

IWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 Hundreds of years ago there stood a stately | which she can never leave without your per old eastle protected by high towers and strong walls, and surrounded for miles and miles by a dense oak forest, in the midst of which lay a clear, blue lake, whose smooth surface had never been seen by human eve. Here the wild animals of the forest came to quench their thirst, and in the morning the little birds undisturbed would sing their songs of praise and gladness. Under the blue waves the water nymphs had their fairy

One bright sunny afternoon little Annette ran down the castle steps and out into the forest. "How lovely it is here," she cried; "why must I always stay so close to the castle? Nurse says the forest is full of wild animals, which would tear me in pieces; but | forest and onto the lake. The water nymph I am sure nothing very wicked could live in such a beautiful place. So to-day, while there is no one to watch me, I shall walk and walk, and gather these sweet flowers until I am tired. Then to-night, when mamma returns from her journey, I shall tell her of my happy day in the forest."

So the little girl, wandering on in paths which perhaps had never before been trod,

finally came to the blue lake whose crystal waters reflected the skies, the green trees, and little Annette herself. Near the shore of the lake, and rocked gently by the waves, floated myriads of pure white water lilies whose broad green leaves formed inviting stepping stones to the delighted child. She confidently sprang on to the smooth lily pads which sank beneath the light weight. Annette floated on the surface for a few moments and then disappeared. A little water nymph peeping above the water looked on ent, and as the child was sink-

guiding of the chain and come to the lake,

"Alas," cried the nymph, "my mother has forbidden me to leave the shore, and I could not carry my chain to the castle."

"Then I shall carry it for you," said the fairy, "and to-morrow night I shall go to the Count's home, and you will soon see his daughter coming to you."

All day and night the nymph was busy with her chain of violets, and when the fairy came it was ready. The woodland elf sped away to the castle, where all was quiet home, and no one disputed their right to light over the flowers and trees. The fairy with her flowery chain crept through the strong oaken doors and up the broad staircase into Annette's room, and there she laid the violets in the hand of the sleeping arms beneath the moonlit waves. And Annette never came back to tell of the water nymph's home under the blue lake.

She Has Turned off Gebhardt and Now Seeking Solace in Religion.

A recent private letter, says Blakely Hall in the Brooklyn Eagle, says the Jersey Lily has made a remarkable and complete revolution in her ideas of life. She has become more or less religious and has such a strong leaning toward the established forms of devotion that her presence in some of the smaller chapels of London is frequently noted. Mrs. Langtry, according to my in astonishment, and as the child was sink-ing for the last time, the little elf caught informant, has not experienced anything



SHE SAT WATCHING BY THE LAKE.

pastened to her home.

and blue eyes as her daughter, arose from the coral chair, and after looking a moment she would not be happy with us. So heed your mother's words, my daughter, and carry the little girl back into the forest,

the wide road leading through the forest, and maybe you will come again some time." Soon after the Count and Countess, riding by in the royal carriage, were much alarmed and astonished to see their daughter lying so still and pale by the roadside. They lifted her up tenderly and hurried to the castle, where she soon recovered and told of her walk in the forest. But when she talked of the lake and the water lilies they believed it to be only a childish story, for no one knew of either. Annette would often speak of a fairy creature who had carried her under the water, but her mamma said: "You must

her little sister, as she now called Annette. and sad. She no longer enjoyed the sports among the waves, and the beautiful shells and coral trees had lost all their charms for who had been once at her home. Finally she went to her mother and said: "If my sister will not come to me, can I notigo to

and then replied: "My dear child, why are you not happy in our fairy home? It grieves little stranger, you may go to her. At the next full moon when the harvest is gathered the village. The Count and his beautiful wife, and little Annette will be there. You your home here. Otherwise this will be

And now the nymph was happy again. She played with the fish and gathered shells as before. How eagerly she watched for the next full moon; and when it came, she wished at once to start for the village. The costly dress, such as a princess would wear, povelties in the shape of and strings of pearls and coral. Arrayed in tension wheels and India rubber these, the nymph hastened away. Everyone wondered at the beautiful stranger spoke to no one, but all evening stood near the Count's daughter and gazed upon her with loving glances. Annette returned these looks with those of admiration, and when the evening was drawing to a close, she whispered: "Are you a fairy princess?" "Oh, no," answered the Princess, forget-

ful of her mother's commands, "I am only the water nymph whom you saw on the lake, and I live where the water lilies

When she reached home and told of her evening's pleasure, her mother said: "You have disobeyed me, and can never again leave the shore of the lake."

