Anglo-Maniacs and Fortune Hunters.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BROOKLYN, February 17.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject: "The Literature of the Dust." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture concerning Christ, he gave out the hymn:

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Savior shine.

Text: John viii, 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground."

A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered 19 acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept 10,000 workmen busy 46 years.

In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about Him, when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If He say, "Let her die," they will charge Him with cruelty. If He lets her go, they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way He does, they will howl at Him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins

TO WRITE IN THE DUST

of the floor, word after word. But they were not be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of transgression until he looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written the scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, he looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and he says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more."

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that it is the only time that he ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw, and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page or a paragraph, or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was

NOT ONE SCROLL OF CHRIST.

Among the 700,000 books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the 4,000 baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that he ever wrote he wrote in dust—uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust.

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters or constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air ten degrees below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven, and down from second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of 62½ cents of tax to Cæsar. From

THE DEATHLESS COUNTRY

to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down before, with his feet, he could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billow was higher yet, but he had to come down before, with his lip, to could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before, and with self abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple he stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words he was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say, for he knew all those languages. But he is still stooping, and with his finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystal, in the spring in letters of flowers; in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes His hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwreckd world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light," was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come, ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground. If we could see His hand in all the passing seasons how it

WOULD ILLUMINE THE WORLD.

All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear Him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown thresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, yet we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high hath visited us," or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe, there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking-glass was put near the floor and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the heaven of

GOD'S TRUTH IS REFLECTED.

In this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Diety stoops down and writes on the ground let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God, we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud,

CONFESSING TO A MURDER

he had committed 15 years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy and the other word was Forgiveness. From the way these Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were first-class hypocrites.

It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—20 stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, he must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on optics. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was

THE AWFUL WORD HYPOCRISY.

But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground, he wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, he wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when he writes the offense of this woman he writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh, he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far East about him. He was walking through the streets of a city and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that anyone could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all His words and ways and habits. Forgiveness. Word of 11 letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though He write it in dust, than to have our names cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

MODERN FOLLIES.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stopping down, with His finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that His sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment. No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offense she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for 20 years the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in Legislatures and Senates and Parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazarettos of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing an Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East river at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on.

THE GREATEST LIBRARY.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened and a table was spread in that house which 1,810 years has been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his friends walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who 18 centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust. Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cesar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Chæronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, add all these scrolls unrolled and all these volumes unclasped and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every

VOLUME OF HUMAN LIFE

and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self-destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an ink stand the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve, and muscle, and bone, and flesh, as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry 'Lizzie! Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that he had written more than 1,800 years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

TWO RAILROAD WRECKS.

Two Men Killed and a Quantity of Property Destroyed.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

DENNISON, February 17.—A misplaced switch caused quite a wreck in the Panhandle yards here last night, in which one man, who was unknown, was killed and another probably fatally injured. The yard engine was shifting two carloads of mules and some empty gondolas when they ran through the switch into some other cars, telescoping the gondolas and one car of mules. The stranger was on the front of the gondola and was killed instantly. From papers on his person he is supposed to be from Justis, O. The man injured was an employe named Parks. There is some hope of his recovery.

A bad wreck occurred five miles east of here this morning on the Panhandle, caused by a broken wheel under a freight car, tumbling seven or eight cars over the bank.

ACCUSED OF ASSAULT.

A Williamsport Man Arrested at the Instance of a Dressmaker.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WILLIAMSPORT, February 17.—S. Q. Mingle, a prominent merchant of this city, was arrested yesterday on a charge of assault and battery preferred by Mrs. A. G. Kiehl, a dressmaker. The woman went to the residence of Mr. Mingle, and after a stormy interview she alleges that he made an attempt to take from her possession a certain criminating letter. During the scuffle the woman was thrown down and her clothing torn, and her hand satchel was wrenched from her grasp and searched.

