

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] rious and people knew less about it than about any other place in the entire neighborhood. How long the magnificent

building, with its aundred turrets, its many arched windows, its large portal and magnificent hall, had been standing on Hummingbird Hill, nobody knew. Some of the oldest people said they remembered when it was not on the hill, but when they were asked who had built it they shook their gray heads and said they did not know. Neither knew anybody who lived in the castle, or who had ever lived in there. Even the most imaginative of the country's story teliers was not bold enough to state that he knew all about it because he had been there. So

fore they turned back and retraced their steps into the valley. One thing, however, was well known, and that was this:

Every man who had ever attempted to find out the mysteries of Hummingbird Castle had died before he had been able to Castle had died before he had been able to give an account of his investigation. Often Castle. Now I will give them a chance to the people found the dead body of a man at the foot of the hill, and all knew—at least they thought they knew—that he had been killed by the master of the castle. the people found the dead body of a man at killed by the master of the castle.

From all these mysterious signs, however, which clearly tended to prove that it was best for everybody to remain away from the castle, the people became more and more anxious to know. They were not de-terred by the fates of so many people who



UMMINGBIRD Castle was the most existence now." Goldenhair looked at the wizard in amazement. "You seem to know all about interesting landmark in the whole country, because it was the most myste-

amazement. "You seem to know all about the castle, Professor." "Yees, I do, and I now will also tell you: I built that castle myself for the King of Colorado. This king had a daughter, who was the most beautiful child in this world, but she was also the most inquisitive. Even when she was quite a little girl she would poke her little nose in everybody's business. If the lords of the Kingdom of Colorado sat in counsel and put their wise heads together to counsel, and put their wise heads together to expound upon the benefits of the country,

this little inquisitive princess would run straight among them and ask them the most curious questions. Of course, this made the lords mad, and they at last resolved that the princess should be killed. They went to the King and demanded his child's death

to the King and demanded his child such of him. • "The chief mover in this trightful plot, however, was an old lord with a bald head and one eye, who was incensed against the child because she had once asked him why he only had one eye and why he did not have any hair on his head. However, the king, when he was told that he would have to kill his child became very grived. You to kill his child, became very grieved. You see he loved his child with all her faults, all about it because he had been there. So it was that Hummingbird Castle was, and it seemed to remain a mystery. The castle was a beautiful structure. It stood on the very summit of the hill from

which the building derived its name among the people, and the fact that no one know how it had originated was enough to know how it had originated was enough to make the castle the subject of many roman-tic stories. Many a daring young man had ventured up the steep ascent of the hill to get to the summit and explore the immediate vicinity of the castle. But it was in vain. Very few got as far as the enclosing walls be-fore they threed back and retraced their that I am an immortal wizard and not a being of clay and dust, you know that I can do that.

"Bat now, to return to these people in this land. I am going to give them a good les-son. They have worried themselves so much

cause you did not shoop to whate your life by troubling about the inside of a house that did not belong to you, and you shall get your reward. Now, go into the market place and tell all the people to assemble there and wait until I come, because I will show them the way into the Hummingbird Contlet? Castle."

Goldenhair went and did as he had been

Goldenhair went and did as he had been bidden by the wizard. The people hailed him with delight when they heard what he had to tell them, and there was a procession going toward the market place in a very short time that was truly astonishing. Old men and gray-haired women, and people of all ages were in the train, rushing and pushing with an eagerness and anxiety as if they were en-paced in the race for eternal life and salvagaged in the race for eternal life and salvaion. At last the wizard appeared. He went to Goldenhair and whispered a

few words into his ear, then turning around to the multitude he shouted:

"Do you still persist in your wish to the inside of Hummingbird Castle?" "Yes," all of them said in one voice, apparently

"All right, then," replied the wizard; "mind you, there is not much to see there, and you are taking a great risk! Do you still persist in going?" "Yes!" they all shouted again.

"But supposing you all get killed?" "It makes no difference to us," they cried, we want to see the castle, and that settles We don't care for our lives, but we

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1889. THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH,

HAPPY AND HARMONIOUS

family circle gave guarantees of refineme

POPULAR IN PARLORS.

usual nonor and success. One is the lady now taking Boston by storm in great Shakespearean roles—Miss Julia Marlowe, a brave girl, who is putting Mary Ander-son's laurels in jeopardy—and the other is Annie Russell (Mrs. Presbury) of the Mad-ison Square Theater. She graces the draw-ing more as the scream the store and

Theodore Martin, gracionaly received into high society, and of late years has been a favorite with the Queen; but I think our countrywonnan, Charlotte Cushman, was the first actress, who, while unmarried, poor, comparatively unknown, and not beautiful, achieved a great, all-round success, and was welcomed and courted in exclusive circles-recompited as a social equal sometimes as ACTORS IN SOCIETY. Grace Greenwood Champions the Social Rights of Stage People. SEVERAL WHO GRACE SOCIETY.