The little nymph now became more unhappy than before, and sat listlessly on the sandy shore listening to the songs of the waves, or humming sad melodies to herself. As she thus sat one day a woodland fairy came to her and said: "What alls you

fairy cried: "Oh, I can help you; or I very much dislike the proud Count, and you shall, if you want to, have his daughter for a playmate. Here by the lake grow thounds of violets; they are my magic plants;

PAYSIE.



her almost lifeless body in her arms and that might be called religious fanaticism

mother having the same golden hair on the sweet face of little Annette, said: "She is certainly beautiful my child: but as we think it is, would not suit her, and where the people from the castle can find

Sorrowfully the nymph obeyed the mother's commands, and carried Annette to and after kissing her many times, said: "Goodby, little sister; I shall watch for you,

have fallen asleep in the woods and have Every day the little water nymph sat on the shore of the blue lake and watched for But no one came, and the fairy grew quiet her. She thought only of the little countess her? I know where the castle is, and could

easily find my way there." The mother looked sadly at her daughter, me to see you so sad. But if you think it will afford you pleasure to see once more the the peasant people will hold a festival in the village. The Count and his beautiful may join them; but you must say nothing of

mother then took from under a large rock a style of a private brougham, with some

graw."
She then fied, and was soon lost to view.

pretty nymph? Why do you wear such a When the nymph had told her sorrow, the

daughter coming to you.

child. The little girl rose at once, and holding fast to the flowers, ran out into the stood waiting, and with a cry of joy re-ceived her "sister" and carried her in her

MRS. LANGTRY CHANGED.

fervor.

"See, mother," she cried, "see what I and her sudden swerve in the direction of have found. Now I can always have a playmate. How beautiful she is; I shall love her dearly."

The mather having the same golden hair the church is not the result of one of those

any violent esthetic emotions of any sort. Her thoughts have turned toward relig-ion and her convictions are apparently deep and sincere. "There is no suggestion of parade in it at all," the letter says. "Mrs. | make his life utterly miserable, Worse Langtry's devotions seems to be a sudden return or perhaps a development of her early religious training. People who know Mr. Langtry well believe that the two will some day come together again. He is a most and solitary imprisonment, and slavery commonplace man, and it is not regarded as by any means improbable that he will be willing to become the husband of this famous woman again in truth as well as in

name." The sudden evidences of devotion on Mrs. Langtry's part come very close upon the heels of the hot, seething storm of religious zeal which is sweeping over Sarah Bernhardt's life. Only in her case the public is asked to belive too much to accept in good faith her external evidences of religious

MUSIC LOVING CANARY.

Bird That Greatly Enjoys the Flute and the Church Organ.

Rev. Mr. James, of London, writes as follows of a remarkable canary bird: "Immediately I begin to play upon the flute she chirps about as if enjoying the music. If I open the cage-door and leave her, she will come as near to me as possible, but no attempt to fly to the music; but if I put her upon my desk, and lay the flute down, she will perch upon the end, and allow me to raise the instrument and play. I often take her into the church and play there upon the organ, and she will peach upon my fingers, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the delight at the sweet sounds."

THE LATEST IN CARS

Smart, Stylish, Rubber-Tired Vehicle

Becoming Popular in London. Pall Mall Budget.] Under the enterprise and fostering care of earls and limited liability companies, the hansom cab has been transformed into a very smart and comfortable vehicle, but the four-wheeler remains the shabby, shaky concern which it has been time out of mind. The recent appearance of a vehicle like the Paris coupe, though on finer lines, in the streets of London has therefore been a welcome sight. It has all the smartness and The hub of the wheel is made



The New London Cab. of gun metal and the spokes and rim of steel, and, although light and fragile in ap-pearance, this wheel, which is patented, will outlast two or three of the ordinary wooden kind. The India rubber tire is 1½ in, in thickness. Another feature is the arrangement for raising and lowering the sashes. By means of what is termed the sashes. By means of what is termed the "silent grip" the window is locked at any point, and held so firmly that there is no rattling. Iudeed, noise is reduced to a minimum, and smoothness of traveling raised to a maximum. The coupe, like the bansom, only holds two persons, and in order to secure lightness no accommodation is provided for luggage beyond a portmanteau, which can be placed on the box beside the driver.

what unspeakable esgerness, with what keen scrutiny would that third word be studied. Together would assemble all the linguists, all the scientists with all their microscopes, all the saints, and all the sinners. God is—oroe? tate? same but or expressible if at last the letters of that divine word should stand out clear and plain, and the revelation should be found to say that God the love!

We look into this world of pain and try to flotilla. "silent grip" the window is locked at any ands of violets; they are my magic plants; and if you will make a chain of them long enough to reach to the castle, and place one end here on the abore and the other in Annette's hand, she will at once follow the

THE GOOD IN PAIN.

Views of the Pessimist and Their Effect Upon Religion.

ANALYSIS OF AN OLD DILEMMA. The Creator Could abolish Sin, but Then We Would Not be Men.

PREE-WILL A FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. God is, and God can be sufficiently known Materialism cannot banish God, neither can agnosticism obscure Him. But is God good? This is the question which pessimism puts in the way of the argument for God.

The question turns upon the problem of pain. There is no escaping the fact of pain. There is a story in the "Light of Asia" of a poor mother with her dead baby in her arms, who came and fell down at the Master's feet and begged that He would give her baby life again. And the Master answered that He would-if she could get Him a handful of black mustard seed from a home without sorrow. And away went the poor mother from house to house, and street to street, and along the roads and byways of the country round about, beseeching everywhere this handful of black mustard seed, and trying to find a home without a sorrow. But there

was no home without its sorrow anywhere. The First Cause, as we have seen, has produced two great effects in this world-one is nature and the other is man. That is to say, God has manifested Himself in nature and in man so that we may know Him. But nature and man are the sources of pain. Nature is so ordered that for a great proportion of living creatures life can be sustained only at the cost of life. The world has a pleasant look on a summer day, but it is a field of battle, nevertheless. Whoever looks beneath the surface, whoever reflects upon the meaning which the law of the survival of the fittest shows in the life of nature, understands what these lines, out of the "Light of Asia," mean:

Then marked he, too, How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him, And kite on both; and how the fish hawk robbed
The fish tiger of that which it had seized.
The shrike chasing the buibul, which did chase
The jeweled butterflies, till everywhere
Each slew a slayer, and in turn was slain,
Life llving upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual-murden.

