THE MUSICAL WONDER,

—BY—

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

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The Musical Wonder.

FENIMORE had a little boy who was passionately fond of music. The child was scarcely old enough to say papa and mamma, when his father bought him a flute, and from this instrument young Fenimore would evoke the most melodious tones that were ever heard from any flute. As the boy grew older his love for music increased, and his father, who was very proud of the little musician, did everything to evolve his talent. At 8 years of age Fenimore could play on any instrument that was handed him, and now everybody called him the musical wonder. The little boy's anxiety to perfect himself, however, became greater and greater. He was not satisfied with the praises obtained from the great masters of music in his native village, and he determined to go abroad and learn what knowledge was possessed by the greatest musical men of his time. By this time he could play the most difficult pieces on the piano, the harp, the violin, the flute and the horn.

When Fenimore came to his father, and told him of his resolution to go out and acquire more musical knowledge, old Fenimore was perfectly satisfied.

"Go ahead, my lad," he said; "make a master of yourself, and bring laurels to an honorable career."

Young Fenimore then departed, accompanied by the best wishes of everybody who knew him, because the boy was a very good fellow, and everybody liked him.

He traveled through many countries, and played wherever an opportunity presented itself. Most people who listened to the performances of the young artist expressed their great astonishment whenever they heard him. Fenimore himself, however, did not get much satisfaction out of his music. His ambition was insatiable, and his eager anxiety to find a man who could play better than he, left him no rest. On and on he went in search of his musical superior. He had now gone over the whole land, from East to West and from South to North. Still his efforts were in vain. So he determined one day to go to the sea and take passage on a ship which might take him away into another land. On this journey he one day entered a large and beautiful forest, which was traversed by the road leading to the sea.

Fenimore proceeded on his way for several hours, when he was suddenly startled by a wonderful melody. He stopped, and rooted to the ground as it were, he listened.

Never had he heard anything in the way of music to equal the sweetness of those strains which now fell on his ears. He realized at once that at last he had found the aim of his ambition—a musical artist superior to himself. As he stood there listening his heart and soul almost melted within him with rapturous delight. The instrument which was played was a violin, and as the notes fell from the strings on the air the winds became messengers of the sweetest sounds that ever emanated from any instrument, and the very atmosphere seemed to quiver with joyfulness.

"Oh, how lovely that is!" Fenimore cried, with rapturous excitement. "Who can that musical genius be, who changes this spot into a musical paradise?"

Then he turned to the direction whence the music seemed to come. Taking the Bird as his guide, the young musician made his way through shrubs and bushes, through hedges and thorns. The passage was sometimes very much obstructed, but no difficulty could be great enough to prevent his advance. At last he had gotten through the last inclosure, and he now found himself on a beautiful green bank, which surrounded a lake like a carpet of the softest verdure. On the lake swam swans and ducks hither and thither, as joyously as if they were trying to make a dancing floor out of the surface of the water. From every branch and twig of the surrounding brushwood birds were seen to hop and skip, up and down, to and fro. On the ground were squirrels and rabbits, foxes and deer, all jumping around in harmonious steps. For a moment Fenimore was lost in amazing wonder. Still he had not yet seen the source of the bewitching music, so he turned around and glanced along the bank of the silvery lake.

There, beneath some sweetbriar bushes, he at last discovered the figure of a beautiful maiden. She was clad in a garb of gauzy material, which hung loosely over

Fenimore Meets the Nurse.

her body. On her head she wore a golden crown, surmounted by a diamond lyre. In her left hand she held a violin, and with the other she moved the bow across the strings.

She had evidently noticed young Fenimore, for in the next moment she turned around, and while smilingly looking at him, she changed the music on her instrument, and a tune, which sounded like "Welcome, Welcome," seemed wafted toward him like the sweetest greeting he had ever heard. As the young man stepped forward toward the lovely musician the tune became more and more fascinating. Fenimore forgot himself entirely in the bewitching melody, and he did not notice that the beautiful maiden slowly walked backward toward the lake. The young fellow followed her, unheeding the water's edge. Now the maiden with the diamond lyre reaches the water, steps in, and still she continued to play, more wonderfully than ever. Fenimore also stands in the water by this time. Suddenly, as the maiden disappeared under the silvery surface of the water, he also felt himself drawn below. No sooner was he lost under the water, however, than he became unconscious, and did not recover his senses until he found himself walking in a beautiful conservatory, in the rear of a magnificent castle. This structure, he noticed, was built entirely of ivory. In the greenhouse where he was, he observed the finest specimens of a most exquisite flora, whose fragrance made the atmosphere redolent with the sweetest perfume imaginable.

Before Fenimore had time to realize where he was, the lady with the diamond lyre and the violin came to meet him.

