ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

The Objections Strewn Along the

Pathway of the Believer.

of Natural Law.

FRAMING THE PETITION IN WORDS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

The argument for God, as I am trying to

the reason. Why argue, then?
Why, for two reasons. First, because although it is true that nobody comes into belief by argument, it is true also on the other hand that many are in danger of los-

ing belief by arguments on the unbelieving side. There is need that minds who are ex-posed to this danger should be fortified against it. It is well that we should know

just what the arguments which we read and bear against religion really amount to.

They all have reasonable answers. Faith in God is not in the least danger of being

pher, but as a Friend and a Father. Faith is an assent which is simply willing to com-

AN ILLUSTRATION.

In a certain mill there was a workman who, having dipped his hand in water, dared to put it into a kettle of molten iron. But the other workmen, who looked on and saw that done again and again, had not the courage to venture. The thing was demonstrated the same of the courage to venture.

strated before their eyes, but they held back.
What they lacked was faith.
If the argument is true, and a man assents to it, then let him commit himself to

nother; the fact of revelation is a third.

But everybody who really believes in God, prays. Prayer, to the believer in God, is

COMMUNION AND PETITION.

We begin with prayer.

mit itself to the result of argument.

POEMS OUT OF PLACE.

Unique Epitaphs Collected From the

Country's Cemeteries.

Rather Than Sadness.

VERSES THAT TELL OF TRAGEDIES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. )

In one of the finest cemeteries in the coun

try a division is set apart for those persons

who persist in carrying out their own ideas

in the arrangement and decoration of the

graves of their kindred. When a man pur-

hases a lot and begins to tell how he would

like to have it beautified, he is shown the

"home-made corner;" if he be a person of

ordinary intelligence, the utter lack of

harmony resulting from so many conflicting

notions makes him willing to leave all de-

A similar plan in regard to the inscrip-

tions on tombstones might be adopted with

beneficial results; at least a visit to almost

any graveyard is enough to convince one

that the epitaph business of, the country

might with great propriety be placed in the

charge of a competent poet. The lines

quoted below were collected from all parts

of the United States during trips made in recent years in the interest of science; and while few of them are as absurd as those manufactured ones that are floating around

in the newspapers, they are more interesting because they are genuine and certainly

ridiculous enough.

First in the list may be given one to be

An epitaph in an old churchyard at Alex-

andria, Va., has excited much comment, as no name is given in connection with it:

To the memory of a female stranger whose mortal sufferings terminated on the 14th day of October 1816.

This stone is placed here by her disconsolate Husband, in whose arms she sighed out her latest breath; and who under God, did his utmost, even, "to soothe the cold dead ear of death."

How loved how valued once avails thee not; To whom related or by whom begot; A heap of dust alone remains of thee; 'Tis all thou art! and all the proud shall be.

With acute commercial instinct the cem-

etery authorities have published and placed on sale a small pamphlet in which they re-

late the particulars of the interment, but re-

oncerned.
In a cemetery at Amsterdam, O., is the

My wife dear has gone away To live with God in endless day, While i am left alone to weep And together my children keep.

In strong contrast with the mournful tone

of the above, is the joyous alliterative jingle

The worm may waste
The withering clay.
When flesh and spirit
Sever, my soul shall see
Eternal day, and dwell
With God forever.

ost unfeeling in

"Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.

While this may be true in the abstract yet a man who places it on his wife's head

stone has an air of congratulating himself upon his good luck in securing a wife at all,

even if she did die early; his satisfaction at

having been more fortunate than some of

his acquaintances is mani est.

An old man in Dover, Ky., ended his existence by poison. The following may be seen on his tombstone, but it is not known whether he elaborated it for himself prior

to his demise, or whether some friend thus attempted to express the decedent's prob-able opinion of his condition:

"John Schubert, husband of Heawig Gehrt,"-

an Schubert, husband of Hedwig Gehrt
Again Pve lost the battle!
I am a slave once more!
Of that destructive Tempter,
Of which I was before!
Farewell, my dearest children!
My wife and Ail, Goodby!
My hopes are lost! I cannot win!
My trust in God: I'm doomed to die!

In the midst of the Sunfish Hills, in Pike

county, O., miles from any town, and in a country whose poverty of soil and rough-ness of surface is unequaled in the Ohio Valley, an old log church stands on the summit of one of the highest peaks, and is

in plain sight many miles in every direc-

given its members ideas correspondingly

Life is a span, a fleeting hour,

How soon the vapor flies, Man is a tender transient flower That even in blooming dies,

The next indicates less resignation:

Children dear this place draw near Your father's grave to see, Not long ago I was with you But soon you'll be with me,

Farewell my wife and children dear, I am not dead but sleeping here:

My debt is paid. My grave you see, Prepare for death and follow me.

