

THE LIMIT REACHED

The \$3 Rate Closes With the End of March.

Doctor McCoy Gives Due and Sufficient Notice According to His Agreement.

There Will Be Positively No Extension or Continuance Beyond That Date.

In giving the \$3 rate Doctor McCoy reserved to himself the right to withdraw it to new patients at any time by giving due notice in the public prints. Doctor McCoy finds that the time has come to exercise that right, the number of patients now growing so large as to very soon exceed the possibility of personal care and attention. He therefore announces that it will be impossible to continue the rate after April 1, except to those patients already under regular treatment, who are, of course, entitled to it until cured. From April 1 all patients applying for treatment or renewing treatment will be treated until cured at the rate of \$3 a month. There will be, however, no further extension of the rate, and it will not be given again in Doctor McCoy's practice. After April 1 Doctor McCoy will resume his usual fees.

CURED OF LONG-STANDING CHRONIC CATARRH.

MISS ADA JONES, 802 D st. No. 2, eight years I had not been in as good health as I am at present. Since suffering from Catarrh, gradually growing worse year by year. For the last six years it took cold very bad indeed. Every time I took cold my nose would be so stopped up that I could not breathe through it. At times I suffered from violent headaches, and I seemed to have a cold all the time. Every night and morning my nose was stopped up completely, and often I would have to get up. I began to improve very shortly after I began the treatment. The discharge and



L. C. Sanders, 531 7th st. e. Cured of an abscess of the middle ear.

mucus became less, until now my nose no longer troubles me; my head feels perfectly clear, and the pains and aches have disappeared. I feel perfectly well in every respect.

CURING SEVERE CHRONIC CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

Fred W. Hyndon, Massachusetts, Va. "When I went to Dr. McCoy I could not walk five squares during the day. I was so weak and had such a bad stomach, that I could not eat anything, and I was very nervous. I had Catarrh and Dyspepsia for eighteen years. Eight years ago I had the Grip. After that the mucus, constantly dropping into my throat and passing into my stomach, kept it constantly deranged. Nearly everything I ate, no matter how simple it was, distressed me. I took cold very easily, and I became very thin. I would be so sick at times that I would have to go to bed. I read the statement in the paper of Mr. L. C. Sanders, 164 Superior street, N. Y., and as his case seemed similar to mine, I placed myself under Dr. McCoy's treatment. My improvement has been so rapid that I expected, and I have not now the least trouble with my stomach. During the last week I have eaten food the like of which I had not dared to touch for four years."

DEAF SINCE INFANCY.

Miss Alice Lykes, 215 South Alfred street, Alexandria, Va., aged fourteen years. I had been very deaf ever since I can remember. I could hear again all right, in school and at home.

MINISTER'S HEARING RESTORED.

Rev. L. L. Smith, 608 Sixth st. N. Y. "I had been deaf for many months. I can now hear as well as ever."

DEAF SIX YEARS.

Alexander DeGroot, 347 E. st. No. 2. "I had been deaf six years. I could not hear a word that was not shouted in my ear. I hear again clearly."

A CHILD'S HEARING RESTORED.

Master Henry O'Brien, 507 Stanton place, N. Y. "My child's hearing has been completely restored. He had been very deaf for two years."

DEAF SINCE CHILDHOOD.

Miss Helen Lawson, 18 Grant place, N. Y. "I had been deaf since childhood. My right ear was almost totally deaf. I can now hear distinctly."

DEAFNESS FROM MEASLES CURED.

John A. Stanton, 2325 E. ave. N. Y. "My deafness was caused by measles when I was twelve years old. It has been cured by my right ear. My hearing has been perfectly restored."

A DOCTOR'S HEARING RESTORED.

Dr. C. P. McEnheimer, 402 Sixth st. N. Y. "I had been deaf for ten years. My hearing is restored."

DEAF FOR FOUR YEARS.

J. W. Palmer, 1005 G. st. N. Y. "I had been deaf for four years. I hear again clearly."

DOCTOR MCCOY'S BOOK FREE TO ALL.

Consultation Free. McCoy System of Medicine, Permanent Offices, Dr. McCoy's National Practice, 715 13th Street Northwest, Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m., daily; Sunday—10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

THREE SUSPECTS SET FREE

Spain Releases American Citizens Imprisoned in Cuba.

THE NEWS CABLED BY LEE

An Examining Board for Army Promotions Is Organized by Order of the Secretary of War—Chief of Division Speer Has Resigned—Tea Experts Appointed.