The Real Dramatic Element a Social Gain in Every Respect. HOW HIGH LIFE GALLS GREAT ARTISTS

achieved a great, all-round success, and was welcomed and courted in exclusive circles— recognized as a social equal, sometimes as an intellectual superior. I knew this great actress intimately, was much with her in America and Europe, and I estimated her intellect, independent of her histrionic talent, very highly. It was many-sided, eagerly interested in all branches of art, in literature, science, and polities—in all directions and modes of human progress. Because of the pathway she opened by her rare social talent and tact, it has been easier for her successors, Genevieve Ward, Helena Modjeska and Mary Anderson to take the place in English society to which their genius entitled them. If Victoria were like Queen Charlotte, it would still be hard. If the Prince of Wales were like George the Fourth, it would be too easy. The liberal and kindly heir-apparent, whatever he may do in Paris, has learned to discriminate when in his own capital and among his future subjecta, in favor of such actresses as I have mentioued—women of respectability and refinement, and so has done much to set the fashion in London, where true artists can no longer be treated with supercilious condescension, or timid tolerance. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 (As a woman intensely interested in the well being and the rights, moral and prac-tical, of my sex, I honor the drama as the one field of labor in which women have just and fair treatment, in the way of honors and wages. Actors I respect for their sturdy loyalty to their profession, through good and evil report, their generosity and their esprit de corps. They are a "peculiar people," living still in a world of their own, though no longer compelled to to live; clannish, not

Yet actors and actresses are less frequently found in the great London mansions of high rank and fashion than in the modest houses madic, given to superstition to a degree, but seldom hard or heartless. Often improvident and prodigal, their natures are pecuof musicians, painters, authors and journal-ists, where meet brilliant mixed circles of liarly open to appeals of the unfortunate for sympathy, pity and free-handed charity. ists, where meet brilliant mixed circles of art and literature, which rather spoil one for ordinary society. At the hospitable house of a well known Scotch gentleman and journalist, Mr. Forbes-Robertsön, we for several seasons enjoyed delightful, in-formal gatherings, in which we met the finest talent and distinction of that choice but infinitely varied department of London life, known as "Upper Bohemia." Here a The benefit performances in which they come to the help of one of their number fallen on evil days, are noble demonstrations of good will and good fellowship.

There is no danger of actors too slightly esteeming their profession, or underrating its importance and the dignity of its exponepts. The veriest "barn-stormer" of them all reverences the art by which Shakesfamily circle gave guarantees of refinement, purity, good manners, and "good report"— a gracious father, a sweet mother, clever, gonial sons, and beautiful daughters. Yet three of the Forbes-Robertson "boys" are actors—Mr. Macready's "yagabonds"— but intellectual and polished gentlemen, scholars, and artists for all that. One of them, Mr. Ian Forbes-Robertson, for some years with us, could be persuaded to adopt America for his country, were she not be-ginning to look too big for adoption. He is a good fellow, and I hope he will excuse the new States that will come tumbling in. Mr. Irving is too stadious and busy to have much time for general society, and cerpeare lived, and through which he lives on forever. I really believe there is no profession equal to the dramatic for the standingby and sticking-to principle. This characteristic loyalty has been nobly shown by Edwin Booth, in his munificent gift to his fellows, of the Players' Clubhouse.

Some actors could also "give points" to business men in commercial honor. I lately heard how "Uncle Joshua Whitcome having been obliged by a run of ill luck, some years ago, to leave some debts behind Mr. Irving is too studious and busy to have much time for general society, and cer-tain great people seek to monopolize him; but wherever he goes he seems the same grave, thoughtful gentleman—courteous and utterly unpretending. We frequently met Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the admirable artists whom Mr. Frohman, of the Lyceum, who always tries to secure the best actors, both as to talent and charac-ter, for his beautiful theatre, is to bring over next season. They would have come to America before this but for "the babies." Mrs. Kendal once told me that until her him in Canada, returned with some of the first gold taken out of his old "Old Homebonanza-called in and paid off every claim with interest. A startling story, that, for Canada-bound cashiers.

## SOCIETY RECOGNIZING ARTISTS.

The present seem to be the palmy days of the legitimate drama, socially considered. At last the word, so long unjustly and un-wisely withheld, has been spoken by Soci-ety to the artist-"Come up higher!" I mean spoken in good English, for years ago it was uttered in all the Continental lan-

Mrs. Kendal once told me that until her children had grown out of her arms she could not have the heart to leave them. She guages by nobles, princes and popes. In England painters have hitherto been In England painters have hitherto been more highly esteemed than actors, though within the present reign the refined artist, Sir Edwin Landseer, once felt himself com-pelled by his self-respect to leave Windsor Castle, where he was painting the Queen's portrait, by her own appointment, and go back to London, without ceremony and without dinner, because on the advent of some German potentate, reigning over a square mile or so, he was informed that his plate would be laid at the second table. I do not think the slight was ever repeated in his case, or in that of any other great painter is a most sympathetic actress, retaining much of the girlish charm which distin-guished her as Madge Robertson. If society thinks it gracionaly condescends in meeting on terms of equality such ac-tresses as Mrs. Kendall is, and as Charlotte Cushman was, it makes a stapid mis-take. Society idles; artists work; society is monotonous; their life is varied as hu-manity; society is fiatly real; they are ideal, piquant and inspiriting. Two young American actresses I have met in New York literary societies who have much impressed me as good women and true, as well as artists destined to very un-usual honor and success. One is the lady his case, or in that of any other great painter

his case, or in that of any other great painter or sculptor found worthy to sit at the Queen's table when there was no company; but in the very center of intellectual cul-ture and histriouic taste dramatic artists have until lately suffered a degree of social ostracism which only genius of a high order and, in the case of the actress, per-sonal distinction and a reputation abso-lutely immaculate, could overcome. Royalty has stood on a supernal height, even above the greatest and most virtuous

even above the greatest and most virtuous of actresses. The stately Siddons, often "commanded" to read Shakespeare to "good Queen Charlotte," was never allowed to sit

him

the public, the aristocratic husband, has made absolute abandonment of the old life

and its associations a sine qua non. How awfully tiresome the charming singer who became Duchess of St. Albans, and the im-