Go home, my friends, and dry up your tears, I will arise when Christ appears.

go home my friend and dry up your Tears for I shall rise when christ apars.

found in the advice of an old pioneer:

A neighbor, pleased with the sentiment, adopts it in a slightly different shape, thus:

belief in a literal resurrection:

Another of the faithful thus expresses his

elevated, for they seem to be quite philo-sophical in their testimonials. For example:

Possibly their elevated situation has

Little Rock, Ark.:

following inscription:

of the next:

found in this city:

tails to the director's judgment,

ould be indignant if the lady were accused of being hollow-hearted; but he intimates as much in the third line.

Infant mortality seems to be exceptionally THEY WERE ALL WELL MEANT, large in the vicinity, as very many young children are buried here; the favorite epi-But in These Modern Times Excite Levity

taph for such seem to be: Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest, For such as thee our Savior blest. It appears on more than a score of head-stones: On the grave of a child which lived only one day is the appropriate verse: How short the race that manuel run Cut down in all his

The course but yesterday begun Now finished in the tomb, A sense of complete satisfaction in the de-crees of Providence is expressed in the fol-lowing, which sounds more like a jig than like a dirge:

Early dead early blest, Rest in peaceful slumber rest. The extreme activity of a Licking county infant may be known from this: Little baby he is happy.
With the angels far away;
But we miss our darling Bertle,
For he is at rest forever more.

such as pedestrian exercise, for: And then on time he closed his eyes To walk in glory in the skies. Botanical possibilities, in a future state, are well shown by the information that: A lovely bud hath faded, But, ah! 'twill bloom again. At New Paris, O., a physiological phe-nomenon is indicated, as follows:

Sweet little lamb, For earth too fair, Ras gone to heaven To unfold there. found in this city:

Erected by voluntary subscriptions.

To the memory of those who were killed by the explosion at Allegheny Arsenal.

Bept. 17, 1862

Tread softly. This is consecrated dust.
Forty-five pure patriotic victims lie here,
A sacrifice to Freedom and Civil Liberty. A horrid memento of a most wicked Rebellion.
Patriots. These are Patriots graves. Friends of humble honest toll, these were your Peers.
Fervent affection kindled these hearts.
Honest industry employed these hands.
Widows and orphans tears have watered this ground. Female beauty and manhood's vigor commingle here. Unidentifyed by man known by Him, who is the resurrection and the Life. To be waked, known and loved again, when the morning cometh."

An epitaph in an old churchyard at Alex-A lamb in the process of unfolding might be an interesting sight. At a country grave-yard near Dublin, O., a writer has made sad havoc with the grammatical second person:

We mourn thy loss for you wart dear, But why so selfish as to wish thee hear: Here we the ills, of troubled life endure. There you art safe to feel those ills no more. This, this alone, thy partner chears. And joy wips off the briny tears.

Near May's Lick, Ky., on the upper por-tion of the headstone is represented a woman of most grotesque figure, with what was in-tended as a smile enlivening her features. One arm rests on an altar; the other hand points to an inscription which reads: "My kind husband is dead." Below this is carved:

Lord! be was Thine and not my own; I charge Thee not with wrong. But thank Thee for the gracious loan Afforded me so long. Phillips. Maysville. Fecit.

At Mount Gilead, Ky., a widower, who evidently was fully convinced that marriage was a success, and had no idea of long remaining alone, placed over his wife's re-

A loving wife, a devoted mother; Where can a man find such another? By thus making it known that he was in the market, he soon secured another spouse. In Bainbridge, O., is one suggestive of good food and wet weather, along with an intima-tion of celestial equality somewhat at vari-ance with the ideas of modest people: "Now she has ascended high

Her smiling savour for to see To rain with him above the sky From time to all eternity."

Near it is the most sensible epitaph I ever saw—concise, expressive, truthful, making no claims to transcendent moral qualities, or supernatural knowledge of future conditions; giving no advice as to how survivors should conduct themselves; but only a plain, matter-of-fact assertion that cannot be con

troverted; simply Farewell; I'm off. In unfavorable contrast with this is the following from Falls Church, Virginia: Weep not for me that is dead and gone But for your sins pray daily mourn My race is ran my grave you see Prepare for death and follow me.

In Ripley, O., a woman was heard to fall to the floor, and some one hastening to her side lound that life had departed. Her sudden death was thus recorded: In St. John's churchyard, Richmond, Va., In health she dropped and died so soon Gone before we could reach the room; She liveth now to die no more, With Christ, who took from death its power. is a very full and explicit account of a young man whose friends were desirous he should not be lorgotten:

Hora lies the h Mr. Danfel Der Guomaker of this City, who was
Shot by James McNaught, 27th Feb. 1826,
after being in his employ
8 years, 3 months and 15 days,
Aged 22 years, 2 months and 15 days.

