WHERE ART IS BORN.

Picturesque Paint Creek, a Favorite Resort of Artists.

THE SCENERY NEAR SCALP LEVEL.

A Spot Where Nature Can be Seen in All Her Moods.

A QUAINT PENNSYLVANIA VILLAGE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

QUAINT old-fashioned village situated among the mountains near Johnstown, Pa., has for many years been the favorite resort of artists, particularly those located in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. It is rather more than 70 years since the dwellings of the first white men who settled in what is now known as Scalp Level were erected. Just what fastened this rather peculiar name upon the sleepy little hamlet appears to be one of those things which are buried in oblivion; of which history takes no note, and of which even tradition speaks but little, and that little in most vague and unsatisfactory terms.

Scalp Level is situated at the confluence of two mountain streams which unite and form what is known as Paint creek, much as the Ohio is formed by the union of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. The origin of the name "Paint Creek" is very obvious, and one requires neither tradition nor the records of history to aid in discovering it. Since ever the beauties of that most picturesque stream have been known to that class of Bohemians who transfer to canvas nature's various and changing moods, the creek has been haunted during the summer season by men with white umbrellas and sketching stools. For the three miles from Scalp Level to where its waters flow into Stony creek the course of Paint creek lies through a wild and picturesque glen, between high and steep hills covered with pine, fir, beech and a few tall oak trees. Throughout its entire course the creek tumbles over a rocky bed and winds in and out

AMONG HUGE GRAY BOULDERS,

sometimes moss-covered and with tall trees growing above and apparently out of them. In many places the water forms in beautiful pools which constitute splendid mirrors, reflecting the azure sky with its brightly tinted clouds, the glorious colors of the foliage, the cold gray of the rocks and the dark and mysterious shadows beneath the trees. Above the village one branch of the creek winds its way over sedgy stony ground, and its banks are covered with trees whose foliage presents an almost infinite variety of form and the most delicate shades of color. As it nears the village the course of the second branch of the stream lies through a magnificent beech forest, with here and there a group of tall pines or firs standing in dark and gloomy majesty, and in strong contrast to the delicate greens of the foliage around them. Through this woods the waters of the stream glide smoothly, and the splendid trees arching over it bend down until their lower branches dip beneath its placid surface, and the sunlight stealing through the dense foliage falls in a golden splendor upon the water. Within the woods, the trunks of noble trees, which in years gone by have swayed their proud crests in the breeze, now laid low by age, or storm, or lightning's blast, are covered with lichens and with moss of the richest and most vivid green.

Just above the junction of the two streams the water of one of them falls a distance of some 10 or 12 feet, breaking into spray as it comes from the rocks above, and tumbling and splashing into the pools below sends forth a constant succession of circling waves that widen and increase until they break against its rocky shores. About half a mile lower down the stream rolls over a sloping bed of rock that, on account of its peculiar corrugated formation, has been given the name of "Washboard Falls." Still lower down there is a shelving ledge of rock with a narrow channel

THE VILLAGE STREET.

worn in its center, through which the water rushes, and below which it has hollowed a basin of some 70 feet in diameter and of unknown depth.

A ROMANTIC PATH.

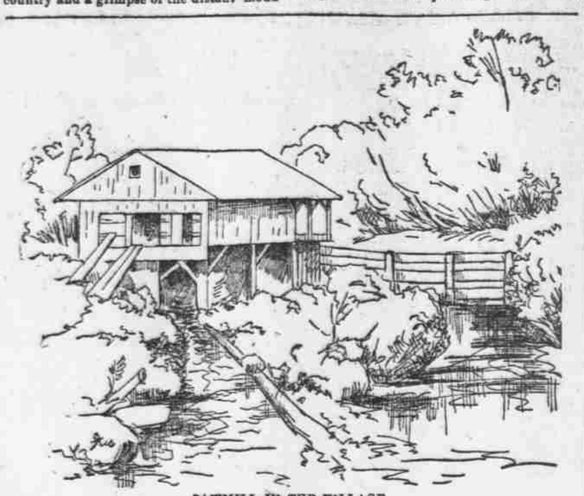
"Spoon Lane" is the name of a path among the laurel down one side of the glen, which ends very appropriately in the vicinity of Washboard Falls. This path leading down among the rocks and trees, the ferns and mossy stones, is certainly enchanting and romantic, and it is not surpassed in beauty by many that are more famous.

A new road has been recently cut through the woods upon the side of the glen from Paint Creek station on the Baltimore and

Cave in the Rocks Above the Glen.

Ohio Railroad. Upon alighting from the train at this station the scene viewed is wild almost to desolateness. Anyone unacquainted with the locality might easily be forgiven if, after a fruitless search, he should despair of ever finding the road to the village. A close scrutiny of the underbrush by the side of the railroad will reveal a narrow path, which, leading up the rather steep hillside, ends in the beginning of the new road. Near this road, and about three-fourths of a mile above Paint Creek station, stands the cottage where Miss Olive Turney spends her summers; sketching the lovely scenery of the woods and glades, in the companionship of friends and students from the city.