"Welcome to my home, dear stranger," she said to him, in a voice as sweet as the music of her violin.

"Thank you," replied the young man, "but will you tell me where I am."

"You are in the Castle of the Muses, and I am the Muse of Music."

"Will you please tell me where you learned to play the violin in such a masterly manner?" asked Fenimore.

"I never learned it," replied the Muse, smilingly; "I played just the same thousands of years ago, even before David played the harp on the mountains of Palestine. I am a goddess, and it is I who first inculcated the sense of music into the human breast."

"Ah! how glad I am I have found you," cried Fenimore. "I have been passionately fond of music ever since I was born, and I am now even searching for somebody to teach me the highest perfection of musical knowledge. Would you consider it any trouble to teach me?"

"No, not at all. You may stay with me as long as you wish, and I will give you an opportunity to acquire all I know."

Fenimore's heart bounded with delight, and he thanked the Muse for her kindness. From that moment he was daily instructed by the fair Muse, and he soon found that he had to achieve a great many things before he was able to play as well as his instructress. After some years, however, he became homesick, and he had also an anxiety to go forth and show to the world what real music was like. After a great deal of hesitation on his part he at last told the Muse of his desire.

"All right, my friend," she said, "go, but make up your mind that you will meet with great disappointment. The people of the world do not yet understand the music of the gods, and maybe they will laugh at your efforts."

But Fenimore remembered the praise he had received when he was a child, and he said to his friendly hostess that he would venture to brave the critics. So he departed.

The kind Muse accompanied him as far as the lake, and as he went away he heard

Fenimore Returns Home.

her play a tune on her violin which sounded very much to him like a song of deepest sorrow and pain. But Fenimore heeded her no longer. He returned to his home, where he was received with great joy and rejoicing. The next day he played before his friends some of the music he had been taught at the castle of the Muse. When he had finished he was astonished to find that, instead of being praised, he was told that he could not play as well as when he left home. Fenimore was amazed, because, in his idea, he thought he had vastly improved. But nobody else seemed to agree with him. Wherever he went people shook their heads, and some even laughed and jeered at him for playing before them with the pretense of being a grand musician.

Fenimore' mind became troubled, and soon after he fell sick with disappointment. One day while he was in bed, suffering with a fever, he suddenly began to dream. He fancied he saw the beautiful Muse from the castle under the lake before him, beckoning him to come back to her. Then he even thought he heard her speak these words:

"Come back to me; wha is fit for the gods cannot be appreciated by mankind."

Fenimore remembered this, and when he awoke from his feverish stupor he left home, once more to return to the beautiful lake in the woods. Here the lovely music seemed to be awaiting him. She again led him into the water, and soon both of them disappeared under the lake, never to be seen by mortals anymore.

VISIT THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

The Grandest That Pittsburg Has Ever Had.

And see the magnificent exhibit of pianos and organs at the stand of Mellor & Hoene. They have some elegant pianos of the Hardman, Krakauer and Kimball makes, also quite a number of organs, among them one of their celebrated Æolian self-playing organs in a handsomely polished burl walnut case. With one of these wonderful instruments anyone can play the finest and most difficult music to perfection—this sounds impossible, but is nevertheless true—call at their stand or at their spacious warerooms, 77 Fifth avenue, and try one of the above organs yourself and see what you can do.

The array of pianos that one sees at the Palace of Music, 77 Fifth avenue, is certainly gorgeous; pianos in cases from the plainest to the most handsomely carved, and in all the rare and costly foreign and domestic woods.

Their stock of organs, comprising the Palace, Chase, Chicago Cottage, and Kimball; also the celebrated Æolian, as mentioned above, is simply grand.

If you want to get a piano or organ of standard and well-known make, go to Mellor & Hoene's, 77 Fifth avenue, where you will be sure to get just what you want, and at the lowest price and on the easiest terms. Send for catalogues and full description of their easy payment plan; a postal card costs you but a cent to address Mellor & Hoene, 77 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg. TUSU

EXCURSION TO CHICAGO

September 26, Via the P. & W. Ry.

On September 26 the Pittsburg and Western Railway will sell excursion tickets to Chicago from Pittsburg, Butler, New Castle, Pa., and intermediate stations, good until October 6, for $9. su

Prima Vera.

Our richest native wood. A chamber suit in prima vera, complete in every detail, will be found at our Exposition display in northwest end of main building.

P. C. SCHOENECK,
711 Liberty ave.

FOR a finely cut, neat-fitting suit leave your order with Walter Anderson, 700 Smithfield street, whose stock of English suitings and Scotch tweeds is the finest in the market; imported exclusively for his trade. su

BUSINESS houses who contemplate sending out circulars for this fall trade should address W. L. Callin, Wheeling, W. Va., who is now preparing the names and addresses of all well-to-do consumers residing in all towns within 40 miles of Pittsburg. TTSSu

BLACK goods, an elegant assortment in both all-wool and silk wool fabrics for fall.

