

again.

stood a small cottage surrounded by a small garden patch. The afternoon sun shone brightly on the lonely dwelling, and peered curiously in at the windows as if anxious to know who would be living in such a wild and out-of-the-way place. A few goats climbed down from the rocks and stood bleating before the house. Then the door opened and a 10-year-old boy appeared who, shading his eyes with his hands, looked eagerly down the steep path leading from the village to his home.

"Father and mother are not coming yet, Anneli," he cried; "but come and see how the glacier glows in the sunlight."

Anneli came in answer to this call, and as she stood in the bright sunlight, her long, blonde hair falling about her shoulders, and her large, blue eyes fixed admiringly on the distant mountain peak, she seemed more like a creature from miryland, than the daughter of the poorest shepherd in the

"Oh, give me some of those red and blue flowers that are growing on the glacier," she said, stretching her hands toward the icy sea, over which the sun shone in dazzling

On one of the lofty mountains of Tyrol, I tage and asked shelter for the night. After observing Toni's sad face and quiet manner, the stranger asked: "What are you think-ing of, my boy?"
"What I am always thinking," was the

reply, "of my dead sister."
"Tell me about your sister," said the shepherd. And when he had heard the story he said: "I do not believe Anneli is dead, and I can tell you how to see her

"With a cry of joy, Toni ran to the old man and seizing his hand, said: "Anneli is not dead? Where is she then, and how can I find her?"
"It is a daugerous undertaking, and your

sister may not wish to return with you. Could you bear that disappointment?" "O. Annelli would surely wish to com home with me, and I would willingly brave every danger to see her once more."

Then the old shepherd gave Toni many directions about the journey, which was no

to be a long one, only to the top of the mountain, within sight of his home. The boy waited impatiently for the morning, and long before the sun arose he was toiling up the steep mountain. Very carefully and slowly he crept along the edges of deep precipices, and climbed over rough rocks; and it was not till the noonday sun stood high in the heavens that he reached the top of the mountain. Now he must search for There are no flowers," answered Toni; the home of the mountain dwarfs which he "It is only the reflection of the sunlight on | should find among the rocks, having before the entrance a large round "Let us go near and see it," said Anneli, different from any others in that



THE KING ENTERED LEADING ANNELLI.

"the mountains never before looked so region. house till she returned," replied her brother, "and we must go in at once."

But Annelli began to cry, and coaxed so row path. They had gone only a short disthem, and began nibbling some plants near

tle animal hopped in among the rocks, and, although Teni poked long sticks into the

But only the echo reneated his own words. 'Anneli," he shouted, "we must go home. Where are you hiding?" 'Hiding?" answered the echo.

Wild with anxiety and fear, the boy ran hither and thither peering behind rocks, and over precipices; but no trace of his sister could he find; and at last came the awful thought that she was lost in the wild mountains.
"What will mother say," he cried, "when

I tell her that Anneli is lost? And how his h father will grieve for his darling child! It side. was my fault. Mother told us not to leave the house, and I should have obeyed her. he shouted again, "come, come. Mother will be watching for us."

behind the mountains and darkness was apreading over the valley, Toni, stricken with grief, sought his home and told the sad news to his parents. All night they searched among the rocks and through the forest, and in the morning men from the village joined in the search. But all to no purpose, for no trace of the little Anneli could be found, and her friends at last concluded that she had fallen over a precipice and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Poor Toni was never again seen to mingle among the village children, or join in their sports He always kept apart from the others, and



region. It was no easy task to discover the hiding place of the dwarfs; but "Mother said we must not go out of the perseverance finally conquered, and Toni found himself before the cave closed with a large round stone. Hastily hiding himself in a remote corner of the cave, he waited for pleadingly to go just a few steps that Toni, who could never refuse any wish of his little assemble in this place. Being very weary who could never refuse any wish of his little sister, took her hand and started up the narmoon arose and sent her beams through the tance when a gray rabbit darted in front of | crevices in the rocks. Then Toni heard low voices, and looking up saw 20 or 30 little men not more than two feet high "Catch it," whispered Anneli, softly.

Toni quickly sprang forward; but the litthe shadow where he could see without being seen. Other dwarfs carrying lights although Toni poked long sticks into the openings, he could not gain another sight of the rubbit. Disappointed over his failure, he turned to the place where he had left his he turned to the place where to be seen.