All along the road the scenery is grandly beautiful. Huge boulders 15 to 20 feet high are scattered about among the trees, many of them covered with moss which in turn supports a most luxuriant growth of ferns. Looking to the right, the steep hill rises above the road, presenting a dense mass of dark and gloomy pines interspersed with other tall forest trees. Looking to the left down the rocky and abrupt descent the trees are more scattered, and spaces between the foliage reveal glimpses of the sparkling waters of the creek below. Nearing Scalp Level, the scenery becomes less wild, and about a quarter of a mile from the village the road emerges from the woods upon an open farming country, with fields of grain and cattle grazing upon the hills. For a short distance the road then skirts a field of grain climbing a somewhat steep ascent, upon reaching the summit of which, the traveler is rewarded by an extended view of open country and a glimpse of the distant mountain ridge, seen through a narrow pass between the hills.



SAWMILL IN THE VILLAGE.

INTO THE DENSE WOODS.

If after proceeding a short distance further we leave the road, and crossing a field upon our left again enter the woods, we find much that is both unique and interesting. Here, although in the midst of a dense woods, it would be extremely difficult to secure as much as a shovelful of soil. The ground is covered with rocks, and it is upon these that the trees are growing, sending their roots long distances in search of crevices through which they may penetrate the earth. Many trees may be seen with their boles raised high in the air, supported by an arch formed of their roots, under which a good-sized child might

Upper Paint Creek.

sit in comfort. Over this bed of rocks is spread a treacherous covering, composed of fallen leaves, twigs, pine needles, etc., and the pedestrian must exercise care and make sure of his footing, lest he suddenly find that what appeared to be solid ground has suddenly given way beneath him and permitted him to drop between two of the huge stones at the imminent risk of a fractured limb. Through the dense foliage of this dark woods the sunlight falls in a golden splendor, producing fine effects of color upon the ferns, and upon the rocks protruding from their somber blanket of withered leaves.

One of the points of greatest interest about the village is what is known as "Sunset Hill," an eminence rising high above any other for miles around, from the summit of which may be seen in every direction a splendid stretch of country, consisting of hills and valleys, farms and woodlands, and bounded in the distance by the dark blue line of the unbroken mountain ridge. It is not strictly correct to speak of this ridge as being unbroken, although such is the appearance it presents for many and many a mile, but, looking towards the northwest, a single deep gap may be seen, through which passes the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and near which is situated the ill-fated town that was so terribly devastated by the flood from the broken South Fork reservoir. Standing upon the top of the hill above referred to one may see the mists rise in the valleys below, at times obscuring everything with

THEIR COLD GRAY MANTLE,

and again permitting a view of the higher hills, with their tall, dark pines, like islands in a sea of clouds. During, or immediately after a rain, the sight from this point is such as would not readily be forgotten. At such times there is no line of separation between the clouds and the mists of the valleys, and as they sweep over the mountain tops they present an ever-changing scene that is most grandly beautiful. As the sun sinks lower in his course toward the horizon the rays of light may find way through an opening in the dark cloud blanket which obscures the sky and burst upon the scene with a flood of glorious radiance. Through all the varying atmospheric changes this scene at sunset is grand and imposing. With a sky serenely beautiful and of most exquisite azure, shading to a luminous sea green near the horizon, where a few bars of cloud burn like long red fires, or when the gloom of nightfall is hastened by the darkness of a storm, the scene is one such as is beyond the power of words to describe.

To visitors to Scalp Level the attractiveness of this scene has but one drawback, and that is the amount of labor involved in reaching a point from which it may be viewed. There are no mechanical contrivances for the purpose of elevating sightseers to the summit, and those who would ascend the hill must do so on foot. They may go round by the road, a distance perhaps one and a half miles or they may climb straight up the hill, a much shorter method, but one that involves a severe trial of both the limbs and patience, for the curvature of the hill is such that its apparent height is very deceptive, and when they think they ought to be near the top, it seems still as far off as ever. But, whichever road they may elect to take, the view from the summit will amply reward their exertion.

A SOBER PEOPLE.

The people in and about Scalp Level are of a steady-going and industrious class, mostly Germans, very religious, and strictly temperate, in fact, no beverage of an intoxicating nature can be procured within a radius of several miles; the nearest point probably being Geistown, about four miles away on the road to Johnstown. Nearly everyone attends church, the different denominations being Amish, Dunkards, Mennonites, Lutherans and a small number of Methodists. Of these five sects the Dunkards appear to be the most numerous and important. Considering the age and character of this sleepy little hamlet there is a singular lack of picturesqueness about many of the dwellings. Not a few of those are mere barn-like structures, built close to the road, and painted in colors calculated to give an artist the nightmare and to haunt his waking moments with horrors. It is not, however, for the sake of its attractiveness as a village that artists resort to Scalp Level in such numbers, and any lack of the picturesque within its environments will not deter them from going there. The locality is celebrated, and justly so, for the beauty and variety of its natural scenery, and for the reason that points of interest are within such easy reach of the village. A three minutes' walk from the village will take him to a spot so wild and lonely that it seems as though far beyond the borders of life and civilization. In other directions, but still near by may be found pleasant country roads, leading past well kept farms with fields of grain and herds of cattle.

