GAY GALLERY GODS.

They Applauded and Hissed in Days of Old as They Do To-Day.

THE DELIGHT OF 'VARSITY BOYS.

Scenes in the Top Loft of the Crowded Pittsburg Theaters.

THE SHRILL WHISTLE OF APPROVAL

[[WEITTER FOR THE DISPATCE.]



ANY and immortal are the "gods !" Not the dead gods of old Olympus, nor the of one of the benches, was particularly bygone war dogs of the Vikings' Vahalla; but the clutched the big conical bag. He was not a living, breathing Joves and Odins who sit enthroned today amid the dizzy heights of the topmost gallery.

In every land that can boast a theater the "gods" of the gallery are found. Before the dawning of the drama the "gods" rejoiced in the sunlight of their morning. They showered wreaths upon the glistening here who urged his steeds along the Isthmian track; they cheered their tavorite gladiator in the slippery arena, where blood gushed forth like rain. Their pitiless hiss was heard above the tumult when luckless Cimon's halting verses lost him the laurel erown, and with savage glee they pressed their thumbs downward upon the benches when the wounded Spaniard lifted his wistful eyes in a last prayer for mercy beneath the heel of the yellow-haired child of Gaul.

In later times their power of applause or condemnation was undiminished. One can imagine the delighted horror of the "gods," when in the market place "Mystery Play, his Satanic Majesty, horned, hoofed and nailed, quite en regle, leaped out of the



mouth of hell, as typified by a murky cavern with a furnace blazing in its depths, and commanded his myrmidons to seize upon the villain of the piece, and bear that sinner to his awful doom. What a raptur-ous sight for the small boys in white es to whom my Lord Abbot had granted 10 minutes' leave! What a treat for honest Robin-a-Ditton, who had trotted in to town with Goody, his wife, perched on a pillion before him: and the ch ese and apples hanging over Gray Dobbin's mighty haunches behind! And by-and-bye the "gods" were privileged beings indeed, for it fell to them to hear Marlowe's first majestic lines, and to welcome Shakespeare's maiden efforts. How the poor frequenters of the Globe and Surrey galleries must have suffered when black owed Noll Cromwell drove the players

'VARSITY BOYS IN THE GALLERY But the gods never die! They hurrahed for Garrick, howled for Macklin, they woke the schoes for Edmund Kean. When the little, black-haired Irishman drew his keen knife, and glared hate at Christian Antonio, how the 'prentices in the gallery applauded-and how their souls were racked to be Shylocks, too! Dublin, once the rival of London as a great theatrical center, was and is the paradise of the gods. In the old Sinock Alley Theater, and, later, in the Theater Royal the 'varsity boys were for the most part the gods. In their shirt sleeves, with mortar boards on head and gowns on arm, they wer secorded the front seats as a matter of right, Beautiful Miss O'Neill was long their dar-ling; Jenny Laird and Tietjens became their in later days. One night a young student, who afterward became Peer of the Realm and Privy Councilor, was let down from the gallery by means of a rope passed under his armpits. Tictions was singing the "Last Rose of Summer" as a tribute to the audience. She had just reached the last notes when Lord A-was seen dangling in mid-air with an enormous bouquet in his fainted, scores shrieked wildly. But Tietiens knew Trinity boys, and finished her song un-disturbed. Then Lord A- threw the bouquet to her feet, and was hauled back into the gallery in the midst of a storm of

teers.
The writer remembers his pride, when as a freshman of T. C. D., he applianded Mary Anderson from the front bench of the Gaiety Theater gallery. We drew Mary's carriage to her hotel afterward, and she asked a dozen of us to supper. 'Varsity boys do not frequent galleries in the United States over much, but the galleries are just as lively for all that. The spirit of the "gods" is just as strong in this Iron City of ours, as ever it was across the water.

THE GALLERIES AT HOME.

Many renders of these notes have, no doubt, paid a visit to the galleries of local theaters. If not, the loss is theirs. They have missed a curious and interesting experience. The night of Bohemianism, in shirt sleeves, munching its peanuts and passing its comments upon the play, is worth seeing any

The writer has often, through the courtesy of Messrs. Gulick and Williams, been permitted to lounge in the galleries at the Bijou and the Academy. A fellow-leeling with Bohemianism, has made these loung ings fairly frequent; and there is always some new type of character, some new phase of life's seamy side to be observed upon the upper benches. A few night's since, an expedition was made to the olympus of the Bijon, "The White Slave," great "gallery play," was "on the boards, and it was quite evident that Mr. Gulick anticipated a large attendance of "gods, for he had doubled the number of ticket takers at the doors. As the writer strolled up the steps, a young colored lady of six or seven summers, appeared.

their divinity has less them, lery they were "gods" no longer.

BEENAN. "Is they any gals upstairs, Mistah?" she asked of the ticket-taker, with a caution and propriety highly commendable.
"Not many," replied the questioned one, eyeing the lady from head to foot, somewhat

"Den 'twouldn't be nice for me to go up, said Miss musingly. "Still I guess I'll take a look around myself."