The was nowhere to be seen. feast which was very tempting to the hun-gry boy. At a signal from one who had stationed himself as watcher the dwarfs arstationed himself as watcher the dwarfs arranged themselves in two lines, and the musicians began to beat their drums and blow upon their tiny instruments. Then Toni saw the object of his search; for at that moment Laurins, the famous king of the dwarfs, entered, leading Anneli by the hand. Oh, how beautiful she looked in her snow-white robes and a garland of white roses in her golden hair. Toni could restroin himself no longer; and, rushing from his hiding place, he bounded to his sister's

> "What does this mean?" cried the King in an angry tone; "who are you, and how came you here?" "I am Toni, the shepherd lad," answered

At last, when the sun was sinking down the bey, "and am come for my sister."

"Your sister came to us of her own free will," cried the King, "and if she wishes to return we shall not hinder her. Ask her; and if she desires to go, you may take her with you.'

"Anneli," cried Toni, "father and mother are grieving for you. It is very lonely without you; we all want you. Won't you come home with me?"
"You seem very kind," said Anneli; "but I do not know you, nor your father nor mother. King Laurins is very old and lonely, and I promised to stay with him."

And turning to the King she said, "I shall At these words the dwarfs raised a shout of joy; but poor Toni was almost overcome

"I have one request to make," he said; "let me take my sister apart from the com pany that we may say goodby alone." This wish was granted, and Toni led An neli to the entrance of the cave. There he showed her the glaciers and the snow-covered peaks, and the light shining through the window of their little cottage. He told her how they had climbed the steep path, and how he had left her to catch the grey rabbit. Then the bell in the village church tower began to toll, and Anneli cried: "Oh,

Toni, my brother, I remember all." The dwarfs coming from the cave heard these last words, and although they grieved to lose such a prize they did not try to detain her. And now the poor old King Laurins sits sad and lonely in his mountain home. But Anneli is the pride and joy of her parents, and the idol of her brother PAYSIE.

MESSES, F. H. EGGERS & SON, the wellknown Allegheny City druggists, say that their sales are larger on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that on any other patent or proprietary article they handle. Try a 50 cent bottle of it and you will then learn why it is so popular.
For sale by E. G. Stuckey, Seventeenth and

Twenty-lourth streets, Penn avenue and corner Wylie avenue and Fulton street; Markell Bros., corner Penn and Frankstown

WILL YOU MARRY ME

Utterances From Experts on How the Question Should be Put.

THE BEST STYLE OF ELOCUTION. If Ever a Lover Stutters He Does So on This Supreme Occasion.

TYING THE KNOT IN PLAY AND NOVEL

[PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

It is with a full appreciation of the im portance of the theme, and with no disposition at all to make humor out of it, that we present herewith a symposium on the subject of popping the matrimonial question. "Will you marry me?" is a short and simple sentence. Yet it is doubtful if it is shortly and simply uttered in connection with one betrothal out of a thousand. Prof. Brainard G. Smith is at the head of the Department of Elecution and Oratory at Cornell University, and no higher authority in the niceties of human speech is recognized in America. We have obtained from him exact instruction as to how to say: "Will you marry me?"

It may safely be said of men who pop this question that those stutter at it who never stuttered before, and that those who habitually stutter are made to stutter all the more. Therefore, it was fitting that we should ob-tain from Dr. Ruff, an eminent Berlin specialist, a contribution dealing with vocal impediments.

It is on the theatrical stage that marriage proposals are spoken with the greatest frequency and variety, and so we have secured from a very clever actress and writer one who plays the roles of the heroines on the Boston Museum stage—an article on the dramatic side of this theme. Miss Sheridan writes most entertainingly, and in a way to disclose, humorously as well as truthfully, the feelings of a young lady who receives or rejects mining offers of marriage as a part of rejects mimic offers of marriage as a part of her processional duty.

Finally, we have from Louise Stockton, the noted novelist, and sister of another

celebrated author, a paper setting forth her views on a true lover's knot, and how he does or does not tie it.

AS TO ELOCUTION.

Prof. Smith, of Cornell University Gives Instructions.

When a young man loves a young woman, and wishes to make her his wife, the prime question for him to decide is: How shall he sk ber? Shall he

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies? Guard her, by his truthful words Pure from Courtship's flatteries?

This method has its disadvantages in our variable and uncertain climate, and courtship's flatteries are not always unpleasing to young women, Mrs. Browning to the contrary, notwithstanding. Shall he fall on his knees and pour out his soul in impassioned and more or less unintelligible lan-guage? This method, nowadays, is confined to the dramatic stage.