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

land lies that trinity of enchantment, the lakes of Killarney. Their majestic power and charm sooner or later brings every world traveler to them; but the thrill their very name causes in every Irish exile's heart is beyond the power of conception or expression by one, of other nationality. I once got the faintest echo of this heartassion in America, under most unromantic circumstances. Early one Sunday morning I was strolling along the Hudson, when on coming to the little Riverside Park at the foot of West Eighty-seventh street in New York, I found its only other occupant to be an Irish laborer, engaged during the week among the blasting gangs in that vicinity. He was smoking his pipe and gazing dreamily across the placid river upon the hazy Jersey heights above. I sat down be-

aide him, and we were soon TALKING ABOUT IRELAND.

of County Kerry, of which he was a native,

and, of necessity, of Killarney, its fondest pride. Finally silence followed; he puffed at his pipe; and we both looked across the river again. I felt he saw Killarney even in this mean mimicry of blue and heights and haze, and I said, quietly: "It looks a little like Killarney, doesn't

As if his thoughts and longings were in-supportable, he sprang from the bench, dashed his pipe to the ground, and flinging his arms above his head with an indescribable gesture of desperate protest at change less absence from things loved, blurted out,

piteously: "Manim asthee hu, Cill-airneadh!" (My

"Manim asthee hu, Cill-airneadh!" (My soul is within thee, Killarney!) I thought of this yesterday among the Kerry peasantry over behind the Carran-tuchill, where you will hear little else than Gaelic, and where they will tell you strange legends about this highest mountain in Ire-land; not the least interesting of which dis-close the Gaelic meaning of its name. A carran is an ancient meaning both and tract carran is an ancient reaping hook and tust-hail means left handed. Thus Carrantuohill hail means left handed. Thus Carrantuchill means a left handed, or inverted, reaping hook. And if you will clingb the majestic peak as I did, and descend through the grewsome Hag's Valley, you will see that its concave edge is a tremendous serrated rim, whose mighty clefts and projecting orags form innumerable jagged teeth, cut as clearly against the clouds as ever teeth were art in the angiont utamil whose simil

were cut in the ancient utensil, whose simi-larity in reversed form gave the mountain

I was told by a score of the peasantr

that any attempt to scale Carrantuchill would result in my being "kilt entrely." But as I had climbed every height in Ire-land, from storied Tara Hill, away around

the eastern, northern and western coasts, set out before daylight without trepidation

Although the spring is now well advanced in Southern Ireland, at about 2,500 feet

AN IMPASSABLE BARRIER

the northwest, and its waters are carried

through another silvery channel, streaming

to the northwest from the extreme northern

horn-tip of the crescent, by the beautiful river Laune to Castlemaine Marbor in

THE LAKE REGION.

effort expended.

water and mountain in every conceivable form and aspect, so diversified, and in such unlimited change, that it is impossible for



Held in many churches at this season

The two middle letters of the names belong-ng to the several members, arranged in regular rder, will give the answer. W. T. O.

560-A REVERIE.

While musing, I sat by my office fire Watching the flames burn low, then higher. From the coals a ganle seemed to rise, With form transparent, and piercing eyes. Few clothes he wore, but on his back He bore what seemed a mystic sack. Filled to the brim with heads and hearts Of living things, and other parts.

No word he spoke, but looking 'round, An Eastern arrow soon he found: From his mystle store a head he took And clapped it on with knowing look. When before us rose, with feathers sable, A monster bird well known in fable; But ere the bird away had flown, A tall affixed changed it to stone.

561-CURTAILMENT.

562-A PUZZLE IN SQUARE ROOT.

家王

and satisfactory in their results. "I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their

## Cathartic,

Common Sense

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken

after dinner, will assist Digestion ; taken at night, will relieve Constipation ;

taken at any time, will correct irregu-

larities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt

19

for myself and family."-J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them."-Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my fami-"I have used Ayer's Fills in my fami-ly for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject. I take a dose of Ayer's Fills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturb-ances with such good effect that we rare-iy, if ever, have to call a physician."--H. Voulliemé. Hotel Voulliemé, Sara-toga Springs, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

A PERFECT Burdock Blood Purifier. BLOOD BITTERS A purely Vegetable Compound that expels all bad humors from the system. Removes blotch-es and pimples, and makes pure, rich blood. ap2-58

MEDICAL.

