

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 24, 1899.

#### A PARABLE.

I watched at eve, by the ocean-The crowd was passing near, But I gazed on its bosom, heaving, With feelings akin to fear; The day was dying, westward,

In a glory of crimson and gold. And the flush of the sky and water Was a poem of God untold.

I looked at the high waves rushing, All crested, upon the shore; I heard, far out on the billows, The ocean's muffled roar; I thought of the silent thousands Under the water's sheen, And I seemed to hear them moaning,

Like phantoms in a dream. My soul went out to help them In pitiful, earnest prayer, As I pictured those depths all jeweled With the treasures lying there, When a rush of the billows brought me And laid at my frightened feet

A half dead, beaten lily, Helpless and drenched and-sweet. It lay there mute and broken, But I fancied it seemed to say. "For the sake of the sweet Christ, lift m Ere the next wave bear me away !"

Quickly I stooped and raised it, I washed it from weeds and slime: I carried it home and placed it. In a slender vase of mine. I poured in crystal water.

I braced up the fragile form, And saw, indeed, it was lovely Before it had met the storm But I sighed as I turned and left it. And thought, had I passed it by, A poor, wrecked flower on the seashore.

I might not see it die.

Time passed. The days wore slowly Ere back to my room I went. But I stopped on the very threshold, Wondering what is meant; There in its vase of crystal Stood the lily erect and fair.

And a fragrance sweet as heaven Was floating on the air I gazed and gazed in my gladness At the pure brow lifted high, When the sunlight touched its glory And lingered in passing by.

The tears uprose to my eyelids, I held them in no control-Need I say it?--my storm-tossed flower Was a beautiful human soul.—Mercedes

### AN INCIDENT OF VICTORY.

She was sitting on the piazza when the news came to her.

The Marechal Neil roses were blooming; a mocking bird was turning every other bird's talent into insignificance. The little colored girl brought her a morning paper and laid it down on her lap and sat down at her feet to sort the stockings in her work basket.

Mrs. Rivers read the editorials, then turned to the war news. The headlines looked quiet, and down the column were the names of two more identified dead bodies; only regulars. J. P. Rivers, private, was one of the names, followed by the company and regiment numbers. It was her only son.

She laid the paper down in her lap and sat looking over the straggly grass in the yard, over which the great bulky magno lia trees threw dark shadows.

The mocking bird was now singing a luxurious contralto-solo, having finished imitating amateurs; the little darkey at her feet was thrusting her fingers into the stockings and humming a tune. From the kitchen floated out a folk-song, which the cook was singing.

Mrs. Rivers caught herself thinking of this tune and remembered she had read somewhere that persons often pay the greatest attention to trifles around them hen a mental blow has struck them like a club.

She remembered thinking how impossible a negro's beautiful tones are to imitate; how it was claimed that the reason for Melba's great magnetism came from her being the only singer who could strike the exact shade of sound that a negro could; then she had wondered where she had

read that. How wonderfully the cook was singing; from what ancestry did she inherit that hypnotic middle of the note; it was especially noticeable when she sang that minor refrain: "Chariot of the Lord rolling

Her mind then took up the thread of her boy's childhood and she realized how her heart had ached through all those early misdemeanors of his; of that first awful fear-awakening that probably her boy was not morally responsible; that what had forced herself to accept as childish indiscretions were growing into settled immoralities. She had prayed to God with clenched hands night after night that such would not be the case; that the boy would prove himself as much of a man as his father.

The father had never seen this child; it was born while he was in the army of the Potomac just as he was going into battle, and all he could do was to write his prayer that should death come to him while wore the gray the boy might grow up to be son, protector and guide to his mother.

Death touched the father with honor. Men cheered him as he fell and wept when they dragged his riddled body off the battlefield. Dying, he carved his name high among the State's heroes, where men said he would have placed it even had he lived and never fought with a musket.

She thought of that first serious trouble the boy had brought home, and how she had spent her savings that the townspeople might not hear of it; how she had schemed and planned to bear her grief over him alone, so she would have no pity shown her. She

was too proud for pity.