The State Department received advice by cable yesterday from Consul General Lee, at Havana, of the release of three prisoners, who have been imprisoned under arrest for various terms on suspicion of being employed in Cuba in the interest of the insurgents. The three are: Esteban Venero, aged twenty-two, who is a native of Cuba, but was naturalized as an American citizen in 1895. He was arrested at Los Palos, Matanzas province, about September 22, 1896, but no charges were preferred. The captain general asked for evidence of American citizenship on December 9, which was sent him. The case has been since pending.

Theodore L. Vives, a native of Cienfuegos, who was naturalized in 1891. He was arrested November 19, 1896. Charged first with disorderly conduct and afterward with having transmitted letters to Spain. Pending the controversy over jurisdiction between the civil and military authorities he was held in jail.

Charles Scott, born in Cuba of American parents, but a resident there since birth. He was one of a number arrested for having Cuban stamps in his possession, and upon suspicion of aiding the insurgents. E. P. Speer, chief of the military division in the Treasury Department, tendered his resignation to Secretary Gage yesterday, to take effect on the 25th inst. Mr. Speer is from Georgia, and was appointed at the beginning of the Cleveland Administration. He is an old newspaper man and at one time represented a number of Southern dailies as Washington correspondent.

The full completion of tea experts, provided for under a late law for the prevention of importation of impure teas, was appointed yesterday. They were seven in number, and the list is as follows: Chicago, A. P. Upham and E. A. Schuyler; Boston, Herbert W. Woodworth; New York, F. A. Phelan and W. P. Bower; Philadelphia, Andrew P. Irwin; San Francisco, Robert B. Baine.

The board is to have an early meeting in New York, when they will establish the standards of import regulations for the government of importations. Their compensation is \$200 per annum each, to which is added the expense of each during service. They will be employed but a few days at each session, and will operate under the customs division of the Treasury.

LAMOREUX SUSTAINED.

Commissioner Acted Within the Scope of His Authority. Judge Lamoreux, Commissioner of the Land Office, has drawn his first blood in the fight between Secretary Francis, which came over and was accepted by Secretary Bliss as a heritage. When Secretary Francis held up his decision in the Chicago lake front case, or had intimated to him that the matter must go over to Mr. Bliss, there was a scene, which ended by Judge Lamoreux resigning his position in resignation to the President, which resignation was received March 2. Mr. Cleveland did not consider it, and left the matter to President McKinley. It was stated further at the time that a request would be made of President McKinley not to permit the resignation, but that the Land Commissioner should be dismissed, and such was the general expectation from the caucus general in which Secretary Bliss spoke of the Land Commissioner.

The President yesterday decided that the charges against Judge Lamoreux were without foundation, and that he had acted within the scope of his authority, and directed Mr. Bliss to accept the resignation, which officer promptly did, the resignation to take effect March 19. According to one of those interested in the case, the action of the President leaves the case just as if Judge Lamoreux's decision was in favor of the McKee Scrip claimants, Benner and Lafollette. There is, however, an appeal to Secretary Bliss, which will undoubtedly be taken by Fairbanks, and others, of Chicago. The decision of the President appears also to make unnecessary the proceedings instituted by Dudley and Michener, the attorneys for the McKee claimants, for the purpose of deciding the question just settled in favor of these attorneys by the President.

Burglars Enter a Liquor Store.

Samuel Rothschild reported to the police yesterday morning that thieves had, on the night before, broken into his liquor store, at No. 829 Fourth street north-west, and stolen a quantity of whisky, a large number of cigars and \$7 in money from the cash drawer. The robbers gained access to the place by opening a window in the rear, in much the same manner as a number of other robberies of the same nature have been committed in the past few weeks. It is believed that the thieves are members of the colored gang who have been operating quite extensively of late upon numerous downtown establishments. Detectives Boyd, Helan and Lacey, who have been working upon the case, were arrested last night by five of the alleged thieves, and have evidence of several housebreakings against them which will, if convicted, retire them for some time.

A Negro Brute.

Clarence Benn, a seventeen-year-old colored boy, was arrested last night by Detective Sutton, of the First precinct, for committing a criminal assault upon Mamie Stevens, an eight-year-old girl, also colored. Clarence is a rather repulsive-looking boy who ran away from his parents in Philadelphia two years ago, and since that time has been living with the Stevens girl's mother, in Slater's alley, between E and P and Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. He has been employed as a water boy at the Lafayette Square Theater. The boy consents his guilt and is being held awaiting the result of the girl's injuries.

Marriage Licenses.

