SEA LESSONS.

On the surface heave and roll the waves, neep, the waters lie untroubled, still; Blow the wild winds here, the tempest raves,
There secure reigns Ocean's mighty will.

Father-God, so be it with Thy child-On the surface play life's forces free; Come the storms of sorrow, north-blasts

wild, Doubt and care and grave anxiety.

Xet within be calm, unruffled peace; Strength—the rule of Thine all-perfect

will;

Toy, born of Thy love, dull care's release Faith that good e'er lurks within the ill.

Bearing on thy bosom broad and kind Bardens of the toiling world's bequest, Servest there, O sea, thy master, mind, Knowing not fatigue nor moment's raest. Patiently to fill thy appointed place, Serve, not be served, self efface— May I in thy faithful spirit share.

III.

Wet what time thou raiseth up thy might, Flingest fury, mounting heaven-high, Who but fears thee, Ocean infinite? Who can brook thy wrath, thy will defy?

Symbol thou of thy Creator-Lord, God of boundless might and majesty. Terrible the judgments of His sword; Brooking no resistance His decree.

Yet, like thee. His majesty He bows, Servant of His servants to become; Bears within His heart their sins and woes Brings them on life's voyage safely home Luther Davis, in N. Y. Observer.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devii," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART I.—CONTINUED.

Hayle accompanied them into the bar, and was a witness of the satisfaction the landlord endeavored, from business motives, to conceal. In due course he followed them to the small stifling rooms in the yard at the back, and observed that they were placed on either side of himself. He had already taken the precaution of rapping the walls in order to d their thickness, and to find out whether the sound of chinking money was to be heard through them.

I must remember that thirty-seven and sixpence and two Mexican dollars are all I have in the world," he said to "It would be bad business allow them to suppose that I had znore, until I find out what they want.

"The last time I was here was with Stellman," said the taller of the men, when they met again in the courtyard. "He had got a concession from the Dutch, so he said, to work a portion of the West Coast for shell. He wanted

"And you couldn't see your way

"I've seen two Dutch jails," said the "And I have no use for them."
"And what happened to Stellman?"
"sked Hayle, but without any apparent interest. He was thinking of some-

thing else at the time.

"They got his money, his boat and his shell, with three pearls that would have made your mouth water," replied

the other. "And Stellman?"

"Oh, they buried him at Sourabaya.

He took the cholera, so they said, but I
have heard since that he died of starvation. They don't feed you too well in Dutch jails, especially when you've got a concession and a consul.

The speaker looked up at his companion as he said this, and the other, who, as I have already said, was not interested in the unfortunate Stellman, or had probably heard the tale before, nodded his head in the direction of the room where the smaller accompaniment of splashing water. The movement of the head was as sigmiffeant as the nod of the famous lord of Burleigh

replied. "Always pushing his nose into old papers and documents, until you'd think he'd make himself ill. Lord, what a man he would have been for the There's not his equal on ancient Asia in the world."
"And this particular business?"

"Ah, you shall hear all about it in the proper time. That'll be to-morrow zuorning, I reckon. In the meantime you can go to bed, and content your-self with the knowledge that, all being well, you're going to play a hand in the biggest scoop that ever I or any body else have tackled!"

Mr. Kitwater, for such was the name of the gentleman, began his preparations for the night, vigorously cursing the mosquitoes as he a fine-looking man, with a powerful. though somewhat humorous cast of countenance. His eyes were large and not unkindly. His head was ; but was marred by the possession of enormous ears which stood out side of his head like those of a but. He wore a close-cropped beard, and he was famous for his strength, which indeed was that of a giant.