GREAT CATASTROPHES.

Nature, moreover, is so ordered that out of the universal and necessary elements of the world can come at any unexpected moment a whole legion of devils to devour men alive. The conflagration, the cyclone, the flood, the earthquake, slay every year their tens of thousands. We live in a world in which disease is simply inevitable. Our bodies are so made that any smallest part may become a pain-center which shall make a man regret the day of his birth. And, after disease, is death. That fiendish outrage upon justice which they call in Russia "exile by administrative powers," by which, at an hour when no one is aware, men and women may be taken from their friends, sent away nobody knows where, and never

brought back again—this is done by nature, with death for policeman, every day. And worst of all is this terrible fact that nature is supremely and absolutely indifferent. The good and the bad perish together without distinction of persons. The train breaks through the bridge, and the man whose life is of value to his generation drowns, while the man with handcuffs on is wrists, bound for the penitentiary, whose

his wrists, board himself and to who knows him, lives.

From nature we turn to man. There is pain enough which nature makes in this world, but man is more than nature. Man is so made that it is possible for him to sin. He can degrade his body, his mind, and his soul. He can make a beast of himself. He soul. He can make a beast of himself. He can himself the agonies of conhimself than that, he can make the lives of others utterly miserable. There is no torture in the power of nature but it is outdone by man. Think what war means, and exile, Think what is going on to-day in the heart of Africa! Think of the long procession of men and women, bound with chains, tramp-ing through mud and dust and ice across Siberia! There are no adequate words in any language to describe man's inhumanity

HOW THE WICKED PROSPER. And here again God seems so strangely indifferent. Rascality prospers. The vicious and the cruel sit in places of power. The man who lifts his hand to strike an unjust blow, no lightning out of the sky hits him. The good have often died at stakes, and are all the time suffering some kind of martyr-dom. And there is no interference. The Supreme must hear the cry of the oppressed, but it seems as if He hears it as the lotus-

eaters heard it, only as a far-off murmur having little meaning.

It is said that a few years before the Civil War there arose a strange religion somewhere among the negroes of the South having for its central doctrine the belief that God is dead. Sometimes we look about us,

and that creed seems true.

There is a great religion in the East. The religion of the Buddhists, which is based upon the assertion that existence is an evil. In the opinion of the disciples of this re-ligion the only happiness lies in getting out of this miserable life into Nirvana. And motion of the hands, and chirp in evident | Nirvana means simply an everlasting condition of unconsciousness.

There is a philosophy in Germany, the

philosophy of the pessimists, which is based upon the assumption that whatever is, is bad. One of its leading teachers maintained that this is the worst of all possible worlds. Another held that it would have been far better never to have been born, at all. John Stuart Mill declared that nature is the great criminal; that there is no crime them to the gailows, but nature is guilty of it every day. Mr. Ingersoll has devoted two-thirds of his writings in opposition to the Christian religion to comments upon the fact of pain. "There may be a God," he says, "or not. I do not know; but when I says, "or not. I do not know, but which curse look out upon the pain and sin which curse the life of man, I am inclined to think not," This is the centre of Mr. Ingersoll's posi-

THE OLD DILEMMA. Finally, here is this ancient dilemma, which is older than the Christian religion, and is not worn out yet. If God is omnipo-tent, He can stop pain; if He is good, He desires to stop pain; but he does not stop

pain; therefore He is either not omnipoent, or not good. Now here is the problem of pain. Is there any solution to it? Here is the fact of What can we do with it? Is it possible that we can still maintain that God is

a remarkable passage at the beginning of one of his sermons, in which he imagines, in a world which is altographed. world which is altogether ignorant of God. the discovery of an inscribed tablet on which is written an authentic revelation. Whostone can learn from it the truth about God. But the inscription is blurred and proken. There are only three words in the sentence, but the third is so dim and marred that it seems unreadable. God is -what? With what unspeakable eagerness, with what keen

read its meaning. Can it mean love? Is God love? Is God good?

Now let us understand clearly at the beginning that the mere presence of pain does not tell us anything whatever about the character of the causer of the pain. He may be bad or good. The mere fact of pain throws no light on that whatever.

IS THE WORLD SO BAD? I believe, indeed, that the common sense and experience of people in general finds great exaggeration in the pessimistic opinion of the world. It is not such a bad world. There is not world. It is not such a bad world. There is not in rearity any such overbalancing of pain against pleasure. In the animal world, especially, there can be little doubt but that we greatly overestimate both the quantity and the quality of pain. But put all experience and common sense to one side, take the pessimistic opinion as it stands and, instead of subtracting from it, multiply it by lt; still it remains true that the mere presence of pain in the world does not tell us either that God is cruel, or that He is indifferent, or that He is good. For pain depends for its meaning upon purpose. Its bearing upon character rests upon its motive. The one question which can alone interpret pain is the question "Why?"