The defendant was taken before an alderman, where he furnished bail in the sum of $300 for his appearance at court. Mr. Mingle declares that it is an attempt to blackmail him. The woman is somewhat notorious for her escapades.

Dyspepsia

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of **Ayer's Pills**, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequaled.

James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills cured him.

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills.

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TRIPLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Horse Breeder Kills His Wife, Two Daughters and Himself.

TECUMSEH, MICH., February 17.—A shocking tragedy occurred in this village last night, by which a whole family has been wiped out of existence. Frank L. Silvers, a well-known horse breeder, shot his wife and two daughters, Edith and Ada, aged 11 and 9 respectively, and then ended his awful act by shooting himself.

Silvers bought the revolver with which the crime was committed, yesterday. The bodies were found this morning by neighbors who, noticing that the curtains were down, and failing to arouse anyone, forced open a door. In the parlor lay the body of Mrs. Silvers fully dressed. The bodies of the children were found in bed upstairs, and in the same room, on the floor, lay Silvers weltering in blood and still breathing. Every one of the victims had been shot through the temple, and with the exception of Silvers himself, death probably was instantaneous. He is still alive, but unconscious, and cannot recover. There is no known cause for the deed. Silvers was apparently in prosperous circumstances and his relations with his family were pleasant.

RECEIVERS APPOINTED

For the International and Great Northern Railway Company.

ST. LOUIS, February 17.—A dispatch from Tyler, Tex., says: Recently Jay Gould filed suit in the District Court of Smith county against the International and Great Northern Railway for $496,990, and at the opening of the present session of the court on last Monday the International and Great Northern Company came in and attempted to confess a judgment for the amount, but the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company intervened with a suit against the International and Great Northern for $11,000, and asks for a receiver.

The matter was argued in the District Court on Saturday, and Colonel T. R. Bonner and Hon. Webb Findlay were appointed receivers of the International and Great Northern Railway.

HE REFUSED NOTHING.

A Cashier Convicted of Receiving Deposits When the Bank Was Insolvent.

PUEBLO, COL., February 17.—After his trial, which lasted one week, A. B. Gumaer, cashier of the defunct Exchange Bank of Canon City, was to-day found guilty of having feloniously accepted deposits up to the time of closing of the bank, knowing the concern to be insolvent. A motion will be made for a new trial.

The amount for which the bank failed a year ago was $300,000.

Bargains in Skates.

60c to $2 50, ladies, men and boys'. Only about 300 pair left. Will be sold this week at cost. J. H. JOHNSTON, 621 Smithfield st.

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Past the season, but such large elegant blankets at such prices. Bradley's—you know they are the best "country" blankets. BOGGS & BUHL.

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LIVER complaint cured free at 1102 Carson st., Southside.

DIED.

BOARDMAN—In New York City, Saturday morning, February 16, CHARLOTTE LANSING, wife of John L. Boardman.

BEECH—At his late residence, Lowry street, Hazelwood, on Sunday morning, February 17, 1889, JOHN P. BEECH, in his 56th year.

Funeral services TUESDAY, February 19, at 1 P. M. Interment private. 2

HANLON—On Sunday, February 17, 1889, at her late residence, 339 Wylie avenue, at 5:30 P. M., MRS. ELIZABETH HANLON, relict of the late Thomas Hanlon, aged 68 years.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

HUMBERSTONE—On Saturday, February 16, 1889, at his late residence, No. 14 Chartiers street, Allegheny, at 7:30 P. M., WILLIAM A. HUMBERSTONE, aged 70 years.

Funeral from his late home, TUESDAY, February 19, at 1:30 P. M. Friends of the family, members of Post 88 (of which he was a comrade) and sister posts are invited to attend. 2

IRWIN—On Saturday, February 16, 1889, at 11:20 P. M., IDA M., only surviving daughter of John M. and Martha A. Irwin, in the 29th year of her age.