THERE IS NO RESISTING. Accordingly she walked abreast with the

writer to the gallery door, where, seeing no "gals" at all, she halted for a few seconds. "When a woman hesitates—she is lost."
Miss looked cunningly up at the writer and said: "Dey's no ladies heah. Guess I'll go in an' see de gen'l'men."

which suited their ideas for the non-

far corner three tables groaned beneath

the wares of the refreshment vendor. Mys-

terious bottles containing somber liquids-

the nectar, no doubt, of these Olympians;

luscious oranges piled high in rich hued pyramids; myriads upon myriads of highly

attractive doughnuts, sandwiches, apples, candy and other edibles—ambrosial food for Jupiter Tonans—all these found place on

the refreshment tables. There were three

Ganymedes instead of the conventional one

-Ganymedes who glided about in their

shirtsleeves and watched over their goods with wakeful care. All the "goda" appeared to be esting. There was a steady "munch-munch" kept up throughout the

entire performance, with an interval now and then for purposes of applause. A

young colored man, perched upon the back

noticeable from the huge bag of peanuts he

carried. He leaned slightly forward, his

headgear pushed back from the swarthy

forehead, glistening with perspiration, and

The Gallery God's Whistle.

tall man, and the peanut receptacle reached

almost to the level of his eyes. Over this improvised eye-rest he watched the play; and eat stendily at his peanuts. He had a

very nice calculation, that colored man. He allowed for seven acts in the "White Slave,"

so he purchased peanuts enough to last for

seven acts, at so many nuts per act. But he

was foiled. The fith act did not last for five minutes, and at the end of the play the

HOW THE GODS CATCH ON.

grandiose sentiment, or the villain was de

have been newsies from their voices

t is heard in the fiercest tempest of chees

'Hope dat ar Lacy'll get hung, bymeby,

stubbornly, and exclaimed when the villain

was arrested, "Wai, they was four to one

BREAKS FOR THE DOOR.

At the end of every act there was a rush

for the door. The privilege of going out

when you want to go out, and getting a

is an enticing one to gallery Arabs. The

"Mister, gimme check;" "Gimme check,

'Gimme two checks, mister, for

writer was borne with the stream down the staircase to where the check-bestowers stood.

me an' Whitey," shouted the youths on the crest of the wave. How they all got checks

was astonishing to a degree. Behind came the older folks, among them some gentry

whose rubicund nasal organs hinted that

like Mr. Squeers, they were "going to stretch

their legs a bit between whiles." These took their checks more soberly, but as the

play progressed, and the leg stretchings grev

the sobriety would be largely diminished.

Leaving the Bijou gallery the writer

In the cozy little theater over

hastened toward that of the Academy of

which Mr. Harry Williams presides, the

gallery is much the same as in the Bijou. Of course the "tough" element was present,

as it was also in the Bijou. One cannot

keep the tough gods out, that is apparent.

ready to pounce down upon any disturber of

the public peace. Perhaps it was imagina-

tion, but apples and oranges seemed to the

writer more in favor at the Academy than

peanuts. Two or three young fellows sit-

juicy fruit, seemed bent upon making the

THEY WHO CHEERED LOUDEST.

deep in the Celtic nature, the Irish element, or a very large slice thereof, had put in an

appearance in the Academy gallery. It was they who did the loudest pounding and

clapping, it was they who whistled shrillest

at the encore of a popular cantratice, or danseuse. It was they who, in accents re-

performance with approving remarks.

dolent of breezy Connemara, punctuated the

newsies did not flock quite so thickly to Mr. Williams' show. The overpowering attraction of "The White Slave" quite out-

did the Academy in the minds of these

young worshipers of melodrams. But of

"children of a larger growth" there were plenty, and so far as crowds went there was

A little while was spent among the Academy "gods"—alas that it should have been but a little while! The end of the per-

formance came all too soon, and the writer

felt regretful, as he passed out of the gallery,

still echoing with the last burst of applause,

and descended with his triends, the gods, in

the Olympians melted away, to alley, or to

mill, or to eating house-whithersoever duty or whim chanced to call them. But their

their divinity had left them; out of the gal-

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?

sour stomach, liver complaint, nervousness, lost appetite, billiousness, exhaustion or

tired feeling, pains in chest or lungs, dry coughs, nightsweats, or any form of con-

coughs, nightsweats, or any form of con-sumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88

Do you suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion,

instions mattered little, in the streets

motley concourse, to the street. In the street

little to choose between the two galleries.

impeding their vocalization.

ting near the front rail, devouring the latter

ouths of the fair singers water, and thus

With the love for beauty which is rooted

the gallery attendants moved about,

check "just like a dude goin' for a drink,

agin him, anyhow.'

Guess he's beat this time.

These were the taunts levelled at

serched on the back rail, like so many spar

a useless surplus of peanuts.

The gallery was crowded-it was a full Olympus. With a happy disregard of "les convenances" the "gods" sat, sprawled, stood upright or occupied any other position CLUB MEN THEIR BEST PATRONS.