As the inert mass before us lies, An extra head soon makes it rise A badger flerce, with teeth and claws, Menacing all with snapping jaws-But "a change of heart" soon ends the strife, Removing beast, destroying life; Now what remained was nothing new, For builders use it, and others, too. DOCTOR What more this being, strange and fell, Had done for me, I cannot tell; With sudden start I then awoke, He vanished quick in fame aud smoke. M. C. WOODFORD. WHITTIER

930 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA. Pluck a pretty little flower, Just corrisi it, in that hour, What is left, I'll venture odds, is among your household gods Just one letter more release, "Tis among the gods of Greece; Once agin, there will appear, Once a king within his sphere, One time more, and I am done-in a corpse what poets shun. W. WILSON. As old residents know and back files of Pitts burg papers prove, is the oldest established and most prominent physician in the city, devoting special attention to all chronic diseases. From special attention to all chronic diseases. From responsible NO FEE UNTIL CURED NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical NERVOUS decay, nervous debuilty, lack of snergy, ambition and hope, impaired mem-ary, disordered sight, self-distrust, bashfulness, disziness, sleeplessness, pimples, eruptions, im-poverished blood, failing powers, organic weak-ness dynamatis, constitution consumption, un-

poverished blood, failing powers, organic weak-ness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, un-fitting the person for business, society and mar-riage, permanently, safely and privately cured. BLOOD AND SKIN stares, eruptions, blotches, failing hair, bone pains, glandular swellings, alcerations of tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly eradicated from the system, URINARY, kidney and bladder derange-tarrhal discharges, inflammation and other painful symptoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real cure. Dr. Whittier's life-long, extensive experience instres scientifie and reliable treatment on common-sense principles. Consultation free,

commons-sense principles. Consultation free. Patients at a distance as carefully treated as if here. Office hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundiw, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. only. DR. WHITTIER, 950 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. ap9-313/-Dsuwk



"No more than I do for Towser-

THE TELENCE

CHARMING SCENERY. From this splendid height of Carrantuo-From this spiendid height of Carrantio-hill not only can the dauntless tourist com-mand prospect of scenery, certainly the most varied and perhaps the grandest and most beautiful in the world, the diameter of whose area radius will exceed 100 miles, but whose area radius will exceed 100 miles, but from a single point of observation can almost at a glance comprehend the chief charms of the ohiefest scenic charm in Ireland. The greatest men of the world have for two ceaturies visited Killarney. If one will take the trouble to investigate the matter, it will be could that it will be found that those most famous in literature have been drawn here. Each has left some gem of description as tribute to Killarney and their own captivity. Even Killarney and their own captivity. Even Thackery, unable to find words adequate in expression of his impressions, bursts forth into a delicious bit of literary integrity and says: "The fact is, and I don't care to own it, they are too hindsome!" One writer is overwhelmed by the grandeur of the envi-roning mountains. Another finds Killar-ney's magic in the many entrancing islands of the little lakes. Another feels the spell only through the lakes themselves. Another has never seen such mountain climbing.

only through the lakes themselves. Another has never seen such mountain climbing, water-kissed forests, and these were his theme. Another glows and flows about the wondrous arbutus and ferns. Another, like Croker, dwells on the startling echoes of her glens and the still more startling legends of the peasantry, beggars and guides. While another is touched by the solemn shadows of Muckross, or melted to tenderness, as with Moore, who sang in fadeless verse: fadeless verse:

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell In memory's dream that sunny smile, Which o'er thee on that evening fell When first I saw thy fairy isle."

But Killarney will ever remain a shrine for lovers of the beautiful because each soul coming here is, even though imperceptibly and imperfectly, impressed with all of, and more than, these. And that fact as an en-tirety is scarcely fully revealed until one stands here upon Carrantuchill's loftiest peak. For it is then that the just and equable distribution of nature's highest and most impressive elements of beauty in this wonder-spot of Erin come so clearly and wholly to the sight of eye and mind.

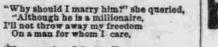
HE LOVINGLY BUILDED.

The following represents the complete solution of a problem in square root. The puzzle is to discover the figures represented by the - 43 - 3 - - 4 - - - -

7== =1== ----\_ \_ \_ \_

J. H. FEZANDIE. 564-CHARADE.

Ann, the farmer's merry daughter, Laughing, blushing, full of health, Refused the hand of Mr. Dainty, Tho' he had enormous wealth.



DROMIO

The spectator at Killarney will find wood

care, it seemed, that death was staring them

straight in the face. Their sense of curi-osity was aroused; they became inquisitive to know what was going on in the castle, and hence they defied everything to gratify their desire of inquisitiveness. There are a good many people like that in

this world, who want to know everybody's business, although it does not concern them in the least. So it was with the people of the country around the Hummingbird Casthe lot was not essential that they should know what was going on in the castle, who lived there. If they had minded their own husiness it would have been much more to their benefit and to their quiet of life. But no! They were filled with idle curiosity

and they must know. In this manner time had gone on. The people around the Hummingbird Hill continued to look with anxious wonder up toward the castle, and everyone sighed and said, "I wish I knew what was in there."

The father would always include into his prayer at the dinner table the sentence: "Pray, dear Lord, let us find out who lives in Hummingbird Castle." The schoolmgster and teacher in the school said to their j-upils that they must try and find out the mysteries of the castle; sye, and even the preacher in the church never closed his sermon on the Sunday morning before he invoked the people not to forget and let him know what was in the castle, if anybody happened to get there and back without be-

In the last few years so many people had died in the attempt to climb to the top of the hill that it looked as if the population of the country would soon be swallowed up by this craving of curiosity. But even that did not make the people hesitate. And although there were funerals going on all day to bury the broken bones that were scattered around at the foot of the hill the people did not get any the wiser.

It so happened, however, that there was a man living in this country, who was full of wisdom. His house stood at the outskirts of a small village, where he resided all by himself. No one went ever near his house because it was rumored around among the people that the old man was a wizard. He had no friends or relatives in all the world, it seemed, excepts young man about 20 years of age, whose name was Goldenhair, on account of the mass of beautiful yellow curls that hang from his head down upon his shoulders. Goldenhair and the wizard were often sitting in their little room in the small house together, where the old man would teach his young friend the wisdom that was contained in the many books that were stacked on the large shelves around the wall.