As a pleasant mountain resort in which to spend a short time among the woods and glens, or as a place where nature may be be seen and studied in some of her grandest moods, we must travel far to find a place that will rival Scalp Level, and this is a fact of which many persons, besides the members of the artistic fraternity, are very well aware. GERALD E. FLANAGAN.

Patents to Pennsylvanians.

Higdon & Higdon, patent lawyers, 95 Fifth ave., Pittsburg, and St. Cloud building, opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., report the following patents granted during the week ending November 5, 1889: Pittsburg—Carnahan, pipe cutter; Conroy, gas pressure reducing station; Goetz, tapping molten metal; Lindenthal, pudding furnace; Ripley, glassware. Allegheny—Anderson, charging ingots; Barrett, lifting jack; Mann, car wheels.

New Route to Chicago.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. has established a new through car line between Pittsburg and Chicago via Wheeling. A Pullman vestibuled sleeping car leaves Pittsburg daily on the 7:30 P. M. express, and goes into Chicago on the vestibuled limited, arriving in Chicago the next morning at 10:55. A dining car is attached to this train at Garrett, Ind., and breakfast is served as the train approaches Chicago. This service is superior to that of any other train between the two cities, upon which no extra fare is charged. Business men can have a full business day in Pittsburg, and practically the same in Chicago.

Pittsburg is always prompt to welcome any addition to her facilities for speedy and comfortable transportation to other commercial centers, and this new aspirant for public favor will doubtless receive a liberal share of her patronage.

The B. & O. is fast forging to the front as a passenger carrying line, and the handsome increase in business which has followed the improvements it has made at this point has prompted the company to establish the new through car line to Chicago.

A Profitable Place to Go.

Those who have not as yet attended the immense bankrupt sale of drygoods, carpets and rugs at 723 and 725 Liberty street, corner Eighth, where the entire stock of a large New York importing house, amounting to over $150,000, is being sold for the benefit of creditors, should do so at once. The bargains that are being daily sold at this forced sale are simply marvelous. No matter what you offer the goods are knocked down to you, and in large or small quantities. Those who have not as yet attended this popular sale should do so at once, as a chance of this kind is one of a lifetime. The sales are held daily at 10 A. M., 2 and 7:30 P. M. Accommodations are provided for ladies. A word to the wise is sufficient.

CHRISTY'S DANCING ACADEMY,

Nos. 1010 and 1012 Penn Ave., City.

Prof. Christy is forming new classes for beginners on Monday and Friday evenings of this week. Waltzing is taught in one term. Each pupil is taught separately, and every attention is paid to advance pupils as rapidly as possible. My children's class meets on Saturday afternoon at 2:30. Parents are always welcome on Saturday afternoon to visit the class.

$8 00 TO WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., until November 12, good to return until November 20, inclusive, at the rate of $8 00 for the round trip, with the privilege of stop over in Baltimore within the limit. Through Pullman sleeping cars and coaches on night trains to Baltimore and Washington without change.

FASHIONABLE FAD.

The Latest Idea for Wedding Banquets

Is to purchase the popular Sauterne and Oporto and Sparkling champagnes, with the celebrated exclusive brand of "Wedding wine," from the Half Century House, lately called "Cable Car Corner," 523 Liberty, foot of Fifth ave.

Save Your Money and Buy

Bradford & Co. piano, 7½ octaves	$100
Von Minden piano, 7½ octaves	125
Kimball organ, 5 octaves	45
Mellor & Hoene organ, 5 octaves	20
New organs, 5 octaves	44
New organs, 6 octaves	55
New upright pianos, 7½ octaves	175

Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers, but buy of us and save 25 per cent.

ECHOLS, McMURRAY & CO.,
123 Sandusky st., Allegheny City, Pa.
ths

Dress Suits.

For a good fitting dress suit or overcoat go to Pitcairn's, 434 Wood street.

SOCIETY IN THE EAST

Compared With the Mode of Life in the Untrammeled West.

A DEFENSE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Its Manners Mellowed by Time and Good Usage.

THE WEST WILL GROW LIKE THE EAST

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, November 9.—There have been so many erroneous statements made recently regarding Philadelphia exclusiveness, slowness, sleepiness and general debility, as well as of Pittsburg's greatness, the vastness of her manufactures, her energy and wealth, as well as her phenomenal growth, that it is about as well to make a few comparisons and give some facts regarding both cities which will be doubtless news for many badly posted people who are generally the persons who make the startling statements about both cities. Will you permit one who has lived in both places to give a few points showing that Philadelphia is not as so frequently pictured?

