SLANDERS ANSWERED

Talmage on the Caricature and Misrepresentation of Religion.

THE ENEMIES OF EVANGELISM.

Wonderful Influence of Regeneration Upon Human Nature.

NOTABLE INSTANCES OF FAITH CURES

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BROOKLYN, January 27.—The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon this morning was on "Slanders Against Religion Answered." His text was: "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples and nations and tongues and kings."—Rev. X: 10, 11. The reverend gentleman said:

Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hillside, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has

A SUPERNATURAL DREAM.

and before him pass as a panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds which skeptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a

DIRE DYSPEPSIA.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetical creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things.

In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusillade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

EVANGELICAL RELIGION

is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, rosate, bounding life, and the scalpel and the dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scarecrow which a farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just sovereign, and that we are free agents.

"No, no! that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is a sovereign, we can't be free agents."

Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The Mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind and soul I am

A FREE MAN.

So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all asquirm with trout and goldfish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn bridge I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and He has conservatories and He has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap in the furnaces you may.

Suppose now a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond street jail and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be? all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries. Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning

THE GATES OF PEARL

would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lockup. If all people without regard to their character when they leave this world go right into glory—I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common sense demands two destinies! And then as to the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed of the house I live in and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopalian Church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflexion. False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their church are worse than nothing unless the heart will go with them. So also the Baptist Church has been misrepresented.

THE ENEMIES OF EVANGELISM

Say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister pats him on the back and says: "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion," which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for half a century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

MISREPRESENTED DOCTRINES.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of Christian Churches as absurd, dry and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons. Impossible. If it is one God He can't be three, and if there are three they can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity in our own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the courtroom—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual.

But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you."

THE IGNORANT MAN

goes into the chemist's laboratory and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here in the laboratory after your death and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: When a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one; he has injured you; he apologizes, or he makes reparation. You say: "Now that's all right—that's all right." Justification by faith is this: A man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man: "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now—it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to

CONQUER ALL NATIONS.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation man-of-war lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in character as radical as that.

A man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone.

"THAT'S A LIE."

An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He was in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples that had just been sent him. He began to love that which he hated. I baptized him by immersion in the baptistry under this platform. A large salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said: "If in the change of your business you have lack of means, come home, you are always welcome home."

He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion said: "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus would save her. "Oh," said she, "that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so?" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in that book." He said: "I have neglected this book as you have neglected it for many years, and I don't know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and

STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL

to say, his eye struck upon this passage: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She said: "It isn't possible that is there!" "Yes," he said, "that is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "Oh, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise. 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'" In a few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it, and the new convert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration! If there are any dry husks of technicality in that, where are they? All made over again by the power of the grace of God.

A few years ago a ship captain came in here and sat yonder under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the church of God and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship owners and the ship commanders what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

A little while after his conversion he was on a ship off Cape Hatteras in a thick and prolonged fog, and they were at their wits' ends and knew not what to do, the ship drifting about hither and thither, and they

LOST THEIR BEARINGS.

and the converted sea captain went to his room and asked God for the salvation of the ship, and God revealed it to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift; and the converted sea captain came out on the deck and how God heard his prayers. He said: "It is all right, boys, very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer; but at just the hour when God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety.

When in seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down beside one who has been helpless in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets well. He kneels beside one who has long been decrepit, and he resigns the crutches. He kneels beside one who has not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away, and those who had diseases that were appalling to behold come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second-handed. I have had the story from the lips of the patients in this very house, those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God.

NO SECOND-HAND STORY THIS.

I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; I do not care what you call it, it is a fact. The scoffing sea captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration, that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionship in the new position she occupied, and her dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose

IT IS MY OWN FAULT."

She went here and there for employment and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, 80 years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found that she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice. All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid His poverty for our riches, His self-abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation that we might climb over His lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out! Oh the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When the London plague was raging in the year 1665, there was a hotel near the chief burial place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement. The dead carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry;

"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!"

was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put 20 or 30 in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits, in one pit 1,114 burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of 20 or 30 to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry.