Licenses to marry were issued yesterday as follows: Charles W. Anderson and Lucinda Washington. Lewis L. Thompson and Mary Bell Swaim. Thomas Lowndes and Carrie Murray.

Have You Bleeding Piles?

Dr. Agnew's Ointment has thousands of testimonials to its merits in giving almost instant relief, and a sure cure for Piles in the most aggravating forms—Bleeding, Itching, or Blind, external or internal. Comfort in one application. Cure in three to six nights. 35 cents.

IN A TREASURE SHIP.



(Copyright, 1897, by Hugh H. Lusk.) SYNOPSIS.

The narrator, Hall, of the story is making a cruise among the islands of the eastern Archipelago, on a trading brig. She is becalmed in Hilo Bay. Tom Madison, the supercargo, is familiar with the history of the islands, and tells a story of how, in 1578, a Spanish galleon laden with gold, was said to have been burnt and sunk in the bay by the natives. Hall is gazing in the clear water as they drift along, when he sees a form that resembles a ship at the bottom of the bay. He tells Madison, who asks the captain to cast anchor, without telling him why. Under pretext of examining the coral beds, Hall determines to go down in a diving suit the next day, and investigate the strange object he has seen. The plan is carried out. After groping some time among the coral, he finds the object of his search. It is, indeed, a ship, and after some effort he climbs upon the deck and drops into the currents made by my progress.

I had decided that under the poop deck was the most likely place to find what I was looking for. The most precious part of that ill-fated cargo—so I argued with myself—would be placed where it would be most immediately under the eyes of the officers who, no doubt, were quartered on the poop, and I was anxious to get something, undisturbedly precious, gold if possible, to take back with me. My eyes searched the place as I went for signs of gold. Silver, I supposed, might tarnish, but gold would be proof against decay; if it were not hidden in cases, I should see it even in that dim light. And who that sees it can be mistaken in gold?

The hold was longer than I had thought. Little by little as I went on the light grew dimmer. The shadow of the coral struts began to look ghostly, and the waving seaweeds overhead more and more suggested menacing faces half hidden behind the tangled reefs. I must surely be near the place where the treasure had been stored, and it was worth while to take a few steps more even though they led into those eerie shadows. I seemed to be all eyes. My glances peered into each darker hollow in search of the yellow gleam of gold, and in half-conscious dread of some unknown terror about to show itself in the shadow.

I had nearly reached the stern, at last, for already I could dimly make out the shadow that marked the end before me. I would at least make sure, now that I had come so far. I took another step. No, it wasn't the stern, after all. The shadow I had seen came from something that was piled up higher than my head, but it didn't reach to the black covering overhead which I knew to be the deck. I looked at it narrowly; I touched it with my hand; I struck it with the tomahawk. Inclosed as I was in my helmet I could hear nothing, but as I struck, I could fancy it sounded hollow to the blows. I struck again and again. Then something gave way, and out of the darkness there rolled something that fell in a stream into the darker shadows at my feet. Dim as the light was, I seemed to catch the glitter of gold; indeed as I was to all other sounds, I seemed to hear the clink of metal as the little stream ran swiftly downward into the darkness. I had found the treasure!

The revelation of finding was almost too great—I felt myself stagger for a moment, and I dropped the tomahawk at my feet. Then in a sudden cause had to me with a wild throbb of exultation. For a moment bright visions, indefinite

There fell a stream into the darker shadows at my feet.

the bottom of the deck which I had left was quite out of reach and seemed to be several feet above my head. I had alighted on one of the shapeless-looking heaps I had noticed from above, and I was surprised to find that in spite of its covering of shells and seaweeds it felt nearly level to the touch. I looked around, and I was conscious of a strange, new feeling of oppression. For the first time since I left the brig I felt a shivering sensation that was almost like fear. It may have been the sudden change from the broad freedom of the ocean bottom to the narrow limits in which I found myself; it may even have been merely the effect of the dimmer light, which, as I stepped, I noticed shadowed in this place and in that shadowed in that, surrounded me on every side; but whatever the cause, the effect was something worse than unpleasant. Hooked around, and as I looked I shuddered.