It is quite the thing among a certain class of people who have no knowledge of the subject to make unworthy comparisons between Pittsburg and any city mentioned, especially Philadelphia. The fact that they have happened to pass along Chestnut street on one or two occasions causes them to think that they are thoroughly posted in the city streets, inhabitants and business. There are very few people here who are so posted. In the first place, it is quite a common thing to say that Philadelphia society is very hard to get into, unless one's grandfather was of social importance. That is only to a certain extent true. All good society is hard, or should be hard, to get into, until the candidate can show intelligence, good manners, fair appearance and good conduct, and other qualifications. It is a common thing among the generality of Western people to think that they are as good as anybody, and a good thing it is that they do, for that very feeling of pride holds them up in many an emergency. But the idea that because one stands well in a particular community in the West is entitled to walk into the parlors and hearts of the people of the East, without previous favorable acquaintance and the possession of known merit, is rather ridiculous, and the idea that they should be able to do so is simply absurd.

LOOKING TOWARD THE RISING SUN.

The character and habits, line of thought and manner of thinking, mode of speech and forms of expression of the Eastern people are different in many ways from those of the West. The people of the East not infrequently think the mannerisms of the West loud, intrusive, obtrusive, effusive and aggressive. The East has passed through the chrysalis state. The several centuries it has passed through as the light of the nation, being, in fact, until within the past 30 or 40 years the focus of the whole continent, have caused her to become rather proud of her position as the Mecca to which so many great minds are attracted; toward which and from which intelligence ebbs and flows in large volumes. To use a metaphor, we always look to the east for light; to the rising, and not to the setting, sun.

When a trade journal is started, when a new manufactory is opened, when a new trade is established, a new enterprise is commenced, the first efforts to get patronage and trade are toward the East. When a person is afflicted with a disease which he is afraid is mortal, he naturally goes toward the East as the grand focus of surgery. When a new book is written the Eastern publishers are looked to for help to publish it. When elegant furnishing, grand architecture, the arts and sciences, new modes, new measures of any kind are sought the East is the place to which it is most natural to look for what is wanted. It is farther toward the light, toward the older accomplishments, finished center of intelligence and civilization and of the art and science. The man with his new invention or patent naturally looks to the East. The man of books and letters finds more encouragement, sympathy and assistance there than in the West, where he finds people all on the rush with no time to give him a helping hand. Many a sigh escapes from those whose dream for long years has been to accumulate sufficient wealth to take a fondly cherished thought to where he knows light can be shed upon it and declining years made bright by its fulfillment. Many who have acquired great wealth or even a good sum sufficient to support a life of ease and happiness, turn toward

THE OLDER CIVILIZATION,

for there are multitudes of attractions, which are the more attractive because anticipative, because seen through the glamour of misty distance, because they are an entire change from the hard work and prosaic life hitherto experienced, and there is enjoyment and hope and ecstacy in the change.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way" toward the setting sun, leaving the brilliant East and its allurements far behind. People for one cause or another go far away from their cradles to build up new homes in the savage wilderness. Human nature isolated becomes in a measure rugged as well as strong; it partakes of its surroundings, and consequently the finish of Western society is not so marked as that of the East, because of its having grown up so recently from the marshes and prairies and of the very recent frontier, which has now been driven back until its location is unknown. The rough lives which were experienced by the new settlers made them and their children rugged in their manners for many years. But the generous, sturdy, honest, sober, industrious members of each community soon form a social circle, which improves with each generation, and strengthens as wealth and intelligence increase. Each community, too, comes in time to have its various circles formed on the basis of congeniality of taste, and in a measure as exclusive as those of the East. Caste in India is much divided, but there are castes in this Christian land which are as well known as any in far off India.

So people who come up out of the West, having stood high at home, run against a barbed wire fence around social life in the East, which says very plainly to them to go around by gates and get their tickets; that they cannot get in without acquaintance and other credentials. There are various castes in each Eastern city of wealth, of birth, of science, of art, of intellect. The "Four Hundred," the "Knickerbockers," the "Pilgrims,"—each one thinks that itself is grand and exclusive. By some of these applications for admittance is as rigidly examined as a French passport on a German frontier.

THE GENTLE QUAKER SPIRIT.

There is no trouble in Philadelphia, Boston or New York in any person getting into their own class or condition in life, provided they have the recommendation of some one known to that class or coterie. But every one who goes to London wants to see the Queen, and everybody who goes to Philadelphia wants to be invited to the house of George W. Childs or of Tony Drexel, or to the millionaire houses on Walnut street, and if they are not given an opportunity to air themselves in swelldom, they come home and say spiteful things of Philadelphia, never thinking that the lines are very little different there than they are here in the same degree of life.

"Oh, Philadelphia is a miserable country village, with grass growing on her streets and goats and tin-spirit cans in her back alleys. Her neighbors live together 20 years and never know each other's names. I would not live in it, because living is so dear, expenses are so high, people are so proud and impudent, no one cares for you and it ain't much larger than Pittsburg anyway."