Lament, O ye his friends—your loss deplore, For virtuous Daniel is alas no more; And you to whom each social merit's dear, Drop o'er his grave a tributary tear; For each loved attribute his soul possessed, And now in heaven enjoys eternal rest. One interesting point is omitted—why should such a good young man be shot? The many good qualities of a buried hero are duly enumerated in this graveyard and

the account concludes as follows: This stone
is a monument of the devoted affection
of his bereaved surviving widow. Imagine the unfortunate gentleman's plight if his widow had preceded him to the spirit land! Beneath the name of a very young man is

written: His genius fied up to the stars from whence it came, and that warm heart of thine with all its generous and open vessels compressed into a clod of the Valley;-That is the end of it; the writer had evidently attempted a flight of imagination that carried him, also "up to the stars," and

A TYPICAL ENGLISH WOMAN.

so we may never know what it was all about.

Stanley's Lady Love and Miliais' Fiction That Made Her Famous. Before very long Miss Dorothy Tennant will write her name "Mrs. H. M. Stanley." There is just a possibility that she may be Lady Stanley—if Henry M. gains a baron-etcy. If there is such a thing as a typical woman, Miss Tennant is a typical English woman. She is tall, largely built, with fine gray eyes and dark brown hair. It would be gross libel to accuse her of being



Yes or No. "owe": young to marry yet." Her best fame was attained in 1869 and 1870. It was a year later that Sir John Everett Millais exhibited a pretty picture entitled "Yes or No!" Of this Miss Tennant was model and

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1072-NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1 to 4. Describing qualities my name is of: Applied to what is gentle, mild and soft; Those who are frai are ne'er engaged in broil; Their voice and words are always smooth as oil. Another did not seem to require "rest" so 7-8-6-10-9.

> Part of a kingdom once my name implied, O'er which an English earl might rule in pride; But here I am a pertion of a State, O'er which no lordly earl can dominate. 1 to 10.

I am the man whose soft seductive ways
May stir your envy, or elicit praise;
And yet an artful person he may be,
Full of deceit and vile iniquity.
NELSONIAN.

1073-CHARADE. In times of battles and of war,—
The "times that try men's souls,"—
The bugier's first is heard afar;
O'er hill and dale it rolls.

Last speak of battles and of war In "piping times of peace,"
Brings scenes to mind which we abhor:
Oh, that all war would cease.

Our total, then, is plainly this:
"Let arbitration sway."
All scenes of blood we'll gladly miss,
Much pain will pass away.
H. C. BURGER.

Words of Eight Letters. 1. An isolated farm or farmhouse, 2. General, 8. An idle, ragged person. 4 An alloy of gold, silver and copper, of which an inferior quality of jeweiry is made. 5. To take from a barrel. 6. A sudden transference of property in land by the death of its owner. 7. Cinnamon stone. 8. Gritty.

Primals—A famous legendary Greek hero, Finals—A famous legendary Greek hero, ALBERT S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

As I was seated in a one
Looking things over just for fun—
Old garments that had had their day
And now with rubbish cast away,
In an old box of cast-off shoes
I found a pair of ancient twos,
Embroidered with the nicest skill,
The silver buckles on them still
There lay they in a heap of tow,
A relic of the long ago.
And musing there I chanced to see
Another relic, 'twas a three,
A little simple implement
Used in the kitchen—bruised and bent—
Which aided once the pastry cook
To make things good which all partook,
But 'mid the trumpery 'twas tossed,
And with the rest forgotten—lost.

All 1075-TRANSPOSITION.

1076-SYNCOPATION.

"To strike together as in pain"
Seems not to make the otal plain.
By persons who of teeth have none
I should not think it could be done,
Those who in fight with awords or knives
Seek to destroy each other's lives
May get of lasts perhaps a number
Ere they sleep their final slumber.
NELSONIAN.

1077-SQUARE. 1. An imaginary belt in the heavens. 2 A city of Portugal. 3 Grammars (Obs.). 4 A village of Austria. 5. To expiate, 6. To foudle, H. C. BURRGER,

Sweet vocal music brings delight
To every listening ear;
The hours of duliness it makes bright
By its enlivening cheer.
But singing in a boisterous way
Does not the soul rejoice,
Nor cultivated taste display—
'Tis but a "strain of voice."

