prayers and praises to Him. We look about

what really is it which we are doing?

MUSIC OF THE CHOIR.

And then, the praises: We sing them or

comfortable questions as these, we begin, almost all of us I am afraid, to make unpleas-

ant discoveries about ourselves. We must put away the dull glasses of conventional-

ism and familiarity, and look at things as they are. Prayer really means prayer, and

praise really means praise, and He to whom both are addressed is the Lord God Al-

mighty. And the most beautiful prayer that was ever uttered, and the most lovely

anthem that was ever sung, if they were meant for other ears than His, were simply

elaborate and artistic breakings of the third

Every syllable of prayer or psalter we should utter as if we knelt or stood in the presence of God visible. Ever considera-tion of awe or of love we should urge upon

AT CHURCH TO LEARN.

We are here also, and this is the other

meaning of church attendance, of which I

will speak-we are here to learn the will of

The will of God is declared in church, in the scriptures and the sermons. Our whole

purpose as we listen, and the preacher's whole purpose as he speaks, should center

about the honest and earnest desire to learn, and to teach the will of God. Whatever in

impudently out of place. That is the meas-

cited as a model of persuasive eloquence. He ventured into philosophy, he quoted

from the heathen poets. It was probably the most elaborate, finished and oratorical

made no converts. There arose no church in Athens for St. Paul to write epistles to.

The sermon may have attracted admiration,

but it attracted no allegiance. Then the

apostle took a long walk all by himself. He

HE SAW HIS MISTAKE.

verses of the heathen poets.

ure by which to value sermons.

commandment.

to worship God.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Evening and Wednesday Matinee, Presenting the Sparkling Operetta,

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Evening and Saturday Matinee, For the first time in this city, Offenbach's Milliary Operetta,

The Great Cast, Including,

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James Powers, Edwin Stevens. Charles Campbell,

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With the original Superb Company, Magnificent Scenery, Original Artistic Stenery Artistic Stage Settings, Handsome and Gorgeous Cos-tumes. A Most Pronounced Suc-

cess Here Last Sesson. B READ, TA

ination' is worth seeing twice or even thrice. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and 81.

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It is hardly necessary to tell you about the big reductions we have made on these garments. They are the talk of the town-the sensation of the hour. If the saving of-not one but-five or ten dollars has any charm for you whatever, then don't miss this unequaled chance to buy

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Bill Nye Describes a Pleasant Experience on a Locomotive.

THE FIREMAN'S THRILLING TALE. Troubles of a Very Tall Scotchman Dis-

covered at St. Paul.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON CHAUNCEY DEPEW

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ! IN THE OZONE COUNTRY, IN THE



INCE my last we have reached the head of navigation in the upper Mississippi countake a boat at

Buffalo and go get a reply to the letter I just wrote to the superintendent-to St. Paul and thence down to St. Louis. From St. Louis to was always so busy trying to solve great national questions that I did not get a chance. I was endeavoring part of the time to prove that free trade would keep people poor and break up happy homes, and a part of the time I was proving that a high tariff would do the same. One was as easy as the

other and the salary the same. Going up the road the other day, with the broad and decollete bosom of Lake Pepin glistening in the crisp air and pulsating beneath the bright, declining sun, and swiftly darting by the historic Maiden Rock from



I Took Off My Plug Hat. which the beautiful but plainly educated Indian girl leapt to her death, falling to the cruel rocks below with the low, dull of a lecturer, I thought of those dear old days when Minnehaha had not been embalmed in sone and interurban lots between St. Paul and Minneapolis could be bought for a string of gluss beads, even as William

Penn purchased the State of Pennsylvania.

A CELEBRATED CONDUCTOR. It was in Pennsylvania only a short time ago that we met, running out of Altoona, the justly celebrated conductor who can extend his ears, like a jack-in-the-box, at will.

I do not recall his name, but I do remember that after I had asked him something about whether we were late or not several times, he held his head down to my lips and shot his ears out at me like the warm, dank nose of a baby elephant. He has a national reputation that way, it seems, but I did not know it. Others who knew both of us enjoyed the meeting very much. Since that I have been less inquisitive about trains. One can hardly realize how strange the sensation is

when he is greeted in that way by one to whom he has no letter of introduction. I also took a ride out of Philadelphia in the cab of a locomotive engine later on. It was the Henry F. Shaw, of the Baltimore and Ohio, and I had to get up at 6 o'clock A. M. to do it, but as I went to bed at 5:48, having been to the Union League Club to see some friends the evening before, who had detained me, it did not matter. Securing a pound of cotton waste-I do not mean this in the society sense, for that kind of cotton waist has little to do with this letter -I went down to the Baltimore and Ohio depot, and, looking once more at my little volume of mechanical terms, so that I could talk intelligibly with the engineer, I clambered up the front stoop of the cab.