It was only by an effort that I recovered myself, and I considered what my next step should be. The question was, where I should be most likely to find what I was looking for. There had been no effort required, when at a distance, to picture untold heaps of treasure lying ready to my hands, but it was different now that I was face to face with realities. I might, indeed, be standing upon a heap of gold or silver, but now that I found myself in contact with it the reality of the whole thing seemed hard to grasp. I stooped and struck several blows with the tomahawk upon the heap on which I was standing. Whatever the heap was composed of, it resisted the edge of my weapon as if it had been stone. I stopped to consider. After all, nothing was to be gained by merely flinging the edge of the tomahawk unless there was a reasonable chance that I should find what I was looking for. But was it likely? The heap might have consisted of wooden cases hardened in some way by the action of the sea water during the centuries. Even if it were so, and even as I bent forward I moved my foot, and the answer seemed clear enough—it was not. Then I stood must have been nearly amidship; surely, the most valuable part of what she carried would have been placed under the poop deck, near the stern.

The heap sloped downward toward the stern, so much so that the water looked dark and cavernous as I stooped forward to peer into the shadows that brooded over it. There did not appear to be any obstacle in my way, however, and after momentary hesitation I moved cautiously down the slope. I was doubtful of my footing, and I moved carefully. Step by step, with my face set toward the darker shadows that lurked under the afterdeck—step by step I felt my way. It was less dark than I feared it would be. My eyes had grown accustomed to the soft, pervading light that came downward through the watery atmosphere, and now I found that they quickly accommodated themselves to the dimmer light that stole obliquely into the inner recesses of the afterhold. Looking from side to side, as I went cautiously forward, I could make out my new surroundings almost as well as I had done outside. The place was like a cavern, and step by step as I descended the illusion became more complete. Under my feet the floor sloped steeply downward, thickly paved with shells, on each side tall plants had taken root, and, although they had not attained the size and luxuriance of those outside, they seemed almost more strange and beautiful as they stretched their colored branches toward me on every side; overhead long tresses of colored seaweed hung downward in disheveled masses, and swayed

but splendid, floated before my eyes and seemed to dazzle me by their vague brilliancy. I was the owner—the rightful owner—of the great treasure. What might I not be? What might I not do with it? It doesn't take long to dream, and I dreamed many things in that minute's pause. And all the time that slender stream of gold was running out and gleaming faintly as it fell. Then I came to myself and bent forward to grasp it in my outstretched hands. As I did so, something like a narrow shadow seemed to fill past me, and even as I bent forward I felt myself arrested by some invisible force. It was gentle but firm, soft but for the moment almost irresistible.

My heart seemed to stand still, and for several moments I felt powerless even to make an effort to free myself from that mysterious grasp. What it could be that held me I could not even guess, but vaguely I pictured to myself the boy fingers of some Spanish don who for three long centuries had stood guard over the sunken treasure. I am not an imaginary man, however, and as my heart recovered itself and the blood began again to rush through my veins, my courage came

at me from the darkness, and clutched me by the arm. It held me as it held the paralyze as the others had done. I had grown accustomed to the idea, which was much, and I now had a gleam of hope, which was still more. I bent forward and downward in spite of the clinging hands that held me back. At last I reached it, and as my fingers closed closely on the handle I felt as if I were suddenly restored to my self-confidence once more.

I rose to face my unseen adversary, and I was surprised to find myself so cold and prepared. I had always heard that men were quickly exhausted in the coils of the devilfish and for a few moments I failed to understand why I should be an exception to the rule. Then it dawned upon me. It was my diving suit that preserved me so far. The creature had seized me indeed, but its suckers were fixed only on the thick leather suit that covered me from head to foot. Even though that strong protection I could feel the force of that deadly suction, for my flesh seemed to creep and rise to meet the grip of those leathery-looking hands, but it was with a new hope that I recognized the fact that most of their deadly power was wasted on me. Helpless as I was in that grasp, the struggle might not after all be a hopeless one. The very thought was half the battle gained.

My assailant was in no hurry. Second after second passed, and they seemed more than minutes to me, yet he made no further movement. I faced the shadow; I strained my eyes to follow these deadly arms to the place they came from; I gazed into the darkness in the hope of seeing some vulnerable point at which to strike. More than once I tried the edge of my weapon on the long, sinewy bands that grasped me, but it was vain—I could make no impression. Then another stole out of the darkness and alighted on my thigh. "Foul!" I said to myself, as I eyed the snakey line—a darker shadow in the dark water. I waited for what was to come. I felt a grim pleasure in the thought that my arm was all the time deceiving the devil fish. He was waiting till I should be helpless in his grip. Well, I also could wait!

To be Concluded.

Morning and Sunday Times, 50 Cents Per Month.

At Last I Reached It.