Funeral services at the residence of her parents, No. 307 Webster avenue, on TUESDAY AFTERNOON, February 19, 1889, at 2 o'clock. Interment private at a later hour. 2

KRUT—On Sunday, at 12:35 P. M., HENRY G. KRUT, son of Anton and Tresie Krut, member of the firm of J. H. Krut & Co., aged 29 years, 4 months.

Funeral on WEDNESDAY, February 20, from No. 45 Fourteenth street, Southside, to proceed to St. Michael's, where requiem high mass will be said. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. Beaver county papers please copy. 2

MCCRACKEN—On Sunday morning, February 17, at 11:20 o'clock, SAMUEL MCCRACKEN, in the 63d year of his age.

Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, No. 267 Robinson street, Allegheny, on TUESDAY AFTERNOON, February 19, 1889. 2

ROCK—On Saturday, February 16, 1889, at 4:30 P. M., PATRICK ROCK, aged 39 years.

Funeral from his late residence, Harrison street, between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth streets, on MONDAY, February 18, 1889, at 8:30. Friends of the family respectfully invited to attend. 2

SMITH—On Sunday, February 17, 1889, at 2:30 P. M., JAMES W. SMITH, aged 20 years 8 months.

Funeral from the residence of his father, J. B. Smith, Main street, Sharpsburg, on TUESDAY, at 2 P. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

SARVER—On Saturday, February 16, 1889, at 10:50 P. M., MINNIE ELLA, youngest daughter of William J. and Helena Sarver, of erysipelas, aged 11 years 9 months 25 days.

Funeral from the residence of her parents, No. 46 Federal street, Allegheny, on MONDAY, February 18, 1889, at 2 P. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

WAESCH—Saturday, February 16, at 10:05 P. M., FREDERICK JOSEPH, son of John and A. Catharine Waesch, aged 9 years, 11 months and 10 days.

Our son has gone to a mansion of rest,
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To the glorious land of the Deity blessed,
Where he may never suffer again.

Funeral from the residence of his parents, Lafayette alley, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets, MONDAY, at 2:30 P. M.

WOOD—On Saturday, February 16, 1889, at 11:45 P. M., BENJAMIN HARRISON, youngest son of Alfred H. and Cecelia A. Wood, aged 7 months and 10 days.

Funeral services at the parents' residence, 509 Larimer avenue, East End, on MONDAY, at 2 P. M. Interment private.

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About Feb. 1 We Will Remove to
37 FIFTH AVE.
(NORTH SIDE OF STREET).
On account of removal we will offer our entire stock of Silver Plated Ware, Clocks, Bronzes, Statuary, Onyx Top Tables, Brass Cabinets, Piano Lamps and Choice Art Goods at a Great Reduction in Price.
☞This will be a rare opportunity to purchase fine goods at a very low price.
WATTLES & SHEAFER,
JEWELERS,
54 FIFTH AVENUE.
ja7-MWF

NEW DRAPERY NETTS
In Black, Cream, Nile, Sky, Buff, Yellow, Pink, Cardinal, Plain and Figured.
New Black Flouncings
In regular 45-inch width and new 60-inch width, in Chantilly, Spanish, Marquise Laces, ranging from $1 50 per yard up. A very choice selection of WHITE LACES, wide and narrow. Also, insertings in all widths, in Torchon, Medicis, Platt Vals, Orientals, Patent Point and Fancy Laces generally. REAL LACES in Point, Duchesse, Valenciennes and Thread, such as those who use these kind of laces require.
Jane Hading Veils,
In all the newest styles. Also, Jane Hading Veilings by the yard; plain and spot centers and narrow and wide lace borders. Veilings of all kinds a specialty. Come to our
Embroidery Department
For newest things in Fine Narrow Edgings, Insertings, Flouncings and All-overs. Also, White Goods for Dresses, Children's Clothing, Underwear, etc. The new Hemstitch Embroideries are going off very fast; the goods are stylish and very cheap.
HORNE & WARD,
41 FIFTH AVENUE.
fe15-D

