A STRONG SWIMMER.

Christ Alone Can Rescue Man From Sinking in the Sea of Sin.

HELP FOR A DROWNING WORLD.

Talmage Says That Ministers of the Gospel Should Not

ALWAYS PREACH ON THE SAME THEME

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

SEATTLE, WASH. T., August 18.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached here to-day. His text was Isaiah xxv, 11: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The preacher said:

At this season of the year multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas. At first putting out cautiously from the shore, but having learned the right stroke of arm and foot, they let the waters roll over them, and in wild glee dive or float or swim. So the text will be very suggestive: "He shall spread forth his hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the banks of a river in the broiling sun, and fling out your line, and catch nothing, while the expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same text that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the ministers who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for 30 years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they

QUOTE THE OLD PASSAGES

that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible. You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you, "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you didn't see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of this Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

The text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while

SUMMERING ON THE BEACH

of the sea. You step down in the wave, you throw your head back, you bring your elbows to the chest, you put the palms of your hands downward and the soles of your feet outward, and you push through the water as though you had been born aquatic. It is a grand thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after a while, perhaps, have to help others. I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one to help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and award those who should pluck up life from the deep. Anyone who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that deed of bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved someone from drowning. But, my friends, if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth His hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

SINKING IN SIN.

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize, first of all, that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "Jesus," but I will tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness, and the pang, and the outrage, and the harrowing; and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin! it is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes everyone of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey. Take her away! Lady Jane Grey." It was the voice of his conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says: "Wrong, wrong." Sin is a leprosy, sin is a paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution,

SIN IS DEATH.

Give it a fair chance and it will swamp you, body, mind and soul forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect is gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its very first stages; but let it get under full way and it is an all consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them our teeth would chatter, and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes out to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of heaven, and His feet were free; and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

CHRIST TO THE RESCUE.

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us, He threw His entire nature into it—all His Godhead, His omniscience, His goodness, His love, His omnipotence—head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo! I come to do thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish; but, putting His breast to the foam, and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on until He is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent. Mighty to save, even unto the uttermost. O, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret. It was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara. It was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters. It was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw His grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omnipotence and His eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross, were not both hands nailed? On the cross, were not both feet nailed? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

SAVED BY HIM ALONE.

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if anyone is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one and he cannot get a lifeboat, and he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up, and bear another up, he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the torrent you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us He had no life buoy, His Father did not help him. Alone in the wine press. Alone in the pang. Alone in the darkness. Alone in the mountain. Alone in the sea. O, if He saves us He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar. No wing. No ladder. When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook Him and fled." O, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person independent and alone, "spreading out His hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

Behold, then, to-day the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer. I believe it was in 1848 when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers who were hanging to the bottom of a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their tops through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shore man that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after a while they heard their cry: "Help! Help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them and brought them to shore. Oh, that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us lest we drop

A THOUSAND FATHOMS DOWN.

If you have been much by water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants, or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of a relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking. Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick! be quick! Oh, I wish you all understood how urgent this gospel is. There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and he was maddened by it, and he leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would now the dove of God's convicting, converting and saving spirit might flash from the throne upon your soul, and that you, taking hold of its potent wing, might live and live forever.

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say, "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man, the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his arms, and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face; you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to take hold of you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be to God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer he comes not to our back, but to our face, and he asks us to throw around him the arms of our love, and then promises to take us to the beach, and

HE WILL DO IT.

Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you transportation. Turn your face upon Him as the dying martyr did in olden days when He cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to shove Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God to where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit. I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battle ships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth his hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth His hands to swim;" but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now. You will sink without Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread. I hear a great many in the audience saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself, the more you impede me. Now be quiet and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help Him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more and that will help Him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins and that will help Him." No, my brother, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let Him achieve your salvation and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it, if you ask Him. O, fling your two arms, the arms of your trust and love, around this omnipotent swimmer of the cross.