DIDN'T REMEMBER MUCH. We rode out to Chester and back. That is all I know about it. I heard a roar, a hise, a snort, a whistle, a ring, the quick rumble of the pilot, the gasp of the mud valve, the low vibration of the crown sheet, the surging of the cut off, the sigh of the monkey wrench, and we were off. "Is not the life of the engineer one of ex-

treme peril?" I asked Harry S. Burall, our handsome engineer. He did not hear me, for it was a suburban train, and as we were quite busy stopping and starting he

At that moment the ruddy fireman, Mr.J.

At that moment the ruddy fireman, Mr.J.

I. Metzgar, swung wide the fire door, openng R. U. E., ran a poker into the hot maw

me," and then falls over my feet, sits in my H. Metzgar, swung wide the fire door, opening R. U. E., ran a poker into the hot maw of the engine, letting out a flame which reached for my lithe and gazelle-like limbs, gently scorching the embroidery at the base with his value, swears, thinks that makes it of my Dr. Jigger underwear, roared at the sll right, and keeps on dressing till people come in and tell him that we are in the round top of its lungs and drowned my voice.

"And do you not at times have to throw her over and run for the woodbox or jerk the poor child of some unknown Pennsylvania duke from the track, handing her back to her parents unscathed and receiving \$2.80 therefor, at the same time getting laid off for 30 days for not keeping out of the way of the regular through express, beside having to pay for a Pullman car, which is worth far more than a child, especially where it was a poor child with several brothers and sisters? And do you not think, seriously, that a child or two, more or less, especially among working peeple, should have little to do with

running time of trains?" HE TRIES THE ROMANTIC. At this point I was quite exhausted, and so was the engine. So the engineer did not hear me. I took off my plug hat, put out a little fire that had started on the top and

"I suppose you have loved ones who recognise your whistle and at night put a lamp in the window two times if well, three times for croup, four times for worms and five times to indicate 'buckwheat cakes for

He pulled the handle of the under feed throttle and threw a large lump of bituminous coal at a dog who was not of gentle birth as we scooted into a tunnel, and all spit and double shuffle as the eccentric | the recipe free of charge,

chased the drawhead over the swift flying cylinder escapement with a doubly echoed statement like that of Wall street on a busy

day. So he lost that remark.

"But oh, sir," I exclaimed to the fireman, who loves a beautiful girl named Annie, "can you not tell me something brave and beautiful that you have done, something that I can make a dear little story of and print, something that will bring tears to eyes unused to weep, something that I can put in the holiday number of a nice paper with pictures in it? Did you never save

THE FIREMAN'S TRAGIC TALE. "Yes," he said, as he mopped his brow with a fireman's handkerchief. "I used to know a centle old cuss here on our run who did oud jobs and worked faithfully. He had a sweet little flaxen-haired child. Can

"Well, he used to come down town evenings and we would meet at 'The Busy Bee' to visit and play a game of 'Old Sledge.' We never played for the drinks, but we would often, when it was time to go home, offer to shake each other for the drinks. I

do not drink now, even beer." "And what was this shaking for the in winter is most
beautiful. I hope
next summer to

"Why, nothing at all, only we shook
poker dice for the beer, and the one who lost
paid for it. See?"

"And how old was the flossy-haired child you spenk of?"
"She was then 12 years old. At the time

the length of the lakes to Duluth, thence down the—
railroad—I leave the name blank till I can get a reply to the letter I just wrote to the firemen and engineers always use poor grammar and spell a little queer. They also swear a little and lie. The actual fire-Omahs and the mountains. The upper | man or engineer does not do that unless he Mississippi has never been adequately described. Though I lived there 20 years, I talk very little to visitors in the cab, for we have to look out for our trains.

WHAT WE ARE HERE FOR.