It would be a cruel thing to mix together a great mess of bitter drops and make a little child drink it, unless the person who did the mixing was a physician, and the purpose was to heal the child. No matter how intense the pain is, or how much there is of it, no matter though the whole world be full of it. That does not show that God is not good. It may show that God is intinitely good. What is pain for? That will tell.

Now pain, when it is interpreted by purpose,

is infinitely good. What is pain for? That will tell.

Now pain, when it is interpreted by purpose, is found to be of three possible kinds: There may be pain with a bad purpose, or pain with a good purpose, or pain with an unknown purpose.

Of these three kinds of pain, however, we may say at once that the first kind is absolutely undiscoverable in the realm of nature. There is enough of it, no doubt, in man's part of the world. That we will study presently. But in nature, in that part of life to which we go to learn directly the workings of God, there is none of it whatever. There is no part of the organic economy of any living creature of which it can be said. This was set here for the purpose of making this creature miserable. There is no act of the elements of nature, whether in fire or flood, in earthquake or tempest, of which anybody can say, This was done from malice. There is no pain in the whole universe which anybody can reasonably point to as proof that God is cruel.

MUST BE A GOOD PURPOSE.

MUST BE A GOOD PURPOSE. On the other hand, we may reasonably affirm of the immense proportion of all pain, that the purpose which lies behind it is a good purpose. That evidently must be a good purpose which tends toward the betterment and happiness of man. But the betterment and happiness of man depend, we can see clearly, upon man's obedience to two great systems of law by which we are surrounded. We live in perpetual relawe are surrounded. We live in perpetual relation to two great systems of law—the law of nature and the law of righteousness. If we are in right relation—that is, in a condition of knowledge and obedience—to the law of nature, we are physically happy. If we are in right relation—that is, again, in a condition of knowledge and obedience—to the law of righteousness, we are spiritually happy. The betterment and happiness of man lies accordingly along that path which leads to perfect knowledge and obedience to these two great knowledge and obedience to these two great

systems of law.

Suppose that the law of nature is perfectly Suppose that the law of nature is perfectly known and kept, there is an end to all disease and to all premature death. Think how much pain that would take out of human life! Suppose that the law of righteousness is perfectly known and kept. There is an end to all injustice, cruelty, unbrotherliness, to all inhumanity of man to man; that would be the millenium. Now, how can perfect obedience to these two great systems of law be brought about? It can be enforced in either one of two ways: by paralysis or by pain. We can be compelled to keep these laws by such a change in our nature that disobedience becomes impossible; or we can be taught to keep them by getting a schoolmaster over us, the grim pedagogue, pain. The choice is between paralysis or pain. Either a world of free men and women, with pain; or a world of smiling dolls, with no pain.

WHAT GOD CANNOT DO. WHAT GOD CANNOT DO.

The alternative is absolutely inevitable. There is no getting away from it. We speak of the omnipotence of God, but there are many things which omnipotence cannot possibly do. God is all-powerful in the same sense in which He is all-loving. He cannot love sin, neither can He do anything which is contrary to the direction of power. God cannot make a straight line other than the shortest distance between two points, God cannot lie, God between two points. God cannot lie, God cannot make a man who shall have the gift of free will, and yet not be able to make a choice between the better and the worse, and choose the worse, if he will. And God cannot bring about the betterment and happiness of a man who possesses this supreme gift of free-will except by teaching him the folly of a wrong choice; and the only efficient teacher is pain.

either not omnipotent or not good." There is the mistake. God does take away pain. But He takes it away gradually, not anddenly. He God were to take away pain suddenly, He would have to put paralysis in the place of it; He would have to take away free-will with it. Century by century man has been growing, learning under the tuition of pain to leave the worse and choose the better. The pain which comes with sickness has taught him to keep the laws of, nature better. The pain which comes with sin has taught him to keep the laws of rightcoursness hatter (Centure 1). of righteousness better. Century by century the race has been improving, has been going on along the path of betterment and happiness, guided by pain. Pain means progress.

THE MILLENIUM. The day will come when pain's work will be ended. The race will have learned the supreme lesson. Man will keep the law of nature and the law of righteousness, not because he has been changed into a doll and must walk in the way of obedience, but because he willingly and way of obedience, but because he willingly and gladly rejects the evil and chooses the good, remembering the instructions of pain. In that day there will be no more sickness and no more sin, and sorrow and sighing will flee away.

But if the purpose of pain is good, if pain tends toward the happiness and betterment of man, then He who permits pain is good. God is good. And this good purpose, which we see to be in the interpretation of some pain, must, it would seem, be the interpretation of all pain. There is no pain with a bad purpose; there is much pain with a good purpose, and we can argue about the unknown purpose of pain only from what we know.

argue about the unknown purpose of pain only from what we know.

The scientist finds much which he cannot as yet explain, for which he has not as yet found any place in the realm of order. But he believes most confidently that order pervades all things. We maintain, with equal reason and with equal confidence, that goodness pervades all things. Behind all which is apparently disordered lies order somewhere; and behind all pain, which is apparently disparently without purpose, lies goodness somewhere. Even without revelation we may be sure of that.