The social problem is as no more difficult in Philadelphia than anywhere else. The Quaker element, which enters largely into its population has infused into its economy a large spirit of gentleness and fair dealing, which many other sections should covet and strive to emulate.

There is a spirit of the "billy goat" in some people of the West, which contradicts every opinion advanced; which cynically criticises everything that is done, whether for charity or self; which is so intolerant that no man has any right to an opinion; which butts into everything and everybody at every corner and turn, in social life, business, religion and politics; which rubs your wounds and scrapes your bruises and tramps on your toes and makes a sensitive person ill at ease. That spirit is not found so rampant in the older Eastern communities. It is considered in bad taste there.

Now if Philadelphians were not so gentle and were as inclined to criticism as are the Western critics who make fun of Philadelphia, they might say that this state of things is seen in Pittsburg as well as other Western towns. In the East people may disagree in opinion, but the method of doing so is far more agreeable—much less rasping. There is a vast difference in the way you are knocked down. The Scotch-Irish, the English, the German and their descendants have vigor and capacity; but they have harshness and rough edges at times, too. They would very probably deny this, but the denial would sound like the person who could easily be convinced, but would like to see the person who could convince her.

It will not be uninteresting to consider in detail some of the other features of every-day life in Eastern cities, as contrasted with the West. This will be a topic of observation later on. BUMBALO.

MISAPPLIED ART TERMS.

The Respective Value of Realism and Conventionality Defined — Two Opposing Qualities Which Govern the True Artist—News From the Studios.

"Realism" and "conventionality" in art are terms frequently heard, but much more seldom understood. By this statement it is not meant to imply that the majority of those who use the words are ignorant of their definition. Doubtless most persons who make a free use of the terms, could give a fairly lucid explanation of their meaning in ordinary acceptation and common usage, but comparatively few possess anything like a clear perception of their meaning as so frequently used in matters pertaining to art, and fewer still thoroughly understand why the very opposite qualities which they describe should exist, and both be so highly valued, although the exact opposite of each other. Realism, as will readily be understood from its ordinary definition, refers to that class of work in which the imitation is invested as completely as possible with the attributes and characteristics of the reality, and in a strict sense, its highest aim is to produce work that will deceive the eye. And this is what many persons suppose to be the chief object of all imitative art; it is, in fact, one of the greatest and most common criticisms, conventionality, on the other hand, means an adaptation of the natural to an expression of the ideal. It deals with both color and form, but more particularly with the latter, and it produces an effect that is not wholly imaginary—as indeed nothing ever can be, for man can no more create form than he can create matter—inasmuch as it is based on nature's truth, but it is idealized, or one might say humanized, and brought into harmony with human thought and feeling, and at the same time made to fill a place in the everyday course of human life. And herein lies the solution of the problem as to what constitutes the value of conventionalized art; it adapts itself to its surroundings and thereby becomes part of our very existence. Conventionalized art is decorative art, and no art is truly decorative that is not conventionalized; and since the products of decorative art confront us at every turn its importance can scarcely be overestimated. Throughout the abodes in which we live, and in every article which enters into their furnishment, some idea of art must find expression, and as this expression is right or wrong, so must its influence be felt for good or evil. When products of human labor are to be decorated, it is essential that the designs should be idealized or, as observed above, humanized. To decorate a vase or jar with a realistic representation of flowers and butterflies destroys its character as a material product, and carries the imagination into the regions of flowers and butterflies. But if the design be delineated conventionalized we have an ideally beautiful production in which all its features harmonize. Again, if we paint a wall with a too realistic representation of a battle or a landscape, the sense of stability with which the wall itself impresses us is destroyed and our minds revert too strongly to the scene of the conflict or the charms of nature. In art which deals with pictures painted for themselves alone, and intended to be isolated from their surroundings by suitable frames, the quality of realism comes into full play, but even here it is not universally and at all times desirable, and it must often give place to poetry and artistic feeling. If it were ever possible to render with strict truthfulness all the minuteness of detail, and mystery and intricacy of nature, such realism would not then be incompatible with poetry and feeling, but since the means of art are so greatly inadequate to its ends, and the painter must ever be willing to sacrifice some part of the truth in order that he may the more fully express the remainder, realism must often be subordinated to qualities that for the time being are of greater importance.

Art News and Gossip.

A NUMBER of paintings now on exhibition at Boyd's formerly occupied a place on the walls of the Exposition galleries. They are works of Le Grand, Johnston and E. A. Poole. The landscape with turkeys, by the first mentioned artist, is a particularly strong work, but his sheep picture is also of such excellence that it would be difficult to make a choice between the two.