HUGUS & HACKE.

A Splendid Sewing Machine Given Away.

Ladies, register your names at the Singer stand and secure a chance in the drawing, to take place at the close of the Exposition, for a Magnificent Improved Singer Machine.

CABINET photos, $1 per doz. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. TTSu

Fall Suitings and Trouserings.

Leave your order for fall suit at Pitcairn's, 434 Wood st. wsu

FRENCH Drap d'Ete, slightly imperfect, $2 50 quality, at $1 25; latest colorings.

HUGUS & HACKE.

DECLINE OF A TOWN.

The Rivalry That Brownsville Once Struck Up to Pittsburg as

A GATEWAY TO THE GREAT WEST.

General Jackson's Ambition to Become a Kentucky Distiller.

A TOWN MANY GREAT MEN HAVE VISITED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"Old Hickory."

OF all quaint stories, that of an ancient little village which once struck up a rivalry to Pittsburg as the gateway to the Unknown West, will be voted the most interesting after you hear it. Its name, now almost forgotten, long years ago was as familiar to people along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as Pittsburg's itself. This city is now looked upon as the head of navigation. But it received no such distinction in the palmy days of Brownsville. Then, it was Brownsville from which the beginning of a great river voyage was made. From the mossy levee of that hamlet famous passengers embarked, or valuable freight was loaded on steamboats for all Western and Southern destinations. That was 60 miles above Pittsburg, and when the wharves of the big city were touched by steamers from Brownsville, travelers merely stepped over the gang-plank from one boat to the other, and were speedily whisked out of sight of the metropolis, which is now really the actual starting point for that same ride.

A DECLINE AND FALL.

And so it was that 50 years ago the head of navigation was 60 miles higher up than it is to-day. But in these days the 60 miles of upper river is just as navigable, if not more so, than it was then, and a pretty little line of steamers ply between Pittsburg and Brownsville. Why, then, was the grand river route of the Ohio and Mississippi reduced that much? In the answer lies the tale of Brownsville's decline and Pittsburg's glory. And to this narrative there is a sequel—the prosperity of the whole Ohio Valley, and indirectly that of the Father of Waters also.

From the very commencement of river navigation this town of Brownsville measured arms with Pittsburg. Robert Fulton, to Pittsburg to build and launch the first and his financial backer, Livingston, had come steamboats for experimental steam navigation of the western rivers. From the courts of Louisiana they had secured monopolistic grants of the rights between the shores of the wide Mississippi. Their control of the promised navigation between Pittsburg and New Orleans would compare in our times with

A PRINCE'S FRANCHISES.

But ere Fulton had launched two vessels from the Pittsburg wharves, a plucky company of villagers had been organized in Brownsville, and soon sent past the shop of Fulton and Livingston in Pittsburg the third steamboat that ever plied the western waters. It was the Enterprise. True, Fulton's good boat Vesuvius reached New Orleans several months in advance of the Enterprise in 1814, but in rounding that far-away finish, the Enterprise returned to Pittsburg and Brownsville, the first steamboat to ever successfully ascend the Mississippi. Fulton was afraid to risk his first vessels to steam alone, and attached sails to them, but the sturdy little company of Brownsville boat-builders depended entirely upon steam. And still the next boat built and sent out from Brownsville went far beyond the experiments of Inventor Fulton, at Pittsburg, because it carried the first high-pressure engine ever boated on the rivers.

Then, to crown the throwing of Brownsville's gauntlet at the feet of the Eastern genius down at Pittsburg, the village's two boats, the Enterprise and the Washington, broke the embargo which

FULTON'S MONOPOLY

of the Mississippi promised. Fulton had caused the arrest of Captain Shreve commander and one of the owners of the Brownsville boats, when he was returning North, and had reached a point 200 miles above New Orleans. The arrest was for infringing upon his exclusive rights of steamboating on the Mississippi river. Backed by the farmers of Brownsville, Shreve stubbornly resisted the charge in the courts, carrying the case up to the Supreme bench, finally winning, and thus securing free navigation of the Father of Waters.

One of the most superb relics of the ante-railroad period in the United States is the old National Turnpike. The section of it which crosses the Allegheny Mountains is still in excellent condition. Descending the western slope of the mountains, the teamster found himself within ten miles drive of Brownsville, the grand changing place from the rambling old stage coach to the palatial steamboats which made early steamboat riding on the Western rivers memorable. Henry Clay was

THE LEADING SPIRIT

in inducing Congress to authorize the building of the National road, and in the period of which he was a distinguishing character, there became no more popular route to his home down the river than this same road. And before long it gained the name of "the road which lay between the White House, the Capitol, and the homes of the nation's Western statesmen." Brownsville became a sort of general jumping-off place, and it was not uncommon, so it is said by old residents, for members of Congress to decide among themselves before leaving Washington whether they would stop over at Brownsville for a rest—and a sup or two of that old Monongahela rye.

