A DAY WITH R. E. MORSE

How He Keeps Close at Hand to Admonish the Erring Youth.

RELENTLESS IN HIS DUTIES

And Knows the Value of the Sudden Repentance and Promise.

WOBS IN THE WAKE OF WEAKNESS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

On Saturday afternoon have you ever drawn an extra fifty or so, stuck it deep down in your pocket, started out with the firm resolve of doing the town, and before you reached your dear old home found that time had had on a skate with you, and the dawn of Monday morning was the next thing on the programme? If so, then you know what it is to waken to sober moments with a trip-hammer head and Colonel R. E. Morse for a companion.

The Colonel.

At the early peep of dawn you rub your heavy eyes and lift your weary head, and a love for ice-water, which unfortunately does not last long, springs up within you, and, as *Richard* would have given his kingdom for a horse, you will be equally generous and offer yours for even a drop of iced aqua to cool your molten tongue. But there is none about; so you do the next best thing—go to your washstand and drink and drink the half-cold and muddy water that is furnished us for the taxes our paterfamilias pays. After you have succeeded in getting the cotton out of your mouth you find it is too late for your bath, for you must hurry downstairs, or else father and mother will suspect.

Thirst That Can't Be Quenched.

Trying to Deceive Oneself.

So you reach for your trousers and the familiar clink of the silver coin is not there, and then you feel and find that your little outing has taken all of your fifty or so, but you are a dead game sport and don't give a rap, at least you try to think you don't, but you do—you know you do—for all the time you are dressing you will stop at regular intervals and go through your different pockets in the hope of finding a stray bill; and not finding it you conclude that you must have played Reuben and been touched, for you never could have spent so much on a legitimate tear.

Your toilet finished you take a farewell look in your mirror and are almost certain that your eyes will give you away, but you have no time to bathe them longer, for breakfast is ready. While you don't feel like eating you must make an attempt for appearance sake. So away you go to the first trying ordeal of the day. The moment you step from your room to the hall you begin whistling some bright tune—which you feel about as much as a millionaire does the price of a morning paper—and when you enter the dining hall you find mother and father seated there, and stopping your whistle you say in a voice choked with the Colonel and fear, "Good morning."

The Reception at Breakfast.

Mother, of course, tries to answer coldly, but there is always so much sun in a mother's morning that it is impossible to exclude every bit of warmth. You detect the fact and take courage; but by this time father's silence has attracted your attention and you glance in his direction. There he sits stolidly, saying nothing and sawing wood, and every minute you expect him to stop and hurl a big chunk at your head. After you have disposed of three glasses of water, refused your favorite breakfast—ham and eggs—and told mother that you would take your coffee without cream or sugar, father ceases his sawing, and in a voice that implies, "I already know," asks: "Where have you been at?"

What a Dandy You Must Have Had!

You do not notice the Congressional construction of this sentence, and by your stuttering and stammering show that you are about to tell a gigantic lie. And right here is where the Colonel begins to get in his great torture act, and at every word you utter he tightens the head screws on you until your eyes bulge out to such an extent that you begin to think that even mother will guess.

"I have been," you falteringly say, "up on Slack Hill at Johnny Jobson's."

Checked by Paternal Love.

Father doesn't call you a fabricator, for you are his son, but he thinks it just the same, and fires another chunk of wood at your head. "What were you doing?" Oh, if you could only see your face you would certainly tell the truth, but you can't, and go farther and say that you went up Saturday for dinner and were taken ill, and that Billy sent for the doctor and the doctor immediately put you to bed. At this father leaves a freshly buttered pancake on his plate and goes out of the room. But you have played your trump card on mother and she begins: "My poor boy, how you must have suffered. Why, I can see it in your face."

And she can see it, too, but she little knows that the Colonel is actually kicking you in the head. You tell her that you are all right now, but she is sure your liver needs turning over, and goes to get you a pill or two. On her way out she stops to kiss her "dear boy"—fortunately on the forehead, and your breath has kept your secret. Left with nobody but the Colonel to torment you, you reflect for a moment, and in that period resolve a million times never to do it again, and then start for your office. Of course, mother returns and finds you gone, but then it is better.

The Wreckage at the Office.

