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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Culled From Dispatches From Both Hemispheres.

SEVEN DAYS' NEWS IN BRIEF.

A General Resume of the Leading News of the Day, Prepared in a Suitable Form For the Reader Whose Leisure Time Is Limited.

The steamer *Scutella* of Buffalo has arrived at Ogdensburg, N. Y., with cargo of 8,000 cedar poles from the Lake Michigan region, for the use of the new long distance telephone line that is now being constructed throughout Northern New York by the Central Telephone company.

Cyrus Morris Todd, 70 years old, for the past 27 years professor of mathematics at Williams college, died of inflammation of the bowels at Williamstown, Mass.

Southern vestibule train No. 83, north-bound, was derailed two and a half miles north of Elakaburg, S. C. Engineer Peters and Fireman Sigman were injured, but neither was fatally hurt. No passengers were injured.

Ex-Mayor Charles H. O'Dell of Beverly, Mass., died at his home here.

Fredrick Hoffman, a veteran of the Ninth New York volunteers, on returning from the soldiers' home at Togus, Me., was accidentally asphyxiated by illuminating gas in the Hotel Hatfield, New York. Hoffman is dead as a result of the accident.

Henry McGough, who is wanted for a murderous assault on Policeman Marlon at Portage, Pa., was arrested at Buffalo. McGough was about to enlist in the regular army and leave for the West when he was captured. He was locked up to await the arrival of an officer from Portage.

The sealing steamer *Labrador* with 1,000 seals and the *Diana* with 2,000 arrived at St. Johns, N. F. The latter will begin preparations in a day or two to convey the Dominion government's exploring expedition to Hudson bay.

William Price of Middletown, N. Y., caught his foot in the guard rail near the Erie depot at that place, and before he could be released, a switching train passed over him. He was instantly killed.

Seth Pettit, aged 80 years, committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver at Hamstead, N. Y. He was alone at the time. He leaves a widow and one son.

Antoine Stiger, a delegate from the Swiss confederation to the national congress at Washington, arrived in New York on the French liner *La Gascogne*. He holds a responsible position in the Swiss postal service.

It is understood that the governments of Chili and Brazil have entered into an alliance with a view to guaranteeing the maintenance of peace in South America.

George Lawson, a wealthy retired fruit grower, aged 73 died of heart disease at Marlborough, N. Y. He was a director of the Quaker National bank of New York. A widow and four children survive him.

Mrs. Nicholas Holman fell down stairs in her residence at Toronto and was instantly killed. She was the widow of Nicholas Holman, a trainman, who was killed by an engine at Detroit last fall.

A new order of the Grand Trunk railway to the effect must be prepaid on all coal shipped by American companies to Canadian points or it will not be accepted by the road.

Representatives of China's railroad system are in the neighborhood of Saratoga seeking skilled American railroad employees to work on roads in China for a period of five years.

John E. Patterson has made application as deputy auditor for the postoffice department and H. J. Deason as naval officer at New York.

BUFFALO IN LINE.

General Clarkson Officially Names Buffalo as the Encampment City.

BUFFALO, April 28.—General Thaddeus S. Clarkson of Omaha, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, accompanied by his staff, arrived in the city.

The general came here to learn what preparations had been made for the grand encampment to be held in Buffalo during August.

After listening to reports of committees, Mr. Clarkson announced himself as satisfied and wired his adjutant general, Charles E. Burnham of Chicago to issue an order at once, officially naming Buffalo as the next grand encampment city. The general and his party left for New York to attend the grand memorial services.

HURLED TO DEATH.

Car Jumped the Tracks, Crashing Through the Bridge.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 28.—An electric car on the Mount Tabor line jumped the track at East Morrison and Eighth streets and plunged through a bridge into a slough 25 feet deep below. Three bodies have been recovered.

There were 34 people in the car when the accident occurred, but it is believed only three were killed. A number were badly bruised and cut by glass in the car windows.

Immense Loss by Fire.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., April 28.—Fire broke out in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad company's pier No. 6 and before the flames were checked, damage to the extent of \$2,000,000 had been done. Two of the company's immense piers were destroyed, three vessels burned to the water's edge, a tugboat entirely destroyed and eight persons burned, some of them seriously.

Not Satisfactory to Democrats.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The Democratic members of the finance committee will not accept the proposition made by their Republican colleagues to allow the tariff bill to be reported direct to the senate without passing through the hands of the full committee and have so notified the Republican members.

Theodore A. Havemeyer Dead.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Theodore A. Havemeyer, vice president of the American Sugar Refining company, died at his home in this city.

THE MARKETS.

New York Money Market. Money on call, 15 1/2 @ 17 1/2 per cent. Prime commercial paper, 8 1/2 @ 9 1/2 per cent. Sterling exchange, actual business in bank, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 for demand; 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 for 30 days. Forward rates, 4 3/4 and 4 1/2.

New York Produce Market. FLOUR—City mills patent, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; city mill clear, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; winter straits, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; low grades, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; Minnesota patent, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; spring low grades, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; spring extra, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; winter low grades, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; Southern flour, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4.

Buffalo Provision Market. WHEAT—No. 1 hard, 85 1/2; No. 2 northern, 79 1/2; No. 3 red, 81 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 79 1/2; No. 5 yellow, 79 1/2; No. 6 mixed, 79 1/2.