My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing-press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spreads its two black wings over the doomed city of London. Oh, instead of being scoffers let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

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BARGAINS FOR LADIES.

Nice, fine, soft glove kid Congress at $1 00. Nice fine dongola kid button, opera and common sense toes, at only $1 50 per pair. Wool-lined overshoes, small sizes, at 50 cents.

SPECIAL—A lot of men's wool-lined $1 00 overshoes at 65 cents. Also, a lot of gents' R. R. Edge shoes at $1 75, sold a few weeks ago for $2 50 and $3 00.

G. D. SIMEN,
78 OHIO STREET,
Cor. of Sandusky st., near Market House, Allegheny.
ja28-MW

SALLER & CO.

Great Slaughter!
Continued.

Any Overcoat marked $11, $12, $13 or $14,
Any Suit marked $11, $12, $13 or $14,

TAKE YOUR PICK FOR $10.

Any Overcoat marked $15, $16, $17 or $18,
Any Suit marked $15, $16, $17 or $18,

TAKE YOUR PICK FOR $12.

All our Hats, Furnishings, Ladies' Cloaks and Wraps, Boys' Overcoats and Suits Slaughtered at half former price.

SALLER & CO.,
Corner Diamond and Smithfield Streets.
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Morris
PHOTOGRAPHER, 16 SIXTH STREET.
A fine, large crayon portrait $3 50; see them before ordering elsewhere. Cabinets, $2 and $2 50 per dozen. PROMPT DELIVERY.
oc9-p70-MWFSU

RAILROADS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD—Schedule in effect November 29, 1888. For Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Philadelphia, *11:30 a. m. and *10:20 p. m. For Washington, Balt. and Baltimore, 17:00 a. m. For Cumberland, 17:00, *11:30 a. m., and *10:20 p. m. For Connellsville, 17:00 and *11:30 a. m., *11:00, 14:00 and *10:20 p. m. For Uniontown, 17:00, 11:30 a. m., *11:00 and *4:00 p. m. For Mt. Pleasant, 17:00 and *11:30 a. m., *11:00 and 14:00 p. m. For Washington, Pa., *7:30, 19:30 a. m., *3:35, 15:30 and *5:30 p. m. For Wheeling, *7:30, 19:30 a. m., *3:35, *5:30 p. m. For Cincinnati and St. Louis, *7:30 a. m., *5:30 p. m. For Columbus, *7:30 a. m., *8:20 p. m. For Newark, *7:30, 19:30 a. m., *3:35, *8:20 p. m. For Chicago, *7:30, 19:30 a. m., *3:35 and *5:30 p. m. Trains arrive from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, *7:10 a. m. and *6:50 p. m. From Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago, *7:45 a. m. and *9:10 p. m. From Wheeling, *7:45, *10:50 a. m., *5:05, *9:10 p. m. Through sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washington and Cincinnati.

For Wheeling, Columbus and Cincinnati, 11:55 p m (Saturday only). Connellsville ac. at 8:30 a m.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday. §Sunday only. The Pittsburg Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences upon orders left at B. & O. Ticket Office, corner Fifth avenue and Wood street.

W. M. CLEMENTS, General Manager. CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

PITTSBURG AND CASTLE SHANNON R. R. Co. Winter Time Table. On and after October 14, 1888, until further notice, trains will run as follows on every day except Sunday. Eastern standard time: Leaving Pittsburg—6:15 a. m., 7:15 a.m., 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 5:10 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Arrington—5:45 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 10:20 p. m. Sunday trains, leaving Pittsburg—10 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:10 p.m., 9:30 p. m. Arlington—9:10 a. m., 12 m., 1:50 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 6:30 p. m.

JOHN JAHN, Supt.