URANIUM is a very expensive metal, which has hitherto only been found in small quantities. As a consequence the mineral is very rare, in fact a century ago it was not known, and since it is of use in the arts, its price runs high, ranging in the neighborhood of $12,000 per ton. The oxides of this metal are largely used in the coloring of porcelain and majolica ware. A large vein of this valuable natural product has recently been discovered at Cornwall, England, and it is probable that its price will be greatly lessened and its usefulness proportionately extended.

MR. H. S. STEVENSON is to the front again with a very prettily composed picture, showing a glimpse of wood and stream. This work is in oil, and it is one of the studies made by him during the past summer. On the left of the picture, a number of trees are represented with their stems curving away from each other, like diverging branches growing from a single root. Beyond the trees may be seen the waters of a small stream, sparkling in the sunlight. As regards handling, the picture is in Mr. Stevenson's usual style, but in the matter of composition and line arrangement, it is one of his best works. This work is exhibited at Mayer's, and there is also a portrait of a little girl by the same artist on view at Boyd's.

A NEW work by Hetzel is at present on view at Gillespie's. The subject is a country road, and the scene is located at a point not far from Harmony, Pa. Mr. Hetzel is well able to paint stronger pictures than this, but it is nevertheless a very pleasing work, and of a character somewhat different from his old-time style. The effect depicted is that of a full flood of summer sunshine which casts upon the ground an intricate network of shadows from the branches and foliage of the trees. At the same place may also be seen two of this artist's sketches, which are, perhaps, two of the best small works executed by him during the past season. They are not for sale, however, as they were purchased almost immediately upon his return from Eidenau.

The Great Success

Of the genuine imported Johann Hoff's Malt Extract as a tonic nutritive has caused a crowd of fraudulent imitators to come into the market. Beware of them! The genuine has the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle. Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents, 6 Barclay street, New York.

All-Wool Ingrain Carpets at 16 Cents Per Yard.

This will be for next Monday morning only.

About 400 bundles of short length ingrain carpets (from 1¼ to 1½ yards long), ten pieces to the bundle.

These are our traveling salesmen's samples, which we clear out twice a year.

If you want any, get in very early Monday. The people actually walk over our clerks snatching these.

You can sew them together and cover a big room for $4.

EDWARD GROETZINGER,
627 and 629 Penn avenue,

CABINET photos, $1 per doz. Extra panel picture. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. TTSu

WE can still fit you with corsets and save you from 25c to $1 00 a pair. Come quick, we are running out of sizes.

F. SCHOENTHAL, 612 Penn ave,

A LAW FOR MIRACLES.

The Probabilities and Possibilities of the Miraculous.

GOD'S WAY OF WORKING ON EARTH

Is by Exerting Natural Forces of Which We Know Nothing.

WHY WE MUST BELIEVE IN MIRACLES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

I take for my subject this morning the record of how a man who was dead came to life again.

This is the description of a miracle. Here is an event which, if we were to read of it in to-morrow's paper, we would disbelieve. If we were to read that beside the gate of the cemetery at Greensburg a minister of the sect of the Sandemanians met the funeral procession which was carrying a young man of that town to burial, stopped the carriages, opened the hearse door, had the coffin lifted out and the cover taken off, and then, amidst the amazement of the bystanders, cried out, "Young man, I say unto thee arise," and that, upon the utterance of these words, the dead man opened his eyes, and sat up, and began to speak, and thereupon getting out of his coffin, and taking his mother on his arm, walked back along the road and through the streets of Greensburg to his home, we would wonder a good deal about that. We would want more evidence. We would say that the young man was probably not dead at all.

We would desire to make some inquiries about that Sandemanian minister. Who is he? Where did he come from? What is his reputation for honesty? These and 20 other questions we would ask immediately. And if, instead of nearby, in the State of Pennsylvania, the locality had been some obscure village in Central America, we would have said, with little hesitation, that the story was untrue. We would have denied stoutly that anything really miraculous happened.

And yet we read the story of a resurrection beside the gate of that little Syrian town of Nain, 25 miles distant from Capernaum, and we accept it—or, at least, the most of us accept it—without question and without hesitation. "A good many hundreds of years ago certain persons rose from the dead." Yes. "And an unknown number of years hence all who have ever died will rise from their graves." Yes. "But a man was brought to life again yesterday in Central America." That is a lie. Is this position altogether consistent?

PROBABILITIES OF MIRACLES.

I believe it is. We are bound upon the one hand to hold to the possibility of the miraculous. Indeed, I would go further than that, and say—the probability of the miraculous. Have we a soul within us? There is an element of the supernatural. Is God above us? Does He take an interest in this world of ours; does He care for us; does He love us? Has He the power to help us, to teach us, if He wishes? When you say yes to these questions, you say yes to the probability of the miraculous.

For what is the miraculous? It is God's unusual working for a special purpose. The uniform working of God in the world is law. The word which we have for certain, special and unusual workings is miracle.

Miracle enters into the realm of law very much as the human will does. It is the law of heavy bodies to fall. But you take a bar of iron in your hand and lift it up. Will has for the moment interfered with the action of the law. A miracle is the interference, in a manner not dissimilar, of the will of God. To deny the possibility of the miraculous is to deny to God the possibility of doing what we can do ourselves.