Thus it was that many celebrated personages visited the town of Brownsville in those early days. There are people still living up there who love to talk of their recollections of the past. For instance, I am told by one of "the oldest inhabitants" that when a steamboat from Pittsburg and the West came within two miles of the town the pilot blew his whistle as many times as he had through passengers for the East. The listening tavern keepers and stage coach drivers up in town were thereby notified how many people they would have to have accommodations for. And the signal also served to notify the town that a boat was about due, and by the time it arrived

A GREAT CROWD

was generally gathered on shore waiting to see who of prominence was among the passengers.

Nelson Bowman, one of the oldest of the townspeople, son of a settler, Jacob Bowman, lives in a grand old stone mansion, built over 100 years ago, which sits upon the summit of a small, rounded hill in the center of the village, and which has a tower of Norman style of architecture, giving the whole structure a resemblance to a foreign castle. Not only Bowman, but several other aged citizens of the place remember the reception General Lafayette received there in 1824. He had stopped at Brownsville while en route over the National road from Washington to the home of Andrew Gallatin.

Andrew Jackson was a frequent visitor to Brownsville. On one occasion when he stopped over one Monday night to await a morning boat, and only a short time before he became President of the United States, the Congressman of the district, Mr. Crawford, insisted that together they should attend Masonic lodge that evening. Jackson agreed, he being a member of the order. They were passed through the first door all right, but by some mistake in giving the password, Jackson barred himself from getting through the second door into the lodge room. For an hour Crawford had to argue with the countrymen inside about the snub they were offering the greatest warrior living. In the meantime, Jackson's spirit was rising, and he could not help resenting what he laid to Crawford's blame. But that gentleman's eloquence presently prevailed, and Jackson was admitted. Ample reparation was made for the blunder before the night was over.

WANTED A DISTILLER.

It is known to but few that Andrew Jackson once contemplated going into the whisky business. On this point information is elicited from a letter which Jacob Bowman received from the distinguished statesman only a year before he established that famous "Hermitage" in Kentucky. Nelson Bowman still has the original letter, and from it this copy is made:

CHRISTIAN COURT HOUSE, KY., AUGUST 14, 1803.

Jacob Bowman, Brownsville, Pa.:

DEAR SIR—I reached home on the 1st ult., after experiencing a tedious water voyage. I am now on my way to the Saliene, on the north side of the Ohio, in company with Mr. Deadneck. The object of this voyage is to ascertain at what salt can be made, and the probable quantity of water necessary. Should you see Captain Oliphant, be good enough to say to him, as soon as the thing is known, who is the lessee of the salt springs. He shall hear from us.

You were kind enough to say to me that you would undertake to promise me a distiller. I wish you would, of the best kind, any age. Hire him for two or three years. If one can be promised at sixpence per gallon, you may engage that he shall be furnished with three stills and a sufficient supply of grain. Any contract that you will enter into with a distiller for and on my behalf will be completed by me. I will thank you at as early a day as possible to inform me whether I may depend upon being supplied with a distill from your quarter. My wish is that the distillery be set running shortly. Oblige the distiller to be at my house as early as possible. You can direct him to inquire for me when he gets near Nashville. I live 11 miles above, on the Cumberland river.

Present my respects to your lady and family and to Mr. Teernan and family, and believe me to be, with high esteem and respect,

Your obd. serv.,
ANDREW JACKSON.

THE MAILS OF THOSE DAYS.

This letter, mailed by General Jackson on August 14, 1803, didn't reach Mr. Bowman until September 3, and that was counted extraordinary fast mails! This was in the period of Jackson's life when he was striving, as the head of a trading firm, to build up his wrecked fortuness, which were his relics of a financial failure in 1798. History says that at that time he raised corn, hogs, cattle and boated lumber. This is the first time distilling has been disclosed as one of his ventures. He certainly came to a good place to choose a distiller, for the Monongahela Valley was full of them, even at that early date.

John Quincy Adams visited Brownsville in 1822, or three years before he became President. He made an address in the Episcopal church to the citizens. He was returning from Cincinnati at the time. "Tippecanoe" Harrison was another frequent visitor in the town on his road to and from Washington.

A MARVELOUS BRIDGE.

The first tubular iron bridge, a marvelous structure even to-day, was built across Dunlap's creek in the town in 1835 for the National road. It is about 150 feet long. There is but one arch, and the roadway of the bridge is covered with three or four feet of earth. The supports are like huge water pipes, curved in nearly a half circle. This is the oldest iron bridge in the United States, and is kept in repair by the Government.