THE FLOWER GIRLS

Night Air in New York City.

A Well-Known Woman Who Has Sold Nosegays a Quarter of a Century.

CONKLING'S STORY OF NELL GWINNE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, February 1.-There are nearly 400 flower girls in the city of New York. Those are the figures given by the big florists who supply them with nosegays. Sadly enough nearly all of them perfume only the night air with their wares. Those who peddle nature's brightest smiles during the daytime are mostly big, hulking fellows whose bawls can be heard above the din of the bustling shopping thoroughfares where women most do congregate, for women form the vast majority of daytime purchasers of small floral bunches. Among her big sisters the little flower girl, not timid, but small of voice and powerless to resist the swerving current of the street, would be a worthless straw. So the big fellows win, But the latter in turn are powerless at night when their gilded brethern become the

nosegay purchasers Should they then venture forth with their wares they would be met only with sneer and jibe while the fragile little things in calico gowns find a silver shower mingled always with kind words and gentle smiles and rarely with even an approach to raillery. These little hand-maidens of Flora appear to be the wards of the public. From nightfall until even midnight they flit from hotel to hotel, from table d'hote to table d'hote, trom theater to theater, and finally from chop house to chop house and he would be indeed a during ruffian who caused one of them to shrink back in alarm. They are not the ragged flower girl of the drama, sitting on a step beneath a storm of paper snow and sing-ing a drearisome song. Their locks are neatly brushed, their faces washed to rosiness, their clothing tidy, their shoes whole and almost without exception their blossom-laden trays presses against snowy white aprons. Their mothers who send them forth and some of whom accompany them to the door of each place which they enter, are responsible for the nest pictures which the busy damsels present for they know that the brightest looking, sweetest looking, tidiest looking lass opens the most purses.

calculator must have been annoyed to find THEIR RICHEST FIELD. Macaulay could always study best when esting bread and butter. The "gods" enjoy themselves most when munching peanuts. Their greatest field of profit is provided by the hundreds and hundreds of table d'hote establishments which in their varied French, Italian, German, Hungarian and Hebraic Somehow or other, the finer sentiment of forms constitute, especially in recent years one of the most strikingly European features of New York life, and which, as they



Lizzie, the Flower Girl.

These little Gavroches on the rail were not shy about expressing their sentiments on cents to \$1 50, are patronized by the humble the play. It was-"Jimmy, dat's a corker, and the high. The table d'hotes are pre-sided over by chefs, "late of the Delmondat gal," and "Git on to his gun, boys,"and ico," who are a legion in themselves, and there are scores of maitres de cuisine "forfrom the rising of the curtain, even unto the falling thereof. One of the little gamins had owned to a lurking feeling in Lacy's favor. This made him the target for his friends' scorn and derision—"Now whar's merly of the Union Club." Places such as these are largely patronized by clubmen. by reason of economy, but order to vary the monotony the eating 'Knockin' a woman down! Oh, he's a daisy, he is." "Put a bullet in him, the big cow-

of the eating part of existence. In these the flower girls who are debarred from most of the fushionable restaurants, find their richest ground. Their feminine artfulness displays itself when they approach a man whose attention to a fair companion betrays his devotion. The boutoniere which the bachelor at the adjoining table has gruffly declined is quickly dropped in the tray, and, with a defi movement, a turn of the little head to one side and a bright smile, a bunch of roses is held beneath Mademoiselle's shapely nose. "How sweet," ejaculates the woman looking at the child, not at the flowers, and the man, un-less he is a hardened brute, dives into a pocket, and the sale is made.

What becomes of them as they grow older? The answer to that is a varied tale and, like all human narratives, sometimes sad, sometimes charmingly romantic. It is safe to say, however, that in these prosaic days there is no approach ever made to the ro-mance of the one famous flower girl of English history.

BOSCOE CONKLING AND NELL GWYNNE, Roscoe Conkling once, in private conversation, in a natural burst of eloquence which so frequently illumined his verbal structures made an epitome of Nell Gwynne's life which cannot be rivaled. The story was told me by its only listener. The incident occurred during the memorable Garfield-Hancock Presidental campaign. The New York Senator was sulking in his tent. General Grant's indifference to the result of the election was well known. The Republican cause seemed hopeless. famous Mentor conference was held, and Conkling and Grant, side by side, rallied the Republican hosts from their hiding places. They began the battle at Warren, O., and continued it in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Richmond, Ind., Indianapolis, Terra Haute and again in Indianapolis. It was after his great speech in Terre Haute and when returning to Indianapolis that Senator Conkling said to a newspaper correspondent who eat beside him: "What was the name of that man who gave us the lunch in the railroad

station? "Beauclerk," was the reply. "He is the editor of the Republican atternoon news-paper of Terre Haute."
"I wish I had thought of that," said Conkling, musingly. "I might have made a happy allusion to it. Beauclerk reminds

Nell Gwynne.'