"We are not here to sit for our photographs or tell pleasing prevarieations to people who get large prices per column for them afterward; but we have a little open stretch of road here, and so I will talk between work, as you seem to be a plain man, barring the high hat, which has no business

"Well, it was a foggy night, and we had to hustle not only to make our regular time, but to keep out of the way of late trains. It was right along here that I looked ahead between scoops of coal and saw a girl going down the track with her back this way, and I concluded she was crying a good deal, for she had her muff up to her eyes all the time, and, of course, that kept her from hearing the train. We whistled, but she didn't hear. I told Harry, and he reversed and all that, but I saw I'd got to get out on the pilot and help, no doubt; so I crept out there in just time to catch this fair young girl by her blonde and beautiful Psyche knot and swing her free of the track."

"And did you save her?"
"Yes, I saved her. It wasn't romantic, and you'll have to change it a good deal if

you print it; but that was the way it hap-'Who was it?"

"It was this little blonde girl of Mileses." "And what did he say about it?" WHAT THE FATHER SAID. "Well, first he didn't know what to say, and then he says, for he is not a man of many words, and also he is a poor man, but he did catch me by the hand and his chin trembled, for she was his only child and her mother is dead, but he took a scrap of cot-ton waste out of my pocket and wiped his eyes with it and said: 'Old man, I cannot recall what fathers do when their dear and only daughters are jerked from the jaws of death, but if you will excuse the bluntness of a plain old man I will shake you for the drinks."

At St. Paul I met a very tall Scotchman. I am 6 feet high, but he looks down on my broad and desolated skull as do the gallery people when I hobnob with the orchestra on an opening night containing a divertissement.

"You must be very fortunate to be so large and tall," I said; "you certainly command the respect of everyone."
"Yes, I get all the respect I want, but ! get no comfort. I travel a good deal and I suffer a good deal. My wife is quite short.



I Will Shake You for the Drinks. the floor, and I am knocking my brains out all the time. In a street car her feet swing like a pendulum and my legs reach across the aisle when I sit down and my silk hat looks like an acrimonious porcupine all the time. The straps on a street car make a tall man buy a new hat every six weeks and a short woman can't reach them without tear-

HE LIES DIAGONALLY. "I don't know how we are going to remedy the for it was a suburban train, and as we sere quite busy stypping and starting he rotted not what I said.

"And, as we say in England, do you not it in a shawl strap and travel with it. I lie enter with hearty zest, after awhile, upon this jolly life as you gayly tool your trap all night, and then in the morning, while I down the wold and out across the mere, like tie my shoes, all the people in the train perdition beating tan bark?" walk over me on their way to the dining car,

> is not made for large people or small people. It was made for middle size people, mentally and physically. They get on the best. SUPERIOR TO MR. DEPEW. "This is no place for extremes. If you are a fool, go to the institution for fools. If you are a genius you will be tolerated as an eccentric but diseased mind. It is better to

house. I hear people say all the time how lovely to be so large and tall; but the world

keep in the middle of the road. "By the way," said he, in conclusion, "I in one way the superior of

"Thank you, how?" Well, he says that the fatal mistake of bis lifetime was in making a humorous speech. There's where you have the advantage of Chauncey, I think." I thanked him again and then strode down the walk, fiercely kicking the frozen

debris from my path. BILL NYE.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that leathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed conversation was drowned in the turmoil of stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, an echoing yell and screech and roar and 88 Warren street, New York, will receive

ABOUT CHURCHGOING

With Many Good People It is Merely a Conventional Matter.

FAMILIARITY ACCOUNTS FOR IT. The Object of Prayer, of Song and the Words of the Preacher.

WORSHIP AT HOME IS A PAILURE

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR I The word of God came to a Hebrew prophet once, as he was hiding in a cave among the cliffs of Sinai. God had a question for that prophet. "What doest thou here?" He said. "What doest toou here,