But while this is true, it is no less our duty on the other hand to minimize the miraculous. Because we desire to know the truth about the workings of God. Law is one manner of explanation. Miracle is another manner. We want to put every event just where it belongs. And since God commends works after a certain manner, so commends that we call that manner law, it is our intellectual duty to explain by law whatever will bear that explanation. That is our religious duty which we owe to truth, which we owe to God. As a matter of fact, the realm of law has for certain been widening out, and the realm of miracles has been contracting. Once it was believed that the planets moved in their courses, being pushed along by the shoulders of stout angels. We know better than that now. Once it was believed that the cure of disease, by faith, as we say, was by reason of the direct and unusual, and so miraculous, workings of God. There are a good many people who believe that still. But year by year, we are learning to put this, too, into the realm of law. We are coming to see that

THERE IS AN INFLUENCE,

unmeasured and unregulated as yet, which the mind exerts over the body. We are discovering that the mind can create disease; that a man by exercise of imagination can fall sick with the smallpox; and that the mind, on the other hand, can in certain cases cure disease. We are learning the part which the attitude of expectancy plays in the treatment of physical ills.

All this narrows the realm of miracle. I would not maintain, for example, that all of Christ's marvelous cures were miraculous. I would hold that they were but God's regular way of working in the world, not His unusual way; that they were natural, not unnatural, not even supernatural. Set the divine man among men; let Him in whom earth and heaven meet walk about among us; let us see His face and hear His voice, and feel His hand resting upon ours; who can measure the intensity with which our trust will lay hold upon His strength? We will look up into His face as we lie sick at His feet, and we will multiply by 10,000 all the confidence we have ever felt in all the wisest physicians whom we have ever known or heard of; and He will give us life just by standing beside us, just by letting us look at Him. We will be well. Our faith will make us whole. But it will be only because we have taken the best kind of medicine, because we have availed ourselves of the greatest help which God has given us. It will not be a miracle. So it was hundreds of times when He was here. Of course He cured men—cured them just as the strong commander cures his soldiers of cowardice, by the inspiration of His helpful presence.

Indeed, the very resurrection of the dead; perhaps behind that lay some wonderful secret, which Christ knew, but which is hidden still from us. Perhaps beside this gate of Nain God wrought no new thing, but only set in motion some old law which had existed from the foundation of the world, waiting, like the great bow of Ulysses, for some one strong enough to use it.

God rules forever in this world of ours. All that we see is but the color and motion of His waving vesture. God is in all that is, in the springtime, which when they bore this young man through the gates of Nain, was making all natural objects beautiful, in sky and earth, in sea and sun. Let no one think that by minimizing the miraculous we are making slowly the tragic discovery that there is no God in the universe at all. It used to be thought once that God having set the earth to growing and revolving, and the stars to spinning in guarded grooves around the circle of the sky, sat apart upon

A GREAT WHITE THRONE

somewhere, and made His presence known, only by the sudden and arbitrary medium of miracles. If that were true, then the contraction of the sphere of the miraculous, which our wider knowledge is forever making, would plainly tend toward the denial that there is a God. But we do not hold to that old doctrine. In God we live and move, and have our being. God is closer to us than our own souls. All that exists, all that happens, is the revelation of the constant, the faithful, the ever-caring and never-sleeping Father of us all.

"God is law, say the wise, O Soul! and let us rejoice. For if He thunders by law, the thunder is still His voice."

And so we read the record which is set down in the Gospel, and we believe it with all our hearts. In those days, if ever—in those days when the Divine Man was visible among men, will we expect the special visitation of the power of God.

And if anyone shall ask, as some people to-day do ask, say "Yes, the miraculous is possible. Granting that there is a divine will behind the phenomena of the universe, the miraculous may happen. But has it, as a matter of fact, ever happened? The miraculous is possible, but is it probable?" We have an answer to that reasonable question. We point all questioners to Christ.

Did He live, as it is said of Him? That life—is it not itself miraculous? Did He die, as it is written, and, three days after, Himself rise even as He raised the man to life beside the gate of Nain? There is the miracle of miracles. There is the evidential miracle. We can prove that. The history of 1,800 years, the very existence of the Christian church, what shall we say to these large facts in the record of the race? They are enigmas, if the miraculous never happened. They are mysteries without solution. But set the miracle of the resurrection beside them, and it is like setting an answer beside a tangled problem; it is like putting the right key into a complicated lock. Christian history has no other satisfactory explanation save this miracle of the open tomb. Here is a miracle which happened. GEORGE HODGES.

NATIONAL GUARD NOTES.

A SPECIAL meeting of Company G, Fourteenth Regiment, is to be held in Central Armory to-day at 2:30 P. M., all members to be present.