That is a thrilling time when some one swamped in the surf is brought ashore and being resuscitated. How the people watch for the moment when he begins to breathe again, and at last when he takes one full inhalation, and opens his eyes upon the bystanders, a shout of joy rings up and down the beach. There is joy because a life has been saved. O, ye who have been swamped in the seas of trouble and sin! we gather around you. Would that this might be the hour when you begin to live. The Lord Jesus Christ steps down, He gets on His knees, He puts His lip to your lip, and would breathe pardon and life and heaven into your immortal soul. God grant that this hour there may be thousands of souls resuscitated. I stand on the deck of the old Gospel ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of them hoping that the last man overboard would be saved. May the living Christ this hour put out for your safety, "spreading forth His hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

THE GOVERNOR ON GUARD.

With Two Militia Companies He is on the Scene of the Texas Riot.

RICHMOND, TEX., August 18.—The situation is quiet here since the terrible riot, in which Sheriff Garvey and ex-Sheriff Blakeley lost their lives and several prominent citizens were wounded. The Light Guard of Houston are here. Governor Ross arrived yesterday, accompanied by the Brenham Light Guard. It is thought the military will not be needed, at least for the present.

As the Sheriff has been killed and his deputy wounded, no arrests have been made, nor has any inquest been held to investigate the cause of death, though the parties have been buried. It is thought that all will be left to the grand jury for settlement.

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A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

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In our advertisement in this paper—prices low enough to clean out every yard.

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Iron City beer, brewed only by Frauenheim & Vilsack, is a refreshing and healthful beverage. It is pure, wholesome and nutritious. Try it, and you will always use it. Telephone 1186.

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Center table middle of store—to-day.

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A big gingham bargain this morning. Read Boggs & Buhl's ad. on fifth page.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. oc5-m46-MWFSu

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Ladies' Lasting Congress at 75c.
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-AT-

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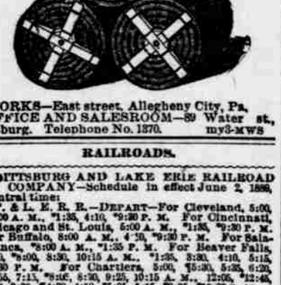

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RAILROADS.

PITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY.—Schedule in effect June 2, 1889. Central time:

P. & L. E. R. R.—DEPART—For Cleveland, 5:00, *9:00 A. M., *1:35, 4:10, *9:30 P. M. For Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, 5:00 A. M., *1:35, *9:30 P. M. For Buffalo, 8:00 A. M., 4:20, *9:30 P. M. For Salamanca, *8:00 A. M., *1:35 P. M. For Beaver Falls, 8:00, *9:00, 8:30, 10:15 A. M., *1:35, 3:30, 4:10, 5:15, *9:30 P. M. For Chartiers, 5:00, *6:30, 8:35, 6:20, *6:05, 7:15, *8:05, 8:30, 9:25, 10:15 A. M., 12:05, *12:40, 1:40, 2:30, *4:30, 4:50, *5:05, 5:15, *8:05, *10:30 P. M.

ARRIVE—From Cleveland, *8:20 A. M., *12:30, 2:35, 6:35, *7:55 9:40 P. M. From Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, *12:30, 7:55 P. M. From Buffalo, *9:50 A. M., *12:30, 9:40 P. M. From Salamanca, *12:30, 7:55 P. M. From Youngstown, *8:20, 9:20 A. M., *12:30, 2:35, *7:55, 9:40 P. M. From Beaver Falls, 5:25, *6:30, 7:20, 9:20 A. M., *12:30, 1:15, 3:35; *7:55, 9:40 P. M. From Chartiers, *6:12, 8:25, *9:30; 6:45, 7:08, *7:47, 9:20, 9:57, 11:59 A. M., 1:10, *1:22; *3:17, 4:00, 4:40, 4:52, 5:35, *9:12, 9:40, *11:12, *10:02 A. M., *3:12 P. M.

P., C. & Y. trains for Mansfield, 8:20 A. M., 3:30, 4:50 P. M. For Essen and Beechmont, 8:30, A. M., 3:50 P. M.

P., C. & Y. trains from Mansfield, Essen and Beechmont, 7:05, 11:50 A. M.