Henry Clay came to Brownsville when the iron bridge was completed. He was deeply interested in this bridge, having urged the passage of the bill in Congress for an appropriation for its erection. The old inhabitants of the town have cause to remember the day that brought Clay there. The body of the stage coach in which he and other prominent men were seated was upset from the running gears just at one entrance of the bridge on account of the deep mud, and the occupants were thrown out against the abutment. That same evening Clay dedicated the bridge.

Among other well-known men of that time who either stopped at Brownsville or passed through on their way to or from Washington were Patrick Henry, John J. Chittenden and President Polk.

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

But a change has come over the scene. A shining pathway of steel rails was worn across the Allegheny Mountains by the tread of progress, and this metal highway diverged from the beaten footprints of those pioneer statesmen, leaving Brownsville far to the southward of the big trail, and itself widening into a grand avenue in the Union depot at Pittsburg. The stagecoach fell to pieces, the canalboat has long since been dismantled, and the steamboat has been relegated to the wants of a petty freight trade. Presidents and national law makers no longer put up at the quaint taverns of Brownsville, but perchance breathe a heavy snore as silver-mounted Pullman cars roll them through the blazing furnaces of the Iron City at midnight.

The old taverns of the National road are still to-day taverns for "the traveling public," but the public seldom gets that far above the modern head of navigation. All that remains in Brownsville to recall its intimacy with the "men of the times" is a modest marble monument in the village cemetery marking the graves of both father and mother of James G. Blaine, who, when a boy on his native heath, made one of the gaping crowd on Brownsville's river landing watching for some of the great faces of the halls of Congress. JACKSONIAN.

He Had Been There Before.

Central (to Old Si Low, using the telephone for the first time to call up his wife at Turniptop)—Hello! Did you get her?

Mr. Low (as the lightning strikes the wires)—Yes, b'gosh! That's her—I reconnize her!—*Puck.*

A Crusty Relative.

Mamma—Can't you get Uncle John to go wading with you, Dick? I don't like to trust you alone.

Dick—I just asked him, and he said he was wading already; and then he growled out something about "through the market reports."—*Judge.*

M. G. COHEN, diamond expert and jeweler, formerly corner Fifth ave. and Market st., now at 533 Smithfield st.

OVERHOLT, Golden Wedding, Large, Gibson and Dillinger whisky for sale in large quantities by Geo. H. Bennett & Bro., 135 First avenue, second door below Wood street.

A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH

Whose Whole Life Was Ruined by Injudicious Early Training.

HE WAS TO BE A WEBSTER OR CLAY

The Proper Regimen as it is Indicated by Shirley Dare.

SOME SPECIFIC REMEDIES ADVISED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A very saddening letter comes from a Western village, sad with its betrayal of a life, physically wrecked through utter ignorance of the laws of bringing up clever children. The writer was naturally a child of nervous, excitable, intellectual sort, very quick to learn, praised by everyone, and, being sensitive and fond of praise, this spurred him on to greater efforts. At 4 and 5 years old, he was put up to speak in church, at Sunday school concerts, doubtless, and always was selected when recitations were to be made.

The story cannot be better told than in words of the penciled letter, held by a hand too nervous to shape the words clearly: "Everybody said I would make my mark some day. In early youth I read the lives of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln and Garfield. These made me wild with ambition. I resolved to become a lawyer and a great orator. My father was a farmer, and I had to work very hard very early, and at night I would stay up late and read and study and dream of the future. My father promised to send me to college if I did not want to be a farmer; indeed, he himself thought I ought to be something higher. But meantime I had to work as hard as I possibly could."

THE NATURAL RESULT.

At 16 the face of the boy, overdone bodily and mentally, broke out in pimples and sores, he grew languid and tired. "And they all the time told me," he says, "that I was more good when I was younger. Still I and all the rest thought I was well, and I paid no attention to my health till I was 18, when I used to get severe pain near the heart, when exercising, and very weak spells, which the doctor said was all my stomach. I had an enormous appetite, and always was a great coffee drinker. That year I doctored with three physicians, but they did not do me much good, and my health was rapidly breaking down. I became very melancholy.

"The winter I was 19 was the time set for me to go to college, and though I was very poorly I was determined to go, hoping my health would get better. I went, and my nervous system broke down completely. I could not sleep nor digest, and became so melancholy I nearly despaired, and at the end of my first term the doctor ordered me to go home. * * * It is nearly two years since I went to college. Since then I have gone through the greatest spells of melancholy, at times unable to sleep, with all sorts of noises in my ears, and if I have the least anxiety or cannot decide at once which of two things to do it nearly throws me off my balance.