One day-it was just after Goldenhair had triabed his very difficult lesson-he said to the old wizard, whom he always addressed as Professor: "Professor," he said, "I am very sorry for the people of our land and I wonder whether nothing can be done to help them?

What is the matter, my dear boy, what do these people have to do with you?

"Well, I am sorry for them. Of course, you know all about Hummingbird Castle not the fact that no one can get into it. Now, the people around here are just crary to get inside of that building. Ever so many have climbed up the hill and attempted to get over the wall, but so far none of them have succeeded; in fact, all of them have died. Their bones have invariably been found at the base of the hill, smashed against a rock or a tree. Now, what I would like to do is to convince them that the whole thing is foolish and that there is nothing in the castle worth seeing so much as that anyone should venture his life to get

"But, my dear boy, how do you know

"Well, of course I am not sure, but it seems to me that a man's life should be worth more than all the secrets of all the ous castles in the entire world. "That is right, my boy. I like to hear

"Then all the blame falls on your own heads!" replied the wizard. "Now, if you follow Goldenhair he will lead you into the had ventured before them. They did not castle, but I must say good-by, for I have other business to attend to." Then he vanished and Goldenhair turning



The Enchanted Princes around lead the whole procession toward the hill. When he arrived there he walked

around the hill three times. After the whited around the hill three times. After the third time, he touched the ground with his stick and behold it opened up like a big cavern. He entered this opening and he beckoned everybody to follow him. When all were inside he walked along until they got into the center of the bill. Avrived here Gol. the center of the hill. Arrived here, Gol-denhair took a whistle from his pocket and

blew it. Immediately after, the ground on which Goldenhair and all the inquisitive people stood was raised up like an elevator. This ascension lasted for about three min-utes when suddenly everything stopped. Goldenhair and the people looked around and they found themselves in a large, beautiful marble hall. In the very center

stood a massive altar on which they could recognize the shape of a beautiful young girl, dressed in a long milky white garment. At the head of this marble altar stood the wizard. He beckoned Goldenhair and the people to come forward and stand around the marble altar. When all was quiet, the wizard said:

"Do you see this girl? She was at one time as inquisitive and curious as all you foolish people are, and she has undergone a punishment that has made her wiser. Now you are in Hummingbird Castle, you see what there is here. Is it worth the climb up the steep hill and stand the chance of being killed? No! you all shake your heads for you know that I am right." Then he told them all the story of the in-

quisitive princess, and when he arrived at the end he said: "Now are you satisfied?" "Yes!" all answered "Then go out of this door!"

A large door went open and the people walked out. But no sooner had they stepped into the grounds when they were all changed into monkeys. They ran around and climbed the trees, and acted just like the

animals whose shape they bore. The wizard and Goldenhair were standing in the large hall of the castle and looked at

in the large nail of the castle and looked at them, and Goldenhair became frightened. "Do not be afraid. my boy," said the winard; "you were the only one who knew how to mind his own business and curb the feeling of curiosity. Come here, this young lady has suffered long enough. We will take her back to her father in the kingdom of Colorado, and you shall be her hus

The wirard had no more than spoke these words when he went up to the marble altar. Taking the young lady by the hand he assisted her on to the ground. Then all he assisted her on to the ground. Then all three returned to the kingdom of Colorado, where all were received with great rejole-ing. The lords forgave the princess, when she promised them that she would not again

he too inquisitive.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Beware of imitations.

ing room as she graces the stage—a vision of dreamy, pensive, yet sympathetic loveli-ness, all unconscious of her most rare and delicate charm—modesty. The poetic ideal in the swiul presence, but expected to stand, beauty of her "Elaine" is something sweet to remember. Tennyson would have been hour after hour, and did stand, with loyal pluck, even when in a state of delicate health, till one day she fainted and made a ontent with it. Certain New York actors are very popu

splendid fall not set down in the stage dilar in society; none more so than Mr. Hen-ry Edwards. He is well known as a finrections. She never murmured at these hard lines, nor fretted over the rigid laws ished, conscientious actor of the old school, especially good in high comedy; but few are aware, so modest is he, of his scientific at-tainments. He is, in fact, one of the most of state etiquette which barred her from a regular presentation at court, thus an impossible honor for one who out-queened all the queens of her time; but in a later and distinguished entomologists of the world If anybody doubts the social gain to be the queens of her time; but in a later and somewhat more liberal reign, a great trage-dian, Macready, protested bitterly against such invidious and odious distinctions. He had no boyish or flunkyish desire to don a court suit, having finer costumes in his the-atrical wardrobe, or to witness court pa-rades and ceremonies, which he knew he could surpass in splendor on his own stage; but the fact that he was considered 'unworupon the weary spirit "like the benediction which follows after prayer"-a long onebut the fact that he was considered unwor-thy to kiss the fair hand of his young sov-

on Thanksgiving Day. That fine young actor with the quaint, Puritanic name, Eben Plympton, also re-cites admirably, with a simplicity and a ereign-the hand that he saw night after night lead the applause of a multitude over his scholarly acting and picturesque stage effects—was most galling to him. He felt this barring-out to a morbid degree. It even gave him a sort of contempt for the profesmanly earnestness most inspiring and satisfying. I think it would be a good thing for so

gave him a sort of contempt for the profes-sion he had followed with so much dignity and artistic fidelity. He said that accord-ing to English aristocratic custom, as to old English law, all players were "vagabonds," and so must always be regarded. He would never allow his children to see him on the trace that they cherd her their out the ciety and the drama to mingle and commin-gle, unless advances should come solely from a certain fast and furious fashionable set, when I should tremble for the morals of my friends, the actors.