Very like to this was the question which the good monk wrote in great letters on his wall: "What are you here for, Bernard?" The question is of universal application. In the store, or the street, or the mill, or the office, or the kitchen, or the parlor, and in the midst of any occupation whatsoever. 'What doest thou here?" It is like a compass. We consult it to see in what direction

we are going. It tells us toward what sort

of ideal we have our faces turned. The question is most useful, perhaps, in the commonest and most conventional acts of our lives. Because it is just here that we are apt to do the least thinking and seeing, and so are apt to miss the most. The greatest discoveries in science have been made, in recent times at least, by simply studying the commonplace. There was a secret whispered by the stenm as it lifted the lid of the kettle on the stove of the humblest kitchen which was only waiting for some diligent listener to learn it; and when it was learned a new era began in the history of the race. There was the se-cret, told openly every day, but nobody heeded it. The wise men were trying to turn iron into gold, or do some other extraordinary thing. The commonplace was over-looked. The chances are that the Pan-American delegates saw more in the com-mon streets of Pittsburg than most of us see, because Pittsburg was strange to them, and they really looked at it while we go along about our business, and see nothing. All is familiar to us. We heed nothing. And so a question which will make us think about the commonplace, which will make us look about with interested eyes among familiar scenes and along well-worn paths, which

will compel us to consider the conventional, is a useful question. "What doest thou here?" is just that sort of useful question. CONVENTIONAL CHURCH GOING. The question has so many revelations to award to honest askers, and opens up so much that is attractive and helpful in so many different paths of our daily life, that many different paths of our daily life, that the blessed steps of the life of Christ, and—in a make them better Christians, is prove a fact which scarcely needs any prov-ing, namely that it is possible from the same text to preach a hundred different ser-mons. And so I pass on to the particular mons. And so I pass on to the particular department of the commonplace, the familiar, the conventional, about which I wish to city in his congregation. He began with a grace and tact which has ever since been grace and tact which has ever sin speak. I want to speak about the meaning of church-going. I think that it will be readily admitted that if any act can be called conventional—that is, performed by a great many people as a custom to which they have long been used, done out of habit and without very much particular intention—if there is such a thing as the conventional performance of duty, churchgoing is an illustration of it. A good many people I am sure, go to church on Sunday because the bells ring and the clock strikes 10, and it is the right thing according to the 10, and it is the right thing according to the customs of most respectable people to spend an hour upon this day in the week under a consecrated roof and within hearing of the word of God. They go to church as some word of God. They go to church as some the more he thought about it the more he children go to school, not with any great desire to learn anything, but because going to church, like going to school, is somehow set down and assigned to Sunday in the list longer any elaborate and ingenious philoso-

of things to do. This is the natural result of familiarity.

And some time, when you have been sick a
good while and get back to church after
many Sundays' absence, you know how singing, the voice of prayer, the message of the preacher, even the sight of the aisles and arches—somehow these things touch your heart as they did not before. And then after a little you get beat int the all place are in France. back into the old place again. For a season, however, all things have become new, and the glimpse is a sight of an ideal. That is how all things ought to be for us all

IN LETTERS OF GOLD. Sometimes an experience of sorrow, or of temptation, or of sin, or of unusual joy flashes out a strong light upon some sen-tence in confession or absolution, in psalm or prayer, until it seems written, as in St. Francisco's vision, in letters of bright gold. We somehow missed seeing that before. And so we learn that we are all the time missing the sight of something in the service which we would do well to see. That is why I speak of the conventionality of church-going. And I commend the asking of this question as a remedy against the dull-sightedness of familiarity: "What doest thou here?" Suppose we all asked that as we waited for the service to begin-Why have I come to church? What is the church under whose roof I sit? What

am I here for? I purpose, then, to speak this morning of the meaning of church-going. And I want to say in the first place that church attendance is one of the lesser duties of the Christian life. The mere act of going to church has no merit in it. People thought once that it had. Whoever went to church, journeying thither with his seet—no matter where his thoughts went, no matter how far away his heart might be—got his sins for-given. And, because errors die very hard and sometimes discover themselves where it was thought they had been pulled up by the roots and weeded out-for this reason it the roots and weeded out—for this reason it is well to have it understood that churchgoing in itself profits nothing. It is nowhere commanded, I believe, in the New
Testament, unless we read something about
it when St. Paul wrote: "Neglect not the
assembling of yourselves together;" and
that may have nothing to do with churchgoing whatever. It is for the most part
taken for granted then, I suppose. But it
is certain that no particular emphasis is laid
upon it. Indeed the men who followed upon it. Indeed the men who followed Christ most loyally, the largest part of the company of His disciples, were in all probability non-church goers. The people who never missed a service, and who sat in the chief seats of the synagogues, were the peo-

ple who rejected Christ, and persecuted Him and had Him crucified. FORMALITIES DO NOT COUNT. No, the emphasis in the Christian life is rightly put upon no externality whatever, but upon genuinely loving God and our neighbors. To speak the truth, to live an honest upright life, to be fair and pure in speech, to belong to the noble array of helpers, is better than to go to church seven times every week and three times every Sunday. That is why conventional church-going counts for nothing in the sight of God. That is why we need so imperatively to know what we are about, and to think what we

are about when we go to church.