"The blood rushes to my head, my stomach sinks and fills with gas, and I cannot sleep nor digest. The inability to decide on an occupation in such health has been a great source of worry. I am extremely irritable and the noises and din of a young child is very poison to me. I am all the time craving something to eat or drink—" and follows a recital of the worst horrors of dyspepsia, when neither milk, fruit or water can be taken without fermentation, nausea and acute distress, sleeplessness and restlessness, all the Gehenna which poor Carlyle suffered from the same cause and regimen.

BOTH MORAL AND PHYSICAL.

I think no one who has tried to take intelligent care of youth can read this without intense pity. It is the story of hundreds and thousands who are originally the best material of our citizens. The wrong is partly moral and physical, and in both cases wrong as can be. The son of a working farmer obliged to toil to hold his homestead and make a living; the harm began with the canker vanity implanted in the child, which developed into cancerous ambition into the growing lad. It will be years before the American public can be persuaded of it, but neither moral nor mental excellence is possible to the child put forward for public exhibition at any age.

The whole system of public display for children is a degradation and a harm beyond description. The few who outgrow the strain do not begin to balance the many injured for life who are feeble in nerves and brain after 20, because they have done a life work before it, wasting in the effort to do with immature force what would have served for good results until 50. Was there no one in church or Sunday school to teach the morbid boy that success in life had a different meaning from the heated panegyrics of biography, or to tell him what an honest man can deny; that neither Webster, nor Clay, nor any public men out of a thousand could be held models of private worth?

If Lincoln deservedly holds the place nearest the nation's heart to-day, it is not for his oratory or his many gifts, but for an unflinching integrity and faithfulness to duty. Alas, where do boys find the teaching that character alone is the measure of success? I should grieve in all my soul, refusing to be comforted, if, in the end, my son had no higher success to show than those of the public men whose careers fired the ambition of the Western farm lad whose failure we are considering.

NO WONDER AT ALL.

Why was not the mother wise enough to send the boy to bed after his hard day's work instead of letting him sit up late reading, brooding, dreaming? City dissipation does not ruin a lad's health more surely than overwork, ambition and sitting up late to study and dream. What wonder that the nerve force deserted the stomach when the time of natural development came, and the strain of body and brain was not relaxed.

The diet of coffee, pork, hot biscuit, fried eggs and pie usual in farmers' families was not suited to a growing boy, and the blotches on the face were a natural result. The oversensitive nervous fiber and the digestive organs sympathized. The result is, the studious, dreaming boy has been subject to a condition verging on nervous insanity, not uncommon in youth. It is, however, not difficult of cure, if strict care is kept up. The condition of health and usefulness the rest of his life must be this strict regimen in all personal habits. He should not work like a full grown man.

Ten hours a day of moderate exertion is a limit he should never exceed. To those who know how farmers often work, 14 hours a day, this advice is not superfluous. Any idea of college or profession should be given up for two years to come. It will not be time lost. The outdoor work, the gain in health, the general information gained by reading an hour at a time, even more, will quite balance any extorted gain in study. A quiet mind, laying its ambitions aside, sure of gain in experience in the end, will do much for health.

EARLY TO BED.

No late hours should be tolerated, and the sleeping room should be ventilated by a wide-open window. For the dyspepsia nothing is better than the old-fashioned remedy of a quart of boiling water poured on half a pint of wood ashes and a spoonful of soot, stirred and kept all together in a close jar. A tablespoonful of the clear liquid in a teacup of boiling water, cooled to be just drinkable, should be taken half an hour before eating. All fluid should be sipped, with intervals between swallowing. The ash tea, diluted with water, boiled and cooled, should be taken at the first symptoms of acidity, the teeth well brushed and mouth rinsed with ash water before and after eating each meal, an important direction for dyspeptics.

Assuage thirst by a wet cloth on the throat and by splinters of ice swallowed before melting, which cools the gastric inflammation. Avoid all food that distresses, if one has to eat soft eggs for two years. But this can be varied with juice of beef from any common neck pieces, baked in a close jar, cooled, skimmed from the slightest fat, and taken slowly, a small cupful at a time. Game soup from prairie chicken is also good. Parched corn, ground with a little cream, is often well borne. All bread should be graham or whole meal, made with sour milk and soda, or baking powder instead of yeast, well baked and crusty, eaten with little butter.

Nutrition may be aided by rubbing sweet oil on the stomach and abdomen three times daily and at night, using three tablespoonfuls at a time, protecting the clothes by oiled silk over the skin. The oil is absorbed and strengthens the system, without taxing digestion, and lessens the terrible cravings for food which must not be eaten in quantity. A small amount may be taken five times a day, eaten slowly, without distress, when the same quantity taken in three meals would cause torment.

ANOTHER IDEA.