P., McK. & Y. R. R.—DEPART—For New Haven, †*9:30 A. M., *3:30 P. M. For West Newton, †*6:30 10:05 A. M., 3:30, 5:15 P. M.

ARRIVE—From New Haven, †*7:50 A. M., *5:00 P. M. From West Newton, 8:15, †*7:50 A. M., 1:25, *5:00 P. M.

For McKeesport and Elizabeth, *5:30, 10:05 A. M., *1:25, 5:15 P. M.

From Elizabeth and McKeesport, 7:50 A. M., 1:25, *5:00 P. M.

*Daily. ‡Sundays only. †Will run one hour late on Sunday. ‖Will run two hours late on Sunday.

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Also, 1 case 48-inch super, all-wool, Black Henriettas, they'd be real cheap at $1, our price this week will be 75c a yard.

We've got 20 pieces only, 54-inch, all-wool, Gray Ladies' Cloths, that usually sell at 65c, choice for this week at 37½c a yard.

About 100 ladies' all-wool beautifully fashioned Colored Cloth Jackets, that sold at $2 25, all reduced to $1 25 for this week's sale.

Our elegant stock of Ladies' Black and Colored Stockinette Jackets, that sold at $6 75, have been marked to sell at $4 75 this week.

A magnificent exposition, Ladies' Beaded Wraps, that sold at $4 50, will be offered at $2 87 each this week.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REGISTER'S NOTICE—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the following accounts of executors, administrators, guardians and trustees have been duly examined and passed in the Register's office, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance on Monday, September 2, 1889:

No. 1. First and final account of Robert F. Johnston, administrator of the estate of Martha Ford, deceased. Filed May 8, 1889.

No. 2. First and final account of Annetta Taggart, administratrix of the estate of Sam M. Taggart, deceased. Filed May 7, 1889.

No. 3. First account of James Gilmore and A. Dempster, administrator of the estate of Charles Gilmore, deceased. Filed May 8, 1889.

No. 4. Final account of L. H. Donner, administrator of the estate of Sarah A. Donner, deceased. Filed May 10, 1889.

No. 5. Final account of Joseph Payne, administrator of the estate of Sarah Gass, deceased. Filed May 10, 1889.

No. 6. Final account of Patrick O'Connor, executor of the will of Patrick Horen, deceased. Filed May 14, 1889.

No. 7. Final account of William Ewing, Jr., guardian of Fannie Ewing. Filed May 14, 1889.

No. 8. Partial account of Julia F. Ludewig, executrix of the will of G. Ludewig, deceased. Filed May 14, 1889.

No. 9. Final account of Lena Goldstrom, administratrix d. b. n. c. t. a. of Henry Goldstrom, deceased. Filed May 15, 1889.

No. 10. Final account of Balthaser Stotz, guardian of Anna Zschoegner (now Suess). Filed May 15, 1889.

No. 11. Final account of Balthaser Stotz, guardian of Emma Zschoegner, deceased. Filed May 15, 1889.

No. 12. Second account of Johanna Zschoegner, administrator of the estate of John Gottlieb Zschoegner, deceased. Filed May 15, 1889.

No. 13. Final account of John M. Edmundson, executor of the will of John H. Burroughs, deceased. Filed May 15, 1889.

No. 14. Final account of John Huffnagle, administrator of the estate of Rachel May, deceased. Filed May 16, 1889.

No. 15. Final account of Henry Luchsinger and Lucinda A. Luchsinger, executors of the will of Victor Keller, deceased. Filed May 16, 1889.

No. 16. Final account of Joseph Rohe, executor of the will of Theresa Baumhoff, deceased. Filed May 16, 1889.

No. 17. Final account of Gustav Otto, administrator of the estate of Edward H. Hussing, deceased. Filed May 17, 1889.

No. 18. Final account of Frank Shopene, administrator of the estate of Rachel Shopene, deceased. Filed May 18, 1889.

No. 19. Final account of H. L. Mershon, M. D., administrator of the estate of Mary Mershon, deceased. Filed May 20, 1889.

No. 20. Final account of Frances J. H. Forster, executrix of the will of John J. Forster, deceased. Filed May 20, 1889.