"How is that?" asked the newspaper man. ONE OF THE GREATEST TRIO. "Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans," replied Deauters, Functor St. Afoans, replied the Senator, 'was the most prominent of the 12 sons of Nell Gwynne, who, with Mary, Queen of Scots, and Joan of Arc, made up a trio of the greatest women who ever lived. A man who even at this day would not shoulder a musket in defense of such heroic characters would not be worthy of the name."

Then, with eyes glistening, and the tragic gesture of the rostrum, Mr. Conkling continued: "Nell Gwynne was born in a coalvard; raised like a blade of grass between two obblestones; a flower girl in a theater; the stave of an actor, and afterward of a king; the mother of a royal race, and the founder of the holiest charity (Greenwich Hospital) which ever blessed mankind."

Never flower girl nor queen had her life when inquiring what becomes of flower girls when they grow older the assumption that unlike their sisters of the ballet, they cease to be flower girls appears in one in-stance at least, to be unwarranted. There is not a "man about town" in New York who does not know "Lizzie" or "Mary" as some of the incorrectly informed persist in naming her. The picture shows her not as she is seen at midnight in the Broadway vesti-Warren street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day. Eos bule to Delmonico's, nor as she appears at taken at Aufrecht's Elite Gallery, 516 h ket st., Pittsburg. Cabineta, \$1 per do: the well-known lair of the Welsh rarebit on Use elevator.

Twenty-sixth street, but Lizzie as she sits at home on Sundays with her bevy of full-grown children about her, and just as she proudly insisted she should be handed down to history by the photographer's art. But yet she is a "flower girl" and flower girl she Nearly Four Hundred Perfume the will be to the end of the chapter, although her form is portly and her height greater

than that of the average man. BEGAN IN WAR TIMES.

Lizzie-she has another name, of course, but nobody ever bothers with it else they might be guilty of calling her "Mrs."-be-gan selling flowers far back in war times. She was a tall slip of a girl, but even then with an arm which a blacksmith's helper might envy. Even in those brawling days she rarely met with else than courtesy. Later on she had an exceptional experience with the well-known Jimmy Oliver, which her old-time acquaintances among men-about-town frequently narrate with glee and which she sometimes when pressed will speak of with unaffected indignation. She was walking along Broadway at night with her nosegays when the so-called "Prince of Paradise Park" attempted what perhaps he considered an act of gallantry toward her. The meek little flower girl quietly placed her tray upon a step and then seizing the surprised "Prince" she wiped with him the pavement of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in front of which the occurrence took place, in such a thorough manner that it did not require brooming next morning. Little Lizzie was not anneved much after that. She was quickly installed as a favorite among men who seek refreshments in popu-

public places after theater closing, and she has never forgotten those who sided her to make an honest livelihood in her young days. I am familiar with two striking in-stances of this. Among her earliest friends were A. Wright Sanford and Captain Wiliiam M. Counor. They never saw her, whether they bought flowers or not, without giving her money, and many \$10 notes have these generous hands cheered her with on stormy, saleless nights. Scarcely more than a year ago Sanford, who was the most popular club man in New York, died. When his body lay in The Little Church Around the Corner that edifice was filled with a throng of notable, tashionable people, all sincere mourners. The air was heavy with the fragrance of costly floral emblems of grief. A SIMPLE BUT TOUCHING SCENE,

As the casket was being borne away there was noticed midway in the center aisle the figure of a broad-shouldered and unusually tall woman, whose downcast head was cov-ered with a woolen hood, and who was wrapped in a large and heavy plaid shawl.

As the body reached her, Lizzie "the flower giri" lifted a face down which the tears were pouring, and drawing from beneath her shawl a large wreath composed of nothing but rights drawed it on the coffin nothing but violets, dropped it on the coffin and sobbed forth, in unconscious repetition of the oft-repeated words of Joe, the cross-ing sweeper, in "Bleak House," "He was good to me, he was." I saw men of the

world weep at that simple act.

Last summer, when Captain Connor was absent in Europe, Lizzie made peculiarly persistent inquiries at the St. James Hotel as to when the proprietor would return. He had not been in his room two hours after landing when, after knocking, a neatly dressed lad entered, and, handing him a large horseshoe made of violets and roses, disappeared without a word. A card on the floral offering bore the inscription: "Good Luck from Lizzie, the Flower Girl."

Lizzie is no rival of her far younger sis-ters. She begins her travels far later than they, and it is not unusual to find her in the entryway of the Twenty-ninth street chophouse as late as 3 o'clock in the morning. And while she toils cheerfully and smilingly far into the night, her little ones are sleeping in their beds, for she will not permit one of them to engage in the life which she has pursued so long and so well.

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE. PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATIONS.

Full Text of a Bill Just Introduced in the Iowa Legislature.

DES MOINES, IA., February 1 .- Senator Schmidt, of Davenport, will introduce a bill in the Senate which is unique. No such bill has ever passed any Legislature in the United States. It is as follows: A bill for an act to render privileged, confide

and reporters of newspapers. and reporters of newspapers.