She grew to shrink from the newspapers, fearing she might see his name in great letters staring at her from the headlines, doing-she dared not think what. She wondered how the other mothers stood their children's immoralities with such equanimity, going among their friends as if all were well. A loud ring at the door always made her nerves thrill until they

And now he was dead? For the first time she saw his name in print, but the letters were small and the But the Great "Philadelphia Sunday Press" people on the staff of the paper didn't seem to know that this was "Jack" Rivers, of

their own town. She was right in that surmise; the people on the paper didn't know; they hardly knew there was a Mrs. Rivers in that town. They were of a newer generation and even the older townspeople never knew bowed and silent at 50. Few visitors

came to the little, old, rambling house; she rarely went out except to church on Sunday morning. She was a woman without confidants; her sorrow had so absorbed her, that she would have been astonished to know that half the people in the town never remembered Jack's misdoings very keenly; the world was too swift, to full of

worse men than he. There were a few staunch old friends whose hearts yearned with sympathy for this proud broken woman, but they respected her tremendous struggle too keenly to worry her with the subject of her sorrow, and nothing they could have said would have convinced her that she would not be pitied if she went out into the

if they allow their lives to become nar-

She passed through the French window and said to the old cook: "Marse Jack is dead, Melinda; he was killed in the big battle last week."

Melinda hadn't been brought up a Calvinist, and Marse Jack had been her baby. Morals or no morals, she gave him the loyalty dogs give men without analysis-and she cried her poor old heart out through the long day. She yearned to go comfort his mother; draw her head down into her big lap and cry with her, but Mrs. Rivers had become a woman that women didn't easily

The next morning the paper had the name in staring headlines. The mother saw it across the length of the piazza as the colored child brought it.

"Oh, they have remembered," she cried, 'Why not have let him rest in death!" But the headlines told of glory. It was a despatch from the Associated Press correspondent, and it told how Rivers, private, had fallen in the front of his regiment, holding the old flag, cheering on men who were a quarter of a century older than he, planting his colors at the top of a hill, the first man there!

Such was his death in the mad heat, under an awful sun, bored by bullets while he dug his flagstaff in the enemy's country. making crazy by his example hundreds of men who tugged like bloodhounds at a leash to get down the hill after the retreaters, and choke, strangle every man who had shot at him.

Then came columns about him from the local staff. This Rivers they now remembered was Jack Rivers, a townsman, an aristocrat who enlisted as a regular years ago; anecdotes of his childhood were told; stories of his daring adventures when he had been the worst young scamp in town and had led every other boy into mischief. There was an editorial telling how his father died. This was written by the gray haired old editor who fought by the father's side. He touched the boy's death with fine old phrases and gave him a place

by his father's side. A cablegram came from the white haired Southern general, who knew the family well, and he told the mother over the wire that death had given her another hero and that the dead boy lay in his own tent, where hundreds honored him. The mayor sent to ask if the cablegram might be published, and said he had arranged to have the body sent up at the city's expense.

On the day of the funeral the church was thronged far past the inner doors with curious and interested groups of people, friends and acquaintances. It was the first soldier's funeral in that town since '65. The townspeople knew now that this was war.

It was cannon as well as flag. It was bullets as well as talk. Every mother in the city had a heartache for this first bereaved mother.

But when those people tell you the story of that day now they talk no more of grief; they tell of something that only a few understood.

The crowd at the gateway of the church parted to let the coffin pass, and hundreds of faces were lifted to the one mourner. Dozens of emotional colored people were sobbing aloud. The town was showing its patriotism in this funeral. Union veterans walked beside Confederate veterans, the local militia had turned out, the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the Confederacy were side by side

The coffin was covered with the flag and was borne by colored servants. The mothmourner, walked behind by er, the only the side of the gray-haired friend of the boy's father.

Eyes that were turned to her in pity grew large with astonishment. Here was no bent, broken woman. She stood every inch her splendid height. The face was triumphant. The younger generation who had only known her since she looked so

old and feeble hardly recognized her. The gray eyes looked squarely into the future; her step was buoyant; her mouth almost smiled. And only a few in the crowd knew that the look meant that her poy would never be humiliated now. He had died as his father's son should die!

Down the long church aisle she swept, as if going to a marriage altar instead of a mourner's pew. Her appearance was the sensation of the church; and men and women pressed to the door to see her come

They buried him under the hanging Spanish moss by his father's memorial tablet. She stood straight as a lance beside the open grave, and was almost beautiful with that triumphant look in her

The bells of the old Spanish cathedral by the sea rung out the "Ave Marie;" a few good Catholics in the crowd crossed themselves. The salute was fired over a soldier's body. Just as the evening star swung into the glowing sky an old man who had gone through the war with his father stepped from behind a great tree and

placed the bugle to his lips.

