AWFUL SHIPWRECKS.

Stout Vessels Dashed Upon the Rocks and Thousands Perish.

THE STORY OF THE CASTAWAYS.

Lured Into Danger by False Lights Upon the Rockbound Shore.

LIFEBOATS RESCUE WHOLE FAMILIES

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

PORTLAND, ORE., August 26.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who preached here to-day to a vast audience, took for his text I Cor. ix, 27: "Lest that by any means I myself should be a castaway." The preacher said:

In the presence of you who live on the Pacific coast, I who live on the Atlantic coast may appropriately speak on this marine allusion of the text, for all who know about the sea know about the castaway. The text implies that ministers of religion may help others into heaven and yet miss it themselves. The carpenters that built Noah's ark did not get into it themselves. Gown and surplice and diplomas and canonicals are no security. Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings, and having entertained foreign ambassadors at Hampton Court, died in darkness. One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known, plunged into sin and died; his heart, by post-mortem examination, found to have been, not figuratively, but literally, broken. We may have hands of ordination on the head, and address consecrated assemblages, but that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! it having "preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." God forbid it.

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection, and take it in a nautical and seafaring sense, and show you that men may become spiritual castaways, and how finally they drift into that calamity.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

You and I live in seaboard cities. You have all stood on the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea captain, and there is another, and yonder is another, and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a bark, and between a diamond knot and a spirit sheet sail knot, and although you could not point out the weather cross jack brace, and though you could not man the fore clew garnets, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is a dark night in your memory of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable. You saw it was scudding toward the shore. You heard the cry: "Breakers ahead! Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staving, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men, who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpless! Driven before the gale! Wrecked for two worlds! Castaways! Castaways!

By talking with some sea captains I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it sometimes comes from creating false lights on the beach. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night,

THROWING UP FALSE LIGHTS

in their presence and deceiving them, that they may despoil and ransack them. All kinds of infernal arts were used to accomplish this. And one night, on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse, and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swinging to the motion of the horse, and a sea captain in the offing saw it, and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said: "There's a vessel—that must be a vessel, for it has a moveable light," and he had no apprehension till he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces and the villains on shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls ruined by false lights on the beach. In the dark night of man's danger, false religion goes up and down the shore, shaking its lantern, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is: "Heave the main topsail to the mast! All is well!" when sudden destruction cometh upon them and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach—philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways.

Once, on Wolf Crag lighthouse, they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that the storms beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the dangers to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the coast. Of course it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great headlands—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to-night and destroy all the great lighthouses on the dangerous coasts—the Barnegat lighthouse, the Fastnet Rock lighthouse, the Sherryvore lighthouse, the Longship's lighthouse, the Hollyhead lighthouse—than to put out God's great ocean lamp—the Gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash into ruin. Castaways! Castaways!

WRECKED IN A CYCLONE.

By talking with sea captains I have heard also that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the sudden swoop of a tempest. For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is: "Way, haul away there!" but before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways, the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside it rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Castaway! Castaway! And so I have to tell you that there are thousands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them.

If they had time to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberate, they could stand it; but the temptation came so suddenly—an euroclydon on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Caribbean. One awful surge of temptation and they perish. And so we often hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink, and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and to the outraging of God and my own soul, I fell." Or the story is: "I had hard work to support my family. I thought that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezzlement, I might spring out free from all my trouble; and the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not deliberate. I did wrong, and having done wrong once, I could not stop." O, it is the first step that costs; the second is easier; and the third, and on to the last. Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted strands. How often it is that

MEN ARE RUINED

for the reason that the temptation comes from some unexpected quarter. As vessels lie in Margate Roads, safe from southwest winds; but the wind changing to the northeast, they are driven helpless and go down. O that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes the sudden swoop of temptation, lest they perish, becoming castaways! castaways!