But what, then, are we about? What do we go to church for? The first reason, and the chief reason, for going to church is for the purpose of worship. Indeed, this is the essential reason for church attendance. And worship-what is it? It is the prostration of the whole being body, mind and soul, in the presence of God. It is the devont act of one who with his whole heart fears and loves God, who comes to the church as to a place convainly who comes to the church as to a place confound a secrated and set apart for the service of God, thinking neither of himself nor of his neighbor, but of God solely. It finds expression in prayer and praise.

The trouble is, we think about ourselves and our neighbors. We do not realize that we are in God's presence, addressing our her hou

GEORGE HODGES.

DOOMED FOR YEARS

prayers and praises to Him. We look about in the midst of our prayers, we think of this and of that. We are not praying. Prayer is conventionalized. We do not think what it is to speak to God, to kneel here upon the surface of this little earth and to look out into the boundless abyses of space, and to address Him who inhabits them, who made us, who preserves us day by day. Who at least will judge us, and with whom, in joy or grief, we will dwell to all eternity. It is an act which ought to fill the boldest heart with awe, and yet we perform it so Baltimore Harry Gets 21 and Jim 17 Years in the Penitoutlary-Sentences on Nine Indictments-A Number of New Divorce Suits-General Court News. Judge Slagle sentenced the burglars and sneak thieves, William Smith, alias Joe Brocker, alias Joe Brill, alias Baltimore Harry, Brocker, alias Joe Brill, alias Baltimore Harry, and James Burns, alias Ed Brown, alias Baltimore Jim, to 21 years and 6 months for the former, and 17 years and 8 months for the latter, both to the Western Penitentiary.

The prisoners were on trial during the week for breaking into the store of L. K. St. Clair at Wilkinsburg, and for shooting him very seriously when discovered in the act of robbery. There were nine counts in the indictments against them, and the trial had proceeded but a little way when they both pleaded guilty, last Friday. They were brought out of the jail into the courtroom yesterday merning for sentence. Judge Slagle asked them if they had anything to say. Smith said nothing, but Burns answered that he was not guilty in all the cases. When they were read to him he indicated some of them in which he was guilty. heart with awe, and yet we perform it so lightly, so carelessly, that we scarce think what we are saying, and when we are done we searce remember what we have said.
"What doest thou here?" Here upon
our knees, with hands folded, what is it,

listen to them after the same careless fash-ion. Every note of music which sounds in a Christian church having any other intenhe indicated some of them in which he was guilty.

The Judge then told them that it was an accident that Mr. St. Clair had not died of his wound, and that they were not to be sentenced on a charge of mirder. When he pronounced sentence he said he did it because there was no hope of reform for them, and he saw no reason to be lenient. Smith then spoke up and said that Jack Williams, a witness, had not told the truth about them, and accused him of being in some of the "jobs" with them. Judge Slagle said that even if he did not it would not help the prisoners, and that his case would be attended to when brought to trial.

The prisoners took the affair quite coolly, and smilled during the entire proceeding. By good behavior Smith can have his time reduced 5 years and 8 months, and Burns can be released in 18 years and 3 months.

It is generally conceeded in police circles that these two men are as dangerous as any two criminals in the country. tion than to glorify God in heaven is a pro-found impertinence. It is entirely plain, when we stop to think what the church is, what the service is for, and what the words mean. And yet we find ourselves, sometimes, in spite of ourselves, valuing the music of the church in proportion to its attractiveness to the congregation. Every singer in every choir has an almost irresistible temptation to sing the praises of God, forgetting God altogether, and thinking of the music committee of the vestry. What does thou here, in choir or congregation? What does it mean which you say or sing? In your own heart, what do you honestly mean by it?

When we come to ask such plain and unsuch the continue of these was also begin all.

UNHAPPY PEOPLE.

Pittsburg is Keeping Up Its Chicago Reputation on Divorces. Nine new suits for divorces were entered resterday. J. W. Boyer sued for a divorce from Clara M. Boyer alleging that she was un-

rom Grara M. Boyer alleging that she was unfaithful.