He tried twice and failed. Then "Lights Out" quivered and died on the air. The man sobbed aloud as he broke on the last note. He had gone in memory back to the night before the father's death. But the mother stood there with that same ook on her face, ready at last to look into

the eyes of the coming years. Her husband's son had died a hero and the town had forgotten the past. Wouldn't the dear God do so, too?-Harrydele Hallmark.

# A Noteworthy Departure.

Sixty Cents Worth of Entertainment for only Ten

It has been considered wonderful to publish a magazine for 10 cents containing as much reading matter as would be given in comes to the front with the announcement that, beginning last Sunday, 19th it will be so enlarged that each number will contain six times as much reading matter as any ten cent magazine. Just think of it! For five cents you can get "The Philadelphia Sunday Press" and find as much entertainment and instruction as if you spent 60 ton, Ky.; Laura L. Wallen. Narragansett

### Those Letter Boxes.

They Figure Prominently in the Adams Poisoning Case.-Now there's Another One.-Mrs. Rogers Hired One Under the Name of Miss Addeson .-Found Out by Accident by Her Dentist .- She then Gave it up.

The latest strange development in the remarkably strange case of the poisoning of Mrs. Katherine J. Adams of New York is the fact that her daughter, Mrs. Rodgers, while still living with her husband, Edward Rodgers, and with the full knowledge of her mother, was in the habit of receiving mail at a private letter box, which she rented under the assumed name of "Miss

Addeson.' Private letter boxes have already figured She had grown self centered with absorbing one subject, as persons are apt to do mail sent to "Miss Addeson" evidently came from the New York Athletic club or from strange persons connected with that organization, as the envelopes bore the red winged Mercury foot, the insignia of the club. These facts will undoubtedly open a new and interesting field of investigation for the district attorney's office at the coroner's inquest this week.

ACCIDENTAL EXPOSURE.

It was by a peculiar coincidence that the identity of Mrs. Rodgers and Miss Addeson was established. She leased the box fron David Murdock and his wife, who keep a stationary store at 503 Columbus avenue, which is only a few blocks from the flat at 61 West Eighty-sixth street where she was then living with her mother and husband and where Mrs. Adams was afterward poisoned. One day Dr. Albert A. Vedder of 100 West Eighty-sixth street, who was Mrs. Roger's dentist, was standing in Murdock's store when Mrs. Roger's passed, dressed in a bicycle costume.

"There goes "Hello!" he exclaimed. Mrs. Rogers in a bicycle suit!" "That isn't Mrs. Rodgers," said Murdock. "That is Miss Addeson. She is customer of mine."

"She is a customer of mine, too," replied the dentist. "I've met her husband, and her name is Rogers."

## THE DENTIST'S RUSE.

This incident occurred about a year ago, and both the dentist and the stationer have occasion to remember it from its bearing on subsequent events. Dr. Vedder had a hill against Mrs. Rogers for filling her teeth. He had sent the bill to Mr. Rogers, and it had not been paid. While thinking over the discovery of the dual identity of his patient it struck him that it might be a good idea to send the bill again in the name of Miss Addeson.

He did so, and a few days later Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Rogers came together to the dentist's office. They wanted to know why he had sent the bill in the name of Addeson. When Dr. Vedder replied that he had learned that Mrs. Rogers sometimes received mail in that name, Mrs. Adams said that the name Addeson was her daughter's right name. They then paid the bill and went away.

Mrs. Rogers then went to Mr. Murdock

and reproved him for revealing the fact that she hired a private letter box from him under an assumed name. She was so indignant that she gave up the box then and there.

# Washington's Tact.

The First President's Shrewd Knowledge of Feminine Foibles.

His Excellency, the first of a long line of Presidents of these United States, was an excellent indge of men and manners also of women, who are not so clearly ly grace and dignified address Washington possessed a keen and shrewd knowl edge of feminine foibles. His humor and worldly wisdom illuminates a letter written about a young lady who was contemplating a second marriage It was evidently in response to some appeal for his advice that Washington wrote my own part, I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage. First, because I never could advise one to marry without her own consent, and second, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion or requires advice on such an occasion till her resolution is formed, and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation that she applies. In a word, the plain English of the application may be summed up in these words: 'I wish you to think as I do; but if, unhappily, you dif-fer from me in opinion, my heart, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far to retract.' What more could be said in dealing with

such a case? Men and women upon whom the "Advice Habit" is fastening can learn a useful lesson from George Washington who refused to rush in on the delicate ground where angels fear to tread.