The sensible, nineteenth century, Ameri-

can way is for the man manfully to say to the woman "Will you marry me?" Those are the words she wants to hear, if she be a true woman. And those are the right words, because they express the idea that the man wishes to convey to the woman the man wishes to convey to the woman with purity, propriety and precision—that is, with perspicuity. How much this means every student of rhetoric knows. Moreover, there are in the tour words forming the sentence, or, rather, there is in the sentence thus formed, clearness, unity, strength, harmony. It is a model sentence. Assuming, then, that the words, "Will you marry me?" are the right words, it remains to be decided how these words can be best spoken. For, as Seneca very justly says, "The manner of saving a thing goes a says, "The manner of saying a thing goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself." It should be laid down as an axiom that no man can control his voice who cannot control his breath. He who can control nto the presence of her who holds his fate in her keeping and say the words that are burning in his heart, knowing that neither the manly agitation nor the proper fear that he feels can cause him to lose control of his voice, and render his speech halting, unintelligible, and perhaps repellant, to her

Now, as to time. I have no hesitancy in saying: Speak very slowly. As every student of elecution knows that is the time in which to deliver sentences expressing gravity, solemnity, pathos, reverence, awe, sublimity, command. Without doubt the question falls in one or more of these

givisions.

Still another reason for saying, "slow." How often do we hear of young women answering the question with the words, "Why, I had no idea—you take me by surprise—it's so unexpected—it's so sudden!" prise—it's so unexpected—it's so sudden.
And so, simply on account of his foolish
and so, simply on account of his foolish precipitancy and unartistic rapidity of speech, the wooer gets a stammering and perhaps unsatisfactory answer to a question easy to answer, and delightful, too.

On one point, the question of emphasis, I can speak with authority. That it is an important point at once will be seen. Suppose the wooer says: "Will you marry me?" Is there not danger that, in that emphasized "Will," the wooer give the lady the impression that he is almost hopeless that she will? Women want no timid wooers. If he says, "Will you marry me?" he is in danger. It is as though he confessed to having put the question to many another woman, and in vain; as though he said, "I can't get anyone else; will you marry me?'
Alas for the wooer who emphasizes "You!" Suppose he says, "Will you marry me?"

Danger again. It is at once apparent that

would marry such as he. Emphasis on the "me" would be almost as disastrous as em-phasis on the "Will." But-and now you anticipate what I am about to write—suppose the wooer says:
"Will you marry me?" Has he not asked
the question of questions? What a manly

ring the words have! No ambiguity there; no false modesty; no timidity; no whining supplication! "I'm a man, and love you; will you marry me?" Let us leave the lovers to their bliss.

BRAINARD G. SMITH. STUTTERING TONGUES.

The Words, Will You Marry Me, Bother Many a Tongue-The Remedy.

Although Moses was a great leader and law-giver, yet we have good reason to be lieve that he stuttered, for when commanded by the Lord to speak for his people he made reply that he was "slow of speech and of a heavy tengue." So Anron was deputed to act as spokesman. We have here probably the earliest reference to a singular characteristic of the stuttering evil, viz., the increase of the trouble when the person affected attempts to speak in the presence of

strangers or superiors.

It is a common mistake to confound stut-tering with stammering; in the latter case there is never a moment when the stam-merer, lisper, etc., is not under the ban of his defect; while in the former, the person afflicted may go for considerable length of time without the slightest display of the ailment. In the most ordinary form of stut-tering, the speaker begins in a natural man-ner, when suddenly a certain word, or syl-lable in a word, arrests his course violently, the face twitches and jerks, all will power

the change in the color of his face or drop of perspiration give evidence of the conflict going on. After a few seconds the power of speech is fully recovered.

There are almost as many theories regard-

ing stattering as there are experts. Our own opinion is that stattering is the result of a sudden change in the temperature of the blood on that part of the brain which is the center of speech, and that such changes are the result of mental influences. To support the result of mental influences. To support this theory we have only to point out the fact that persons with perfect powers of speech, in moments of great mental excitement become alternately red and pale in the face and lose control over their organs of speech. When a stutterer is alone, or believes himself to be alone, he can, in most cases, read or declaim any matter without the slightest difficulty. So, too, in choruses, for he feels that the attention of nobody is specially directed to him. specially directed to him.

All attempts to cure this maiady must be based upon efforts to turn the stutterer's thoughts in a channel away from his defect and thus to free him from the pressure which his lack of confidence in his powers of utterance exerts upon him. Regular breathing and keeping time while speaking will serve to turn the thoughts of the patient from the dread of his ailment.

Of course, when a man faces a woman with the one great question he can conceive of no more momentous occasion. Stutter? Of course. So much the more need of the young lover's training to overcome the de-lect. Dr. J. RUFF.

AN ACTRESS' EXPERIENCE.

stage Proposals Versus Real Ones, and the Humor of Both Kinds.