Be it enacted, etc., That no editor, publisher or reporter of any newspaper shall be compelled to disclose any confidential communication made to him in his professional caracity, or to disclose the name of the author of any editorial or article furnished such paper for publication, or to disclose the name of any person furnishing information for publication; provided, however, that in any proceeding, civil or criminal, against any person or account of the publication; the publication of the publication of the publication. against any person on account of the public tion of such editorial, article or information such editor, publisher or reporter may be com-pelled to testify whether or not the defendant was the author of such editorial or article or furnished the information complained of.

The effect of this bill will be to place editors and reporters, when acting in a professional capacity, on the same footing as law yers and clergymen.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

Gossip in Drygoods Circles Over the Retirement of the New York Partner-What Mr. Marshall Field Says. CHICAGO, February 1, 1890 .- (Special.)

-The tollowing item was published in the New York Herald of Sunday morning: Reports that could not be verified late last night were circulated that Lorenzo G. oodhouse, the New York partner of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, had retired from business relations with that firm.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Woodhouse left

the employ of George Bliss & Co., of this city, to take a partnership in the firm of Field, Palmer & Leiter, which at once took the lead in the drygoods trade. Two years later Mr. Potter Palmer withdrew from the firm to manage his hotel and real estate business in Chicago, In 1881 Mr. L. Z. Leiter retired with a bank account of several millions. The firm name since then has been Marshall Field & Co.

Ill health is the cause assigned for the re-tirement of Mr. Woodhouse, who is credited with a fortune of about \$4,000,000; but mem bers of the trade in this city say that Mr Woodhouse has been very much dissatisfied with Mr. Field's policy of cutting and slashing prices during the past two years, Mr. Field's idea has been that he could thus stop Western trade from coming to New York. This policy the New York partner is said to have opposed vigorously. Mr. Woodhouse is a prominent memb

of the Union League and other clubs.
A reporter for the Inter Ocean, of this city, called upon Marshall Field & Co. yesterda afternoon, with the above clipping, and met Mr. Field, who had already seen the paragraph, having seen the New York Sunday Herald. He said:

"Mr. Woodhouse has retired, but entirely voluntarily on his part, and much to our regret. Of course we are all well aware, as are others, that we have sold our mer-chandise for the last 20 years lower than any house in the country, and shall continue the same policy. We have always bought our goods in Europe and this country for prompt cash, and sold for cash or shorter time than other houses, which enables us to make lower prices than our competitors who seem to think they are selling time instead of drygoods. Our policy secures the sharp, prompt-paying, best merchants of the country. The same policy will be continued as in the past, and with which Mr. Woodhouse was always in entire accord."

Call and See Our New Carpets. New wiltons, English and American New Scotch axminsters. New moquettes and gobelins. New velvet carpets. New body and tapestry brussels. The new agra carpet first ever show

New ingrain carpets. The largest stock ever opened in this city, at Edward Groetzinger's, 627 and 629

Come Rain or Shine. Bring the children and have their photo taken at Aufrecht's Elite Gallery, 516 Mar-

THE GOSPE The Lesson in Philip's Appeal is to Come and See. ral self as you can. You will not be disa-

CHRISTIANITY IS AGGRESSIVE.

The Church Isn't a Spiritual Life Insurance Institution.

OUR STERN DUTY TO OUR BROTHERS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Christianity is an aggressive religion. It is never contented. It is never satisfied. It stands alone among the religious of the race in its zeal for making converts. It will never stop till it has discovered every Nathaniel and brought him in. It will never stop till the whole world is Christian. And it will not rest even then till every Christian is a good Christian. That will be a good while, The millennium will be here by that time. This aggressive spirit marks the temper

of every Christian who has learned the mind of the Master, and has caught the actual meaning of His religion. The Christian does not imagine that his work is done when he has worked out his own salvation. He does not imagine that the chief part of his work consists in working out his own salvation. He finds a higher task in helping, uplifting, trying to save somebody else.
William Wilberforce was a good kind of
Christian. He was puzzled how to answer the question of a good brother who asked after the condition of his soul. He said

that he had been so busy trying to save the souls and bodies of some half a dozen millions of enslaved negroes that he had almost forgotten that he had any soul himself. Some people seem to have an idea that the Christian religion is a kind of spiritual life insurance company, and that the chief end of man is to get to heaven. But the Christian-the genuine Christian-has no such selfish spirit. He remembers that he who will save his life shall lose it, and that he only who is content to lose his life for Christ's sake, and his brother's sake, shall find it. We are good Christians just in proportion as we follow the apostle who, having himself found Christ, lost no time till he should bring his brother also.

THE SPIRIT OF EARNEST MEN. This aggressive spirit, this longing to reach out and bring some brother in, this feeling in a man's heart that he must make someone else acquainted with his truth, and a sharer in his blessing—this marks not only the Christian but the earnest man, the world over. It fired the heart of one earnest man, a camel driver in an Arabian desert, and made him a prophet for a sixth part of the human race. "Tho" the sun part of the human race. "Tho' the sun stand upon my right hand and the moon upon my leit," said Mohammed, "and both command me hold my peace, yet must I speak!"