GRACE GREEN WOOD.

Highlander Wita Marvelous Byes and

policemen, and faithful watchmen and shepherds. Forgathering with one tending his sheep on the verdant slopes of a high Northern mountain one day a company of English tourists thought to have some entertainment at his expense, and began by remarking that he seemed to be enjoying himself.

"Ou, sy," said the shepherd. "I'm shoost lookin' aboot me here."

"And what are you looking about you for?" inquired another. nount. The superb Grisi was accepted

see ta town and ta boats and ta loch, and many more things, whatever."

but Patti, the self-emancipated, was quietly ignored; and though Patti-Nicolini has been rehabilitated to a degree, yet having been divorced, and the cause of divorce in "Oh, yes, gentlemen, a great distance in-ed," said the shepherd. deed.

"I suppose on a clear day now you could "I suppose on a clear day now you could see London from this extreme attitude?" exclaimed one of the Oockneys, quizzing the countryman, and nudging his compan-

Lower lake. The latter, called Lough Leane, is about four miles in length and two and a half in breadth. Its trend is to replied the shepherd, who had perceived the

Many English singers and actresses have omewhat alarmed tourists married what is called well—been litted from the stage, whereon they were worshiped for their beauty and genius, to the upper circles, where they were looked upon with more or less coldness and jealousy; and in nearly all cases that matrimonial robber of

"Farther than America?" should all the Cockneys together. "Impossible!" "It's shoots true what I tell you what-ever," said Donald; "but if you'il won't believe me, sit doon' there, and took out your fissks and took a dram, and wait for twa oors and more, and if the mist will clear awa" you will see the moon from here."

Like a Perfect Little Gentleman. Buffalo Courier.]

passioned young actress who was made Lady Beecher must have found the dull round of aristocratic duties and fashionable pleasaristocratic duties and fashionable pleas-ures! An ex-prime donna, a great singer and actress, who, unhappily for the musical world, married off the stage and into a rich and aristocratic family, just after her first splendid season, told me years later that she never went to the opera without a wild, and longing to leap on to the boards and do the thing herself. This was Adelaide Kemble Sartorie A little girl dropped a package she was carrying, and the contents-several pounds of sugar-were scattered on the pavement. The passers-by laughed. Some said: "Poor girl, it's to bad," but no one offered to assist her, until a newsboy came along and saw the wreck. He proupply stopped, and kneeling down, he took a couple of his evening papers that he had paid for, and wrapped the sugar up nearly and tying the bundle gave is to the little girl and started off. CUSHMAN A SOCIAL QUEEN.

the eye to rest from any point upon any spot where some combination of the three does not return a picture of beauty or grandeur Entirely aside from historic or religious as

sociation of thought, and with every ruin, shrine or legend, so quickening to the im-agination, expunged, for this simple physical fact alone, the Killarney region will ever re-main the most beautiful spot in the world. Forest is here in trackless waste where the world day bids. the red deer hide; in grove, in copse in matted masses hanging from in-accessible heights. Shrubbery is here in such luxuriance that its richness and pro fusion cannot be elsewhere equaled outside the tropics. Water is here in such glints

above the sea I reached the worst impedi-ment where snow began. For here were countless bog-pockets, filled with melted snow and ice, into which I frequently plunged to my waist. Wherever I turned and gleanings as no pen or brush can ade-quately depict; in lakes that startle one as if in sudden awakening consciousness of sur-passing dream; in torrents solemn and mighty; in cascades filmy as streams of lace; of slush and sinkholes seemed ready to impede my passage. Two hours were con-sumed in surmounting this difficulty; but that overcome, whatever dangers I might in rivers tortuous and wild, songful and murmurous; in pools deep, dark and silent. Mountains are here with soft and billowy have ignorantly escaped, no discomforts at-tended the remaining truly Alpine ascent ascents; with crags and eliffs majestic, where eagles nest and scream; with peaks above the clouds. All these in all forms are Kilnot easily overcome by one of ordinary nerve and muscle. The day was clear and larney's so tenderly, so sweetly and so sub-limely intermingled, that the reverent heart, balmy, and already even in the highest altitudes the softening influence of the sun full of its surpassing loveliness, can no less than throb with loftiest exaltation and exupon the almost crystal encrustation was perceptible. Here and there black crag-points jutted through the shroud-like mountain-cap, and a good footing was alclaim: "Here stood the great Artificer, and lovingly builded and blessed! EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

A SUSPICIOUS CUSTOMER.

ways securable through triffing dexteritr. At 11 o'clock I had gained the summit, and was at the noblest height that man can at-tain by mere leg force in Ireland. If for no Millionaire Carefully Watched by the other reason than to secure an exact mental Proprietor of a Bookstore. photograph of the physical contour of the