"Hayle, if I can sum it up aright, is Just the same as ever," he said, as he arranged the mosquito netting of 1 bed. "He doesn't trust me, and I don't trust him. But he'll be none the less reseful for that. Let him try to me false, and, by the Lord Harry, he'll

mot live to do it again." With this amiable sentiment Mr. Kitwater prepared himself for slumber. kt morning they met at break-All three were somewhat silent. It was as if the weight of the matter pressed upon their spirits. The smallst of the trio, Septimus Codd by name, taciturn, spoke scarcely a word. He was a strange little man, a nineteenth century vil-Main in a sense. He was a rogue and a to his people. In another place it men- nature were doing her best to save. Daily News.

vagabond, yet his one hobby, apart from his business, was a study of the past, and many an authority on east ern history would have been aston-ished at the extent of his learning. He was never so happy as when burrowing amongst ancient records, and it was mainly due to his learning in the first place, and to a somewhat singular accident in the second, that the trio were now foregathered in Singa-His personal appearance was a peculiar one. His height was scarce more than four feet six inches. His face was round, and at a distance appeared almost boyish. It was only when one came to look into it more closely that it was seen to be scored by numberless small lines. Moreover, was unadorned by either beard or mustache. His hair was gray, and was worn somewhat longer than is usual. He could speak fluently almost every language of the east, and had been imprisoned by the Russians for sealing in prohibited waters, had been tortured by the Chinese on the Yangtse, and, to his own unextinguishable dis-grace, flogged by the French in Ton-Not the least curious trait in his character was the affection he entertained for Kitwater. The pair had been together for years, had quarreled repeatedly, but had never separated. The record of their doings would form an interesting book, but for want of space cannot be more than referred to here. Hayle had been their part-

ner in not a few of their curious un-dertakings, for his courage and re-source made him a valuable ally, though how far they trusted each other it is impossible to say. Breakfast over they adjourned to the veranda, where the inevitable cigars made their appearance.

"Now let's hear what you've got to say to me?" Hayle began. "Nothere," Kitwater replied. "There are too many listeners. Come down to the harbor."

So saying he led his companions to

the water side, where he chartered a native boat for an hour's sail. Then, when they were out of earshot of the land, he bade Hayle pay attention to what he had to say.

"First and foremost you must under-stand," he said, "that it's all due to Coddy here. We heard something of it from an old Siamese in Hanoi, but we never put much trust in it. Then Coddy began to look around, to hunt up some of the musty records, and after awhile he began to think that after all. You see it's this way: You know Sengkor-Wat?" "Sengkor how much?"

"Sengkor-Wat-the old ruin at the back of Burmah, near the Chinese border. Such a place as you never dreamt of. Tumble-down palaces, temples, and all that sort of thing—

ying out there all alone in the jungle."
"I've seen Amber," said Hayle, with the air of a man who makes a remark that cannot be lightly turned aside. "After that I don't want any more ruined cities. I've got no use for them.'

"No, but you've got a use for other things, haven't you? You can use rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, I suppose. You've got a use for sapphires, the like of which mortal man never set eyes on before.

"That's certainly so," Hayle replied. "But what has this Sengkor-Wat to do with it?'

"Everything in the world," Kitwater replied. "That's where those ru-bies are, and, what's more, that's where we are going to find them.' "Are you joking, or is this sober

earnest He looked from Kitwater to Codd. The little man thus appealed to nodded his head. He agreed with all his companion said.

"It's quite true," said he, after a use. "Rubies, sapphires and gold enough to make us all millionaires

Bravo for Sengkor-Wat, then!" said Hayle. "But how do you know all this?"
"I've told you already that Coddy
found it out," Kitwater replied. "Looking over his old records he discovered something that put him on the track. Then I happened to remember that, years ago, when I was in Hanoi, an old man had told me a wonderful story about a treasure chamber in a ruined city in the Burmese jungle. A Frenchman who visited the place, and had written a book about it mentions the fact that there is legend amongst the natives that vast treasure is buried in the ruins, but cover, seems to have taken the trouble to have looked for it."

"But how big are the ruins?"

"Bigger than London, so Coddy Coddy nodded his head in confirma

tion of this fact. But still Hayle seemed incredulous. "And you are going to search all

that area? It strikes me that you will be an old man by the time you find the treasure, Kitwater."