High Rate Pensioners. Referring again to the proposition to give a pension to ex-Senator John M. Palmer. I find at the pension office that two persons, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield, receive pensions of \$5,000 a year; one, Mrs. Sheridan, has \$2,500; eight, including Mrs. John C. Fremont, Mrs. Logan and Mrs. George B. McClellan, receive \$2,000 a year, and 45 receive \$1,200 a year. Among these are the widows of Gen. N. P. Banks, John B. Corse, Walter Q. Gresham George A. Custer, Gen. Doubleday, Gen. Hartranft, Gen. Robert Anderson, Gen. Casey, Gen. Gibbon, Gen. Kirkpatrick, Gen. Mower, Gen. Paul, Gen. Ricketts Gen. Warren, Gen. Rousseau and Admiral Wilkes. Among the men who receive pensions of \$100 a month are John A. McCler nand, of Illinois; John M. Thayer, of Lincoln, Neb.; Franz Sigel, of New York, and John C. Black, of Chicago. The remainder are granted to soldiers of the late war who suffered the loss of both hands, and are as follows: George W. Warner, New Haven, Conn.; Lewis A. Horton, Boston, John W January, Dell Rapids, S. D.: Thomas Riley, Cresco, Ia.; William Greiter, Columbus, Ohio; Edward P. Latham, Burton, Ohio; Thomas Shelby, Wilson, Ohio; Bernard Magoonaugh, Detroit; Samuel W. Price, Louisville; Benjamin Franklin, Red Oak, Ia.; Alonzo Alden, Troy, N. Y.; Morris Dury, New York city; Michael Ma-ker, Highland Falls, N. Y.; Daniel Fuller, Ulysses, Pa.; Nathan Kimball, Ogden, Utah; Richard D. Dumpy, Vallejo, Cal.; Joseph A. Cooper, St. John, Kan.; Frank Mark, St. Louis, Mo.; Michael Casey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Samuel Decker, Washington, D. C. William, P. Decker, Washington, M. St. Louis, Mo.; Michael Casey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Samuel Decker, Washington, D. C. William, P. Decker, Washington, P. C. William, P. Decker, Washington, M. S. Samuel Decker, Washington, P. C. William, P. Decker, Washington, P. C. William, P. Decker, Washington, P. C. William, P. Decker, Washington, P. Decker, P. Dec ington, D. C.; William B. Denny, Washington, D. C., and Thomas Dennis, Washington, D. C.

The other pensioners drawing \$100 a month are Emily J. Stannard, of Burlington, Vt.; Henrietta O. Whittaker, Lexingwhy this woman had grown so old and bowed and silent at 50. Few visitors "Sunday's Press." It will be a wonder.

Pier, R. I., and Mary H. Nicholson, New York city.—Chicago Record.

THE HOLY LAND.

In Jerusalem—Its Narrow Streets and Cosmopo Inhabitants—The Mosque of Omar on the Site of the Temple-Bethlehem and Its Holy Traditions Marred by Ignorant Superstitions.

To visit the Mosque of Omar a consular permission is necessary and the kavass of sides. the consulate must accompany you. So one day the good little Bishop from Barcelona, Dr. Shoemaker and I were standing in front of the New hotel waiting for the American Kavass to accompany us diminutive stature. Dr. Shoemaker glis- fashion. tened in immaculate white, all except his green veil, green umbrella and green monocle. A tripe visaged, unwashed descendant of the Prophet espied us and walked slowly around us wondering, apparently, what were these wild-fowl, of strange plumage, that had so startlingly come from Allah knows where. He passed the word and in a twinkling we were surrounded by a crowd which circled around us to admire the doctor's veil and monocle and the Bishop's hat, from different facets, and I was compelled to be inspected with them and generally worried like a new bird at the Zoo. I'm always the victim. A white turbaned son of Mahomet wanted Dr. Shoemaker to smoke from his pipe, and was amazed because he declined. Another, a fungous faced Islamite hearing us call him doctor, wanted him to cure his rupture.