The public speaker who refrains Is such a one as always gains
A tention of the crowd;

A tention of the crowd:
White he who tones his pitch too high
Disgusts us with his noise!
"Vehement utterance and outcry"
Is useless "atrain of voice."
Welson: 1079-DECAPITATION. Good Patrick McCann

Is a comical man:
The way he does second an "r"
Is so very complete
That laughter does greet
His remarks, and their gravity 1080-TRANSPOSITION.

There is primal final hidden
Oft within the brain of man;
And an earnest application
Cultures, trains it, if aught can;
'Though 'tis primal, yet developed
What a power it proves to be,
For the final is God-given,
Given to all in some degree. Given to all in some degree. H. C. BURGER.

ANSWERS. 1063—Sword-fish, pipe-fish, saw-fish, sun-fish, globe-fish, moon-fish, butterfly-fish, drum-fish, gar-fish, cuttle-fish.

1064—Earth, heart, Herat.
1065—Felicity, veracity, simplicity, rusticity, mendacity, voracity, rapacity, ferocity, loquacity, velocity, elasticity, electricity, capacity, scarcity, sagacity, pertinacity.

1066—

BOR

A Pretty Pashion That Has Come to From Over the Sen.

HEARTS IN JEWELRY.

Everything is going to hearts in jewelry. The fashion comes to us from England, and seems destined to be as popular here as over the water. The lover now gives his sweetheart a moonstone heart, set round with diamonds, which she wears next her heart, pinned on beneath the corsage.

Hearts appear in every kind of jewelryin lace pins especially. Very beautiful is one made of two hearts, of rosy-tinted conch shells set in diamonds and united by a true lover's knot studded with brilliants. Another pin has two hearts of filagree gold wreathed with delicate blue forget-me-nots and marguerites, and these, too, are tied together by a lover's knot. There are others of turquoises surrounded by pearls, moon-stones and diamonds; a piarl with an en-ameled pansy and dew-drop diamond center —each and all united by the inevitable true

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satisfied. But when she placed the ring upon her hand in order to stop the flow of blood, she experienced so severe a pain in IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 Near the end of a village close by the blood, she experienced so severe a pain in her finger that she screamed aloud and placed her hand in water to ease the burning, but in vain. She then tried to draw off the ring, but it seemed to have grown to her finger. Her shrieks became so loud that all the servants ran to her assistance. Many learned physicians were called, but none could give relief, and after many days of the property of the unhappy woman died. forest lived an old widow and her stepdaughter Meta. The little brown house made a pretty picture with its woodbine and climbing roses, and shaded by large beech trees, whose overhanging branches almost touched the moss-grown root. Many flowers bloomed about the door, and the songs of the could give relief, and after many days of extreme torture the unhappy woman died. When Meta heard of her stepmother's death she went to the city to look once more on the face of the woman who had treated her so cruelly. When the people assembled in the church to hear the funeral sermon read, Meta pale and heartiful walked down the forest birds and the murmuring of the brook were to be heard at all times. Within the cottage all was so neat and comfortable that it seemed to be the home of very happy people. But such was not the case; for the Meta, pale and beautiful, walked down the long aisle and knelt before the altar. The appearance of the lovely stranger excited stepmother scolded from morning to night, and in her rough, harsh voice was constantly complaining. Although her daughter tried hard to please her, nothing seemed to suit great surprise among the people, who took her for some grand Princess. The Crown Prince, who was present, was

this cross, ill-natured woman. Meta was a good child both at school and so charmed by her beauty that he wished to at home, but she had one great fault. She take her at once with him to his palace. The fairies, although grieved to part with had received as a present from her teacher a their little friend, willingly gave their con-sent for her to become the wife of the noble small pearl-handled penknife, with which her mother had forbidden her to play, lest she might cut herself. But in spite of her Prince. When the wedding was being celmether's commands, Meta would take the ebrated with great splendor a hundred o



knife from its place in the drawer, and with it steal into the forest, and there, to her heart's content, cut at sticks and twigs. Although she had often been severely pun-ished for her disobedience, the little girl still continued to enjoy her forbidden pleas-ure. One day it really happened that the knife slipped and cut a great gash in her finger, from which the red blood flowed in

large drops. As she entered the cottage door her mother cried, "What is the matter with your hand that it is so red?" Fearing an outburst of wrath, Meta answered: "I have been in the garden picking strawberries."