"Don't you believe it. We've got something better to go upon than that. There was an old Chinese traveler who visited this place in the year—what was the year, Coddy?"

"Twelve hundred and fifty-seven," Codd replied, without hesitation. "Well, he describes the glory of the place, the wealth of the inhabitants, and then goes on to tell how the king took him to the great treasure cham ber, where he saw such riches as mortal man had never looked upon before.

"But that doesn't tell you where the treasure chamber is?" argued Hayle. "Perhaps not, but there are other ways of finding out; that is, if a man has his wits about him. You've got to put two and two together if you want to get on in this world. Coddy has translated it all, and this is what it amounts to: When the king had shown the traveler his treasure, the latter declared that his eyes were so blinded by its magnificence that he could scarcely mount the steps to the

justice he was seated on the throne in the courtyard of the Three-headed Ele-Now what we've got to do is o find that courtyard, and find it we

"But how do you know that the treasure hasn't been taken away years ago? Do you think they were such fools as to leave it behind when they went elsewhere? Not they!"
Though they were well out of ear

shot of the land, and alone upon the boat, Kitwater looked round him sus piciously before he answered. a pleasant smile played over his face It was as if he were recalling some

"How do I know it?" he asked, by way of preface. "If you'll listen for a moment, I'll tell you. If you want more proof, when I've done, you must be difficult to please. When I was up at Moulmein six months ago came across a man I hadn't met for several years. He was a Frenchman, who I knew had spent the most of his ese, who, he said, were strong in the neighborhood.'

Kitwater stopped and rubbed his

cient that I got it. And the consequence is, I know all that is to be

"That's all very well, but what be came of the Frenchman? How do you know that he isn't back there again filling his pockets?"

"I don't think he is," Kitwater re-plied, slowly. "It put me to a lot of inconvenience, and came just at the time when I was most anxious to leave. Besides, it might have meant rouble." He paused for a moment As a matter of fact, they brought it in 'suicide during temporary insanity brought on by excessive drinking, and that got me out of the difficulty It must have been insanity, I think, for he had no reason for doing away with himself. It was proved that he had plenty of money left. What was more, Coddy gave evidence that, only the day before, he had told him he was tired of life."

Hayle looked at both with evident

"Well, you two, taken together, beat cock-fighting," he said, enthusiastically. Then he added: "But what about the secret? What did you get out of him?"
"Here it is," said Kitwater, taking

an old leather case from his pocket, and producing from it a small piece of parchment. "There's no writing upon it, but we have compared it with another plan that we happen to have,

und find that it squares exactly." He leaned over Hayle's shoulder and pointed to a certain portion of

"That's the great temple," he said;

and what the red dot means we are

Because we must have another

good man with us," Kitwater replied.
"I'm very well, but you're better.
Codd's head piece is all right, but if
it comes to fighting, he might just as well be in Kensal Green. Isn't that so, little man?" Mr. Codd nodded his head.

"I said, send for Hayle," he marked in his quiet little voice. sent, and now you're here, and it's all right."

water. "Now, what we have to do is to arrange the business part of the put that scamp of a cousin of mine quickly as possible.

thereupon admitted a member of the syndicate for the exploration of the head upon his shoulders. ancient town of Sengkor-Wat in the

hinterland of Burmah.

For the remainder of the day Hayle was somewhat more silent than usual.
"If there's anything in their yarn it might be managed," he said to him-self that night, when he was alone in his bedroom. "Kitwater is clever, I'll admit that, and Coddy is by no manner of means the fool he pretends to But I'm Gideon Hayle, and that counts for something. Yes, I think it might be managed."

What it was he supposed might be effected he did not say, but from the smile upon his face, it was evident that the thought caused him consid-

Next day they set sail for Rangoon.

PART II.