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back to me. It might be only a fancy. With the thought came the effort to prove it correct, and I threw myself forward once more to grasp the falling gold. Again I found myself held back, and now I knew that the trap was on my shoulder. Surely it was a hand. The weight with which I had thrown myself forward, resisted as it was, swung me partly round, and in the dim twilight my eyes caught sight of a thin, dark line that stretched out of the darkness rigid and strong.

Was it the skeleton arm I had dreamed of? Involuntarily my hand went up and caught it. No, it was no bony substance on which my gauntlet closed so convulsively. It bent as I pressed against it, bent like a piece of highly tempered steel. With a sudden wrench I tried to loosen its hold and I almost succeeded. Then, with a kind of shudder that communicated itself to my hand, it suddenly swelled and grew rigid again, and I felt as if I had been drawn closer to the spot on the darkness out of which it came. At the same moment something else sprang out of the shadow, trembled for an instant as if in doubt, and then darted suddenly at my other shoulder. Then I knew what it was—that I had to deal with a devilfish!

Strange as it may seem—strange as it even seems to myself now—the conviction was a positive relief. I had never seen a devilfish, it is true, but I had heard and read of them, and their appearance was familiar to me from pictures. Terrible as the creature was, he was not invested with the terrors of the unknown, and I felt as if I could face him on very different terms from the bony skeleton I had imagined to myself in my first moment of dread. Like a flash it passed through my mind as I felt the new arm of the animal touch and cling to my breast. There was something about that touch that was unlike any other experience I had ever had. It was not a blow; it was not a grasp; it wasn't even a push—the sensation I felt was a little like all three. I staggered for a moment, but I held fast by the long, thin arm which had gripped so tightly with my hand, and it seemed to steady me. It was something to feel even so much that was real and tangible; but for these two slender hands that reached out of the darkness I was opposed to the unseen.

I felt that I was face to face with the enemy, and even that was something. The arms had sprung out of the shadow, and I knew that there were more behind. When would they, too, spring upon me? Where would they fix their hold? I stood expectant of what was to come next; my eyes searched the darkness for the face of my enemy. I think the silence was the worst of it. A roar, a triumphant scream, even a hiss would have been a relief. It was the utter silence that was terrible. It could only have been for a minute or two at the most, for when I cast my eyes down I could see that the little river of yellow coins was still trickling down and losing itself in the shadows. I didn't try to reach it now.

Somehow my interest, which had been so keen and overpowering only a few minutes before, seemed to have ceased. I looked at it vaguely, but I scarcely had more than a curious curiosity about the coins, and they no longer connected themselves with my future. As I looked I moved my foot, and something that rested against it fell off—the tomahawk. The accident brought me back from the half-conscious state to which I was falling. I was not quite defenseless, then, after all. I stooped to seize it, and at the same moment another slender hand darted

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Strange as it may seem—strange as it even seems to myself now—the conviction was a positive relief. I had never seen a devilfish, it is true, but I had heard and read of them, and their appearance was familiar to me from pictures. Terrible as the creature was, he was not invested with the terrors of the unknown, and I felt as if I could face him on very different terms from the bony skeleton I had imagined to myself in my first moment of dread. Like a flash it passed through my mind as I felt the new arm of the animal touch and cling to my breast. There was something about that touch that was unlike any other experience I had ever had. It was not a blow; it was not a grasp; it wasn't even a push—the sensation I felt was a little like all three. I staggered for a moment, but I held fast by the long, thin arm which had gripped so tightly with my hand, and it seemed to steady me. It was something to feel even so much that was real and tangible; but for these two slender hands that reached out of the darkness I was opposed to the unseen.

I felt that I was face to face with the enemy, and even that was something. The arms had sprung out of the shadow, and I knew that there were more behind. When would they, too, spring upon me? Where would they fix their hold? I stood expectant of what was to come next; my eyes searched the darkness for the face of my enemy. I think the silence was the worst of it. A roar, a triumphant scream, even a hiss would have been a relief. It was the utter silence that was terrible. It could only have been for a minute or two at the most, for when I cast my eyes down I could see that the little river of yellow coins was still trickling down and losing itself in the shadows. I didn't try to reach it now.

Somehow my interest, which had been so keen and overpowering only a few minutes before, seemed to have ceased. I looked at it vaguely, but I scarcely had more than a curious curiosity about the coins, and they no longer connected themselves with my future. As I looked I moved my foot, and something that rested against it fell off—the tomahawk. The accident brought me back from the half-conscious state to which I was falling. I was not quite defenseless, then, after all. I stooped to seize it, and at the same moment another slender hand darted

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