The kavass' uniform was like that of clown, he carried a club like an alpenstock, with which, with considerable pomp and display he knocked on the paving stones, or the heads and shoulders of the Arabs, Turks and Jews who were not smart Kavass was proud, and, going by the shops where flour, fruit, salt-fish, candles and caviar were sold he saluted his friends, con- Allah! descendingly, for he was the visible symbol of the majesty of the great American Republic, Porto Rico, Cuba, Guam and the

Tagalos and Visayans thrown in. On the way to Solomon's Temple we dignified with the name of streets, being covered, it is like groping in semi-twilight a sort of Daemon Daemmering, in which you see spice dealers, money changers, scribes (and Pharisees) hooded women (bundles in white) grunting camels, patient donkeys and cup-board-like shops packed with wares. A string of heavily ladened camels came along, the dervish conductors shrieking as if they had an able bodied colic. The street was so narrow that we had to make ourselves thin against the old Nebuchadnezzar, Job and the Maccabees, long since dispersed in the winds. A camel craned his neck, let his head fall, opened camel's neck.

Arriving at the entrance to the Temple the Bim-bachi, commander of the Turkish guard, shouted Hast our! and the guard presented arms to the Bishop's hat and the doctor's monocle! Here is the spot where Christ came every day when in Jerusalem. Here he disputed with the Jews and performed miracles. Here he became angry and indignant with the desecrators of the Temple who were defiling it, drove them out with a whip, overturning their tables, and raised the devil with the money chang-

Our kavass hammered on the Temple door opened and we were ushered into an ocean of sunlight.

In a large piazza 1500 feet square, glistening in indescribable splendor was the Mosque of Omar, after Mecca, the holiest spot on earth for the Moslims. The square is closed on the South and East by the old crenelated wall bordered by large, venerable, eternal cypress trees. Slippered priests and devout sons of the Prophet were performing their ablutions, washing their feet, hands and faces at the fountains before prostrating themselves to Allah. Students were reciting in chorus, after a white bearded priest, passages from the Koran.

They were learning their lesson as Christ | tion I purposely omit. when a boy did, by repeating from a book until learned by heart. It's the method of the Orient. Mothers seated in the shade of the tombs of their celebrated sheiks and dervishes were feeding their babies while listening to the splashing of the water in the large, public fountains. Big fat, strutting pigeons were displaying their beautiful plumage among the little domes and

It was a relief, a pleasure to be here in creepy shadows of the dark, dank, mouldy crypts, the awful, oppressive sadness that hovers over the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Mosque of Omar, with its rare mosaic windows and ancient columns, commands attention, apart from its being one of the finest mosques in the world, because it stands on the site of Solomon's Temple.

Rich carpets are spread over the floors and we had to put off our shoes, or cover them with loose slippers that are provided. Here in the centre of the mosque, enclosed by a wooden railing, rises a primeval rock. This is the ancient rock of the sacrifice of the Holy of Holies, of Abraham and Isaac. Here David erected an altar and Solomon his Temple. On the rock itself is shown the foot print of Jesus; another part bears the thumb mark of Mahomet!

A slab in the stone floor is ornamented with silver nails, of which only three re-

MAJ. W. H. HASTINGS TRAVELS IN main. The legend runs that the devil has last, the world will come to an end. On

heaven, and so many forced themselves to parched (pop) corn. through that the solid stone was being rubthere. The bishop was wearing his shovel bed away. To prevent this an iron guard hat, which, was at least two feet across the has been fixed so as to effectually prevent brim, and contrasted strangely with his any more trials of faith, in this gymnastic

abesques interlaced, intermingled have been lavished upon the Mosque of Omar, with a rifle, we had visited the Grotto and and the traveler will never forget the im- the Manger where Mary put the baby Jesus pression that its beauty and richness, the to sleep, continually followed by the touts, lavishness of the gilding and precious stones, who utterly prevented our understanding of marble and mosaic make upon him.

have seen it. into one to make a description of it.