The shadows of evening were slow-ly falling as the little party of which Kitwater, Codd and Hayle, with two Burmen servants, were members, obtained their first view of the gigantic ruins of which they had come so far in search. For many days they had been journeying through the jungle, now the prey of hope, now of despair. They had experienced adventures by the score, though none of them were of sufficient importance to be nar had come within a hair's breadth of being compelled to retrace their They rode upon the wiry ponies of the country, their servants clearing a way before them with their parangs as they advanced. Their route, for the most part, lay through jungle, in places so dense that it was well-nigh impossible for them to force a way through it. It was as if

tions that when the king administered | the ancient city from the hand of the spoiler. At last, and so suddenly that it came upon them like a shock, they found themselves emerging from the jungle. Below them, in the valley, peering up out of the forest, was all that remained of a great city, upon the ruined temples of which the set-ting sun shone with weird effect. "At last," said Hayle, bringing his

pony to a standstill and looking down upon the ruins. "Let us hope we shall have penetrated their secret before we are compelled to say good-by to them again.

"Hear, hear to that," said Kitwater; Septimus Codd, however, never said a word; the magic hand of past was upon his heart, and was holding him spellbound.

They descended the hill, and, when they had selected a suitable spot, decided to camp upon it for the night. Next morning they were up times; the excitement of the treasure hunt was upon each man, and would not let him tarry. It would not be life away back in Burmah. He was long now, they hoped, before they very flush of money at the time, and kept throwing out hints, when we as to the truth of the story they had were flush of money at the time, and would be able to satisfy themselves kept throwing out hints, when we alone, of a place he knew of where there was the biggest fortune hopes in which they had put their on earth, to be had for the mere pick- trust. Having eaten their morning ing up and carrying away. He had meal, they took counsel together, exbrought away as much of it as he could, but he hadn't time to get it all, before he was chased out by the Chi- tools, bade their servants keep a sharp look-out, and then set off for the city. The morning sun sparkled upon the dew, the birds and monkeys hands with a chuckle. Decidedly the chattered at them from the jungle, "Well," he continued, "to make a long story short, I took advantage of my opportunity, and got his secret once seen would never be forgotten. out of him by . . . well, never So far, however, not a sign of human mind how I managed it. It is suffilife had they been able to discover; indeed, for all they knew to the conthey might be the only men

[To Be Continued.]

within 50 miles of the place.

BALAKIREFF, THE JESTER. Conquest of Unhappy Finland Foretold in a Jest-How He Saved

a Relative's Life. There is little of jest to-day pertaining to the relations of unhappy Finland with Russia, under whose rule it has so long been. Its ancient liberties are passing away from it, and it is to be compressed into the uniform Russian model. But according to historical tradition, the connuest of Finland was foretold in jest that soon became earnest by its conqueror. Peter the Great, to his jester, Balakireff, says Youth's Companion.

Balakireff had vexed the czar by too impudent a joke, and had been summarily banished with a menacing njunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly; but one day not Peter, glancing out of a window, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance jogging comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

"I haven't disobeyed you," was the "I'm not on Russian soil answer.

"Not on Russian soil?" "No; this cart load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day."

Peter laughed; but he said: "If
Finland be Swedish soil now. it shall

"Well, suppose it is, what makes Finland be Swedish soil now it shall you send for me?" Hayle inquired, be Russian soil before long!" and he made good his words. A pleasanter anecdote relates how Balakireff once interceded for the life of a reckless relative who had offended the czar, and was under sen-

tence of execution. As soon as the jester showed himself at court Peter, foreseeing a petition for mercy, roared out angrily:

"It's no use your coming here! I swear that I will not grant what you are going to ask!" Quick as a flash Balakireff dropped

"Codd speaks the truth," said Kit-ater. "Now, what we have to do is "Peter Alexeivitch, I beseech you,

All present broke into laughter, in The business portion of the matter which the ezar, so neatly trapped by was soon settled, and Hayle was his own declaration, presently joined, and the scampish cousin kept his

A clergyman was recently called upon to baptize nine children. From number one to eight nothing went amiss. The ninth, however, proved to be a lusty boy, who soon succeeded in almost wriggling out of his somewhat scanty clothes. The clergyman, grasp. ing the infant by the nape of the neck and by such garments as still remained secure, was proceeding with the service, when the mother, overcome with admiration for her child, and scarcely realizing the solemnity of the occasion remarked in a loud voice: "He's a nice little lump, sir; isn't he?"-London

A Mutual Friend,

Once upon a time a diplomat was walking with his close friend Deceit, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaint-

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said.