You meet the office boy at the door. He looks at you for a moment and says: "My, what a dandy you must have had." You remark something about his being fresh, but he is an office boy and has as much right to be in that state as a spring vegetable. You pass on to the cloakroom, doff your hat, and exchange your street coat for an office one; and on your way out to your desk you run against your father's partner.

"I left an order on your desk Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock," he says, "with written instructions to have it filled immediately, and I come here this morning and find it not attended to. How do you account for it?"

You don't tell him that you sneaked away on the afternoon mentioned at 2 o'clock, but say that the order must have blown off your desk, and that you will see to it right off.

She Angrily Tells You to Go Home.

"No, it's important," he replies, "and judging from your appearance, you are apt to see double this morning." And, turning on his heel, he walks off muttering something about making a position in the office for his son at the same salary you are getting. Without further interruption you reach your own desk, and find when you get there a note from the accountant stating that in your haste Saturday you made two mistakes in the bills, and to be a little more careful in the future or he would have to complain to your father, or to your father's partner.

The Woes of a Day at Work.

This, fortunately, is the last you hear of past mistakes, and you settle down to the day's work. You have been struggling for awhile at a column of figures, when you hear your name called, and looking up you see standing at the outer railing your tailor's collector. He beckons you to come to him, and with a scowl you obey the summons. "We are hard pushed to-day," he says, "and can't you let us have the amount of your account?"

"How much is it?" you ask.

"Seventy-five dollars."

You go to your father's bookkeeper and find that you are already overdrawn. Of course, you can't see how it is, but then your eyes are bad this morning. Back to the collector you go full of wrath and promises. You keep the wrath and give him the promises and regretfully and empty handed he departs. You are now permitted to work along for a short time without further annoyance. Lunch time comes, but you are not hungry and decide to labor through the hour to please father, but father knows your real motive and is displeased accordingly.

Troubles Come Thick and Fast.

Slowly drag the weary hours and thump, thump, thump goes your head. By 3 o'clock you are completely played out, and getting a newspaper you tilt back your chair, and with the paper to shield you from the rest of the office, you fall into a fretful sleep, from which you are rudely awakened by a slap on the back from the office boy, who tells you that you are wanted at the telephone. Quakingly you go, almost sure it is a lazy collector, but recognize immediately the voice of your mother. She wants to know how you are, and then knocks the pins completely from under you by saying that she is going up to thank the Jobsons for taking care of you.

You drop the receiver, and tottering back to your chair, you press your throbbing brow and resolve another million times never to do it again. Five o'clock finally rolls around, but you are now afraid to go home, and as you need a cheering up you conclude to go to Nell's—you're engaged to Nell—for dinner. You send the office boy to your home for cuffs and a collar, and to tell them that you intend dining out. He forgets that part of the mission, but you fortunately don't know it till the next day; so after spending some time in primping, if I may use the effeminate term, you start for Nell's looking tolerably respectable.

One Other Trying Ordeal.

They are all glad to see you except Nell. Being Nell's "steady" she is, of course, put out at your not showing up Saturday evening with the weekly box of bonbons, and, too, from absenting yourself from the Sabbath tea. These are serious offenses, and it will take some tall prevaricating to square you. You notice her coldness on the instant, and getting her over in the spooning corner you ask her why she is so distant.

"Distant," she says. "Oh, I'm not distant; my, no," and with a toss of her head she straightens up and appears a very iceberg. Reaching for her little hand, which she permits you to take, you say: "Oh, yes, you are; you know you are."

"Oh, no; I'm not," she replies, and, after several more "Oh, yes's," from you, and an equal number of "Oh, nos" from her, you find you have had time to prepare your story, and you proceed to give her that old one about being called suddenly away on business.

"But you might have sent me a note," she says. And you tell another and say you did, and if she didn't get it that confounded office boy of yours is to blame, and that you will discharge him to-morrow. This arouses her sympathy for the office boy, and she begs you not to, and you, after much persuasion, promise to keep him on, and the office boy never knows what a narrow escape he had.

Not Equal to the Task.

Dinner is now announced. As you haven't eaten anything all day you are ready for it. Animated conversation and a good menu afford you a bit of relief, and your refusing wine gives you a better standing with Nell's mamma; but if she ever finds out why you didn't take it woe betide. Dinner over you return to the family room; and, as Nell hasn't a beautiful voice and can't play a bit, you do not ask her to perform, but gossip for awhile with mamma, talk business for awhile with papa, and finally get back to the spooning parlor with Nell. You appear very happy for a time, but the lack of sleep soon begins to tell, and you become very stupid. After several attempts on her part to arouse you she angrily tells you to go home and not to come back again until you know how to behave, and then the dear little thing goes off to bed and cries herself asleep.