But her falsehood was soon discovered, for

bors was of any avail in stopping the flow. Finally the mother went to the village to consult a physician, and during her absence Meta sat pale, trembling, holding the still bleeding hand over a basin of water. Suddenly there stood before her a tiny creature with smiling face and long golden hair, who said: "So you have cut your finger at last. I thought you would, and I am

not the least surprised to see you looking so The little girl was too astonished to speak. usually help naughty children, but as this a remedy. Here is a costly pearl ring.

is your only fault and you have tried in every other way to be good, I shall give you cease to flow. As soon as you remove it the wound shall again open, but every drop of blood that flows shall become a shining gold piece. The fairy then disappeared and Meta was very happy over her new treasure. She at once tried the effect of the pearl ring, and when she placed it upon her finger the wound was healed, but when she drew it off the blood began to flow, and as the drops

fell they became pieces of gold just as the fairy had said. When the mother returned Meta eagerly told of her visitor and showed the ring. And now a wicked thought came into the stepmother's heart, and she waited for the night to carry out her evil plans. When the little girl had fallen asleep and was dreaming of the fairy whom she had seen that afternoon, her mother stole softly into the room, and, gently drawing the ring from her finger, placed it carefully in the drawer. And now the gold pieces tell almost faster than they could be picked up, and soon several large bags were filled, and yet the avaricious woman was not content and still continued to gather her gold without a thought of her daughter. Suddenly the falling of the gold pieces ceased, and the mother glanced at Meta, and seeing how still and white she lay, thought she must be dead. Fearing lest the neighbors would discover her wickedness, she carried the little girl into the torest and dropped her into a deep well. She then put the gold into coarse sacks, and, having loaded them on a cart, told her neighbors that she was going to drive to the city with a load of potatpes. The pearl ring she placed upon her finger and was very careful not to lose it. As she never returned to her home, the village people, busy with their own affairs, soon

When Meta swoke she found herself in one of the loveliest sleeping rooms imaginable. The bedstead was of pure silver and gold, while the covers and curtains were of finely spun silk, and were as white as freshly failen snow. The little girl sat up and looked curiously around. Through a glass door opposite a crystal hall bright with many lights were seen. In the midst was a table, around which sat hundreds of little clyes drinking wine and eating dainty fruits. Near the bed stood her friend of the day before, who greeted her kindly and told her of her stepmother's actions. "Now," she said, "you must go to our King. His commands are that you come to him as soon

forgot the widow and her stepdaughter.

as you are able." Meta arose at once and followed her guide to the tairy throne. The King had many kind words for the little girl; but he was so small that Meta was obliged to kneel before him in order to hear him speak. He told her she should never return to her cruel stepmother, and that they would care for her as long as she wished to remain with them. But Meta was much grieved when she learned that from having lost so much

blood she must always remain pale. In the meantime the stepmother journeved away to a large city. There she ught houses and lands and pretended to be a great Countess. She gave great feasts and banquets at which even the King was sometimes present. But one day she covered that all her gold had been consumed, and she knew not how to procure more. Finally she allured a poor beggar child into her house, and, having put her saleep, cut her finger and then placed upon it the pearl ring. When she removed the ring she was rejoiced to hear the gold pieces fall to the floor. In this way, the same and pieces fall to the floor. In this way several inno-cent children perished, until at last none would approach near the house, although she tried many ways to gain their confi-

more little elves, bearing gifts of gold and precious stones, entered the palace and bowed in homage before the little lady. Meta afterward became a great Queen, much beloved by the people, and, although ever beautiful, she always remained pale.

Well-Known Glassworker Thinks Thei

A well-known glassworker who has been making lamp chimneys for one of Pitts burg's big firms for a long time expressed melt glass. Another curious idea is to chip a fragment out of the chimney so as to enable it to expand more readily. In chipping out the piece half the time a small crack is made, and the first excessive heat the glass endures terminates its existence.

"Although I have been making lamp that it is effectual."

chimneys a good many years, I confess freely I don't know how it is some are so much tougher than others. At home I have a thin, cheap chimney that I have used regu larly for at least two years, while I have used up three 'unbreakable' ones in one year on another lamp. I am inclined to think that there is more luck than salt water about

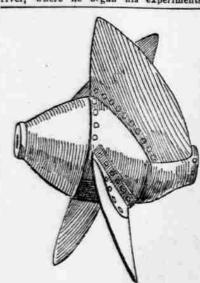
## AMERICAN GOODS ABROAD.

the Pucking Used.

### preferable. A NEW PROPELLER.

Revolutionize Navigation.

is the inventor of a peculiar screw, which he has used successfully on the Onio



these screws, each six feet in diameter.

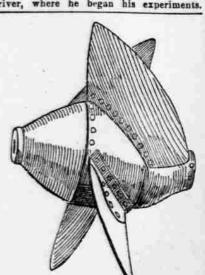
HEALING THE BLEEDING FINGER.