"It is not necessary," she answered.
"He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of Tact." Moral.—A nettle by any other name would sting the same.—N. Y. Herald.

Uncle Cyrus—Say, this glass eye hain't no good. I want my money

back. Optician-No good? "Hain't wuth a tinker's darn. Can't see a bit better with the blame thing than I kin without."—Judge.

Take things as they come-but re-member there are lots of things that it will pay you to go after .- Chicago



WOMEN HAIR DOCTORS.

Treating the Scalp Has Become a Popular Profession with Clever City Girls.

A microbe for everything and for every microbe a specialist is the order of the day. The specialization which has resulted would appall the old-time general practitioner who gave you a pill for your stomach's sake, applied forceps to your teeth or sciss hair, according to the weakness which

beset your members.

A woman's crowning glory is the last thing to have its properly assigned microbe, with the result that a new profession has sprung up for refined and intelligent young women. She makes a diagnosis of each case and prepares salves and lotions according to the individual necessity. At regular intervals, from twice a week to once month, as the pocketbooks of her patrons allow, she visits the house t

Falling hair, by the way, like cavities in the teeth, and most other disagreeable things, is the work of the numer ous and ubiquitous microbe, and the hair expert will tell you that a thorough brushing every night is a mean of deliverance from the germ, which lives by chewing up the roots of your hair, if the brush be absolutely clean. If not, the brush is a source of contagion rather than a benefit. Every time a hair brush is used it should be immediately cleaned, just as a wash cloth or a tooth brush is cleaned. Put a pint of water with a spoonful of ammonia into a shallow basin. Take a brush by the handle, dip it in the ammonia and water, and shake it out a final dip in clean water and rub with a dry towel. About three minutes is required for the entire process, and result is a scrupulously clean

By means of the hair doctor, who has come to stay, judging by the number of smart young women who make a comfortable and independent living in this way, gray hair may be delayed



HAIR DOCTOR AT WORK.

for years. Sulphur is considered very effective for this purpose, and a preparation of sulphur and lanoline has been known to put off the evil day con-

Green soap is an indispensable prephair. It is prepared and prescribed by all persons who make a specialty of scalp treatment. The following recipe was obtained from the wife of a prominent physician, who prepares the liquid soap for her husband. Take sickening formalities, the prepare and the clitter. equal parts of the very best green castile soap, water, alcohol and glycerine. Heat the water and shave the soap into it. Then stir it over the fire until it is perfectly smooth. Add the glycerine and stir again very thoroughly. The alcohol is added last of all, mixed with two ounces of essential oil of any preferred scent. A small quantity of oil of orris gives a suggestion or violet, while oil of verbena or oil of sweet geranium gives an oldfashioned, wholesome scent. Of course the alcohol is volatile and inflammable and should not be carelessly distributed over a hot fire: otherwise, green soap making is extremely simple.Louisville Courier-Journal.

A German paper reports a singular freak of paternal liberality in the mater of a dowry at a wedding recently. The marriage took place at Koniggratz. On the betrothal of his daughter Herr Duchatschek had announced that he would give her, as a marriage portion, her weight in silver currency. Accordingly on the wedding day the bride was formally weighed in the drawing-room, in presence of the as-

Dowry Her Own Weight.

church. The lady turning the scales at 62 kilogrammes, a sack was at once filled with silver crowns to the same weight, with half a kilogramme over —for the weight of the bag, as Herr Duchatschek playfully explained. exact number of crowns was 13,500.-Detroit Free Press.

Disinfect Baby's Rag Doll. The rag doll, so dear to the child's heart, should be frequently disinfect-

ed by steaming. At the teething age, when the child uses his toys for chewing, a ring of pure gum rubber should supplied. The cracker ring, though theoretically valuable, becomes danused by the child to wipe up the

FOLLOWER OF BUDDHA.