Yet they say-Shakespeare himself saysthe stage is to hold the mirror up to nature. I wonder how many men who have six or eight times reached the climax of courtship, and who remember anything about what they did upon those six or eight occasions, can go to the theater, gaze upon the mirror that the stage holds up and flatter them selves they see their own reflection. The glib stage lover, supplied with moving

glib stage lover, supplied with moving lines, rendered secure by rehearsals, buoyed up by precognizance of everything the lady will do and say, glibly pours into that lady's ear the tale of his love. What real lover's tongue ever wagged a like tale so fluently. The real man at such a crisis is inspired to belie in his action every trait his mother gave to him. On the stage the brisk, cheery, self-confident young man makes a brisk, cheery, self-confident proposal. In real life he finds himself reduced to stammering idiocy and hopeless self-contempt. On the he finds himself reduced to stammering idiocy and hopeless self-contempt. On the
stage the hard, practical business man makes
a hard, practical business proposal. In real
life he drops into poetry and perspiration.
The rough-diamond lover on the stage gets
off his pretty speech, the girl meanwhile
sitting on a fallen tree with her eyes on the
ground, and high-heeled shoes on her feet.
"Neil," he says, "I'm only a poor, rough
fellow, I know—not fit for a bit of thistle
down like you. I won't blame you for down like you. I won't blame you for turning me away. I only expect that; but it isn't going to hurt you, Nell, to let me say before I go that—I—I love you, Nell—as dear as the grapes that hang there over the cottage door (points off O. P.) I love the supplies the being the results to the supplies the s the sunshine that brings the purple to their coats and the wine to their hearts."

coats and the wine to their hearts."

There is something off-hand poetic like that, and you and the audience think what a splendid, honest fellow he is. The tears come to your eyes as he turns away, and you feel glad when the girl says, shyly: "Don't go, Ben," and worked up and hysteriky when, with a sob, he faces her, saying: "Nell, do you mean it? You'd go nigh to break my heart it"—and she puts out her break my heart it"—and she puts out her break my heart it"—and she puts out her hand, and—you know how it is done on the

In real life Ben doesn't know what is the matter with him. When his time comes his girl has to help him. He is, perhaps, as big nearted and honest as Ben on the stage, but he can't prove it by talking of grapes and sunshine. But, if you like him, he is just as effective (to you—and off the stage) when he savs: "Say. Katie, I can't stand this any more.

I-. Oh! don't look as if you didn't know what I mean, for I don't know-I," and then you put out your hand, and—you know how it is done off the stage. Wine, they say, brings out men's real natures, but love transforms them. That is what is the matter with marriage. Women marry transformed men, and when it comes to getting along with the handward for young woman often thinks that winto getting along with the husband he transforms back again. That is a contingency with which stage life seldom deals. But, oh, girl! don't fall in love with any stage lover and fancy that he would say it just that way to you. He wouldn't. And don't expect your Bens, Johns, Bobs and Alfonzos to "do it as it's done on the stage."

can't; and it is just as well they can't. I is never meant on the stage, you know, and it is meant sometimes off. Just you be sure he means it, no matter how he says it, and good luck to you.

EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

A TRUE LOVER'S KNOT. Louise Stockton Tells How it Happens in Fact and in Fiction.

Not long ago somebody started an inquiry into the methods employed by lovers when they ask their ladies to marry them. The inquirer made one discovery instantly, and that was this-no one would tell. The men wouldn't. If they had been accepted, they did not dare to; and if they had been rejected, they did not want to. As for the ladies, they laughed at the editor. If he wanted to propose, that was one thing; but if he wanted to know what other men said— let him ask them! They wouldn't tell? Neither would she !

Next to a good deal of experience, there is nothing like complete innocence. A young man's modesty and his forwardness make a capital mixture, and, as he speaks from the fullness of a very abundant heart, he is as eloquent as excitement can make him. He is always so frightfully in earnest. He never simply declares his love, but he asks her to marry him. But this vision of young love is brief. She usually refuses him, and if she accepts him, she may, some fatal hour, dance with another fellow, or he he almost expects the answer to be "No;" may go home with another girl, and all is that he had little hope that such as she over! Rings go back, letters are burned lovers were not so "mad" at each other The youth's second lover is likely to be older than himself and of some social distinction in her circle. There comes a time when he tells her that he "is nobler for having known her." This is when she re-fuses him, and offers to be his sister. He never says this to the girl who accepts Lim.