Cyreno Day asked for a divorce from Josephine Day alleging infidelity.

Mrs. Bridget A. Ostander brought suit for a divorce from John R. Ostander. She stated that he made her life unbearable by abuse and neglect, and had served eighteen months in the workhouse for a felony.

Descrition was the charge in the cases of Mrs. Caroline Kummer against Henry W. Kummer. Lesette Turner against Julius M. Turner, Mary J. Slopey against James Sippey, Alice S. McGregor against Charles H. McGregor, and Rachael Mertz against George Mertz.

In the divorce case of Catharine M. Neal

our hearts. Not a look, not a whisper, should divert us nor any one beside us from the one sublime purpose for which we have come into the house of God. We are here Mertz.

In the divorce case of Catharine M. Neal against Jordan S. Neal, Mrs. Neal yesterday obtained a rule on her husband for support and counsel fees pending the suit. Mrs. Neilie L. Stone, in her divorce suit against John W. K. T. Mead, Esq., yesterday was appointed

K. I. mead, Esq., resterday was appointed commissioner in the divorce case of Thomas Atkinson against Rachael Atkinson. H. S. Floyd was appointed in the case of Agnes Humberger against Aloysius Humberger, and H. B. Herron in the case of Annie L. Roberts against R. A. Roberts. To-Morrow's Trial Lists. Common Pleas No. 1-Tragresser vs Oliver et al; O'Brien, executor, vs Finn et al; O'Brien, executor, vs Dollar Savings Bank; Kralling vs McCandleas et al: Kaufmann Bros, vs Moore et ux; Wall vs Wall; Impernal Coal Company vs Pittsburg, Chartiers and Youghlogheny Rail-road; Barber & Gardner vs Bardsley et al; Linordilager vs Brucker; Holland et ux vs

St. Paul preached a great sermon one time, in Athens, on the top of Mar's Hill. He had all the philosophers of that cultured Hinordilinger vs Brucker; Holland et ux vs seken et al.
Common Pleas No. 2—Quinn vs Darrah et al; Little vs Frazier; Rhey vs Oliver Bros. & Phillips; Johnson vs Cairns: Evans vs Black, administrator; Southside Gas Company vs Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston Railroad; Brown Bros. vs Pittsburg Forge and Iron Company; Fleming vs Davison. Gissinger vs Blackmore; Langfitt vs Cosgrove et al; Killian vs City Denosit Bank. City Deposit Bank.
Criminal Court—Commonwealth vs Frank
Markia (2) Andrew Reige. Benjamin Hierst,
Elizabeth Duffy et al. David De Armit, Arthur
Smith, Tim Haley, W. H. Walters et al. Nora
Quilter, Phillip Sangen, William Reed, Adda
L. Hulton, John Kneur (2), Frank Russ, Finley W. Squibbs, William Dean, Sadie Kane. sermon which that eminent apostle and preacher ever delivered. But the sermon

Monday's Audit List.

phy, no more learned quotations from the

know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That is what we go to church to hear about. To learn the will of God, to be taught about Jesus Christ and Him crucified Around the Court House is what men need and what they want. There is always talk about the trouble of non-attendance. Non-attendance in some cases means wickedness, in some cases means indifference, in some cases means laziness, in some cases means honest doubt as to the reacher's purpose to preach the real word of God. I believe that the most imperative of all those "modern claims upon the pul-pit," of which Archdeacon Farrar has rein the case of Mrs. Margaret O. Fulton against Andrew Fulton. cently been writing, is the claim that the preacher shall preach Christ. The people JUDGE MAGEE heard arguments yesterday

in the old days when he lived in Palestine. People will always crowd about anybody who, with all his heart, preaches the true word of God anywhere. To give glory to the Lord our God and to get help for our own souls; this is what church-going means or ought to mean. And so, although I said that church attendance is to be accounted as among the lesser

rowded about Him to hear the word of God

Christian duties, it is still a duty which can-not advantageously be left undone. To praise God and to learn His will; these are very serious duties, indeed. And not only does church attendance imply the performance of these duties; but the performance of these duties implies church attendance. Whoever very greatly desires to worship God and to get religious

help goes to church, it he can.