It stirred the soul of another earnest man, a simple German schoolmaster, and made of him a mighty lever for overturning nearly all the established institutions of his day, and building them over again better. He stood firm, that honest Luther. Nothing could shake him. "God help me," he said, "I can do no other, speak I must." All the priests and popes, all the curses, civil and ecclesiastical, all the flames and faggots in the world notwithstanding, he must utter forth the truth that was in him.
Were he confronted by as many devils as there were tiles on all the roofs of all the cities of all Europe, yet must be break through, and tell his message.

This aggressive spirit makes all earnest men akin. The earnest man can never be contented to be right all alone. He will have no monopoly of truth. He will not have his brain a prison, but a treasure house. What he sees he wants the whole world to see. His desire is that of the God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am." And that all men may be such as he is, possessors o sharers in the same blessing—to bring that about he must speak. Necessity is laid upon him. "Woe is me," he cried, "if I preach not the gospel."

PHILIP FINDETH NATHANIEL. It is interesting and instructive to notice how this aggressive spirit, which is the quality of greatness, marks in Holy Scrip-ture even the humblest Christians. "The ire even the humblest Christians. day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee and findeth Philip, and saith to him: Follow me"—and so Philip became a Christian. And what next? "Philip find-eth Nathaniel." He cannot rest till ne has ound his friend and brought him.

It is the same in Samaria. "The woman

saith unto Him, I know that Messiah com-eth, which is called Christ. Jesus saith unto her: I that speak unto thee am He." a revelation was there! That was the plainest word yet. To no one anywhere had he told that great truth so fully and distinctly. "I am the Christ." What does the woman do with this word from heaven? The woman then left her water-pot, and went her way into the city, and saith onto the men, come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?'

Always this word "come." "Come, eries Andrew to his brother Simon; "come," says Philip to Nathaniel; "come," entreats this woman of Samaria, stopping every one she meets in the street. These people must speak. They must get somebody else. They must tell what great things Christ has done for their souls.

The Master heals a demoniac in Gadara.

"And he went his way and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him." Matthew leaves his custom house and fol-

ws Christ. He gives up a good business; he abandons a chance to make a fortune He brings his money, no doubt, but that is not enough—he must bring his friends, too. He makes a great supper, and gets all the publicans together to meet Him whom henceforth he proposes to follow. SILENCE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

The authorities seize hold of Peter and

John and say you must speak no more in this name. If you do, we will put you in prison, and worse afterward." And the Apostles answered: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, you are as good judges as we are. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard. They simply could not help it. The great truth of the Christian taith had flashed in upon the souls of these men, and to keep silence about it was impossible. Better be put in a thousand prisons-better die first,

than be still. St. Stophen did die. might stone him, if they would, but while breath was in him, speak he must. This aggressive spirit, this impulse of the Christian Philip to find Nathaniel, this duty, this desire, this necessity, of open testimony and personal appeal, ought to characterize every Christian. Every Christian in this world ought to be making somebody else Christian. I know that it is not easy to speak to pe

ple in private conversation about the subject of religion. One reason is that we dis-like to make ourselves disagreeable. We are atraid that the subject may not be a pleasant one. It is, indeed, true that Philip can make himself intensely disagreeable. He can speak in an unnatural tone of voice, and with a constrained manner, and in cant phrases. He can disgust Nathaniel, and do more harm than good to him. There are few more uncom ortably disagreeable people than the man or woman who is piously disagreeable. They make the very saints themselves feel

NEED NOT BE DISAGREEABLE. But surely one essential element in all true religion is genuine manliness and womanliness. There is nothing in the themes themselves that need be disagreeable to anybody. They touch the highest, the most interesting, the most important, the

nost helpful truths in the world. If they are disagreeable, it is either because the one to whom you speak has something the matter with his conscience, or because you have not spoken genuinely and sensibly. Choose fitting occasions and fitting people. Choose natural words, and be as much your natu-

greeable. In every friendship that is worth anything, whether between parent and child, or between friend and friend, the moment does come, and not once or twice only, when it is just the time for you to speak. Be on the watch for that moment, and then speak. Have the aggressive spirit in your heart, be possessed with a sense of responsibility for your Christian influence, seek every opportunity to make somebody else as good a

Christian as you are yourself, and you will find Nathaniel and bring him in, too.

Who can measure the value and helpfulness of earnest, open, manly, Christian speech? Sometimes a word has changed the whole current of a life. And your words, just because they are spoken by you, will be more impressive than a hundred sermons.