No. 21. Final account of Thomas T. Brown, administrator of the estate of Hannah E. Clements, deceased. Filed May 20, 1889.

No. 22. Final account of John Seipert, guardian of Louis Schatz. Filed May 21, 1889.

No. 23. Final account of Matilda Roth, administratrix of the estate of Emilie Fralikowski, deceased. Filed May 22, 1889.

No. 24. Final account of Charles G. McElwain, administrator of the estate of Henry Dixon, deceased. Filed May 22, 1889.

No. 25. Final account of Henry Reiter, executor of the will of J. M. G. McClung, deceased. Filed May 22, 1889.

No. 26. Final account of G. Edward Sulzer, administrator of the estate of John R. Sulzer, deceased. Filed May 23, 1889.

No. 27. Final account of Sarah McMillen, administrix "cum testamento annexo" of Samuel McMillen, deceased. Filed May 24, 1889.

No. 28. Final account of Mary Ann Prosser formerly Mary Ann Fanning, administratrix of the estate of John Fanning, deceased. Filed May 24, 1889.

No. 29. First account of Thomas B. Moreland, administrator of the estate of Catharine Toner, deceased. Filed May 25, 1889.

No. 30. Final account of Marg't L. Gibson, administratrix of the estate of R. F. Gibson, deceased. Filed May 25, 1889.

No. 31. Account of Frederika Helmich, executrix of the will of Franz Christian Helmich, deceased. Filed May 25, 1889.

No. 32. Final account of E. C. A. Buch, guardian of Bertie E. C. Buch. Filed May 25, 1889.

No. 33. First partial account of Deborah Shaner, administratrix of the estate of Cornelius Shaner, deceased. Filed May 27, 1889.

No. 34. Final account of George A. Lashell, administrator of the estate of Jacob Lashell, deceased. Filed May 27, 1889.

No. 35. Second and final account of Michael Schmidt, executor of the will of Walburger Schreiber, deceased. Filed May 28, 1889.

No. 36. Account of Anna R. Killinger, administratrix of the estate of William Killinger, deceased. Filed May 29, 1889.

No. 37. Final account of P. H. Stevenson, executor of the will of Nancy Aten, deceased. Filed May 29, 1889.

No. 38. Final account of Adam Mangold, executor of the will of Jacob Mangold, deceased. Filed May 29, 1889.

No. 39. Final account of Daniel Harrison, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of estate of Henry Schultz, deceased. Filed May 31, 1889.

No. 40. Final account of Graham Scott, guardian of Mary Isla Blanche Hays. Filed May 31, 1889.

No. 41. Fourth partial account of James N. and Thomas H. Finney, executors of the will of Wm. Finney, deceased. Filed May 31, 1889.

No. 42. Final account of E. Z. Thomas, executor of the will of John L. Innis, deceased. Filed June 5, 1889.

No. 43. Partial account of B. S. Fahnestock, executor of the will of Benjamin L. Fahnestock, deceased. Filed June 5, 1889.

No. 44. First account of W. W. Davis, executor of the will of William Davis, deceased. Filed June 6, 1889.

No. 45. Final account of George G. Turney, M. D., administrator of the estate of Mary Truitt, deceased. Filed June 7, 1889.

No. 46. Final account of Theodore Ortman, administrator of the estate of Eliza Voskamp, deceased. Filed June 1, 1889.

No. 47. Account of R. H. Negley, guardian of the estate of Joseph Strothoff. Filed June, 1, 1889.

No. 48. First partial account of Isabella J. Arnegus and W. P. Fergus, executors of the will of Thomas Fergus, deceased. Filed June 1, 1889.

No. 49. First account of Wm. D. Bell and Thos. J. Bell, executors of the will of Mary A. Bell, deceased. Filed June 1, 1889.

No. 50. Final account of Edwin Z. Smith, trustee in partition of the estate of John S. Toy, deceased. Filed June 3, 1889.

No. 51. Final account of William Hehl, trustee of the estate of George Koegler, deceased. Filed June 7, 1889.