sacred carpet without slippers on. Prof- point of the bayonet! anation which cost several metalliks in I looked on the magnificent dome which clothed, housed doctored, washed, dressed, enough in getting out of the way. The swells and flames like gold in the light, the shaved, and flually buried in holy great! There is but one Allah! Come to

city that you could almost imagine yourself in Frankfort or Munich. In fact Palestine | the way side, wanted to sell the doctor the is fast being converted into a German annex. I like the Germans and admire guaranteed to ward off mishaps! But the passed through part of the bazaar and the their language and literature and so I doctor was skeptical, didn't believe it would unsavory Jewish quarter. These alleys, fraternize with them very easily. One day be good for what ailed him and he told her we were wetting our whistles at Fasts, in the shadow of David's tower. A number of Germans made an interested circle around the bishop's black hat and the doctor's green monocle, (his veil had gone, alas, to Cyrano's odds. He has five wives, one of help fill the Tyropean valley), and when some enthusiastic Tudesques started up a with their old wives as we do with our student's song such as "Die Lorelei;" or

"Ich weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten,;" or "Die Wacht am Rhein," or, perchance, in a more serious strain, "Nun danket alle Gott; or, "Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott," grimy walls, impregnated with the dust of we all joined in the universal chorus. Something akin to that "peace on earth good will to men" reigned. I believe that by the sandaled feet of our Saviour, the choral songs are the connecting link be- iniquitous Sanhedrim and Pilate's soldiers. his jaws and whisked away, in a breath, tween patriotism and religion, and that the I saw again the contending religious sects the doctor's green veil! Then the silent, spruchwort, "Bose Menchen haben keine in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, waread at first sight. Underneath his courtpsychological truth. Who ever heard of a pickpocket singing at his work?

and the fragrance of Frankfurter wurst, of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives limburger, tobacco fumes, coffee and hot onions intermingled in dithyrambic confusion and an ever erescendo racket of con- Dead sea; I searched the horizon over there servation, the air was indeed Bohemian.

and flow of beer, some one announced that Euphrates and Menelik and a city called a street sprinkler was coming down Zion Philadelphia, which existed before Christ street. Then we knew something unusual was born. was going to happen. An Arab with a pig skin, full of water, thrown over his shoulders, around his neck, was deftly directing a in the intense silence of the valley of Dry door as proudly, defiantly as if the bearer stream of water from one of its paws laying Bones, musing about those who had peoof a cartel from the Devil to the Angel the dust, so to speak, which the Sanhe- pled this scene in past ages, and the stu-Gabriel. The guard trembled, the massive drim had kicked up some two thousand years ago.

Kaiser William had been keeping his and the rest of those notorious old freemovements very secret. We heard a blast booters, free lovers, polygamists and piof discordant trumpets, (and thought of Jericho), the music of the Kaiser's Marine horn, how many will be invited to take band coming through the Jaffa gate, and the road to the left. soon the Kaiser looking solemn and oppressed, dressed like the Crusaders, in both hands, and deposed it on an adjacent white, superbly mounted, came in sight. The French turned pale green with sheer Dr. Shoemaker, saying, Dominus Nobiscum envy; the Turks yelled Tschok jascha, the and thus ended the meeting. Germans Hoch! The kaiser dismounted in the open space in front of David's tower and went on foot to dedicate La Dormitien de la Vierge, a description of which func-

The band was playing exultingly, deafeningly. A German is a conscientious man. Whatever pressure to the square inch the trumpet, trombone or cornet, as the case may be, is calculated to be capable of sustaining, without permanent injury, that pressure the German bandsman gives. There was a saxophone in the band, however, who exceeded the limit, and who was pushing out of his instrument bass wails at Lewistown Saturday night. A freight enough to make David, an adept in coun- train from Sunbury crashed into a shifting the sunlight of Heaven, away from the cold, terpoint, over there at Dormitien, turn in engine at the north end of the Juniata river his grave.

Some man exclaimed "I'll kill that saxophone if I leave my marrow bones in the side of a high abutment and snow below valley of Jehosaphat," he made a break for saved him from injury. him. But the cordon of Turkish, German and Arab police was too strong for him, you can't argue with a bludgeon, and so was saved from himself.

One day we had been to Bethlehem to see the cradle of Christ and the pretty girls. tried by court-martial for having said at a One gets tired looking at the women in public table that he never saw but two Jerusalem, they look like a white bundle and that Gen. Wilkinson was a liar and a tied with a cord in the middle, and when scoundrel. He was found guilty, and was veiled a man would not be able to recognize suspended for a year, notwithstanding the his wife if he met her in the street.

We were jolting along through the country where Abraham had his cattle on a thousand and one hills, and David func- over a new leaf, John," she said. tioned as a shepherd boy. "The little birds were singing drowsy day to rest," and our antediluvian, epileptic, apocalyptic carriage was rolling like a ship in a storm.