## ERRORS ABOUT CHIMNEYS.

Toughness is Due to Luck. the blood poured thicker and faster from the his amusement the other day at an account wound, and no effort of the mother or neighsame lamp chimney for over eight years, and who attributed its toughness to having

says, after stating that American goods are

This is in strange contrast to the complaint of the Mexican merchants that while American goods are the best the packing is so interior to the English that the latter are



The Ruble Wheel.

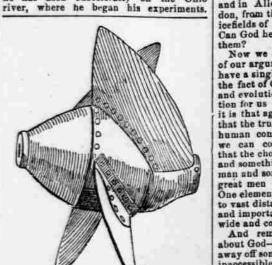
of an old Southern lady who had used the boiled it in salt and water. "This idea is as funny as it is old", said he, "for water cannot be made hot enough to penetrate or melt glass. Another curious idea is to chip

difference of Opinion as to the Quality of In explaining why American cities are getting more trade from the Bitish colonies than of yore, the Australian Ironmonger cheaper, quality considered, than the English: "American manufacturers are

more inclined to put a gilt edge on their goods by superior packing and better cases. The effect is remarkable."

How an Old Ohlo Riverman Proposes to

New York Sun.1 On the stocks at the west end of the Erie bridge in Newark is a new propeller, which the projector thinks will revolutionize navigation in all countries. It is a twin-screw propeller, 100 feet long and 20 feet beam, with an unusually long overhang stern, high bow and shallow draught. The boat is be-ing censtructed on plans made by R. M. Ruble. The frame and planking is un-usually strong, for the boat is intended for seagoing excursions, and is to be used by the Atlantic Steamboat Company of Atlantic City in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's excursions. Mr. Ruble



The screw consists of four blades firmly rivetted to a buoyant and air-tight cylinder of boiler iron having conical ends. Two of propel the new boat, Mr. Ruble thinks, at the rate of 23 miles an hour. The pecu-liarity of this form of sorew is that it is not intended for total submergence, but will lie partly above the surface, one-half or two-

preserver, the guide of our whole lite, all-wise, all-holy, all-loving. What better can we do than put ourselves into communica-tion with Him? When we kneel and pray, we are not speaking into empty air. We are not speaking into empty air. We are addressing an unseen Being.

Thus prayer is universal. Everywhere are altars and temples and people praying. Everywhere men are bowing down before the unseen. There are two elements which enter into all religious. The spirit of deenter into all religious: The spirit of dependence and the sense of relation. But these mean prayer. They find their most natural expression in the voice of prayer.

Prayer is partly communion and partly petition. When we think of prayer as com-munion, we say it is helpful. When we

think of prayer as petition, we say it is effectual. Prayer uplifts, because it fills the mind of him who prays with the high-est and worthiest thoughts which a man can toughened glass." think. The highest fact about ourselves is

the fact of our personal existence. It lies in the pronoun "I," that means the soul. The highest fact about the world in which we live is the fact of God. In prayer these two supreme thoughts meet. The soul approaches God.

Of course, when I speak here of prayer, I mean real prayer. There are people who say their prayers as they might recite the alphabet or the multiplication table. But that is not prayer. I am speaking of prayer. Whoever has really prayed knows how prayer helps. He knows what peace and strength come into the uplifted heart, Out of the place of prayer comes one who

has really prayed, as Moses came from Sinai, with face illuminated. He has talked with God.
All this, however, is true whether prayer is answered or not. Prayer, indeed, in the ing. Like the doing of good, its reward goes with it. Prayer is communion with God. That is the best part of it. Who will think that the Master, in Hislong nights of prayer

upon the hills and beside the sea in Syria, was setting out before His Father some long list of His wants? He was communing with God. That was the prayer He was praying. THE LIST OF WANTS. But prayer is petition also. Prayer is the act of asking for something. Here we meet with difficulties. Let us look them squarely in the face. Can God answer

Because there are so many prayers! Think of it, this single day, the world over! By the bedsides and before the altars, in the cities where the noise of the streets comes into the windows, and in the country where the birds sing among the branches of the green trees, in Pittsburg and in Allegheny, in New York and Lon-

don, from the orests of the equator to the icefields of either pole—how many prayers! Can God hear all these prayers, everyone of Now we are forbidden, by the conditions of our argument, to refer to revelation. We have a single fact to draw inferences fromthe fact of God. We refer to agnosticism and evolution. They will answer this question for us well enough. Remember what it is that agnosticism teaches about God— that the truth about God goes beyond all human comprehension; that God is all that we can conceive of, and infinitely more; that the choice is not between the ideal man and something lower, but between the ideal man and something infinitely higher. But great men do not overlook small things. One element of greatness is a power to see

to vast distances, and to perceive the value and importance of little things, and have a wide and comprehensive knowledge. And remember what evolution teaches about God—that God is not one who sits away off somewhere in the clouds upon some inaccessible gold throne, with the great blue curtain of the sky drawn between Him and us. God is here beside us touching the world in every smallest part of it, guiding all growth, so that we cannot go out of His presence anywhere. The telescope cannot find a world so far away but God is there, nor can the microscope discover an atom so minute but God is there.