Philip was not deterred from speaking to Nathaniel from any fear of making himself disagreeable; nor was he so much impressed as some are, by the sacredness of religion, that he felt he could do no better thing with his blessing than to keep it to himself. He had made the discovery of discoveries. He had found Christ. His first thought was for als friend. He must bring his friend into Christ's prison. He wanted to make Christian disciple out of Nathaniel, and he

et nothing stand in the way., Philip was not kept back even by the mallness of his own knowledge of Christ, or by his inability to argue much about Him. He had known Christ only one day, and when Nathaniel, having listened to what he had to urge about Him, interposed an objection, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" seeming to doubt the whole truth which Philip brought him, Philip had only one answer: "Come and see." Only come, he said, look into His face, hear Him speak, put yourself within reach of His influence and make up your own mind. That was no argument. But it was better than a whole encyclopedia of arguments. Nathan-iel did come and see, and that made a Christian out of Nathaniel

GEORGE HODGES.

ART MATTERS IN THE CITY.

A PAINTING by L. Sturm, the artist who excuted the large work after Raphael for Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is shown this week at Boyd's. The picture, which appears to be an old one, represents Mary Magdalen reclining upon the floor of a cavern intently regarding the pages of a book spread open before her, while near by is seen a symbol of mortality in the form of a numan skull. The work is well handled and of good color, but upon a close examination of the volume, it strikes one as presenting rather a modern appearance. modern appearance.

MR. J. ELMER SALISBURY, the young Southside artist, who is still pursuing his studies in Paris, has sent home three new pictures which arrived in the city a few days ago, and are now at his residence on Tenth street. The are now at his residence on Yeath street. The notable work of the three is a morning effect in a picturesque glen down which the sparkling waters of a mountain stream find their way. This is a very large painting, and one in which considerable skill in coloring and composition is shown. The other pictures are both portraits of children. All three pictures have been badly damaged in transit.

MR. A. C. WOOSTER is becoming favorably known as a clever painter of still-life subjects but he has not yet managed to relieve his works of the somber appearance which his in-tensely dark backgrounds cast over them. It would be extremely difficult to paint an old wicker basket and a few russet apples any more truthfully than has been done in the work which he is showing this week at Morrison's, and if they were seen against a background of anything brighter and more suggestive than a dat wall of dark brown paint, the picture would be a thoroughly artistic production. works of the somber appearance which his in-

MRS. W. H. MILLER, of Allegheny, has a very creditable painting on exhibition in the Gillespie gallery. The subject is a still-life consisting of a group of richly colored objects very tastefully arranged. The leading feature very tastefully arranged. The leading feature of the work is a vase of roses standing upon a small table covered with silk drapery and seen in relief against a screen of dark plash. The work is well and freely handled, and is lacking only in that solidity and substantial appearance characteristic of more scientific painting. The objects are tastefully arranged, cleverly drawn and reasonably well colored. A noticeable fault, however, is that the roses are too nearly of the same shade as the covering of the table, but in the face of so much excellent work it is scarcely fair to pick out the faults of work it is scarcely fair to pick out the faults of a work which in its general effect would do credit to some of our professional artists.

MR. GEORGE HETZEL'S latest landscape may be seen during the present week at Boyd's. The scene is at the junction of the Conemaugh and the Loyalhanna, and it is painted with view to representing the spot as nearly as possible in the way it appeared 100 years ago, for which purpose the artist has idealized the work in several respects, particularly by obliterating some of the more modern features of the some of the more modern features of the scene. Several wigwams are introduced upon the farther bank of the stream, and a cance containing a couple of Indian braves is represented floating upon its glassy surface. The effect rendered is that of a bright sunny day in mid-summer with a silvery luminous sky and a clear flood of light over the landscape. In regard to drawing and coloring the work is very true to nature, and in respect of bandling is up to Mr. Hetzel's usual high standard, all that need be said, as this veteran artist's pictures are so widely known that comment upon his manner of execution is unnecessary.

has yet shown is at present on exhibition at Boyd's. Like most of this artist's works, the subject is a scene of military life, and the title, "Bringing Up the Guns," conveys a very clear idea of its character. The scene represented is that of a battery advancing in readiness for is that of a battery advancing in readiness for action, and as regards conception and composition the work must certainly be regarded as a very excellent one. There is some very faulty drawing in the figure of one of the horses, unfortunately the nearest and most prominent one of them all, but in other parts the painting has been v-ry cleverly done, both in drawing and coloring. The figures are well arranged on the canvas and the action is strong and life-like. The landscape feature of the picture is kept properly subordinate in interest; it is in harmony with the spirit of the scene and is fairly well handled. Altogether, Mr. Porter deserves credit for having produced a painting that will at once attract attention as being out of the beaten track so closely followed by the majority of our track so closely followed by the majority of our

New Business of the Equitable for January The new business of the Equitable Life Assurance Society for January, 1890, was twenty-one millions of dollars, a gain of five millions over January, 1889. Their business for the year 1889 was nearly fifty millions larger than that of any other company. E. A. Woods, Manager,

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GOOD ROADS OR BAD.

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CONVICT LABOR EMPLOYED THERE

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) In Pennsylvania one of the earliest laws passed after the Revolutionary War was in the direction of reforming the penal code. An act of 1786 provided that certain crimes, which, until then, had been capitally punished, should thereafter be puished by labor, "bublicly and disgracefully imposed."