To ease the craving for food chew a little liquorice root, or lovage, not more than a bit an inch long, after each meal. Chewing pure spruce gum is of advantage to dyspeptics in strengthening the stomach, and aiding digestion by increase of secretion, and the aromatic taste satisfies morbid hunger. Needless to say, this is a habit for solitude only. A dyspeptic must abandon the habit of reading at meals, a habit in which many of them indulge. Laughter, jokes, change of scene and diversion should be sought, and made much of. A joke is as good as a dose of medicine, but the only medicine I shall prescribe is the charcoal and pepsin lozenge, three to half a dozen a day.

An emulsion of gum arabic dissolved in boiled water, beaten up with pure sweet olive oil, is often well borne by dyspeptics, and supplies a concentrated and needed nutriment; dose, a tablespoonful at a meal. A few doses of rhubarb and castor oil will be of use, but the whole meal crusts, and careful diet, will regulate all symptoms in time. Read for fresh information, lively travels, the *Scientific American* and *Popular Science*, train pets, and raise flowers or study music; in short, seek every diversion, and healthy interest, and the disappointment of early ambitions may be the greatest blessing in life. SHIRLEY DARE.

THE SUN IN HARNESS.

Something About the Best Pictures Made in Pittsburg.

For some time past observing men and women have noticed that the finest photographs made in Pittsburg have come from the galleries under the supervision of Mr. James R. Pearson. The struggle for supremacy among the photographers of Pittsburg was a long and hard fight. It brought about an overhauling of galleries and the introduction of all the latest inventions in the art that has made longer strides than any other in the last decade. Now the question is practically settled, and it is admitted that when a photo bears the name "Pearson," it has the strongest indorsement that can be placed upon it.

It is easily understood how the Pearson Galleries have attained the high measure of popularity they now enjoy. In the first place a picture that comes from Pearson is marked by two characteristics—fidelity in the reproduction of the features of the subject and beauty of finish. There is nothing harsh about these pictures, and they are attractive in every sense. This is true about cabinet photographs, about the large photographs, the crayons and the water colors that have done so much to make these galleries noted. These results are not obtained by chance. They come because the most skillful of workmen are engaged on them and the men are furnished with a perfect plant to do their work.

In the reception rooms polite attendants are always in waiting, competent to suggest ideas to those who choose to depend on the photographers' experience and quick to catch the notion of those who want their pictures marked by individuality. Their general aim is to give each sitter the style of picture he may desire; their particular aim is to see that none leave the galleries dissatisfied. If one sitting does not procure what is wanted, a second may and after that comes the third, the fourth, or as many as may be necessary.

A specialty of the Pearson galleries is the pictures of babies. Many photographers dread this branch of the work. Mr. Pearson has had such marked success in this line, that what is a task to others is a pleasure to him; so much so that no visitor is more welcome than a little one.

Mr. Pearson's galleries are at 96 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, and 43 and 45 Federal street, Allegheny. Both are well equipped. Both are full of skilled artists and both are under the personal supervision of Mr. Pearson. Call at either and you will get a picture of which you and your friends will be proud. And remember his prices are within the reach of all.

DO YOU WANT A FINE PIANO?

The Everett Club or Co-Operative System

Offers the following inducements, if you wish to pay cash. By becoming a member you will save $75 in the price of the piano and get it at once. If you cannot spare the cash you can get your piano any time, on payments of $25 cash and $2 50 per week, no interest; and still save $75 in the price. If you cannot pay so fast, by waiting until your number is drawn you will get your piano on payments of $1 per week, no interest, and save $75 in the regular price to our retail trade. Think of this! Our club is composed of 350 members, each paying $1 per week. Thus you see the members are buying for cash, and one piano is delivered to the member whose number is drawn each week, until all are supplied, or, if one-half of the members take their pianos and pay $2 50 per week, we deliver twice the number, and get double the amount of cash each week, and it leaves only one-half the number to be drawn on the $1 weekly payments. It is a simple business problem. We are saving our members the difference in price by contracting for 350 pianos at one time, and on a cash basis. We have now enough members to guarantee the success of this plan, and have decided to begin delivering the pianos on Saturday, September 21. Do not wait, but apply for membership at once. Call and see the piano, or send for circular. ALEX. ROSS, Manager,
137 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

FAIR AT WASHINGTON, PA.

Excursions Via the Panhandle Route.

Excursion tickets, including admission to the fair, will be sold from Pittsburg to Washington at rate of $1 50 from September 17 to 20, good returning until September 21. On September 18, 19 and 20 a special train will leave here at 7:10 A. M., central time, returning leave Washington at 5 P. M. Panhandle trains stop at the fair grounds. TTS

CHRISTY'S DANCING ACADEMY,

1010 and 1012 Penn Avenue.