A young lover also writes better love letters than the older ones, but as a man grows in years, the more ink does he use in his love making. But if I were a juror in a breach of promise case, I should pray that the defendant should be young. His love letters would then, perhaps, be a little inter-

esting.
But the American lover? Why-in books -does he love his lady? Because he can-not get her! She is in love with another man; she is married to another; he has to overcome obstacles to conviace her, to win her! In French and English books they look, they love, and then the fates conspire against them; but not so in the American He will not; she will not. It is the toss o a penny which will not, but the other has the game at last, unless, indeed, one or the other dies. But that is hardly fair in any case. You never catch Howells, or James, or Stockton killing off their heroes or heroines. In the American novel the women writers do the murdering. And this is the queerer because, as a class, literary women are sunny, happy creatures, and never pose for the absorbed and romantic as the literary men often do. But a man is a curious creature, take him as you will, and Mrs. Tulliver long ago remarked that women were made to match.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick? Do you suffer from dyspepsis, indigestion, sour stomach, liver complaint, nervousness, lost appetite, biliousness, exhaustion or tired feeling, pains in chest or lungs, dry The Old Shepherd's Story.

The Old Shepherd's St SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS BY A CLERGYMAN.

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. I Put sunshine into your religion, and plenty of it. It is a good thing to have a Southern exposure to your house. Health and happiness are found on that side. So in the Christian life, growth and grace face toward the sun. Don't live in the cellar. Subterranean believers dishonor their faith. If God is your father; if your interests are in the hands of divine Providence, so that all things work together for your good; if He has promised to take care of you here and to crown you hereafter; why borrow trouble?

It is foolish to horrow trouble when there is always so much of it in the house. Remember that you have not one care too many; not one sorrow too many; not one cross too many. Earthly perplexities are the architects of character. There never was a strong character that was not compacted out of tribulations. These things are all parts of the discipline that makes manhood and womanhood. Accept them, therefore, as helps, not hindrances. Be more studious to profit by them than to escape from them. Watch God's dealings with you. "He who watches for Providence," says an old writer, "will have providences to watch." providences to watch.

Are you an heir of God? Is immortality a-throb in your soul? Is your career ruled and overruled for good? Why, then, laugh; don't frown. Hold up your head; don't heng its Size Jan's don't hang it. Sing; don't cry. Carry peace in your nature. Diffuse joy. Bay out sympathy. Surround yourself with the atmosphere of good will. Prove the helpfulness of religion by showing that it is your consolution. your consolation.
The best recommendation Christianity

can have is a happy, buoyant Christian. Stand, therefore, like the angel mentioned in the Scriptures, "in the sun."

Wages of Women Workers.

According to Marion Harland, "60 centuries of precedent since the time of their foremother Eve' have rendered women ircapable of competing on equal terms with men in manufacturing, mercantile, professional, and even educational business. They do not work as men do. 'A man grasps his business with both hands. If his hands are not strong enough, he clamps it with his feet, and rather than let it go, seizes it with his jaws.' A woman usually regards labor as a means to an end, as 'a violence done to nature and precedent.' She will not take the same care as a man; she stands too much upon her dignity. She is given to temper or whimpering when found fault with."

Upon this a cotemporary ramarks: "This

Upon this a cotemporary remarks: "This is surely important, if true; and we believe that it is at least worthy of very serious consideration, especially by young women who aspire to earning their own living and to taking their places among the world's breadwinners. There are, to be sure, many exceptions to this rule, many bright, independent, self-reliant young women, who, while thoroughly womanly, are also thoroughly able to take care of themselves. In fact, the list of exceptions is already quite as long as the rule itself, perhaps, like the memorable passage in Andrew and Stoddard's Latin grammar.

"Still, there is enough truth in Marion Harland's indictment to make it worthy of the most serious consideration by every young woman. It is not altogether man's inhumanity to woman which makes her wages less and her chances poorer than those wages less and her chances poorer than those of a man of the same intellectual caliber. There is much in her own view of life that accounts for this, and, before she can hope to have her rights of earning as good a living as her brother fully recognized, she, too, must seize her business 'with both hands,' and not regard it merely as a pleasant diversion or grim necessity, not to be gladly accepted, but to be endured for a little while between girlhood and matrimony.

mony.
"The young man knows that he will be ning ways, or regard for the sex, or, as a last resort, tears, will avail to excuse slighted tasks and work ill-done. And this attitude on her part for business lowers the price of her own and her sister's labor in all the markets of the world. The only remedy is the one above suggested—to take hold of life's work with both hands."

An Able Man's Sad Death.

There died in New York City a few days since a man formerly well-known as a politician, lawyer and soldier-Brigadier General John A. Foster. He was found dead in the office of his former orderly, in a low wooden building-rum's last victim. When the Civil War broke out Foster was practicing law. He enlisted as a private in the Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers. He aided in forming the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment in that State in 1862, and went to New Orleans as its Lientenant Colonel. He was in the battles of Bisland and Port Hudson, and for bravery in the latter engagement was promoted to be Colonel. Subsequently he became Assistant Judge Advocate General under Secretary Stanton, and was also breveted a Brigadier General.