George Hodges.

Train and His Trip.

Boston Advertiser.] Citizen Train's declaration that he has circled the earth and has discovered that it is Italy. When she returned her friend said to her impressively: "You have visited Italy. Now tell me, do, is it shaped like a boot as the maps represent?"

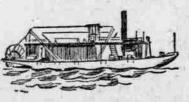
Porter's lequisitive Mes. Louisville Courier-Journal.

The census enumerators will not ask how many members of the family walked home from the races. The Government has no disposition to discourage the amusements of

PATROL BOATS FOR AFRICA. England's Lutest Rig Resembles Pittsburg's

River Steamers.

The British Government has determined to follow the example of the Portuguese, and send out gunboats to patrol the Shire and Zambesi rivers. Two specially designed vessels have been built on the Thames for that purpose, and will be immediately dispatched to East Africa; but with wants



The New Gunboat teristic, no fewer than nine vessels of a similar class have been supplied to the erder of the Portuguese Government by the same builders. It is to be hoped that the natives will not become so familiar with the use of the sternchases as with the sternwheels which are a feature of this armed

SCOTCH-IRISH TYPES.

Bessie Bramble Cites Jackson as Representative of His Race.

HIS DEFENSE OF A CABINET LADY.

The Apparent Neglect of Women in the Celebration Last Week.

JANE GREY SWISSHELM AS A WRITER.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) At one time in the history of this country great fear of the dissolution of the Republic was felt by some most eminent statesmen. Such leaders in Congress as Clay, the idol of his party; Webster, of such brilliant renown, and Calhoun, the fiery defender of States' rights, were all discouraged, depressed and sick at heart over what they dominated the usurpation of power, the reckless disregard of the will of the people, the ruthless denunciation of all who did not conform to his will, by Andrew Jackson, who was the most famous specimen of Scotch-Irish blood and training that ever held highest place in the United States. Jackson had such a hold upon the hearts of the common people through his courage and unswerving will, that the boasted honesty, independence, patriotism and desire to promote the public interest as announced by the opposition, availed as little to impair his influence and popularity as a feather to impede the progress

of a cyclone.
So sore and embittered did Clay and Webster become under the Jackson dy-nasty that they declared their intention to resign and retire from the field, and per-haps they would have become eminent pre-cedents for Conkling and Platt, save for the fact that their party was so solicitous, so urgent, so powerful in the plea that they should not give up the ship.

AN UNRELENTING ENEMY.

During his administration Jackson waged unceasing war upon his enemies—and put them under his feet, or in present parlance, he wiped up the earth with them. Clay and Webster died disappointed in their

fondest hopes.

Jackson dictated his own successor, notwithstanding all of their efforts and eloquence, and carried every measure of his dministration to his own mind.

had ever been proved against her, and the ladies of the administration at that time refused to call upon her or even speak to her. Mrs. Eaton, known be ore her marriage as Peg O'Neal, was the daughter of an old tavern keeper where Jackson and his wife were fond of stopping when in Washington, and they were both fond of Mrs. O'Neal and her pretty daughter. Major Eston, who had fallen in love with "Peg," then a widow, consulted Jackson, as his intimate friend, as to whether he should marry her. "Why, yes, Major," said the General, "if you love

the woman and she will have you, marry her by all means." The Major explained that she had not escaped the gossip of the Grundies.
"Well," said Jackson, "your marrying her will disprove these charges and restore

Peg's good name." Major Eaton accepted this advice, and shortly after Jackson was inaugurated as President, in making up the Cabinet, Major Eaton was made Scoretary of War. This started all tongues wagging, and set the gossips going, as never before. It became the foremost topics at the tea tables and a leading arbitet in solitical. leading subject in political circles. The ladies determined they would not call upon or recognize her socially in any way-Jackson or no Jackson.

ALL THE POWER OF POSITION.

nized with the respect due to the wife of a Cabinet minister. He was seconded in his efforts by Mr. Van Buren, who used all the power of his position as Secretary of State. He enlisted the British and Russian ministers in her cause, who gave balls in her hopor. But not one of the ladies would dance in the same set with her. She was publicly insulted by the wife of the Dutch Minister refusing to sit next to her at the

Jackson gave a grand dinner in her honor, where she, seated at his right hand, received his marked attentions as one of his particular favorites. But with all his courage, determination, stratagem, Scotch-Irish obstinacy, he found that the women were implacable and releutless. Mrs. Eaton was an extremely handsome woman, and, as re-ports go, she sustained herself proudly, with dignity and self-respect. Many have found fault with Jackson for attempting to force his influence in the social circle as he did in the political world, but his courage in

standing up for his friends cannot fail to be admired. JACKSON'S CHARACTER. JACKSON'S CHARACTER.