Grand reopening Monday evening, September 23. All old pupils and their friends are cordially invited. Academy open for inspection all next week. Circulars are now ready. Apply at the academy.

Prima Vera.

Our richest native wood. A chamber suit in prima vera, complete in every detail, will be found at our Exposition display in northwest end of main building.

P. C. SCHOENECK,
711 Liberty ave.

WE make a specialty of repairing, refurnishing and upholstering furniture of all kinds. Packing of household goods for storage or shipment carefully done.

HAUGH & KEENAN,
33 and 34 Water st. 'Phone, 1626.

JACKETS, all colors, new fall styles, now ready. HUGUS & HACKE.

HIGHEST prices paid for ladies' or gents' cast-off clothing at De Haan's Big 6, Wylie ave. Call or send by mail. wsu

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Advocated by a Widely-Advertised Author in Her Latest Book.

SOME WAYS TO CHECK DIVORCE.

Why Women Too Often Leap Before They Look Into Matrimony.

NOVELS AS SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Mona Caird, the daring Englishwoman, who precipitated the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" upon a startled world, has now written a book upon the same subject, which has been recently published, and is entitled, "The Wing of Azrael." Although Mrs. Caird started the discussion of marriage in the pulpits and in the heavy magazines, she now amplifies her views in a novel, which clergymen and Sunday school superintendents should carefully examine before it is placed upon the shelves of Sabbath school libraries, or is selected for prizes for the little girls and boys who recite the most Bible verses or commit to memory the most hymns and gospel songs. "The Children of the Abbey," "The Scottish Chiefs," and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," which have lately been dug out of the dust of antiquity for use as such prizes, are very, very mild—as novels go in these days—but when published in a former generation they were as vigorously denounced, by the truly orthodox, as "Robert Elsmere" or those of even the Amelie Rives, or Laura Jean Libbey school of today. It availed nothing with the good old brethren of that day that the "Children of the Abbey" only illustrated the old proverb of Shakespeare that "The course of true love never did run smooth," or that in life "The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love," for, notwithstanding, all the good old mothers

REGARDED IT WITH HORROR,

and put it in the hottest part of the fire with the tongs, when they found it in possession of their young daughters. It availed nothing with the fathers that "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs" inculcated the pure passion of patriotism and gave to the world history in its most attractive form; they were as unhesitatingly condemned as though they were in truth the fruit of "the evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge," by which name Sir Anthony Absolute condemned the circulating libraries.

The pulpit, even until late years, condemned novels, and hardly 25 years ago in religious and respectable families they were held in abhorrence and duly confiscated and burned wherever found, while young people were talked to and reasoned with as to their deadly and unholy effect, with untiring zeal. But mark the change.

Every Sunday school library is now stuffed with novels, both standard and freshly written, while the old sentimental ones of the early part of the century—once under the ban of the Church and burned at the stake by the forefathers—are now used as prizes by Sunday school teachers for proficiency in Biblical knowledge and regular attendance upon the means of grace.

But while novels in the olden time were considered a great moral evil and a device of the devil for the most powerful mischief, they are now showing—with all their admitted influence and forces for good—that the fears then entertained were not wholly unfounded, in one respect at least, since some novels are now becoming in certain particulars antagonistic to the Church.

AIRS HER IDEAS.

In "The Wing of Azrael," Mrs. Caird keeps to her special line of attack on the subject of marriage, though she airs her notions very freely on other social difficulties. She distinctly, however, asserts in the preface that "its object is not to convince or to convert, but to represent." If the picture she paints be true to nature, as shown in English society, it is a most repulsive one to contemplate. It is a blackly drawn tragedy throughout, and might be pronounced unreal and overstrained, if the daily papers did not teem with just such cases of marital infelicity, often ending in murder, though it is usually the man who murders and then commits suicide. Most of these are doubtless from the same cause—from the fact that women rush blindly into marriage for a home, for a living, or to please their friends. They take upon themselves a solemn contract, and are then not prepared to live up to its conditions. But it is not too much to say that women who have attained years of discretion should be prepared for the consequences, and grin and bear the result of their folly as best they can, or get out of it gracefully as best they may. Men have to stand by their contracts under the law, whether for better or for worse, and women who go into a bargain with their eyes open can hardly have the face to claim exemption.

JUMPING AT CHANCES.

Women, through ignorance and the customs of society, are much more apt to enter upon the solemn contract of marriage unadvisedly and foolishly than men. It opens to them—"deluded souls who dream of heaven," as the hymn goes—freedom, independence, release from the sordid conditions of their lives and an entrance upon the promised land of love, with all its fond endearments and sweet possessions. But, alas, unless, not only love, but congenial companionship exist, the many are disappointed. The beautiful dreams of even the fondest love vanish oftentimes before the stern realities of life. House rent and taxes and grocer bills have no poetry in them