Buffalo Hay Market. No. 1 timothy hay, \$12.00; No. 2 do, \$12.00; No. 3 do, \$12.00; No. 4 do, \$12.00; No. 5 do, \$12.00; No. 6 do, \$12.00; No. 7 do, \$12.00; No. 8 do, \$12.00; No. 9 do, \$12.00; No. 10 do, \$12.00.

THE WITCHING SEA.

Ho, for the sea at night,
Shining in ghostly light,
Ho, for the sea!
Blow and foam beauteous,
Moonlit, all black and white,
Wanton is she—
Heaving her bosom bright,
Wicked and full of might,
Calling for me.

I am no longer free,
Hark how she shouts in gleam
Siren song so,
Now in a dizzy sea,
Fascinate I lovers we,
Rocks I grow,
And for the hour I'll be
Here, with my soul in fee,
While her winds blow.

Tiger love here, I know—
Fair friend and subtle foe,
Hid out of sight,
Deep in her cavern low,
Lurks her reward of woe,
Come love, come spite,
Into her waves I go,
Dare her undertow!

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Of course the general's will was at the bottom of the affair, but the Eve behind these fig leaves was his second wife.

They could not call her a stepmother, for the general's children were all older than she was. The general was well along in years when she married him, but that was her affair.

There hangs his portrait, painted by Copley. Look at it. You do not believe he was 40 when it was painted?

He was more handsome and fascinating at 60 than his sons were at 30. The second wife was rich—very rich. She brought the greatest quantity of gold and silver plate into the family, all marked with an Arabic cipher to which she added the Chevalier crest—a terrapin—and the motto, "Not to be swif't."

No one knew certainly who her people were. She said they were Spanish, and her own appearance supported her assertion.

He grew up strong like his father and beautiful like his mother, a veritable infant de France, but when he was 10 and the general was 70 the old, handsome old gentleman died suddenly.

The mistress was 40. Just the age of the youngest stepdaughter, and she sat in the drawing room when the will was read with such a look on her face that nobody but a Gueph would have dared to cry.

The will stated that she should hold the old Chevalier place for her son. If she survived him, it should be hers absolutely, to leave as she pleased.

There should be no division of property until the last son was of age. Then came bequests to relatives and servants, and that was all.

The stepchildren were furiously angry. One would be, a thought them on the verge of starvation. "Wait 12 years!" they cried. "Wait until that precious brat is of age! And his mother, with everything in her hands and responsible to no one? It is not to be endured!

And so on, worse and worse. The mistress looked from one scoundrel to another.

"I will not tell you to leave my home," she said in a voice both sweet and stern. "For you are the only home you have always had here. You now have homes of your own and must live in them, as I shall live in mine. As long as you are in my house you must conduct yourselves as your father's children should. Your quarrels and oral speeches insult his memory."

They took flight like so many blackbirds, but the mistress was so good natured they few back at intervals, and every now and then the boy was permitted to visit them. He went with pockets full of gold and returned a fatal bankrupt. He gave, and they took, with both hands.

About a year after the general's death the boy came home from a visit to his oldest brother, Robert, who lived in the city. He had been at home for a day, perhaps, when he was taken ill.

His illness puzzled the country physician, and a city colleague was sent for. But he died.

His mother, looking at his dead body, spoke out her thoughts: "He has been poisoned. His business has poisoned him."

And she called the oldest son, Otho, and Robert the Devil to his dying day.

The speech went around like a hot iron in a tumbler of water. Robert never forgave her. There was no proof that the child had been really poisoned, but the suspicion imbedded his life and followed him to the grave, and so they hated each other bitterly.

The Chevalier place was very valuable. Add to that the mistress's money and plate and jewels, and one can see why every bachelor and many a man who could not marry looked longingly into her beautiful face.

But one could fall by the manner of her walking, the inflections of her voice and the impossibility of her attitude when she sat that for her there was neither light nor sweetest, nor hope, nor desire, left in life.

And yet she went about as usual, even after her son's death, steadily replying the shroud of crepe and having always in the house light, flowers, perfume and pleasant company.

The stepchildren looked critically at each other as year after year slid away and said to each other that she would never die.

Many of them died of typhoid and other watery diseases and thus their lives grew up, but at 90, the mistress was still alive—and at 94, although truth to tell, she had shriveled into a brown mummy and sat all day and, oftentimes all night in a great wadded chair with a hood over it, stuffed about with cushions and propped with pillows and hot water bottles. Her body had mummified, but her mind was as clear and as crystal as ice.

This last winter she was 94. The Chevalier place was very valuable. Add to that the mistress's money and plate and jewels, and one can see why every bachelor and many a man who could not marry looked longingly into her beautiful face.

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She would look with her dead black eyes at the faithful mummy alive when she waited upon her and laugh to herself—a strangely clear laugh to her from such mummified lips.

Sometimes her step-grandchildren would go to see her. When they were children, they were afraid, but as the years passed they got quite used to the sight of the great coffin in one end of the room.

It is a very comfortable bed. The mistress Chevalier would clear say. And several times when she thought the hour had surely come, she made the slugs mummy and her daughter and son sit in their chairs and life her in, and she would lie waiting for death, being with a corpulent smile at the general's portrait.