PITTSBURG AND WESTERN RAILWAY Trains (Cet'l Stan'dtime)	Leave.	Arrive.
Butler Accommodation.....	6:00 a m	7:10 a m
Day Ex. Ak'n, Tol., Ch'n, Kane	7:20 a m	7:22 p m
Butler Accommodation.....	9:20 a m	4:00 p m
Chicago Express (daily).....	12:30 p m	11:05 a m
New Castle and Greenville Ex	1:50 p m	9:36 a m
Zelienople and Forbury Ac..	4:40 p m	6:30 a m
Butler Accommodation.....	5:40 p m	2:10 p m

Through coach and sleeper to Chicago daily.

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FOR READERS OF
THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Important announcement. Forthcoming new and original story by an Author of transcendant powers. "The Pennycomequicks," by S. Baring-Gould. A first-rate story by a first-rate Author. Full of surprises and sensation; of movement and incident; of brilliant passages and thrilling episodes, "The Pennycomequicks" will delight all classes. It will be appreciated by young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple. Publication commences

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(NEXT MONDAY.)
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Among the shining lights of the English literary firmament, a foremost position must be accorded to the distinguished novelist—S. BARING-GOULD. It is not alone in the paths of light literature that he has gained a reputation. As an archæological student, an authority on folklore, myths and legends; a historian, a biographer, a writer upon natural history, and even as the Author of some popular volumes of bright and pithy sermons for children, he has done brilliant and enduring work. His Fictional writings are of the first order of merit, and are rapidly growing in popular favor. His Novels are so bracing, so original, so interesting, so destitute of cant, so sensational and yet withal so wholesome, that his next work of Fiction, now offered to the readers of THE DISPATCH, is sure of a hearty welcome by all classes.

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HERE are few Authors living who could
AVE produced anything
QUAL to the "Pennecomequicks" in force and fancy.
OWERFUL in conception, original in
XECUTION, and displaying in every line the
ATURAL skill of the born Story-teller; it is
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OMMENCE its perusal from our columns and thereby
BTAIN an interest in the plot—which will be
ATURED in due course—without having
XCITED within him the liveliest
RIOSITY as to what will be the end.
NEXPECTED surprises follow each other
N rapid succession, and before many
HAPTERS have been read
EEN will be the anticipations regarding the
UBSEQUENT possibilities the Author promises.
UT the later chapters introduce situations even
ET more dramatic.
TEP by step the reader is hurried forward
ARING-GOULD is an
UTHOR of brilliant powers and
EMARKABLE originality.
N all his stories he makes his individuality
OTICEABLE, and never fails to
AIN the sympathy of his Readers.
IVEN therefore a sensational and powerful Story,
F extraordinary merit, and an Author of
NDOUBTED and unquestioned power, our Readers may
OOK forward to "The Pennycomequicks" with
ELIGHT, and cheerful anticipations.

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Read "The Pennycomequicks," by S. Baring-Gould. Author of "Mehalah," "Court Royal," "Richard Cable," "The Gaverocks," "Red Spider," "Eve," "John Herring," etc. Publication of this new and splendid work of Fiction commences in our issue of MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, and will be continued from week to week, until the conclusion of the Story is reached. From first to last the Story will be read with pleasure; nothing is wanting to keep the interest sustained. The Opening Chapters appear MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

☞ Remember that this will make THREE DISTINCT AND EXCLUSIVE STORIES running through succeeding issues of THE DAILY and SUNDAY ISSUES of THE DISPATCH, as follows:

The Buried River,
BY JOAQUIN MILLER,
BEGINS SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

A ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE,
By J. Marsden Sutcliffe.

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS,
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CUT IN HALF
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We mean just what we say. We have marked our entire stock of Seal Plush Sacques, Jackets, Wraps, Modjeskas and Newmarkets down to one-half their actual prices, rather than to carry them over.

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are now displayed by us in a truly beautiful variety. We are not only the first in Pittsburg or Allegheny to show these new styles, but positively sell them for less money than the sleepy dry goods stores will ask