PRAYER AND LAW. God, at least, can hear prayer. We are not ready yet to say that he can answer it, for here is law. We live in the midst of a abe tried many ways to gain their confidence.

When for the second time her supply of gold was exhausted she tried the charm upon herself, and her desire for wealth was

nothing less than an entire new universe. The great, close-twisted chain of cause and effect would have to be snapped. The answer of a single prayer which should be a change in the working of the law of nature would bring the world to a sudden and disastrous end. Law, some think, is like the marie statue in the fairy stories, and an answered prayer like the enchanted arrow which lies beside it. Down goes the hero in the story into a dimly-lighted cavern. There stands a statue in the midst of a splendid hall; beside it lies an arrow. The hero seizes the arrow, shoots it at the statue, and with a crash the roof falls, and there is an end to everything. WHAT THE ATHEIST HAS TO SAY. A Conflict With the All-Embracing System

an end to everything.

Now, I will have something to say about law when I come to speak about miracles. I am content at present to set down here the teatimony of twe men who are admitted to know something about natural law, and whom nobody will accuse of having any under his in few set of the law. due bias in favor of theology. HUXLEY AND TYNDALL.

present it in these papers, proceeds by three stages, meets three great difficulties, and is Prof. Huxley (Pop. Sci. Monthly, Jan. '88): "The supposition that there is any inconsistency between the acceptance of the constancy of natural order and a belief in the efficacy of prayer is the more unaccountable, as it is obviously contradicted by followed by three main inferences. The three stages are indicated by the words cause, nature and man. The three difficul-ties are represented by the words materialism, agnosticism and pessimism. The three inferences are the inferences as to praper, as countable, as it is obviously contradicted by every day experience." And Prof. Tyndall says ("Fragments of Science"): "The theory that the system of nature is under the control of a Being who changes the phenomena in compliance with the desires of men, is, in my opinion, a perfectly legitimate one. It is no departure from scientific method to place behind natural phenomena a Universal Father, who, in answer to the prayers of His children, alters the current of the phenomena."

If these two eminent and learned and critical professors find in natural law no hindrance to the suswer to prayer, we may conclude that the objection lapses. So far as law is concerned, God can answer to miracles and as to revelation.

With the last paper the actual argument for God came to an end. What was the use of making it at all? For nobody comes to believe in God by argument. Else nearly all of us would have to be atheists. And the argument, even if it were considered to be well made and a man should accept it, does not after all amount to religious faith. The accepting of such a course of reasoning is not the faith to which is attached the promise of salvation. It is only the assent of

as law is concerned, God can answer prayer. It remains to consider certain objections

to prayer which arise partly from the nature of prayer and partly from the nature of God. Prayer, considered as the act of asking for an answer, is of two parts, an outer and an inner, the word and the wish. There are difficulties which attach themselves to both these parts. First, concerning the both these parts. First, concerning the word of prayer: why speak at all? God has no need of speech. He hears the unspoken whispers of the heart. Nothing is hid from God. The word of prayer tells God nothing which He did not know before. What, then is the use of it? And as for the wish of prayer: why wish for anything? For consider the matter a little. What we wish for is either the best or the not best. If it is the best, then God, who is all-wise and all-loving, will grant it, without our praying for it. If it is the not best, then the all-wise and all-loving God is not in the least danger of being blotted out, or battered down.

And although faith is more than an assent of the reason, still it rests most solidly upon a good, sound basis of reasonable assent. From this one may go on. The next step after reasonable assent is faith in God, not as an abstraction like the old philosonable assent and Father Faith grant it, without our praying for it. If it is the not best, then the all-wise and all-loving Father will not grant it, no matter how earnestly we pray. Why pray, then? Why use either words or wishes?