By talking with sea captains, I have found out also that some vessels come to this calamity through sheer recklessness. There are 3,000,000 men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than 12 years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the lookout, become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks, it is found out that someone was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men are morally shipwrecked through sheer recklessness. There are thousands who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know which way they are sailing, and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with hooks of steel and blindfold them, and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their habits. Drifting in regard to all their future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer and nearer to a dangerous coast. Some of them are on fire with evil habit, and they shall burn on the sea, the charred hulk tossed up on the barren beach. Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lightship that dances in gladness at the mouth of

HEAVEN'S HARBOR;

reckless as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further from early religious influences, further from happiness; and what is the worst thing about it is, they are taking their families along with them, and the way one goes, the probability is they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As unconscious of danger as the passengers aboard the Arctic one moment before the Vista crushed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social position, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last levee, and whirled in the last schottische. They do not deliberately choose to be ruined; neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Arguin banks, but there it went to pieces. I wish I could wake you up. The perils are so augmented, you will die just as certainly as you sit there unless you bestir yourself. Are you willing to become a castaway? You throw out no oar. You take no surroundings. You watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there, and you are driving in the same direction. Ready about! Down helm! Hard down! Man the life boat! Pull, my lads, pull! "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed and that without remedy."

But some of you are saying within yourselves: "What shall I do?" Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does when it is in trouble. Lift a distress signal. On the sea there is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress gun is sounded, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a distress signal. The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried: "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted

THE DISTRESS SIGNAL

when he said: "Lord, save me, I perish!" The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The jailer lifted the distress signal when he said: "What must I do to be saved?" And help will never come to your soul until you lift some signal. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some heaven piercing outcry for help, lifting the distress signal for the church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! Pray! The voice of the Lord now sounds in your ears: "In Me is thy help." Too proud to raise such a signal, too proud to be saved.

There was an old sailor thumping about in a small boat in a tempest. The larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. The surf was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life belt that it might soon be over, and I thought somewhat indistinctly about my friends on shore and then I bid them goodby like, and I was about sinking back and giving it up, when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away, and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and somehow, I cannot tell how it was, but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to help me and seemed to lift me." O, sinking soul, see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm cloud? That is the star of hope.

Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem!

If there are any here who consider themselves castaways, let me say God is doing everything to save you. Did you ever hear of Lionel Luken? He was the inventor of the insubmergible lifeboat. All honor is due to his memory by seafaring men, as well as by landsmen. How many lives he saved by his invention. In after days that invention was improved, and one day there was a perfect lifeboat, the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The lifeboat being ready, to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gunwale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amid the huzzas of excited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you now of a grander launching, and from the dry docks of heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the lifeboat of the world's redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amid angelic hosanna. The surges of darkness beat against its bow, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight of us this hour. It is for you, it comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it. Make one leap for heaven. Let that boat go past and

YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS GONE.

I am expecting that there will be whole families here who will get into that lifeboat. In 1833, the Isabella came ashore off Hastings, England. The air was filled with sounds—the hoarse sea trumpet, the crash of the axes, and the bellowing of the tornado. A boat from the shore came under the stern of the disabled vessel. There were women and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said: "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now the mother;" and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but before it came to shore, the landsmen were so impatient to help the suffering people that they waded clear down into the surf with blankets and garments, and promises of help and succor.

So there are whole families here who are going to be saved, and saved altogether. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other. Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in. All heaven wades in to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here nor one man there; I claim you all. There are some of you who 30 years ago were consecrated to Christ by your parents in baptism. Cert inly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim you for Jesus. Then there are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away, and you drink, and you swear, and you bring up your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, my brother; I claim all of you. You will have to pray some time; why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple cluster of divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and the appalling fact shall be announced that notwithstanding all your magnificent opportunities, you have become a castaway.

THIEVES SPREAD SMALLPOX.

They Steal Infected Clothing and Sell It Promiscuously.