EVERY member of the Thirteenth Regiment of this State qualified last season excepting the chaplain, who is over 60 years of age. This season the feat will be repeated, but the chaplain is not going to be left out, as he qualified last week.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Washington Infantry was held last Tuesday night. Civil officers for the ensuing year were nominated, and the report of the Entertainment Committee on the coming concerts of the company were received.

ADJUTANT GENERAL AXLINE, of the Ohio National Guard, called on a number of local officers whose acquaintance he made while at Johnstown last summer. He was one of the auditors of the fund raised for the sufferers, and spent a portion of last week in this city.

COLONEL PERCHMENT has appointed an auditing committee to look over the accounts of Quartermaster Patterson, who handed in his resignation some days ago. Pending the appointment of a Quartermaster, Major Graham will attend to the duties in this department.

THE election which was to have been held in Company G, Fourteenth Regiment, last Saturday night, had to be postponed on account of the absence of the election officer, Captain Murdock. This is the second time this election has failed to take place on the specified evening.

AT the meeting of Councils to-morrow, the granting of the Fifth Avenue Market House for armory purposes, will be brought up. It will be passed by the Common branch without opposition, and it is expected that the funds for the new building will be raised by the first of the year.

A SPECIAL meeting of the officers of the Fourteenth Regiment was held last Monday night for the purpose of hearing from the different companies on the Hartranft fund [illegible]. The fund is growing rather slowly in both local regiments, although each expects to send the full amount of $1 per man by the last of this month.

COMPANY G, Eighteenth Regiment, made a most creditable display last Thursday night, acting as escort for the Pan-American delegates. Forty men and three officers were in line. Battery B also came in for considerable praise for its work on the wharf the same evening. The drills of the battery in loading and firing the pieces are very pretty and most interesting to outsiders.

THE trouble between Captain Schmidt, of Company A, Fourteenth Regiment, and headquarters, on the rifle practice fund, has been amicably settled, and as a consequence Company A will loom up with quite a list of qualified marksmen. Things looked rather squally in this direction for a while, and Captain Schmidt vowed he would not take a man on the range until he had gained his point. A communication from General Wiley to Colonel Perchment ended all further discussion, and as a consequence Captain Schmidt wears his usual placid smile.

THAT the Second Brigade Examining Board means business is evidenced by the following order: "An election to fill the vacancy in Company F, Eighteenth Regiment, occasioned by C. F. Snyder having been adversely reported upon by the Brigade Military Board, will be held at the armory of the company Wednesday, November 20." Mr. Snyder was Second Lieutenant of Company F, and after having been elected to the First Lieutenancy by the members of the company, went before the Examining Board last month for a commission. Many local members of the Guard have been laboring under the impression that after an officer obtains his first commission no further effort is necessary, but the action of the Brigade Board in the case of Mr. Snyder should effectually change any such ideas.

THE season of rifle practice closes next Saturday. The Second Brigade will show an increase of about 600 men over the number qualified last season, which was 925. The greatest increase will be in the Eighteenth Regiment, which qualified but 39 men last season, and will close with about 200 this season. The total number of marksmen in the division last season, including sharpshooters, was 3,154, but Colonel Watres, the Inspector General of Rifle Practice, expects to increase the number to at least 4,000 by next Saturday. As rifle practice attained such prominence last season, and as it is justly being taken into consideration in the ratings of the companies, a suggestion to the commandants of the three local organizations is, that no men in the future be promoted to non-commissioned offices unless they first qualify as marksmen. With 13 shooters in a company, in addition to the commissioned officers, no trouble would be experienced in qualifying a goodly number of the entire company.

THE Secretary of War proposes, next summer, to put in practice a scheme which he confidently expects will greatly improve the regular army. That is to send to the encampments of the National Guards of the several States recruiting officers who will be authorized to enlist members of the guard, and by this means lessen the number of desertions, the great problem now before officers of the regular service. That a large number of enlistments can be secured by this means, there can be no doubt, but whether it would be advisable from the point of looking at the interests of the men themselves, is another question entirely. There are a number of young men every year who attend militia encampments for the first time, and are naturally so impressed by the novelty of their surroundings that they might be tempted to take a step in enlisting that they would not do if they took the time for calm consideration. The statement advanced by the Secretary of War that the men who would thus enlist would be less liable to desert because of their previous knowledge of military tactics, cannot be considered in connection with this question, because recruiting stations are always handy enough at home if men desire to make use of them.

HOLIDAY novelties in diamonds, watches, jewelry, gipsy rings, stick pins, bronzes, onyx and marble clocks, gold and silver head canes and umbrellas, etc. Call and make your selections before the rush. M. G. Cohen, diamond expert and jeweler, 533 Smithfield st. Big clock in front of door.

THE large clock in front of the door saves time to those looking for the jewelry establishment of M. G. Cohen, 533 Smithfield st. We have the only street clock on Smithfield st.

All-Wool Ingrain Carpets at 16 Cents Per Yard.

This will be for next Monday morning only.

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