After the war he returned to New York and was appointed Assistant District At-torney. He afterward was at the head of the law firm of Foster, Glassey & Thomas. At this time he was the associate of such well-known men as Elihu Root, John I. Davenport and ex-Collector Murphy. An unfortunate weakness for liquor caused his downfall. For nearly two years he had been a wanderer. Since last September he had slept under an old army blanket in the back room of his orderly's office. He left him asleep at a late hour Monday night and when the man opened the office yesterday he found Foster dead on the floor. What fools these mortals be.

A Sabbath School Expedient. The Superintendent of one of our Sabbath chools has adopted with good results the following method of enlarging his school. On a slip of paper is printed the following, and on a pretty calendar, which is also given, the "guess" is recorded and a promise is made to do one's best to bring the what is printed on this slip of paper given

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. What do you think will be the largest attend nce in 1890? Don't be hasty. Think a moment When you have decided, please fill in as you guess the same number that you put on the calendar. Keep the calendar as a reminder and return the statement below to the Superin-tendent signed by you. A table will be pub-lished showing the various opinions. Your guess will indicate your faith, and the end of the year will demonstrate whose judgment was the best.

GUESS. I think that the largest attendance in our Sabbath school will be..... I will do my best to bring about this result. Signature ...

The Rev. Dr. Macfadyen.

The Rev. Dr. Macfadyen, speaking of visit he once made to America, said that at a certain picnic which he attended, a brother minister continually spoke to him and of him as "Doctor." As he had not at that time received the "semi-lunar fardels," he denied his right to the title; whereupon, when it came the "innings" of the intro-ducer again, he apologized by saying that if "the doctor wasn't a doctor, he ought to be a doctor, and, besides, a man with such plaguy hard name, ought not to complain whatever he was called."

This home thrust the "Doctor" enjoyed

greatly, and after that entered no further emurrer in America. Keeping One's Temper.

Socrates finding himself in great emotion

were not angry." Peter the Great made a law that if any nobleman beat or ill-use his slaves, he should be looked upon as mane, and a guardian appointed to take care of his person and of his estate. This great monperson and of his estate. This great mon-arch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of keen sensibility, took to his bed and died in a few days. Peter, hearing of this, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Alas! I have civilized my own subjects, I have conquered other nations, yet I have not been able to conquer nor civilize myself."

How to Preach.

IT is a good sign that the present genera-

tion of ministers is instructed in sacred rhetoric-not only in composition but in delivery. Our younger clergy know how to speak. They are not all orators. Orators are born, not made. But anyone who is fit to enter the pulpit can become by study and practice an acceptable preacher. A knowledge of theology is not enough, Theologians need to understand the art of putting things. It used to be said of Daniel Webthings. It used to be said of Daniel Wen-ster that "his statement was argument." Wendell Phillips, who, as a speaker, was at the head, was likewise master of this art. Indeed all the great "masters of assemblies," sacred or secular, have excelled here. They reasoned from premise to conclusion. They struck light into dark problems by illustra-tions. They made nature, history and cur-rent affairs a storehouse of fact and fancy. rent affairs a storehouse of fact and fancy. They used anecdote. They had the power to hit close and to hit hard. They used the language of the people. They spoke as well

language of the people. They spoke as well as thought; knew men as well as books, and were dealers in human nature at first-hand and not second-hand. Here lay the power of Beecher. Here, two, is the secret of Spurgeon, of Talmage, of Moody.

Happily, the theological seminaries begin to see this. Hence they are graduating preachers. 'Tis reason for thanksgiving on the part of long-afflicted congregations. Mere piety is not enough. A pastor hereafter must add to his piety the power to hold the attention, to arouse, to excite. If he can't do that he should step down and out. A preacher must know how to preach. We doubt whether the English and American pulpits were ever before so well can pulpits were ever before so well equipped in this respect as they are to-day.

Preventing Good. A writer in the Evangelist calls attention o the saying that "Lord Eldon prevente more good than he ever did." Lazy Christians prevent good. Cranky Christians prevent good. Critical Christians prevent good. Inconsistent Christians prevent good. Dr. Pierson says: "The bulk of professing disciples do nothing in discipling others.

Canon Wilberforce, of England, says a Christian's duty is to "admit, submit, com-mit and transmit." Begin now. Do some personal work for God and for men. Let every hearer become a herald.