In his interesting biography of Jackson, James Parton says of him: "No man will be able quite to comprehend Andrew Jackson who has not personally known a Scotch-Irishman. More than he was anything clae he was a North-oi-Irelander. He was of a tenacious, pugnacious race; honest, yet capable of dissimulation; o ten angry, but most prudent when furious; endowed by nature with the gift of extracting from every affair and every relation all the strife it can be made to yield; at home and among debe made to yield; at home and among de-pendents, all tenderness and generosity; to opponents, violent, ungenerous, prone to believe the very worst of them; a race that means to tell the truth, but, when excited by anger or warped by prejudice, incapable of telling, remembering or knowing the truth; not taking kindly to culture, but able to achieve wonderful things without it; a strange blending of the best and the worst

Those who have lived here all their lives among the Scotch-Irish and their descendants in business and social relations will know whether this portrayal of the Scotch-Irish brethren is true to nature or not, and will be able to tell whether Jackson was one of the highest types of the race, who felled the forests, and built the cabins, and endured the hardships of pioneer life in Western Pennsylvania, and constituted the first families of this picturesque and prosperous

portion of the country. AN INCOMPLETE HISTORY. If, as one writer asserts, the history of the Reformed Presbyterian Church is the his- animal is of the ordinary Cossack breed. It tory of the Scotch-Irish, then their record is | was born in Siberia and is 13 years old, and lamentably medger and incomplete. Although not a word up to this writing has been said of a Scotch-Irish woman as having existed in this region, we presume that good Scotch-Irish women were here at that good Scotch-Irish women were here at that time. They are not deemed worthy of mention in the various records, but without them there could have been no Scotch-Irish to hold celebrations and glorify over the characteristics and achievements of the race.

Andrew Jackson's father died when he was an infant, so it is to be fairly inferred that he was trained by his mother, and strengthened by her tuitions in the tradithat he was trained by his mother, and strengthened by her tuitions in the traditions and superstitions of the race, as have been many others beside him. But how little is known of those heroines of the early days. To say nothing of the women—their influence, their heroism, their struggles and endurance—was the fushion of that day—a fashion which still holds away even now as

little cabin homes, who instilled into their youthful minds the principles of opposition to tyranny, who impressed upon them the duty of upholding the church, who, when no schools were in existence, yet trained their children in such wise that they grew to be the strongest advocates of liberty, the to be the strongest advocates of liberty, the devoutest adherents of the church, the wariest and most aggressive of people in war, "finance, statesmanship, commerce, manufactures, science, jurisprudence and

theology." ONE REFRESHING INSTANCE.

In this connection it is pleasant to note that our distinguished fellow citizen, Judge Mellon—who is also a Scotch-Irishman of the best type—is cited in the History of Allegheny County as giving the credit of his success in life to the care and counsels and teaching of his good Scotch-Irish mother.

The Scotch-Irish have made no name literature, says an authority on the Sectch-Irish. What place he would assign to the late Jane Grey Swisshelm in the line of late Jane Grey Swisshelm in the line of literary genius we know not, but she was a strong writer, and wielded a pen that was mightler than the sword in striking blows for freedom and against oppression. She was a Scotch-Irish woman of the most pronounced type. She was as tenacious, aggressive, obstinate, positive in her opinions, unyielding in her convictions of duty as Andrew Jackson, or any of the hard-headed race who have distinguished themselves in church and State, in the march of progress, and in the forefront of the battles for freedom, for psalm-singing, for the creed of Calviu—and for their own way. Mrs. Swisshelm's ancestors were signers of the Swisshelm's ancestors were signers of the "Solemn League and Covenant," and "de fended it," as she says, "to the loss of liv-ings, lands and life." Her forefathers fought in the battle of the Boyne, and shared the sufferings at the siege of L derry, and the relentless persecutions which the Scotch-Irish endured in those days of savage bigotry.

FIRST OUT OF HER SPHERE. This accounts for her having been endowed by nature, as was Jackson "with the gift of extracting from every affair and every relation all the strife it can be made to yield." She was the first woman in Western Pennsylvania to venture out of her

sphere, the first woman to become the editor of a political paper—a paper, too, that showed no hesitation in calling a spade a spade. She attacked Judge Grier for his ruling in a fugitive slave case to such point of aggravation that the lawyers said "Grier was more afraid of her than the devil."

She claims the credit of killing Daniel Webster politically with her little pen. She defeated the dictator of Minnesota and His only failure, if failure it may be called, was when he attempted to introduce Mrs. Eaton into society. Scandal had been busy with her fair fame, though nothing ernment position for speaking disrespectfully of Andy Johnson. In short her Scotch-Irish "dander" was up most of the

time, and the spirit of her ancestry to dare to do or die was always a ruling trait in her

character.
Other Scotch-Irish, women there may be with the same strength of mind, with the same aggressiveness, the same disposition to right wrong, the same courage of their con victions, but they have not put themselves into print as did "Sister Jan-BESSIE BRAMBLE.

A COLD-BLOODED GROOM.

He Sends His Bride After a Bridemald and Then Wants to Marry the Latter.

Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.? "Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married. "No: we ne'r thocht o' that. Is't neces

sary?" "Oh, certainly," said the minister; "you should have a groomsman and bridemaid as witnesses." "Wha can we get, Jean, dae ye think?"