Very much cast down you wind your weary way homeward, accompanied still by the colonel. You reach your dear old home, and find that mother and father have gone to the theater, and for that you are thankful. You hasten to your room, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, you are ready to lay your heavy head on your soft pillow and try to woo Morpheus.

The colonel lies down beside you, and after a little you fall asleep. He sees you dead to the world, slowly rises, and just as he is about to quit the room he hears you mutter, "I will never do it again."

Turning around he smilingly says: "Probably, but I will not take you off my visiting list."

So sleep on, you indiscreet but natural young man. To-morrow's sun will shine for you.

BEFORE breakfast Bromo Seltzer Acts as a bracer—10c a bottle.

THE GRAND ARMY

The Grand Army Day Committee met in Council Chamber yesterday afternoon. President John D. McFarland reported his appointment of the committee of five which is to draft a plan for the work of trying to secure the National Encampment of 1894 for Pittsburg. It is composed of Comrades John D. McFarland, Chairman, Thomas G. Sample, W. O. Russell, B. J. Coll and A. H. Jones. On account of the importance of the work on hand it was decided to call an early meeting of the new Grand Army Day Committee, and January 21 was the date fixed upon.

There was a long debate on the question of increasing the representation on the committee from each post to four instead of three comrades, as has heretofore been the custom. The motion was finally carried and the new commanders for 1893 will appoint three representatives instead of two.

The increase is deemed advisable on account of the immense amount of work that will have to be done if the movement to bring the encampment here meets with success. Unless something unexpected turns up there will be no further meeting of the old committee and the next Grand Army Day Committee meeting will be on January 21, when the new committee will assemble.

Taylor Surprises Post 157.

A genuine surprise was sprung on Post 157 last Thursday night. After the meeting was opened a commotion was heard at the door. The alarmed comrades were much relieved to find it was only Comrades Frank and Sias, of Post 151. The new comers quietly seated themselves as though on a regulation visit, but a close observer could see a twinkle in their eyes. In a moment the Guard announced Department Commander Taylor and Senior Vice Department Commander Russell. The boys of 157 thought it was some job put up by Frank and Sias, and were much amazed when the Department Commander, whiskers and all, marched in followed by the beaming Senior Vice.

The visitors were greeted with a grand ovation by the comrades of 157, who had to acknowledge themselves completely beaten. Speeches were made by the visitors and by Comrades Patterson, Benbough and McIlvaine, and a jolly evening was spent. One of the features of the meeting was the presentation to the post of an elaborate picture of the handsome quartermaster, Comrade H. L. Hoburg. Commander Taylor was here on business and decided to give 157 a little surprise party. He left for the East Friday morning.

All May Help.

Editor G. A. R. Column, Pittsburg Dispatch:

DEAR SIR—I see by last Sunday's DISPATCH an effort is being made to have the National Encampment held in Pittsburg in '94, and a committee is being appointed to see that all posts in the county send delegates to a meeting to be held early in the year. Now how is it that all the posts in the Western part of the State cannot be asked to send delegates. Surely they have the question as much at heart as any post in Allegheny county, and would do as much to have the National Encampment held at Pittsburg, and much good could be accomplished by all posts sending delegates.

A COMRADE.

In answer to the above it may be said that the appointment of delegates from outside the county on the Grand Army Day Committee would be impracticable for obvious reasons, but the Grand Army of Western Pennsylvania will doubtless be heartily invited to assist in this project, and a first-class way in which the assistance may be rendered will be provided.

Random G. A. R. Shots.

ANOTHER proposition was read at the meeting of Post 88 last Tuesday night.

THE reception of General J. B. Sweitzer Post Thursday night was a grand success.

COMRADE B. J. COLL, of Post 157, was a visitor at the meeting of Post 206 Friday night.

POST 3, at last Monday night's meeting, indorsed Comrade Henry Schultz for National Delegate.

POST 206 will send a delegation of 25 members to the memorial service of Post 128 this afternoon.