Seeing Through a Tear Drop. We see, sometimes, farther and clearer through a tear drop than through the lense of the most powerful telescope.

Gems From Different Authors. Women are extreme. They are either better or worse than men,—French Saying. LIFE is given to no one for a lasting posse sion, to all for use.-Lucretius.

To LIVE is not a blessing, but to live well is. THINGS unhoped for happen oftener than things we desire,—Plantus. THERE are, in this loud streaming tide

Of human care and crime. With whom the melodies abide Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily tasks with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

—Anon.

WE hear men often enough speak of seeing God in the stars and the flowers, but they will never be truly religious until they learn to behold Him in each other also, where He is most easily, yet most rarely discovered.—*Lowell*.

I AM more afraid of inconsistent Christians than of clamorous opponents.-Joseph Parker Nor in the present alone do men live; they want also to be assured of the future.-Ranke, WHOEVER, in the face of the religious heart to advocate the pure, simple, uncom-promising religion of Jesus Christ, as the Lord himself preached it, is a hero.—Stuckenburg.

A VALUABLE INDORSEMENT.

One Which the Makers Couldn't Even Think of Recognizing. Oneonta (N. Y.) Herald.] A man who has always resided in Delhi

and is well-known, answered an advertisement for an agent, and received a request to have some of the business men recommend him to be honest. He procured some signa-tures, which he sent the firm, and received a box of goods. Not having the money to pay the express charges (70 cents), he ap-plied to his indorsers for that amount, but he could not get a cent from any of them. He was honest enough to handle other people's goods to the amount of \$50, but couldn't be trusted with 70 cents of their noney.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The gret big church wux crowded full of broad-The gret big church wux crowded full of broadcloth an' us silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol'
brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stove
pipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they
couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up with roomatiz,
An' as we have no substituot, and Brother
Moore ain't here.
Will sum 'um in the congregation be so kind's
to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of lowtoned, rowdy style, Gave an introductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle.

Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
An' thro' thet air of sancity the odor uv ol'

Then Deacon Purington be yelled, his teeth all set on edge: "This man purlanes the house er God. W'y, this is sacrilige!"
The tramp didn' hear a word, he said, but slouched 'th stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon eu, the "guess" is recorded and a promis made to do one's best to bring the
ool up to the number indicated. Here is
at is printed on this slip of paper given
tat is printed on this slip of paper given
each member:

He then went pawin thro the keys, an soon
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an'
lectrify the brain:
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith
hands an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop
upon the keys. upon the keys.

> The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' bigh au' dry, It swelled into the rafters, and bulged out into the sky, The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel an sway, An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and
drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol'-time kithens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby-days, an' mother, an'
ail that!

An'...hen he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates uv heaven;
The morning stars they sung together—ne soul wuz left alone— We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on

An' then a wail uv deep despair and darkness come again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all
the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of
glad delight,
An' then—the tramp, he staggered down an'
recled into the night!

dry thet day, the elder rose an' simply said: "My W'en brethern, let us pray."
-8. W. Foss in Yankee Blade,

But we knew he'd tol' his story, the' he never

over a slave, said, "I would beat you if I THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine,

940-A WELL-KNOWN BOOK.



ABBY A. MUDGETT.

941-SEEN IN MANY PLACES. Behind me men will take your pence, And also take your common souse.

Before me prisoners must wait Until they hear pronounced their fate.

Behind me men of shrewdness dwell, Wno help you, but you pay them well

I am a narrow strip of sand, Where ships near shore will I am in heraldry a sign Some special honor to define. I am a rustic kind of gate, Where lads and lasses often wait,

And now with using little wit, You know my name from what is writ. CLAMOR.

942-TRANSPOSITION. "At the restaurant, study the prime, 'And get the full worth of your dime."
Thus miserly Jones,
To that bagfur of bones,
His son, who looked starved all the time.

"Ask the waiter, who seconds for you,.
To bring you a hash or a stew.
And don't try to three
Their integral parts; see
That you get all is rightly your due."
BITTER SWEET.

943-WORDS WITHIN A WORD. First. A spring. Second. A timber belonging to a ship. Third. An exercise which puglists practice. Fourth. A weapon of war, Fifth. A species of angry disturbance, or a series of things in a line. Sixth. An exclamation of woe or wonder. Seventh. A twofold prepagation. ronoun.

The whole is a member of the ornithological amily.

BOY ALEXIS.

> 914-ANAGRAM. 'Tis a sharp Timon. In a hermit's ceil I found him, Poring o'er his dusty books; More a beast he seemed than human, So uneasy were his looks.