NEGLECTED AT HOME. It is true that both these duties may be done at home. It is also true, however, that in 18 cases out of 20 they are not done at home. The men and women, the older boys and girls, who are at home this Sunday morning in this city, what are they about? What are they actually doing They may be upon their knees everyone of them, with the word of God open beside them; but I am afraid not. I am afraid that if a great canvas could be stretched across the chancel of some church and upon it, by some laptern which might well deserve the name of "magic" lantern, a series of pictures could be east for us to look at, which should tell us, in house after house and room after room, down Penn avenue and up Fifth avenue and along the intersecting streets, just what the people who are at home are doing at this momen', I am afraid that very few of the pictures would be quite in place in church. They would be pictures of people reading improper literature, or getting dinner. Not 1 picture out of 50 would show a woman praying; not 1 out of 200 would show a man studying the Bible. No; the truth is that we need all the Sundays in the calendar, and all the churches in the land. We need appointed times for praying and for preaching, and appointed places. We cannot get along without them. With all the best intentions in the world, and all the most religious resolutions let and all the most religious resolutions, le

will of God will pretty soon be lest off also. This is the almost universal lesson of expe-Whoever would come into the closer pres ence of God, and grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God, and get comfort in trouble, and strength against strong temptation, and a recognition of the eternal truth of God in the midst of questioning and doubts must come into the common and doubts. tionings and doubts, must come into the house of God. For the immense majority of human beings, this is surely the only

anybody leave off church attendance, and the worship of God and the learning of the

FLORENCE VAN ORDSTRAND, yesterday, entered suit against Henry H., Louis F. and H. B. Demmier and John Groetzinger for \$1,000 damages for an alleged lilegal levy and sale of her household goods.

Estate of Accountant.

Emma C. Striekler. Mary E. Hays.
Mary E. Hughes. Mary E. Hays.
J. S. Strickler. Mary E. Hays.
Mary Mathews. Mary E. Hays.
Nancy Hinton. Thomas C. Lazear.
Ella M. Head. D. T. Watson.
H. McCullongh. J. D. O'Bryan.
J. Charles Ross. John A. Hoffner.

The following sentences were imposed in Criminal Court yesterday: William Stewart, "I came, brethre," he reminded the Corinthians afterward. "I, brethren, when I to the workhouse. Pat Loffy, same offense, strangely everything impresses you; the words of the familiar service, the sound of singing, the voice of prayer, the message of the preacher, even the sight of the the workhouse. George McCaffrey same offense, \$500 fine and 6 months to jail. E. Levy, assault and battery, \$10 and costs. James Hunter, same offense, 6 cents and costs. Roddy Perkins, same offense, \$5 and costs.

> A CHARTER was also granted the First Ger. man M. E. Church, of McKeesport. THE Masonic Bank, yesterday, issued an execution against F. R. Layng for \$3,583. A CHARTER was granted yesterday to the Pittsburg Baseball Club. the Players' Brother-hood Club. A DECREE of divorce was granted yesterday

the motion for a new trial in the case of A. D. Miller & Sons, the oil refinery nuisance suit. Schoyer and Shiras appeared for the Millers and J. S. Ferguson for the Commonwealth, Judge Magee took the papers and reserved his THE name of S. S. Marvin has been called regularly every morning in Common Pleas No.

I during the past week, but he failed to answer to the roll call of jurors. Judge Stowe said yesterday that unless he answered to-morrow a process would be issued to bring him into Court for duty. MRS. MARY A. WILMOT yesterday entered suit against the Pennsylvania Railread Company, operating the Pittsburg, Virginia and death of Thomas Wilmot, her husband. On August 15, 1889, he was struck by a train on the Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston Railroad, on Manor street, near South Seventh street, and killed. Charleston Railroad, for \$10,000 damages for the

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Barnom's Original Bearded Lady.
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February 10— GRAND PRIZE CRAZY QUILT CONTEST 20 Prizes Given. ja25-90 NELLA F. BROWN, The Greatest of America's Lady Readers, Two Nights, TUESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS, January 28 and 30.

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awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction."

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"Miss Cora Tanner played the heroine Lady
Madge Slasbton, and as a man Charles Marlowe.
In giving full sweetness to her wemanly side of
the character and a fresh boylsh impetuosity
to the masquerade in man's garments Miss
Tanner was successful. The scenes in the play
are set with a magnificence that is seldom seen
outside of New York. Taken as a whole "Fascination" is worth seeing twice or even thrice."

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