COMRADE O. S. MCILVAINE, adjutant of Post 157 is laid up at his home on Grant street. His comrades hope for his early recovery.

COMRADE GEORGE M. CONNELL, of the Department of Ohio, author of the "Fall of Atlanta," visited Post 88 last Tuesday night.

THE "Fall of Atlanta" will be given all this week at the Alvin Theater by a good cast for the benefit of Post 88's relief fund.

POST 88 will hold memorial services for the dead of the year at the First Christian Church, Arch street and Montgomery avenue, Sunday evening, January 1.

RESOLUTIONS of condolence and sympathy with the families of Comrades Doherty and Bayne, who died recently, were read and adopted by Post 88 Tuesday evening.

SENIOR VICE DEPARTMENT COMMANDER W. O. RUSSELL, accompanied by a body guard of comrades from Post 151, visited the colored phalanx, Post 206, last Friday evening. The meeting was a very enjoyable one.

TUESDAY last, December 13, was the anniversary of the first battle of Fredericksburg. Comrades Sias, Duvall, Jones, Matthews, Buck, Wise and others, of Post 151, entertained their comrades with short recollections of that terrible slaughter.

POST 128 will this afternoon hold memorial services in memory of the comrades who have died during the year. The ceremony will take place in Rev. Mr. Kennedy's church, Arch street, commencing at 3 o'clock. Ten comrades have answered the last roll call in a year. All comrades of the G. A. R. and their friends are invited to attend.

THE Widows and Orphans' Committee of Post 151 has all the arrangements about completed for the annual Christmas treat to the soldiers' orphans in their district. The treat will take place at the hall, 1929 Carson street, on Monday afternoon, December 26, at 2 o'clock. A short programme has been arranged, and comrades and friends are invited to attend.

AT a large meeting of Beaver Valley Post No. 164 last Monday evening the following officers were elected: Commander, J. C. Evans; Senior Vice Commander, A. Garber; Junior Vice Commander, J. C. Plumer; Chaplain, John Cadogan; Quartermaster, C. W. May; Officer of the Day, Philip Crowl; Surgeon, H. C. Watson; Officer of the Guard, George Kibridge; Delegate, C. W. May; Alternate, Phillip Crowl.

THE following officers were elected by John A. Hunter Post 123 Saturday evening, December 3: Commander, W. S. Gillen; Senior Vice Commander, W. S. Harris; Junior Vice Commander, Neil McCaully; Officer of the Day, Jacob Keiser; Officer of the Guard, John Frank; Chaplain, H. P. McKillap; Quartermaster, Daniel Sannor; Surgeon, Robert McKillap; Council of Administration, R. M. Cline; Delegate, J. Banks Hunter.

POST 215 held its semi-monthly meeting last Tuesday night and elected the following officers: Commander, Philip Browman; Senior Vice Commander, Frank Case; Junior Vice Commander, John Steinbrun; Quartermaster, Thomas Fording; Officer of the Day, George Lord; Officer of the Guard, George Moore; Chaplain, Thomas Roberts; Surgeon, Benj. Evans, Inside Sentinel, Michael Hartler; Outside Sentinel, Jacob Moore; Delegates, Thomas Fording and West McDonald.

Post 259 held its regular monthly meeting last Tuesday night and elected the following officers: Commander, Edward Abel; Senior Vice Commander, Gus Schwarm; Junior Vice Commander, J. M. Ray; Quartermaster, Wm. Altsman; Chaplain, M. B. Riddle; Surgeon, J. W. Wishart; Officer of the Day, O. M. Head; Officer of the Guard, H. C. Campbell; Counsel of Administration, M. V. Smith; representatives to department encampment, J. F. Stazle, J. K. Becker; alternates, Hillis McKown, J. M. Ray.

A NOVEL plan of entertainment was discussed in Post 259 last Tuesday night. The comrades got to talking about the letters they wrote home while in the army. Many of these letters describing battles, skirmishes, camp life, etc., are now in possession of the comrades or are procurable, and it was suggested that they would make very interesting reading to the comrades now. A committee consisting of Comrades Stazle and Herbert was appointed to arrange for the reading of the war missives at stated times. The comrades anticipate a great deal of enjoyment from this source.