NEARER and NEARER
draws the end of Keech's much talked of Reduction Sale. A few more days and the best opportunity that ever presented itself to this thrifty community to buy
FURNITURE, CARPETS, HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, CLOTHING, CLOAKS, &c.,
will be a thing of the past. If you intend to go housekeeping, if you have concluded to move, or if you contemplate refurnishing your house, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SALE. You may not need the goods immediately, but doesn't a saving of 50 per cent more than compensate you for the small trouble of storing them away for a little while? But, supposing you haven't the necessary cash just handy. Well, don't let this little matter be in your way, for WE SELL ON CREDIT, as well as for Cash.
☞See our grand Mahogany Side Boards at half price, displayed in show window.
KEECH'S,
923 and 925 Penn Ave.,
NEAR NINTH STREET.
Open Saturdays till 10 P. M. fe15-MWF

CHAS. PFEIFER,
443 SMITHFIELD STREET.
100 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY.
Men's Furnishing Goods.
A full and complete line of E. & W. and C. & C. brands Collars and Cuffs.
Neckwear Our Specialty.
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.
Cleaning, Dyeing and Laundry Offices at above location. Lace Curtains laundried equal to new. se18-p49-MWF

Morris
PHOTOGRAPHER, 16 SIXTH STREET.
A fine, large crayon portrait $3 50; see them before ordering elsewhere. Cabinets, $2 and $2 50 per dozen. PROMPT DELIVERY.
oc9-p70-MWFSu

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. & B.
BLANKET SALE
Extraordinary.
Past the season, but 1,500 pairs of S. Bradley & Son's Celebrated White and Scarlet All-wool Blankets will find ready buyers at the prices they will be sold at here, this week, and until all are sold, having purchased their entire stock,
1,500 PAIRS, FOR SPOT CASH,
And being past the season, of course they were purchased at a bargain, and we believe that there are Fifteen Hundred Families in these two cities and surrounding country who want to buy
BRADLEY'S BLANKETS
When they can get them $1 to $3 per pair less than their worth.
White Blanket Prices.
$5 00 Grade at $3 75.
$5 50 Grade at $4 25.
$6 00 Grade at $4 75.
$6 50 Grade at $5 50.
$7 50 Grade at $6 00.
$8 00 Grade at $6 50.
$10 00 Grade at $6 75.
Scarlet Blanket Prices same proportion, commencing at $4 per pair up. These Blankets are all of their largest sizes and best goods they ever made. One hundred pairs of their Black and Red Plaid Blankets, $5 goods at $3 75.
BRADLEY'S BLANKETS.
Attend this sale—such prices, for such superb Blankets have never been equaled in America, and likely never will be again.
Boggs & Buhl,
115, 117, 119, 121
Federal Street, Allegheny.
P. S.—Bargains in Crochet and Marseilles Quilts in same department; also, comforts.
fe18-TTS

"This Trade Mark is on Our Windows."
UMBRELLA
MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT.
We are RE-COVERING and REPAIRING Umbrellas in our own Factory, No. 441 Wood street, at LOW PRICES.
We are prepared to re-cover an Umbrella in ONE DAY, and put in Ribs, Ferrules, etc., while you wait. A few of our prices are:

Fast Dye Gingham	$ 75
Alpaca	1 25
Twilled Gloria	1 50
Best Gloria (warranted not to fade or cut)	2 25
Pure Silk	1 75

PAULSON BROS.,
UMBRELLA MAKERS, 441 Wood st.
Five doors below Fifth avenue.
Also, New Umbrellas at Wholesale Prices. fe18-MWF