No. 52. First and partial account of Charles Beilstein, Wm. Beilstein and Albert Beilstein, executors of the will of George F. Beilstein, Jr., deceased. Filed June 8, 1889.

No. 53. Final account of Mary J. Gaches, administratrix of the estate of Joseph L. Gaches, deceased. Filed June 8, 1889.

No. 54. Account of William E. Kelso, trustee to make sale of real estate of James E. Kelso, deceased. Filed June 8, 1889.

No. 55. Final account of Lewis Mathews, administrator of the estate of Charlotte Mathews, deceased; filed by Charles Mathews, administrator of the estate of Louis Mathews, deceased. Filed June 8, 1889.

No. 56. Final account of Henry Keib, Jr., guardian of Ralph D. Keib. Filed June 11, 1889.

No. 57. Final account of the Safe Deposit Company of Pittsburg, guardian of estate of Frank W. Wilchel, deceased. Filed June 12, 1889.

No. 58. Final account of Charles S. Gill, administrator of the estate of John Owens, deceased. Filed June 12, 1889.

No. 59. Final account of A. B. Stevenson, guardian of Edwin H. Noble. Filed June 13, 1889.

No. 60. Final account of Barbara Durkin, executrix of the will of Michael Durkin, deceased. Filed June 8, 1889.

No. 61. Final account of W. J. Canning, guardian of Ella R. Means and Addison R. Means. Filed June 11, 1889.

No. 62. Final account of Mrs. Elizabeth Glover, administratrix of the estate of James Glover, deceased. Filed June 17, 1889.

No. 63. Second partial account of John, James H. and David Bissell, executors of the will of Wm. S. Bissell, deceased. Filed June 17, 1889.

No. 64. First and final account of T. A. Wright, executor of the will of John Wright, deceased. Filed June 18, 1889.

No. 65. Final account of John H. Logan, administrator ancillary of the estate of Rev. E. D. Bryan, deceased. Filed June 18, 1889.

No. 66. Final account of James S. Kuhn, guardian of Robert E. Owings. Filed June 19, 1889.

No. 67. Account of James E. Karns and H. F. Christmann, executors of the will of John Randolph, deceased. Filed June 19, 1889.

No. 68. Final account of John H. Fowler, executor of the will of Louis Caldwell, deceased. Filed June 21, 1889.

No. 69. Final account of Barbara King, executrix of the will of Charles King, deceased. Filed June 22, 1889.

No. 70. Final account of Robert Niblock, executor of the will of Jane Gillespie, deceased. Filed June 25, 1889.

No. 71. Final account of Adam Herchenrother, executor of the will of George Hetzel, Sr., deceased. Filed June 26, 1889.

No. 72. Final account of W. T. Bradberry guardian of Clara B. Reed. Filed June 26, 1889.

No. 73. Final account of Elise Sigmund, administratrix c. t. a. of Jacob Sigmund, deceased. Filed June 26, 1889.

No. 74. Final account of Wm. Roberts and Anna Roberts, executors of the will of Chas. W. Roberts, deceased. Filed June 26, 1889.

No. 75. Final account of William M. Rihn and Andrew Rihn, executors of the will of Mary Magdalene Rihn, deceased. Filed June 26, 1889.

No. 76. Final account of H. N. and J. D. McCormick, executors of the will of Benjamin McCormick, deceased. Filed June 26, 1889.

No. 77. Partial account of Alice Prosser and Margaret E. Hughes, administratrixes of the estate of James W. McCleary, deceased. Filed June 27, 1889.

No. 78. Account of R. A. Carter, administrator of the estate of Lydia Clark, deceased. Filed July 23, 1889.

No. 79. Final account of George H. Thomas, executor of the will of Irving C. Thomas, deceased. Filed June 28, 1889.

No. 80. Second partial account of E. H. Myers and John R. Baum, executors of will of B. H. Landwehr, deceased. Filed June 28, 1889.

No. 81. Final account of George M. Tenan, executor of the will of Sarah Johnston, deceased. Filed June 28, 1889.

No. 82. Final account of Nancy J. Miller, administratrix of the estate of Martha Miller, deceased. Filed July 1, 1889.