THE place to buy fine diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, etc., is where you can get the best selection and lowest prices, and that is at M. G. Cohen's, 36 Fifth avenue. Call and see for yourself. Our goods and prices will please.

A WORD TO THE WISE.
CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS,
who fear the phenomenal success of
Van Houten's Cocoa
in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*
This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—
"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly "Pure" and highly digestible.
The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and cannot possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."
The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.

OUR HOLIDAY ATTIRE

And the attractions we have to offer for the Xmas Season are many, sensible and beautiful, and last, but not least, very reasonable in price.

PARLOR FURNITURE AND ODD PIECES,

In fact, anything that goes to the proper furnishment of a nice parlor. We offer also a big line of

BEDROOM FURNITURE

And everything else in proper keeping. Our stock of Library Furniture, such as Bookcases, Leather Couches and Easy Chairs, never was more complete. We have also an elegant line of Desks suitable for Ladies and Gents. We carry everything that makes a complete dining room. Our stock of

CARPETS

Is as complete as the largest carpet house in the city. Rugs, Lace and Chenille Curtains. A very full stock of Children's Chairs in large variety. Ladies' Rockers, the largest line in the city.

A WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR COIN to every purchaser of $10 worth or more of goods. Only one made for each 28 inhabitants. This offer closes January 1, 1893. When the first one issued sold for $10,000 it's very hard to estimate the real value of these coins.

HOPPER BROS. & CO.
307—WOOD STREET.—307
CASH OR CREDIT.
N. B.—Store open till 9 o'clock each evening this week.
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOVELY FACES, WHITE HANDS.
Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as
Derma-Royale
The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CANNOT FAIL, and is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering
$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars cash, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter how bad it may be), will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.
Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.
Price, $1. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Send money by registered letter or money order with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash.
AGENTS WANTED Send for Terms Sells on Sight $10 A DAY
Address The DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY,
Corner Baker and Vine Sts. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WEISSER'S
HOLIDAY
Muffs 25c to $25.
Umbrellas 50c to $18.
Caps $2 to $60.
Jackets $2 to $200.
Curtains,
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ARE STAMPED
FOSTER'S PATENTS,
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IMITATIONS!

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WEIGHTY ARGUMENTS
Are those that admit of neither misunderstanding nor contradiction. Such are all the facts that we place before the public each week. Plain truths only admit of plain understandings. We never compete with others—they try to do so with us, but fail.
OUR HOLIDAY GIFT-SEEKERS' GUIDE.
Solid gold rings, $1 25 up.
Ladies' solid gold watches, $8 00 up.
Gents' solid gold watches, $15 00 up.
Chatelain watches, $3 25.
Ladies' gold filled watches, $7 50.
Gents' gold filled watches, $8 75.
These are only a few prices, but our whole stock is just as high in value but low in cost.
CASPIAN DIAMONDS
Mounted and guaranteed to retain their brilliancy and luster or replaced FREE! Set in solid gold breast pins, scarf pins, earrings, charms, rings, studs and bracelets from $2 up. Honest goods for holiday gifts for holiday shoppers to buy, at
EMANUEL DEROY'S,
643 SMITHFIELD STREET
(Near Seventh avenue).
Send for illustrated catalogue. Free!
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORK SOLE SHOES
AT REDUCED PRICES.

$2.90, $3.00, $3.90, $4.00, $5.00.
GENUINE CORK, FINEST CALF VAMPS CUSTOM MADE. LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT. EVERY PAIR WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
W.M.LAIRD,
433 and 435 WOOD STREET. | 406, 408 and 410 MARKET ST.
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CHILDREN TEASE FOR
DR. HOXSIE'S
CERTAIN CROUP CURE
When they get it they laugh. Does not stupefy.
NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM.
Will cure croup quickly and without injury or bad effects.
TRY IT ONCE AND BE
CONVINCED
Sold by all druggists.
HOXSIE C. C. C. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEAR
Perfect Fitting
MERCHANT TAILOR-MADE CLOTHING.
THEY DON'T COST ANY MORE
Than poor sewed ready made clothing when bought of the
MISFIT PARLORS,
516 SMITHFIELD ST.
Just received, some special made
Fine Overcoats and Suits
FOR THE
HOLIDAY TRADE.
Overcoats at $15, $18 and $22.50 that cannot be made for less than $30 to $50.
Suits at $12, $16.50, $20 and $25 that no other tailor can equal for less than $30 to $60.
Trousers at $3.50, $4, $5, $6 and $7 that are perfect in shape, make and style.
MONEY IN YOUR POCKET
And satisfaction assured by buying your clothing at the