Killarney lake region, the rewards of such a task as this ascent infinitely exceed the Chicago News.] The other afternoon a very modest looking gentleman sauntered into McClurg's Bereft of natural magical charms or the glowing imagries of a hundred spellbound bookstore, and began looking at the treasures in the English corner. Mr. Millard writers, imagine then a configuration of lakes and rivers shaped like a crescent, its eyed the stranger with suspicion, for the reason that not very long ago a modest look-ing gentleman pocketed several treasures, and made off with them. But Mr. Millard upper horn to the north, the outer rim of its middle arc to the east, and its lower horn lying to the south. Two silvery streams flowing into the point of the southern horn, was not long in discovering that the quiet stranger knew somewhat of books, for he talked very intelligently of the best edi-tions. Mr. Millard began, in fact, to feel are the Gearhameen and Owenreach rivers These, with innumerable minor stream from mountain cascades, are the first feed-ing waters of the Killarney lakes. A little sorry for the man.

ng waters of the Killarney insee. distance below, that is north of their con-fluence, the first lake, known as the Upper This is the smallest of the "Here," thought he, "is a gentleman who is a bibliomaniac. See how foudly his fire-less eyes gloat on these extra illustrated Dibdins? What envious, what hopeless Lake, begins. This is the smallest of the three lakes; and is but two miles in length pangs are now surging in his bosom! Poor and a half in breadth. From devil, it is my duty to steer him away from those incomprehensible prizes and up against some books within the compass of there runs northeast to the middle or Tore Lake, a wild and benutiful stream known as Long Range. Tore lake at the middle and eastern side of the creshis means."

But the stranger would not be steered cent is ugst larger in size. It is a trifle over two miles long and one mile wide. Almost worth a cent. He would inspect nothing but the costliest treasures. "I am sorry that you have sold the Washington Burns," divides, giving the middle, or Tore lake, a portion of its waters, and pouring the re-mainder into the southern projection of the said he, ruefully. "I would have taken i and been only too glad to get it."

"Our price was \$150," suggested Mr. Mil-"Cheap enough," said the stranger quiet-"And now may I ask you to send these five volumes to me at the Richelieu Hotel? The clerk will pay the bill. By the way,

what is the whole amount?" "Two hundred and thirty-five dollars," said Mr. Millard, impressively. "Well, send them to the Richelieu at once," said the stranger, "and the clerk will pay the charges for me."

Thus a line drawn from the confluence of A far-away, a distrustful, a bilious look stole into Mr. Millard's keen eyes. "What name, please?" asked Mr. Millard, firmly, but courteously. the Gweestin and Laune rivers around

"George W. Vanderbilt, of New York, said the modest stranger, demurely.

The Best Anti-Fat Medicine. Philadelphia Times.) Horseback exercise is resorted to more and more as an anti-fat regimen. There are a more as an anti-fat regimen. There are a number of well-known men with a tendency to portliness and many business engagements who go at night to riding schools and canter and trot around for an hour or two in the saddle to shake up their livers and get exer-cise to help keep down their weight. John C. Bullitt, the corporation lawyer, is a great believer in this method of keeping down avoirdugois.

m in brains, Mant said I. He doesn't know Enough to come in when it rains. "I'll not marry such a total, Though with gold his clothes are lined; He needn't think to use his money

As a last to change my mind."

Would that every beauteous daughter Had Ann's spirit, who, high-souled, Scorned to sell herself in marriage To a brainless, foppish whole.

563-CENTRAL DELETIONS. To each human man and woman

Nature gave a heart, no doubt, Yet, what being can help seeing That the beast is best without?

E'en the negro there, should he grow Heartless in an evil hour, He's a tyrant then environed

From a stupid turnkey Cupid Filched the heart with fingers deft.

ide bereft,

565-HALF SQUARE.

1. Took a winding course, 2. Effort. 3. Charged on oath. 4. A plant with neither stamens nor pistlis. 5. Ventured. 6. At any time. 7. A twig. 8. A suffix. 9. In THE DIS-PATCH. PAT RIOT.

566-BARA AVIS.

No doubt but that the studious mind New wonders in nature can always find, But the strangest thing I ever found Was a bird with a head like a circle round;

Was a bird with a head like a circle round; And what was strangest of all to me lis bill was where its tall should be; While body and head were open wide, I found no wings on either side, But head and bill were joined together, By what was once, no doubt, a feather, Resembling a stork, its legs were long. Though I saw them not, nor heard its song: Nor can I tell whether fit for the table Its fisch may be, but trust you are able To see it yourself, and tell me its name, If to solving skill you lay any claim. W. C. WOODFORD.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The prizes offered for best March answer were won by J Bosch, Salem, O., and D. J. Amond, Allegheny City, Pa.

ANSWERS.

A L C.H

551-Turkey. 552-S, 'sh, she. 553-

His effrontery left a country

Of all gratit

He's a tyrant then environed With the attributes of power. Thoughtful childhood sees the wildwood That would over carth expand. If our world had been huried Heartless from its Maker's hand. From a stupid turnkey Cupid

KNOW THYSELF. And she went about her duties, With her heart and mind at ease, Attended to the prime and butter, Fed her chickens, ducks and geese.