No. 83. Final account of Henry Wilson, guardian of William Reed Cook. Filed July 1, 1889.

No. 84. Final account of John S. Cree, executor of the will of Rebecca Howe, deceased. Filed July 3, 1889.

No. 85. Final account of Paul Keck, administrator of the estate of Samuel Seibert, deceased. Filed July 3, 1889.

No. 86. Supplemental account of C. C. Arnesberg and John B. Kerr, executors of the will of Michael McCullough, Jr., deceased. Filed July 3, 1889.

No. 87. Final account of A. W. Bedell, administrator of the estate of Calvin Bedell, deceased. Filed July 5, 1889.

No. 88. Account of J. W. Sproul, guardian of Elmer W. Gilleland. Filed July 6, 1889.

No. 89. Final account of John Bradley, administrator of the estate of John Swaney, deceased. Filed July 8, 1889.

No. 90. Second account of Lemuel Googins, guardian of Howard Woodson. Filed July 8, 1889.

No. 91. Second and final account of James Larkins, administrator of the estate of Mary Ann Larkins, deceased. Filed July 8, 1889.

No. 92. Final account of Mary E. Hamilton, administratrix of the estate of Ann E. Hamilton, deceased. Filed July 9, 1889.

No. 93. Final account of F. W. Wahl, administrator d. b. n. of the estate of Leonhard Miller, deceased. Filed July 10, 1889.

No. 94. Final account of D. Dennison, administrator of the estate of Martha Cunningham, deceased. Filed July 24, 1889.

No. 95. Final account of John Hazlett, executor of the will of William Hazlett, deceased. Filed July 10, 1889.

No. 97. First partial account of W. W. Fullerton, executor of the will of Elizabeth Roup, deceased. Filed July 10, 1889.

No. 98. Final account of Nancy Craig, administratrix of the estate of Wm. H. McCarter, deceased. Filed July 11, 1889.

No. 99. Account of Frederick Thomas, executor of the will of Michael Thomas, deceased. Filed July 12, 1889.

No. 100. Account of Wm. J. Thomas, guardian of Annie P., Edward E. and Richard H. Evans. Filed July 12, 1889.

No. 101. Final account of Henry Diebold, testamentary guardian of Celia, Julius, Flora, Albertina and Florence Bender. Filed July 13, 1889.

No. 102. Final account of Henry Herr, executor of will of Henry Voegele, deceased. Filed July 16 1889.

No. 103. Final account of Johanna Knox, administrator of the estate of James Knox, deceased. Filed July 17, 1889.

No. 104. Final account of William Kimling, administrator of the estate of Martha M. Kimling, deceased. Filed July 17, 1889.

No. 105. Final account of Mary Lowe, executrix of the estate of Josiah Lowe, deceased. Filed July 17, 1889.

No. 106. Final account of W. S. Springer, Jr., acting executor of the will of Wm. S. Springer, Sr., deceased. Filed July 18, 1889.

No. 107. Final account of Theodore F. Straub, administrator d. b. n. of Elizabeth Moeller, deceased. Filed July 18, 1889.

No. 108. Final account of John O. Sippel, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of John Furst, deceased. Filed July 18, 1889.

No. 109. Final account of Clara C. Reinecke, administratrix of estate of E. W. Reinecke, deceased. Filed July 18, 1889.

No. 110. Final account of R. J. Linton, trustee of the estate of John Linton, deceased. Filed July 18, 1889.

No. 111. Final account of Peter Simon, administrator of the estate of John Eyman, deceased. Filed July 19, 1889.

No. 112. Final account of John Colvin, executor of the will of Luke Chapman, deceased. Filed July 19, 1889.

No. 113. Final account of John Hineman, administrator of the estate of Sarah Porter, deceased. Filed July 19, 1889.

No. 114. Final account of Samuel Francis, administrator of the estate of Martha Wallace, deceased. Filed July 19, 1889.

No. 115. Account of John Scott, deceased, guardian of Joseph Hogan, filed by John F. Scott and Wm. Stewart, executors of will of John Scott, deceased. Filed July 20, 1889.

No. 116. Final account of August Brockman, administrator c. t. a. d. b. n