Dark the frown he cast upon me, As I ventured through his door; Dark the soul behind that visage, Which the marks of hatred bore Many years of silent hatred Had benumbed his lonely heart, Till ne saw in men and women Nothing but the grosser part,

Oh, my friend be never total, But accept your lot in life, And regard your fellow mortals As companions in the strife. 945-BEHEADINGS.

I'm something spreading far and wide; Behead me and I am a stride; Behead again, and then you find A unit of a certain kind; Again behead and then in sea Discover what is left of me;

Again behead and then in according to the property of the prop 1. A letter. 2. The uppermost of an assemblage of parts. (Arch.) 3. Diminished by littles. 4. Perfumed ointments. 5. Dressed with the shirt outward. 6. An unlawful meeting. (Civil Law.) 7. Assemblies of pretenders to knowledge. (Obs.) 8. Stays. 9. The distinguishing peculiarities of organic beings. 10. A prefix from the Latin. 11. A letter.

R. K. Nus.

947-CHRONOGRAMS. Write one hundred and add one,
And then with five unite;
When one and fifty you have joined,
You'll have what is polite.

If to one thousand you add one,
Then fifty and five hundred,
You'll have what's gentle, good and kind,
Or else I must have blundered.
MARY E. COLE. 948-TOSSED ON THE BILLOWS.

I come, I come on the wild rushing wave, The war horse of the sea. I clutch at the name of my charger brave, And reckless ride and free.

Waving my mantle deflant of fear, And tossing my locks on high, In shimmering showers of gems disappear— I and my steed to die. You may learn who sit on the shore and wait, And watch with bated breath, Triumphant to ride on the billows of fate, And gladly welcome death.

PRIZES FOR MARCH. A pleasing book, finely printed and hand-somely bound in cloth, will reward each of the senders of the best three lots of answers to the puzzles published in March. The solutions must be forwarded in weekly installments.

ANSWERS. 932-1. Euchre (ewe-cur). 2. Croquet (crow-k). 3. Jack-straws. 4. Ten-pins, 933-Male-fact-or. 934-Cane, can. 935-

"In all your schemes for getting wealth, Your neighbor love as you yourself; What others think, or say, or do, Let justice be the rule for you." Let justice be the rule for you."

936-1. King-ship. 2. Friend-ship. 3. Priorship. 4. Author-ship. 5. Church-ship. 6. Clarship. 7. Clerk-ship. 8. Coachman-ship. 9.
Devil-ship. 10. Lord-ship. 11. Lady-ship. 12.
Collector-ship. 13. Companion-ship. 14. Colleague-ship. 15. Judge-ship. 16. Colonel-ship.
17. Commissary-ship. 18. General-ship. 19.
Graduate-ship. 20. Legate-ship. 21. Lieutenant-ship. 22. Hostess-ship. 23. Herald-ship,
24. Mercer-ship. 25. Demon-ship. 26. Neighbor-ship. 27. Heir-ship. 28. Head-ship. 29.
Fellow-ship. 30. Owner-ship.
837-Sinccure.

939—The alhambra. [Bras, heal, ham.]

CURIOUS INDIAN LITERATURE. Some Very Strange Productions in the Lan gunge of Natives.

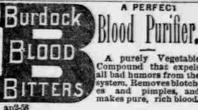
In an official catalogue of books lately published in the Bombay Presidency we find a poem in the Mahrattee language, in which the Empress of India is asked to put a stop to cow killing; a pamphlet in the same language on the nebular hypothesis and Darwinism; a story in Mahrattee entitled "The Beauties of the Harem," and apparently adapted from the English of Mr. G. Reynolds; three Goojeratee poems on the great fire at Surat, and a Goojerstee drama entitled "The Victory of Justice," and founded, though the names are altered. on the proceedings of the Crawford Com-

The most notable work, however, is a But we knew he'd tol' his story, the' he never spoke a word, An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears had dedicated to Lord Ripon. The play begins ever heard:
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was Hind and Britannia, in which the latter is accused of being the cause of all India's woes, and makes a very poor defense. Liberty then appears on the scene, con-

demns Britannia, but tells Hind that it is better for her to remain for the present in a state of subjection. At the same time Liberty recommends the appointment of Lord Ripon as Viceroy to undo the mischief done by his predecessors, especially Lord Lytton.

Real Estate Away Up.

Albany Press] By the use of telescopes now made it is possible to see a house and lot (were they there to be seen) in the moon, and already speculators are buying and selling them the same as they speculate in wheat, pork, etc., without any wheat, pork, etc., in hand.



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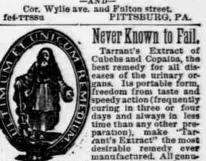
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