Daughter of Senator Blackburn of of Oriental Occultism.

Mrs. Lucille Blackburn Lane of Washington has announced that she is going to India to become a Buddhist.

This young, charming and wealthy widow is going to delve into the mysteries of the east among the learned monks of India to seek mental and psychic development.

Mrs. Lane was seen in her apartment at La Normandie by a Chicago Chroncle correspondent.

"I may never return," said she. Mrs. Lane says it is her intention to start on her trip within two weeks.



LUCILLE BLACKBURN LANE

She expects from her present plans to go first to England, where she will join small party of friends who, she avers, vill accompany her on her search for the religion of the great and good Siddhurtha Gautama.

The disciple of Buddha pointed to a pile of massive volumes on the subect of Buddhism as she talked. She said she supposed everyone read them, but that in truth she did not think there was any mortal who could exactly what Buddhism was. Her own power of thought transference, of revitation and of mind-reading and

lairvoyance. Mrs. Lane will not devote her life after she masters the eastern theories to preaching the creed, and she de-clares that she has no intention, unlike Mme. Blavatsky or Mrs. Besant, of establishing a new theological cult. Mrs. Lane goes to her strange destination much as did young Gautama, who was born with every attribute of wealth and earthly power and yielded all to search for truth.

THE MODEL HOSTESS.

She Makes Her Guests Feel That Their Presence Has Been a Pleasure to Everybody.

The model hostess is quite independent of either the methods or the criti-cisms of her neighbors. She entertains because she wants to, not beeause she has social debts to pay, and she invites those whom she likes, and who enjoy the companionship of one another. She does not go beyond her means, nor does she make a slave of herself in order to arouse the envy of her friends. She does not insult her guests by acting as if she believed they would not come unless she made an extravagant display of wealth, or provided a drawing-card in the form of some celebrity. She believes that her friends come to see her because they like her and are sure of a good time, and she, as the ideal hostess, will be the center of that good time, aration to the woman who would preserve the lustre and richness of her ple, moving in the most aristocratic circles, who find their "really good times" in what is known as "social Bohemia," and it is simply because while there they are free from the mawkish pretense, and the glittering sham of so large a portion of the socalled entertainments which they feel bound to attend. The ideal h can serve cornbread and milk, and her guests would enjoy themselves more than they ever could as guests of Mrs. Parvenue, even though her dinners cost \$5 per plate. The well enter-tained guestfeels one of the family circle, and is comfortable in the be lief that he has caused no extra labor or worry, but that his presence has been a source of satisfaction to the family.—The Household.

New Winter Evening Game,

Here is a novel and amusing way of entertaining young people and older folk at parties or family gatherings. Let the hostess act as a for-tune-teller, who will give each man present the name of his future wife ceording to his occupation. have those present guess what these have those present guess what these names should be. To make the subject clear, tell them that a civil engineer's wife will be "Bridget." Here's a list of some others: A chemist's, "Ann Elwa;" a gambler's, "Betty;" a humorist's, "Sally;" a clergyman's, "Marie;" a shoemaker's, "Sally;" as the subject of th 'Peggy;" sexton's, "Belle;" porter's, 'Carrie;" dancing-master's, "Grace;" milliner's, "Hattie;" gardener's, "Flora;" judge's, "Justine;" pugil-"Flora;" judge's, "Justine;" puglist's, "Mamie;" pianist's, "Octavia;" life-saver's, "Caroline;" upholsterer's, "Sophy;" astronomer's, "Stella;" doctor's, "Patience;" fisherman's, "Netty;" gasman's, "Meta;" marksman's, "Navy."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Proper Care of the Piano.

A piano should not stand near an open window, neither should it be pushed close against the wall. Should the keys need cleaning rub them with gerous when as a succulent mass it with alcohol. The best duster for a piano is soft silk. An old silk hand-kerchief is good for this purpose.