"Cabby," taking us for Germans, had secured the others and when he gets the fastened on his whip sausages for a cracker! I was afraid a wheel might suddenly run the extensive level of the Temple area is off in the fields where Ruth gleaned in the another Mosque, El Aksa, of more recent | field of Boaz, or collide against the tomb of date. Two columns standing near together Rachel, or bring us in too close contact with are seen to be much worn on the inner trains of camels and asses, pilgrims of all sorts, and crowds of armed natives, in A tradition became prevalent, in the picturesque, dirty attire, which we were good old times, that whoever could pass continually meeting. The guide showed between these columns would be sure of us the very spot where Boaz treated Ruth

> We had had a serio-comic adventure in Bethlehem and we chatted about that.

One of the plagues of Palestine, after the "flies of Israel" is the touts who persistently follow visitors, and harass them beyond All the treasures of the Orient crystal, all patience. We had entered the Church enamel; porcelain, white and blue ar- of the Nativity, had gone by the Turkish soldier in the middle of the church, armed and enjoying what we saw. We were look-It is worth a year of any man's life to ing at the star, and the inscription Hic de virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est, when It would take the facile pen of J. Hamp- one of them, more impudent than the othton Moore, the prismatic word gilding of ers, made a remark which roused the James Rankin Young and the rich sunset ire of the Bishop Like a wild man flushed vocabulary of Jimmy Pollock fused the Bishop gave him a resounding kick in the hinterland of his medulla ob-An old, withered sheik raised a hue and longata that sent him away howling. I cry which alarmed everybody. Did he see "raised his Ebenezer" for him said the the vision of the ladder, let down from Bishop, somewhat appeased by his swift heaven, on which Mahomet climbed to the revenge. The Turkish guard seeing the seventh heaven into the presence of God? affray thought it was a doctrinal, religious No. Dr. Shoemaker was walking on the quarrel and so he put us all out at the

We visited the establishment of sir Moses backschich! I came away with regret, I Montefiore, Rothschild and other homes would like to have spent a week there. As for the indigent Jews, where they are fed, muezzin on the tower cried out; Allah! is ground in the valley of Jehosaphat -gratis. Judging from what I saw of the cuisine and menu, the inmates have There were so many Germans in the Holy splendid opportunities for high thinking. Returning, a wailing, half blind hag, by withered tooth of some saint or prophet, to go to-Jericho.

In our walks around Jerusalem, we were shown an ancient Moslim, with both feet in the grave and a nose that would give whom is only fourteen. The Turks do money--change a 50 for two 25s, or two 15s and a 20.

Allah! is great! but one tires of gastronomic flirtations with the boiled onions and filet de Capri of the New hotel.

I took my last walk through the streets which remain the same as when trodden

sorceresses, drowning witches and torturing Jews was practiced in the name of Inspired by the music, the Hofbraem Christ. I saw for the last time the garden peaceful, fair and radiant in the sunshine. beyond them the glitter and sheen of the to the South and East, beyond the mount-In the midst of this feast of patriotism ains of Moab, where are Arabia, the

> Sitting together, Dr. Shoemaker, the Bishop and I, on the fragments of tombs, pendous scenes enacted here from the time of Moses, Saul, David, Solomon, Herod rates;-wondering when Gabriel blows his

> The little Bishop took off his hat, with tomb. Then he embraced and kissed MAJOR W. H. HASTINGS.

Those Fine Old Indian Names

The State of Washington would be known to fame for its names if not for its mines, mountains, farms, fruits and harbors. The Legislature is now petitioned to change the name of Gilman, King county, to Issequah. That is a pretty good attempt at something unusual, but it will have to fight for fame along with Snoqualmie, Snohomish, Skokomish, Steilacoom, Squak, Skagit, Sko-okumchuck and Tumwater.

A disastrous head-on collision occurred bridge. Engineer Wertz, of the freight train, received injuries which caused his death. Fireman Cupper jumped to the

-It is recalled that General Miles is not the only commander of the Army who has been called a liar by a subordinate. Ninety years ago General Winfield Scott, who was then a captain in the army, was traitors-Generals Wilkinson and Burr-

fact that his utterance turned out to be

-"I thought you were going to turn "I was," he replied, "but I find I

can't." "Why not?" "There won't be any new leaves until

spring.'