The objections have a formidable look, but we inier at once that they are not so formidable as they seem, from the fact that they are not only recognized but stated disit; let him follow it into its inferences, Since God is, certain inferences must be made and held. The reasonableness of prayer is one; the credibility of miracle is tinctly in the Bible and the Prayer Book.
"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." That is what Christ said about the word of prayer. "Thy will be done." That is the preface which he set before the ideal prayer, making that the condition under which the wish of Unless God exists, prayer is the most foolish of human actions. If there is any doubt about the existence of God, or about the nature of God, if there is any question as to the personality or the love and care of God, then prayer is struck dumb at once. But averaged, who really better in God. the condition under which the wish of prayer is uttered. Such a prayer He prayed: "Not my will but Thine be done." Indeed, there is no intelligent Christian who will maintain that words are necessary who will maintain that words are necessary to prayer so far as God is concerned, or that prayer is a desire that things should be otherwise than as God wills. And yet prayer goes on devoutly and continually. perfectly natural and reasonable. About us and above us is a Being, our maker, our Let us see what answer we can give to the

THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE.

objections.

As to the objection concerning the word of prayer, we may say at once that while words are not necessary so far as God is concerned, they are absolutely necessary for us. No reasoning is valid which is founded upon any unrealized ideal. All true reasoning must start from things as they are. And so far as we are concerned—wish it otherwise as much as we may—it is the unbroken verdict of experience that feeling needs expression, and that without expression, feeling and emotion die. Sympathy must find words, love must be put into speech, the spirit of dependence must be voiced in prayer. We are dependent upon God. It is for our spiritual good that we should realize this fact of dependence. Such realization is the right attitude of man

this spirit. It needs words. SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL. As to the objection concerning the wish of prayer, let us think what the things are for which we wish. We wish for things material and for things spiritual. But the wish for things spiritual, as for grace, strength, patience, light—this means readiness. God's blessings come only into the open heart. God, indeed, having given us free will, can bless only the ready. There is no other way by which we can gain spiritual blessings except by that readiness of heart of which prayer is whether the elaborated it for the state of both the expression and the inspiration. A

desire for things spiritual is the indispensa ble condition. The natural expression of that desire is prayer. As for prayer for material things, as for example for recovery from sickness, such prayer is a recognition of God as mind and will and love, Because God is, therefore we can appeal to Him; and because He is God, therefore He can answer.

I appreciate the difficulty which lies in the reconciliation between God's infinite love and wisdom and God's answer to an ignorant man's prayer. It is in line with the reconciliation between God's omnipotence and man's free will. It is too hard for us. It is "beyond the circumference." We have not the brains to make it out. presented no difficulty, however, the mind of Christ. He taught that God answers prayer. And there I am content to leave it. Only this ought to be said, that there are two kinds of prayer for things material, one right and one wrong. The maxim of wrong prayer is, "Not Thy will, but mine, be done." The maxim of right prayer is, "Not mine, but Thine."

To have our hearts ready to receive the benediction of God, and to recognize and realize our relation to Him as children to a

BOUND ARMS AND LEGS. The Wonderful Fent a Natatorial Artist

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during the swim. This will be sufficient evidence, for it is obvious that if the swimmer opened his hands during the transit the iron weights would join McGinty at the bottom of the "say."
"Original Cana" Manualia

Alas how changed that lovely flower
Which bloomed and cheere
My last fair fleeting comforts of an hour.
How soon were called to part. realize our relation to Him as children to a father—this is the highest purpose of peti-tion. When God's will is done, man's Another, which may be seen, sometimes in prayer is answered. GEORGE HODGES. a modified form, in various portions of the Union, contains some information, not new

sional swimmer, succeeded in swimming the On the road between Zanesville and New ark, O., near the county line, a sign posted at the entrance to a large burial ground notifies us that "We the undersigned are East river at its narrowest point with arms and legs tied. This was con-Prepared to clean Tomb stones on short notice those desireing our service will do sidered, says the New well to give us a call give us a call and learn our terms satisfaction guaranteed." Although in the church near by, a minis-York Sun, quite an achievement at the time, but there is a young Miser advocates the literal truth of every word sourian in town who proin the sacred volume, one of his congrega-tion thus expresses his doubt as to the "resposes shortly to knock the professor's perform urrection of the body:" This body in the dust lies down ance into a cocked hat. And all flesh after him must go And his dear Remains must lie and sleep And God his soul will safely keep. Balbo swam with his hands tied behind his back, but the rope was The skeptical effect of this is counterbalanced by one next to it, which reads:

plenty of latitude, sufficient to keep him afloat The ambitious newcomes will be bound as portrayed in the illustra tion, 125 eet of rope being used in the operation, in connection with the two strams. In each hand will be a dumbbell

but wholesome: Will Perform in East River. Some years ago Prof. Balbo, a profes-

bound in such a manner as to allow the hands

to convince skeptics atte the performance that the hands were not in use

Luck on this as you pass by.
As you ar now so onst was I.
As I am now so you must be,
Prepar for death and follow me. One inscription is strongly suggestive of This languishing head is at rest

A Vell of Mist An admonition to a life without reproach