The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a That the President did not believe the stories told of Mrs. Eaton is made very plain by his letters. When called upon by clergymen and others to repudiate her, he previously seen, and after consumation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' alang, Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jean set out as desired, and after some stood up for her with all the fire and cour- time returned with the two friends, the cousin age of his Scotch-Irish character, and swore being a blooming lass, somewhat younger "by the eternal" that she should be recogproperly arranged, and the minister was

about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"
"What is it now?" asked the minister. "Weel, I was just gaun to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad raither has that ane," pointing to the bridemaid.
"A most extraordinary statement to make

at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now." "Is it?" said the bridegroom in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

A REMARKABLE RIDE.

The Record to be Broken by a Cossuck Captain and His Little Steed.

Pall Mall Budget.] A Siberian Cossack, Dmetree Pieshkoff by name, is now on a ride from Blagoviechensk, in Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg. The distance Pjeshkoff will have to cover before he reaches his destination is about 5,400 English miles. The intrepid rider set out on November last, and 113 days afterwards arrived at Omsk, having accomplished nearly 3,300 miles of his journey. He is expected to arrive in St. Petersburg at the end



Captain D. Pjeshkoff. The same horse will carry Pjeshkoff from one end of his journey to the other. This the distance traveled becomes greater. At the start 8 pounds of oats and 10 pounds of hay per day were sufficient to satisfy it, but by the time Omsk was reached 30 pounds of the former commodity and 14 days. To say nothing of the women—their influence, their heroism, their struggles and endurance—was the fashion of that day—a fashion which still holds sway even now as is shown by the Scotch-Irish celebration.

No woman's name appears on the committee to represent the mothers of the men who were nurtured and trained by them.

No eminent Scotch-Irish women seem to have been invited as honored guests. It is sad to see this neglect of the good mothers who taught their sons and daughters in their THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this departmen to E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine.

1063-THE BOATMAN'S CATCH,



Combine, in succession, each of the objects with the right hand one.

MINNIE SINGER,

1064-TRANSPOSITION. Of all the places on the first,
I've seen, I think, the very worst
Which one can e'er expect to.
I've seen them covered o'er with snow,
Till scarce outdoors a man could go;
To this I'll not direct you.

Then there are towns of lesser note.
Where men don't need a frock or coat
To keep the next-blood flowing:
For Sol, in all his fury's ire,
Shines forth in life-inspiring fire,
While through the zenith going.

Then Alexander Great the King, In Asia, so the poet's sing,
In Asia, so the poet's sing,
Built final, famous city:
Oh, final in the next of first,
If possible, we'd have rehearsed
Thy glories in this dity:
But abler pens by far than ours,
Must tell the greatness of thy por
Oh, Alexandrine city.
H. C. B.

H. C. BURGER 1065-CITIES.

What is the city where the blest

What is the city where the blest
Rewards your quest?
What is the city where the true
Will welcome you?
The city where the maids are neat
With manners sweet?
The city where the rural swain
Is rude and plain?
What is the city where decelt
And falsehood meet?
What is the city where the greed
Mocks every need?
The city where the robber band
Despoils the land?
The city where with fierce intent

The city where with flerce intent Your goods are rent? What is the city where the talk

Disturbs your walk?
What is the city where the speed
Is great indeed?
The city yielding oft to strains
Its shape regains?
The city where the sudden shock
Your course will know

Your course will knock?
What is the city where there's room
For all who come?
What is the city where but few
Will meet your view?
The city where with cunning art
They read the heart?
The city where he obstrate

The city where the obstinate Will make you wait? AIDYL. 1066-DIAMOND. 1. A Letter. 2. A trick. 3. Mere extraordinary. 4. To resolder. 5. In the manner of cathedral. 6. Pertaining to a timepiece. 2. Set off (Rare). 8. Counts. 9. Trains. 10. J

1067-CHARADE. One and I went on a spree, And sallied to the nearest inn: We thought we hardly could get in.
But I called out, "Come, one, two, three,
I guess there's room enough for me."
And then we called for beer and gin,
And then we thought we'd have some tea,
With which we had some cakes and two,
And then to play we did begin,
Never once caring for the sin. Never once caring for the sin. But 'twas the luck for him to win, But 'twas the luck for him to win,
And he was quite elate with glee
Until our bill was handed three.
I said, "Things do look rather blue,"
When Boniface for pay did call;
For I had not a single sou,
And so the scores must come on all.
But he demurred and backward drew;

eing boozy, sought the wall, t Boniface would have his due, Or else to-morrow he would sue And so arose a drunken brawl But as for total, he got thr And left me lying in the hall.

Since then old things have changed for new, And time bath kindly laid his pall, And hidden all the past from view, But that disgraceful scene I rue, Whene'er its memory I recall. 1068-NUMERICAL CHARADE.

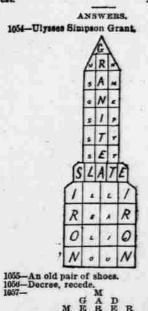
1 to 4

Sometimes I'm heard upon the deep, Sometimes I'm seen on cows or sheep; I tell you that someone you'll meet; No church without me is complete. 5-10-11-7-6-9-8, An entity complete and fixed, A thing of kind that is not mixed. Some knowledge of arithmetic Will help you if you'd guess me quick,

1 to 11.