FORT WAYNE, IND., August 25.—About a month ago the pesthouse of this city was entered by thieves, who carried away the disease infected clothes taken from three hundred patients who had been treated there. These clothes were sold to workingmen employed on the natural gas trenches. Among them was a Swede by the name of Anderson, who, with a large family, shortly afterward moved to Menomine, Wis.

News came from that city yesterday that a smallpox epidemic had broken out there, and eight cases had appeared in the Anderson family. There can be no doubt that they contracted the disease from the pesthouse clothes, and as hundreds of others have bought of the same clothing and left for parts unknown, the disease is liable to break out wherever these men locate.

A MASHER THRASHED.

A Smart Young Man is Cowhided by Three Girls.

WICHITA, KAN., August 25.—A traveling man from Chicago named Ernest Prince was cowhided this evening on the public street by three young ladies named Mary Gore, Addie Dorran and May Kients, whose characters he is alleged to have maligned.

Prince thought himself something of a masher. He tried to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the girls mentioned, but, failing in his purpose, is said to have uttered malignant falsehoods concerning them. The three girls, each armed with a rawhide, went to the hotel where Prince stops and gave him such a drubbing as will long remain a vivid memory.

A Man-of-War Off for Hayti.

NEW YORK, August 25.—The United States sloop of war Galena sailed to-day for Port-au-Prince, Hayti, from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The vessel is under the command of Commander George W. Sumner, and has a full complement of men.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

An Invigorating Beverage.

A glass of pure beer is both beneficial and delightful to a warm and tired mortal. The well-known brand of "Iron City Beer," brewed exclusively by Messrs. Frauenheim & Vilsack is such a beverage. It is made carefully, from the purest materials, and is wholesome and nutritious. Ask for it. Telephone 1186.

LAST EXCURSION TO ATLANTIC CITY

Via the B. & O. R. R.,

Thursday, August 29. Rate, $10 for the round trip, tickets good for 10 days; good to stop at Washington City returning. Trains will leave depot at 8 A. M. and 9:20 P. M.

USE "Una" flour—finest spring patent in the world. "Golden Wedding"—the best of bread flours. "Duquesne" has no equal as a pastry flour. "Horning's "Ivory," gem of all family flours.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure.

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

Optical, Mathematical and Engineering Instruments and Materials. Profile, cross-section, tracing and blue-process papers, tracing linen, etc. Largest and best stock of Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

KORNBLUM, Theoretical and Practical Optician.

No. 50 Fifth avenue. Telephone No. 1686. jy31-D8u

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AUTUMN 1889 AUTUMN.

RUBEN

Takes pleasure in presenting to the stylish dressers of Pittsburg the

NEW FALL DERBY.

Colors, BLACK AND HAZEL BROWN.

This latest "Ruben" Derby, illustrated above, is certainly a most striking and unusually stylish hat. As will be seen it is a trifle full in the crown; the curl is heavy and close; the brim has considerable roll, giving the hat a solid and substantial appearance without detracting from its natty and graceful outlines. It will be readily acknowledged as a handsome hat, and one that will gain thousands of new converts to the Ruben styles.

We are running this block in three different dimensions, namely 5¾x1½ for young gents, 5¾x1⅝ for gents and 5¾x1¾ for stout or elderly men.

The famous Factory Prices, which have made ours the most popular Hat Store in the State, will prevail as heretofore. They are $1 50, $1 90, $2 20, $2 40, $2 90, $3 40.

RUBEN,

The Hatter and Furnisher,

421 and 423 Smithfield St.

P. S.—Mail Orders Promptly Filled. au25-31

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Beecham's Pills

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"—but sold for 25 cents, BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GET READY!

FREE! FREE!

OF CHARGE! WITHOUT MONEY!

School will commence soon, so come and get your

SCHOOL BAGS,

PENCIL BOXES

and RULERS

FREE WITH EVERY PAIR OF

SCHOOL SHOES

You buy for Boys or Girls

-AT-

G. D. SIMEN'S,

78 OHIO ST., ALLEGHENY.

Corner of Sandusky street. au21-MW

RAILROADS.

PITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY.—Schedule in effect June 2, 1889. Central time. DEPART—For Cleveland, 3:00, *8:00 a. m., *1:55, 4:10, *9:30 p. m. For Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, 10:40 a. m., *1:55, *9:30 p. m. For Buffalo, 8:00 a. m., 4:10, *9:30 p. m. For Salamanca, *8:00 a. m., 4:10 p. m. For Youngstown and New Castle, 3:00, *8:00, 10:15 a. m., *1:55, 4:10, *9:30 p. m. For Beaver Falls, 5:00, *8:00, 8:30, 10:15 a. m., *1:55, 3:30, 4:10, 5:15, *9:30 p. m. For Chartiers, 5:00, *6:30 a. m., 3:30, 4:25, *8:55, 7:15, *9:05, 9:30, 9:40 p. m. For Wheeling, 5:00, *6:30, 10:15 a. m., 3:30, *12:45, 1:40, 3:30, *4:30, 4:50, *8:05, 5:15, *8:05, *10:30 p. m. ARRIVE—From Cleveland, *6:30 a. m., *12:30, 3:35, *7:20, 9:40 p. m. From Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, *12:30, 7:55 p. m. From Buffalo, *6:30 a. m., *12:30, 9:40 p. m. From Salamanca, *12:30, *7:55 p. m. From Youngstown and New Castle, *6:30, 9:20 a. m., *12:30, 3:35, *7:55, 9:40 p. m. From Beaver Falls, 5:25, *6:30, 7:20, 9:20 a. m., *12:30, 1:10, 3:35, *7:55, 9:40 p. m. From C. & Y. trains from Mansfield, 8:30 a. m., 3:35, 4:50 p. m. For Essen and Beechmont, 8:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m. From C. & Y. trains from Mansfield, Essen and Beechmont, 7:50 a. m., 11:50 a. m. P. McK. & Y. R. R.—DEPART—For New Haven, *7:30 a. m., *3:30 p. m. For West Newton, *7:30, 10:05 a. m., 3:30, 5:15 p. m. ARRIVE—From New Haven, *7:30 a. m., *9:00 p. m. From West Newton, 6:15, *7:50 a. m., 1:25, *5:00 p. m. For McKeesport, Elizabeth and Monongahela City, *8:30, 10:05 a. m., 3:15 p. m. From Monongahela City, Elizabeth and McKeesport, *7:50 a. m., 1:25, *5:00 p. m.

* Daily. § Sundays only. ‡ Will run one hour late on Sundays. ‖ Will run two hours late on Sundays. City ticket office, 401 Smithfield street.

LOOK OUT FOR FRIDAY, AUGUST 30!

The Biggest Remnant Bargains Ever Offered.

DOUGLAS & MACKIE

Will clear out FRIDAY, August 30, all accumulations of Remnants, all Odd Lots, all Odds and Ends in every department, at regular pick-me-up, take-me-away prices, as witness following illustrations:

Remnants of yard wide fancy figured Batistes, 5c a yard.
Remnants of our lovely Challis at the nominal price of 2c a yard.
Remnants of Apron Ginghams at hitherto unheard of price, 4c a yard.
Remnants of Dress Ginghams will go lively at 5c a yard.
Remnants of Summer Silks are all to go at 19c a yard.
Remnants of Silk Plushes and Velvets for only 25c a yard.
Remnants of 64 Ladies' Cloths—Just Think of It—28c a yard.
Remnants of Double Width Dress Goods will be marked at the rate of 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c a yard, a rare chance for school outfits.
Odd Lots Ladies' All-Wool Stockinette Jackets have been marked down from $4 and $4 50 to $2 each. Who'd be without a jacket.
Odd Lots Ladies' All-Wool Cloth Jackets, for this sale they are marked $1 15 each. A word to the wise, etc.
Odd Lots Ladies' Beaded Wraps that were $4 50 and $5 now for $2 87.
Lace Curtain Ends that sell at 40c, 50c and 75c now 15c, 20c and 25c.
Odd Pairs Lace Curtains at half price.