Next door to Duquesne Hotel.
Opposite City Hall.
THE STYLISH OUTFITTERS,
516—SMITHFIELD—516
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Fancy Rockers.
Over 100 Styles to Select From.
Pictures, Pictures,
ON CREDIT,
But No Fancy Prices.
Furniture and Carpets
ON CREDIT
At Rock-Bottom Prices.
HOLIDAY GOODS
Too numerous to mention. Our expenses are small and we can save you money.
TERMS TO SUIT.
F. P. THOMAS
Cor. Ohio and E. Diamond,
ALLEGHENY.
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LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.
PURE OLD RYE WHISKIES
From $1 to $1 50 per quart.
CALIFORNIA PORTS, SHERRIES, Etc.
At 50c a quart.
The Only Licensed Drugstore in the City.
G. EISENBEIS,
Successor to H. P. Schwartz & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,
115 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY, PA.
Tel. 3016. Established 1853.
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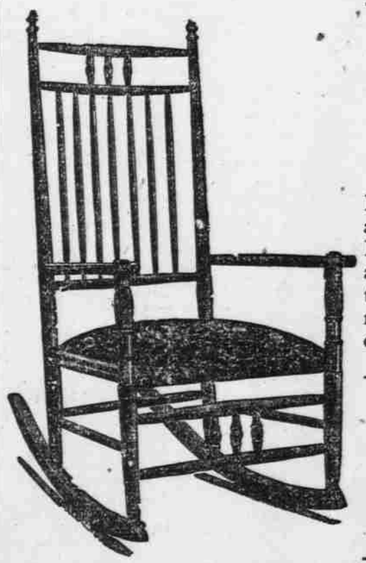
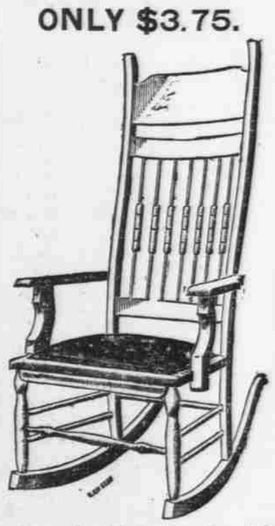
THE ONLY REASON
For the continued increase of THE DISPATCH Want Ads is that they give satisfactory returns.

GIFTS SERVICEABLE And BEAUTIFUL And to PLEASE EVERYBODY. GIFTS AT INSIDE FIGURES,
And we give them to you every day in the week. Don't allow anybody to worry you into buying so-styled bargains. Come to headquarters. We have our usual offerings at inside figures, as the following figures will show. Read carefully. Come early. This means money in your pocket.
GIFTS TO EVERYBODY—Our patrons are always remembered when the holidays are at hand. This year we have decided to give A USEFUL AND VALUBLE PRESENT TO EVERY PURCHASER, one HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, framed in an elegant white and gold frame, FREE to every purchaser, FREE, for three days only.
GIFTS THAT DON'T COST MUCH AT
PICKERING'S!
For the holidays we are far surpassing our own phenomenal attractions of the past. After several months' careful engineering we have arrived at a MAGNET that is crowding our stores from morning till night. Those fortunate enough to call buy our beautiful goods on sight, and are astonished at the low prices.
WE HAVE THE GOODS AT THE PRICES ADVERTISED.



Only $2.75
For this large, roomy and oak polish finish Rocker, upholstered in assorted colors of plush, that is worth and sells regular for $7, for three days only at
$2.75.

ONLY $3.75.



$3.75 for this large, oak polish finish Rocker, upholstered in assorted colors of plush, that is worth and sells regular for $7, for three days only at $3.75.

CASH, OR EASILY ARRANGED PAYMENTS.
SPECIAL--$10.00 Worth of Goods, - - - $1.00 Down, 50 Cents Per Week.
PICKERING'S, THE HOUSEFURNISHER, CORNER TENTH STREET AND PENN AVENUE.
P. S.—Store open every evening till 9 o'clock, Saturdays till 10 P. M. We do this to accommodate the working people.
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