When nations for a war prepare, Or meet in strife, I'm what they are, Before combatants' fight begin, I name the attitude they're i NELSONIAN. 1069-SQUARE. 1. Nicest. 2. A kind of rush, in Spain, 3. Febrile anxieties (Med. Art.) 4. A Celtic divinity, regarded as the evil principle, 5. A native arseniate of copper. 6. Lines of rails forming the extremity of railways. 7. Throwest.

DELPHINE.



1061-Con-ate. 1062-George, gorge. 1070-BEVERSAL I'm a verb—then a noun, As you get further down And level—not accuracy

As a noun when reversed. I advance or recede
As I chance to have need.
On the slightest insistence
I go a short distance.
When feeling acutely
I walk resolutely; ind that is holy Onground that is holy
I aim to move slowly:
If memory grows stack
I just bear the mind back,
A noun I'm a pace,
Or a very small space;
A gradation, degree,
Or progression—you see,
A track, trace, or vestige,
Which made, gives me pre-Which made, gives me prestige, I'm a block—placed aright— To sustain an upright; As a prefix—'tis sad— I am mostly thought bad. Reverse me, I'm quadrupeds, peds, or any peds; rds, brutes, or fishes; onnets or dishes;

Birds, brutes, or usual,
Bonnets or dishes;
Anything, everything
Under the sun
Am I, on land and sea,
Somewhere, to some one.
CARL GREE,

PRIZES FOR JUNE. A handsome and very useful book-one to elight the recipient-will be awarded each of A handsome and very and delight the recipient—will be awarded each of the senders of the best three lots of answers to the puzzies published during June. The solutions should be sent in weekly, and should be forwarded whether few or many.

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE

Cures All Diseases.

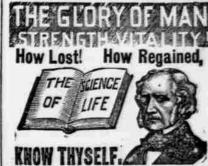
Send for our pamphlet, giving a history of Microbes, how they enter the system, cause disease and suffering, and how they can be eradicated. The Microbe Killer is the only known remedy that arrests fermentation and known remedy that arrests fermentation destroys these germs. It cleaness the bl purifies the system and adds new life strength. Book mailed free on application The Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co. No. 7 LAIGHT ST., NEW YORK CITY,

DOCTOR

As old residents know and back files of Pitts burg papers prove, is the oldest established and most prominent physician in the city, do-voting special attention to all chronic diseases. voting special attention to all chronic diseases. From respon-NO FEE UNTIL CURED sible persons NO FEE UNTIL CURED NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical conergy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfuluess, dizziness, sleeplessness, pimples, eruptions, im-poverished olood, failing powers, organic weakness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, un-fitting the person for business, society and marriage, permanently, safely and privately cured. BLOOD AND SKIN diseases in all blotches, falling hair, bones, pains, glandular, swellings, ulcerations of tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly eradicated from the system. URINARY kidney and bladder derange-turned the system, which was a second of the system. URINARY ments, weak back, gravel, catarrhal discharges, inflammation and other painful symptoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real cures.

Dr. Whittier's life-long, extensive experience insures scientific and reliable treatment on common-sense principles. Consultation free. Patients at a distance as carefully treated as if here. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sunday, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. only. DR. WHITTIER, 814 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

my8-22-Dsuwk



and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfleting the victim for Work, Business, the Marriage or Social Relations. riage or Social Relations.

Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, royal 8vo, Beautiful binding, embossed, full gift. Prico, only \$1 by mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Blustrative Prospectus Free. If you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEW-ELED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for this PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be cusualted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above. aul8-67-Tufsuwk

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE CURES

NERVOUS DE BILITY.

LOST VIGOR.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

Full particulars in pamphies sent free. The genuine Gray's Specific sold by druggists only in yellow wrapper. Price, H per yellow wrapper. Price, H per package, or aix for fo, or by mall on receipt of price, by addressing THE GRAY MEDIGINE CO., Burdalo, N. Y Sold in Pittaburg by S. S. HULLAND. corner Smithfield and Liberty sta.

mhi7-94-DWK

NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENTS

Specific for Hysteria, Dirziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Wake-fulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, re-sulting in insanity and leading to misery decay and cath, French live and leading to misery decay and each, French live contains on Spermatorrhoss caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-induspence. Each box contains one month's treat-ment. It abox, or six for 85, sent by mail prepaid. With each order for six boxes, will sent purchased with each order for six boxes, will sent purchase guarantee to refund money if the treatment fails to cure. Guarantees issued and genuine sold only by uarantee to refund money if the treatment fails are. Guarantees issued and genuine sold only by EMIL G. STUCKY, Druggist,

1701 and 2401 Penn ave., and orner Wylle and Fulton st., Pittsburg, Pa. C myl5-51-rrssq Gook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual, Price 31, by mail, sealed, Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed partionists. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Pales Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich. \$2 Sold in Pittsburg Pa. by Joseph Flem-ing & Son, Diamond and Market sts. se26-23-TTSUWKEOWK

FOR MEN ONLY! A POSITIVE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD General and NERVOUS DEBILITY

CURE Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects
Errors or Excesses in Old or Young,
Bobust, Noble MANHOOD folly Restored. Here to Enferre and

ddress ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (scaled) containing full particulars for home cure. FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every containing the containing full particulars for home cure. FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every containing the containing WEAK WOMEN!

SAVE YOURSELVES. NERVE BEANS,