Under this law the convicts were employed in cleaning streets, repairing roads, etc., their heads were shaved, and they were clothed in a coarse uniform. The concurrent testimony of all, however, is to the effect that the result of this movement was to increase crime and to degrade the criminal, whose shame at the public exposure soon hardened into sullen resentment and impotent rage. The Legislature, upon witnessing the disastrous effects of this system upon the criminal and upon society, attempted its reform with great vigor. The acts of the years 1789-90-1-4-5 prove the anxiety to correct mistakes and establish a system of punishments which should combine severity and certainty with humanity, and, "by removing public disgrace and the temptation to excess, leave room for the possible en-

STILL IN FORCE. A portion of the law of April 5, 1790, about jail prisoners is still in force in the State. The system of solitary confinement and in-doors labor, formulated in that era is

still the basis of the present arrangement though modified by modern legislation. The commission for the improvement of country roads in Pennsylvania, appointed recently by Governor Beaver, is now considering, in connection with the character of improvements, the question of labor. That of convict labor is advocated by several of the members, thus coming back to the exact state of things that ruled in Pennsylvania more than a century ago. Of course conditions have changed since then, and what may then have seemed a good reason for abolishing convict labor on the roads at that time is no reason at all now. There are vastly more criminals. The very system of indoor labor then originated has resulted in evils which the lawmakers of pioneer days were not shrewd enough to foresee. Chief among these is the competi tion offered free labor in the trades of manufacturing. Our criminal laws are ever more stringent, and "the sullen resentment and impotent rage" of convicts because publicly exhibited, would avail nothing nowadays. Public opinion demands any practicable method of dealing with prisoners so as to check crime; and public opinion in this State is auxious for any available system by which better highways may be built for indespensable overland traffic. Thus, two good purposes are com-bined in one, notwithstanding failure of such an experiment 100 years ago in our own

CONVICT LABOR ON THE ROADS.

In Missouri, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas, convicts work on public ways by State direction directly. In out prisoners for work on public ways. In Alabama the latest laws give the courts dis-cretion to sentence prisoners to labor on county roads and empower the County Com. oners to let them to private contractors for that work also. A particular act ex empts females from the prisons from labor of this class. When the male prisoners are so assigned they are shackled while at work. and if night finds them some distance from the prison they "must be confined in a substantial building or a stockade and carefully guarded.

METHODS OF THE WORK.

In Georgia when any county, city, town or village determines to organize a chain gang of misdemeanored convicts to work on the roads they must file with the clerk of any court throughout the State their de-mand. When any person shall be convicted of misdemeanor and sentenced to work on the public roads, such convict shall be turned over to the county or town having the oldest unfilled demand on the book Convict labor on public works in North Carolina is developed to a high degree. In addition to repairing and making roads, prisoners are made to do whatever offers The beautiful mansion for the Governor of the State which stands in Burke Square Raleigh, was entirely created by convicts, the materials all being manufactured in the penitentiaries and the construction carried on by the men, even to the hod carrying. The result of this system is that the country roads generally in the South—at least in the agricultural regions—are kept in the very best order. The convicts work slowly and under careful supervision. The work is therefore of the firmest character.

GOOD BOADS A NECESSITY. Macadamized roads are popular, and in the tide-water sections of Virginia, North Carolina and Louisiana shell roads make driving a rare enjoyment. Then, the scarcity of railroads, or rather the backwardness of the interior South in developing railroad interests, made good overland roads an absolute necessity, just as there was a necessity for the old national turnpike before the days of railroads in the North and West.

The spectacle of a chain gang, or even a risoner with a ball and chain attached, the public thoroughfares, will always be more or less repugnant to the people of Pennsylvania, much as they do want the labor of the prisoners. It is barely possible that neither chains nor shackles will be necessary. That is for the opinions of prison keepers to decide. In Kansas there is a sort of compromise system. Their laws out there provide for the work on highways without the revolting features. County Commissioners are empowered to establish a county stone-yard where prisoners may be worked at breaking up stones for the roads about to be macadamized. This lessens the chances of escape. When a prisoner shall o desire he may give sufficient surety and be allowed to enter upon an engagement to outside work on the highways. This wi e taken as the payment of his fine and costs \$1 per day, exclusive of board, being allowed him on account. The surety from responsible parties guards against his escape, and thus only the most trustworthy prisoners get out upon the roads.

A BLOW AT THE NORTH, But, after all, what more inhuman spectacle is there than a person condemned to soli-tary confinement? It would strike the average Pennsylvanian with shame to see in the laws of Louisiana—a State where one would expect to find the more brutal type of penal laws—this clause: "Convicts in the penitentiary whose sentences have been commuted from death to imprisonment for life, or for a term of years, shall no longer be permitted to labor in company with the other convicts, but shall be fined alone, on the plan in force in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania."

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causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."— Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverbill, Mass. "I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

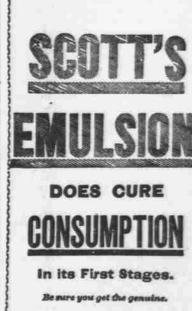
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