FRESH BUTTER
RECEIVED DAILY
BY GEO. K. STEVENSON & CO.,
GROCERIES AND TABLE DELICACIES,
SIXTH AVENUE. ja6-69-MWF

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FLEISHMAN & CO. F PITTSBURG, PA.
BLUE MONDAY.
Saturday was a rainy day and our sales were away below our expectations. That is why we have "the blues" and shall try to force our sales to-day to such an amount as to make up for Saturday's shortcomings.
DON'T YOU THINK THESE PRICES WILL DO IT?
Ladies' colored border Handkerchiefs at 5c, worth 10c.
Ladies' all-linen Initial Handkerchiefs at 10c, worth 15c.
Ladies' embroidered Swiss Aprons at 25c, worth 50c.
Ladies' imported Corsets, embroidered busts, at 50c, worth 75c.
Ladies' 500 bone Corsets at $1 25, worth $2.
Ladies' new Balbriggan Hose, white toes and heels, at 25c a pair, worth 38c.
Ladies' black Lisle Hose, regular made, at 25c a pair, worth 38c.
Ladies' Corset Covers, trimmed with fine Torchon Lace, at 48c, worth 75c.
Ladies' Gowns, trimmed with fine Torchon Lace, at 98c, worth $1 50.
Jane Hading Veilings at 50c per yard, worth 75c.
Swiss Flouncings, 22 inches wide, at 25c a yard, worth 50c.
Swiss Skirtings, 45 inches wide, at 55c a yard, worth 75c.
Hamburg Embroideries at 17c a yard, worth 25c.
New Black Gimp, two inches wide, at 25c a yard, worth 50c.
Infants' hand knit Zephyr Sacques at 25c, worth 50c.
Men's all linen woven bordered Handkerchiefs at 9c, worth 12½c.
Men's genuine British Half Hose at 12½c a pair, worth 25c.
Carving Sets, Texan Handles, at $1, worth $1 75.
Family Clothes Wringers at $2 25, worth $3 50.
Decorated Toilet Sets at $4 50, worth $6.
FLEISHMAN & CO.'S
New Department Stores,
504-506-508 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
☞Send for our Corset Price List and Forget-Me-Not Bargains. Mailed free to any address. fe18-D

DANZIGER & SHOENBERG,
—SUCCESSORS TO—
MORRIS H. DANZIGER.
THAT
Gigantic Forced Sale.
Has met with unqualified approval. Our stores the busiest in town. If you want to be waited on promptly come in the morning.
Still better bargains for this week.
All the best makes of Muslin almost given away this week.
Lots more of Allen's best Prints at 5 cents per yard.
There is no let up on those choice Lace Curtain bargains.
Early spring novelties shown in every department of our immense establishment.
This the last and deepest cut in Ladies' Wraps, Jackets, Jerseys, Misses' and Children's Coats.
Remarkable bargains in Muslin Underwear and Aprons.
SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT!
Will soon be ready for your inspection and approval, our Big Dry-Goods and House Furnishing Departments.
DANZIGER & SHOENBERG
42-44-46-48-50-52 Sixth St.—538-540-542 Penn Ave. fe16-MWFSu

PATENTS.
O. D. LEVIS, Solicitor of Patents, 131 Fifth avenue, above Smithfield, next Leader office. (No delay.) Established 20 years. se29-h10

ÆTNA INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn.
Assets, January 1, 1887 ..... $9,598,839 50
EDWARDS & KENNEY, Agents,
fa15-59-MF 29 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg

WM. SEMPLE'S. FEBRUARY 16, '89. **WM. SEMPLE'S.**
Greatest Inducements of the Season. These Prices Will Make Room for New Spring Importations Now Arriving.
DRESS GOODS AND SUITINGS. We are opening new goods daily and want all the room we can get to display them. The balance of our winter stock in this department will therefore be offered at genuine bargain prices. Among them will be found many plain and mixed materials suitable for early spring wear, which it will pay you to secure at the earliest moment. Come in and examine prices. Double fold plain and plaid dress goods at 10c, 11½c and 12½c, were 15c to 18c. Double fold Suiting Cloths, plaids and mixtures, colored and black, at 12½c, were 20c. Double fold Striped Suitings, 20c, a special bargain. 40-inch gray and brown mixed, all-wool Suitings, at 25c, would be cheap at 37½c. 40-inch Cloth Suitings, 30c and 37½c, grand values.