BOIENCE OF LIFT and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Prema and Physical Debility, Im

> EXHAUSTEDVITALIT **UNTOLD MISERIES**

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses of Overtastation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid unskilful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 500 pages, royal \$00. Besutiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price, only \$1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illus-trative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., re-ceived the COLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association. for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps CHASICAL DEBLITY. Dr. Parker and accorp of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, could dentially, by mail or in person, at the effice of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfmch St., Boston, Mass., io whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

jalö-TuFsuwk

Of all gratitude bereft, Stoics shiver at his quiver, Yet admire the imp whose art Made Leander a commander When the priestess stole his heart. Thus while living gay or grieving, In those hearts there will abide Hopes that dwindle and rekindle, Ebbing, flowing like the tide. -W. WILSON. WHAT IS MONEY WITHOUT HEALTH.

Health, Energy and Strength secured by using AMORANDA WAFERS. These wafers are GUARANTEED SPECIFIC and the only reliable and safe remedy for the permanent cure of Impotency, no matter how long standing, Nervous Neuralgia Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use alcohol or tobacco, Sleeplessness, Montal Depress on, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Spermatorrhees, Harrassing Dreams, Premature Decay of Vital Power, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over ndulgence. 75 cents per box or six boxes for \$4.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. Six boxes is the complete treatment and with every purchase of six boxes at one time we will gives

WRITTEN GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE MONEY if the wafers do not benefit or effect a permanent cure. Prepared only by the BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE. For sale only by JOSEPH FLEMING & SON, 412 Market Street, Pitter burgh, Pa., P. O. Bex 37, to whom all communissation should be addressed. mhâl-psu

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VIGOR. LOSS OF MEMORY. Full particulars in pamphies sent free. The genuine Gray's Specific sold by druggists only in yellow wrapper. Frice, # pee-package, or six for %, or by mail

A Mighty Knowing Rooster. Walton (Ga.) News. ;

There is to our certain knowledge a roos ter in town that has wonderful instinct or sense. In his yard is a hen sitting in a box about one and a half feet from the ground.

On more than one occasion that rooster, when the chickens are fed, has gone to the nest, and clucked to the hen, and failing that way to get her off the nest, actually pulled feathers out of her trying to get her to leave her nest long enough for breakfast. Come on with your strange, true stories, TU

S P E A R C O R & L 554-Harps-i-chord. 555-Napoleon Bonaparte. 556-"One is your beautiful dough, and the ther is your dutiful beau." 557-Dane, insame, stain, grain, blaun, pain, rain, wain. The road up to the palace Toward a thimble wends The fairy and her eisters You've at your fingers' ends. ing THE GRAT MEDICINE CO., Burnal Sold in Pittsburg by S. S. HOLLAND, Smithfield and Liberty sts.

HARE'S REMEDY

For meni Checks the worst cases in three days, and cures in five days. Price SI 69, as J. FLEMING'S DRUGSTORE, ja5-23-TTRSU 412 Market street.

WEAK MEN Suffering from the ad-d. etc. I will smil a valuable fremtine present F. F. O. FOWLER, Moodus, Conne |

through the center of the lake basin cres cent, and terminating at a point on the Owenreach river, midway between Boug-hil and Carrantuchill mountains, would hill and Carrantuchill mountains, would not exceed 24 miles in length; yet it would amply define the extent in length of what may properly be termed the Killarney lake region. It is simply an extended mountain glen filled with lesser glens, lakes, streams, gorges, crags, cliffs, forests, cascades, pools, burns, bogs, trans, ruins, leggends, guide robbers and beggars galore. But you not only see this matchless glen from where you stand with me on the now white peak of Carrantuchill, but being over 3,400 feet above the level of the sea, with your field-class, and much with the naked eye, you have the most commanding, the most en-trancingly beautitul, and by far the most

Dingle Bay.

The charming artist and lovely woman bur Helen Faucet was after her marriage to Sir off.

stage, lest they should lose their respect for A SCOT'S STRONG SIGHT. HOW DICKENS DEFIED ROYALTY. When Dickens at the head of his com Ready Wit. pany of distinguished amateurs, playing for a dramatic fund, were "commanded" to ttish American.]

Windsor, to amuse the Queen, and a lot of kings and such—he declined to go, unless he and his friends could be received as guests. That was a bold step forward for the profession. Fancy the brilliant wits of Orace Anno's time taking such a tradit Highlanders make good soldiers, good Queen Anne's time taking such a stand! It has always been easier in England for musical genius to make its way to the uppermost social circles, to rise by the gentle force of the "concord of sweet sounds,"

even to the championship of royalty, "the lark, at Heaven's gate singing"-yet in the case of a peerless prima donna, the question of morals or reputation is para-

"Oh, shoost because it's a fine view from this side o' the hill."

mount. The supero Grist was accepted solely as an artist, praised and paid, and sent down to supper with other paid enter-tainers. Patti, Marquise de Caux, we everywhere received, though she did earn her living, provided for her own table in Paris, and her husband's at Monte Carlo; but Batti the self-armoniated mes emitti "Yes, but what can you see from here?" "Well, if there was no mist ta day I would

"I suppose you can see a great distance from here on a clear day?" remarked one.

others, she will probably never be admitted to the Queen's drawing room, or invited to

the most moral and exclusive houses of the nobility, while the irreproachable Albani and the prudent Nilsson are welcome guests "Och,ay, and much farther than that too," in the palaces of dukes, princes, and pre-lates. I think such discrimination in favor

nudge. "Farther than London?"gasped two of the of propriety and purity of life is just and

"Ay, to be surely, and farther than Amer-a too," replied the Highlander. "Farther than America?" shouted all the ica too.