Most Particularly and Very Specially Interesting.

With above will be placed on sale 500 Pairs Heavy Genuine White Country Blankets, clean and fresh, at the truly phenomenal price of $2 75 a pair. Come early for these, for they'll go very fast.

CLOSELY OBSERVE.

Odds and Ends, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, Buttons, Trummings, Embroideries, etc., etc., all at almost inconceivable prices.

REMEMBER FRIDAY, AUGUST 30.

151 and 153 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

au26-MWF

USE PEARL TOP LAMP CHIMNEYS. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. MADE ONLY BY GEO. A. MACBETH & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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 11, 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 13, 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 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 15, 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 Seichatz. Filed May 21, 1889.

No. 23. Final account of Matilda Roth, administratrix of the estate of Emilie Fralkowski, 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 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. Fergus and W. P. Fergus, executors of the will of Thomas Fergus, deceased. Filed June 1, 1889.

No. 49. First account of Wm. T. 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 P. 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 Kelb, Jr., guardian of Ralph D. Kelb. Filed June 11, 1889.

No. 57. Final account of the Safe Deposit Company of Pittsburg, guardian of estate of Frank W. Weichel, 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 19, 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. Otterman, executors of the will of John Randolph, deceased. Filed June 19, 1889.

No. 68. Final account of John H. Fowler, executor of 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 28, 1889.

No. 72. Final account of W. T. Bradberry guardian of Clara B. Reed. Filed June 28, 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 28, 1889.

No. 76. Final account of B. N. and J. D. McCormick, executors of the will of Benjamin McCormick, deceased. Filed June 28, 1889.

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

No. 78. Account of R. A. Carter, administrator of the estate of Lydia Clark, deceased. Filed July 28, 1889.

No. 79. Final account of George H. Thomas, executor of the will of Irving O. 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 Henry Diebold and Louis Diebold, executors of the will of Catharine Bender, deceased. Filed July 2, 1889.

No. 85. Account of John S. Coe, executor of the will of Rebecca Howe, deceased. Filed July 2 1889.

No. 86. Final account of Paul Keck, administrator of the estate of Samuel Seibert, deceased. Filed July 3, 1889.

No. 87. Supplemental account of C. C. Arnesberg and John H. Kerr, executors of the will of Michael McCullough, Jr., deceased. Filed July 3, 1889.

No. 88. Final account of A. W. Bedell, administrator of the estate of Calvin Bedell, deceased. Filed July 5, 1889.

No. 89. Account of J. W. Sproul, guardian of Elmer W. Gilleland. Filed July 6, 1889.

No. 90. Final account of John Bradley, administrator of the estate of John Swaney, deceased. Filed July 8, 1889.

No. 91. Second account of Lemuel Googins, guardian of Howard Woodson. Filed July 8, 1889.

No. 92. First and final account of James Larkins, administrator of the estate of Mary Ann Larkins, deceased. Filed July 8, 1889.

No. 93. Final account of Mary E. Hamilton, administratrix of the estate of Ann E. Hamilton, deceased. Filed July 9, 1889.

No. 94. Final account of F. W. Wahl, administrator c. t. a. of the estate of Leonhard Miller, deceased. Filed July 10, 1889.

No. 95. Final account of O. Dennison, administrator of the estate of Martha Cunningham, deceased. Filed July 10, 1889.

No. 96. 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 13, 1889.

No. 100. Account of Wm. J. Thomas, guardian of Annie P., Edward E. and Richard R. Evans. Filed July 13, 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 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 Franciss, 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. of Joseph Roolf, deceased. Filed July 20, 1889.

No. 117. Final account of Joseph Roolf, deceased, guardian of Maria,