THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

IKE AND HIS MOTHER.

THIRD PART

Mrs. Partington Meditates on the Gulf Stream's Peculiarities.

ISAAC SCARES THE FUNNY MAN.

A White Squall Strikes the Seven Pollies and Mixes Things.

PARALYZING & POETICAL PASSENGER.

IWBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] CHAPTER IIL HE Seven Pollies, in her lively game of pitch

and toss, had kept the -steward pretty busy below for two days, -but on the third all the passengers were able to tumble up except Mrs. Partington, who was still in re-- cumbency under care of the steward, and

the infection and was as smart as a cricket. the infection and was as smart as a cricket. Even Captain Davit was better, the jug Donnerblast, the natives having lately having about given out. The first cigar evinced a taste for amusement, inspired by put in an appearance, a star of promise to a copy of the London Punch that had found the lately desponding.

Seven belts had sounded when Si Petton.



lines a Seat on an Egg Mrs. Partington De Box

the mate, came below to summon Mrs. Partington to the deck. "Come auntie," said he, "we want you

above, we've struck the Gulf Stream." "Did the collusion do any harm?" she asked.

"Oh no, all right." "Well, wait till I make myself responsi-

ble, and I will come. I shall be rejoiced to see a stream once more, for this being tossed Captain's features on receiving the message, about so has become monotonous." She soon sppcared on deck, but there was nothing but dashing waves all around

"Where is the stream," she asked, having fancied that it must be a stream

roll of the vessel, appeared to be gravely contrasting their present condition with that of horses attached to railway cars or bucksters' wagons, and even treadmill threabing machines gained something by comparison. The warm atmosphere had such depressing effect upon the black horse, that he even be-"No; we must cross the line, and you will be told when we get to it." reconciled with the cook, as a lesser

horses, as they swayed to and fro with the

Pondering this new affliction she adjusted her dress and joined the rest of the passen-gers on deck, who were discussing the effects of the storm. The cook was sitting among evil, and would pensively take a potato from his ebony hand, as large as a ten-pound the ruins of his sovereignty, with the air o ham.

The evening airs were invigorating, when he close cabin was deserted. After a very not day all were sitting on deck, the funny and, coupling his tardy habit with his comthe close cabin was deserted. After a very hot day all were sitting on deck, the funny plexion, the funny man had said he was black as slow, which can be made intelli-



Ike. Ike had escaped man informing his listeners that he was going to Neinbruch, up the coast from Legnan, its way among them. He was very hilarious, when suddenly he

jumped up, gave a scream and danced around on one foot, holding the other in his hand, declaring that he had been bitten by a centipede, right through his stocking. The announcement brought all to their feet, Mrs. Partington attempting to get on a camp stool, broke down and tumbled into a hean

heap. The reptile was not caught, but a long stick with a pin in it was found next morn-ing near where Ike had stood, but he knew nothing about it.

Next morning after this episode, at break-fast, Captain Davit presided, with a blunt sud hearty manuer. He had restored him-self to the good graces of his passengers, alienated for sometime by his brutal conduct the cook, by contessing that he had acted under hasty impulse, aggravated by the medicine he had been taking for sea-sick-ness, and was ready to forgive any one who had been offended by his conduct.

This was so manly in him that even Mrs. Partington relented. The breakfast had proceeded to near its close, when the steward, who had been sent on deck, previously, returned and whispered in the Captain's car. "You will please take my place, Mrs. Partington," said he, rising, "and preside over the feast. I am wanted on deck; but you need not change your seat, as you will remember that where McGregor sits is the

head of the table." He accordingly went out, and the breaklast proceeded. No change had been observed in the

favored emblems in recent decorations. The chances are that it is an obscure de and nothing of an alarming nature was ap-

deck again.

"No." was the response

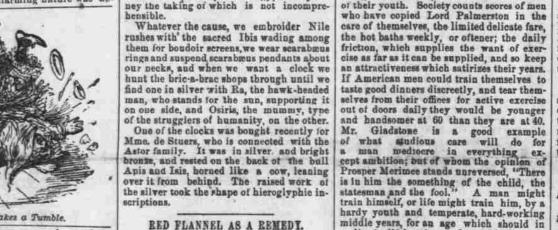
of light from the moon yonder?' "Moonshine, sir."

"They call it the pathway of angels."

EGYPTIAN BRIC-A-BRAC.

-Nileside.

B. P. SHILLABER.



PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1890.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Shirley Dare Discusses a Problem Which Troubles Both Sexes.

WHAT IS BEAUTY WITHOUT YOUTH.

How Great Men and Women Have Avoided Time's Pencillings.

black as slow, which can be made interin-gible by putting the words "he is" between "as" and "slow." in which case it is really quite clever. His pots and pans had been gathered into a pile, the stove set apart in meloschelar interior of the stove set apart in

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) To live long and live young is the dream

identity, and he sat among them in ebouized rigidity, while "upon his tront engraven derightly, while "upon his front entraved de-liberation sat," as if he were pondering the event, while his vacuous eyes denoted that the squall had done more than the Captain's trumpet in reaching his intellect. He soon recovered, however, and proceeded, with the aid of one of the sailors, who was a carpenloss. We are cruel to ourselves in that we r, to extemporize means for preparing din-er. The deck bore testimony to the force of the gale, strewed everywhere with fragments of various sorts, and, as Mrs. Parting-ton remarked, it was evident it would take some time to "digest things." After a dinner of canned meats-better? Mrs. Partington seriously said, with con-tent, than the "stallid ox"-they went on Soon alter, the night settled down with the sunset (for there is no twilight in the tropics), the stars came out, or were there already without coming out, the moon peeped up over the eastern horizon, sending a lane of light to the vessel, the winds were in the wits, half cross with bad digestion

fellow mortals wiser than ourselves. sengers. Mrs. Partington was silent. "Do you know," said one, breaking the stillness abruptly, "what the sailors call that stream of light reflected on the water?" tradition of a Spanish gravity and stiffness

"Very pretty," was replied. "Let us try it. Here, Jack, what do you call that streak Pashiounble People's Fad for Belics of the Another fad which it might be hard to nohead, were men of abounding humor; the great poets and artists were young till they count for is the sudden liking we have de-

died, and wherever you find this buoyant mirth-loving quality, this capability of youthfulness, it argues a vitality which, rightly prized, should carry its owner through life with force unabated and eye veloped for things Egyptian, says a New York letter to the Savannah News. Fashionable folks cannot be assumed to feel any nterest in Miss Amelia B. Edwards or her archeological researches, and yet it is a fact undimmed. that the lotus flower and the sphinx are the

WHAT MEN COULD DO.

lure them to the spiritual, the mental, the lasting, and teach them infatuation for all

velopment of the not yet subsided classical manis. From Josephine to Napoleon and from the Little Corporal to Egypt is a jour-ney the taking of which is not incompre-

"Goodness gracious! What next can there be? And this seems the worse of all,

melancholy isolation, a few pieces of broken crockery scarce dared lay claim to

berry, which has an exquisite smell, and is a fine wash TO REMOVE FRECKLES

FULPILLING THE DREAM OF THE POETS,

of the poets almost forgotten of men, which yet haunts them with a sense of remediless

live so short a time, and yet waste two-thirds of that time in decline. The world feels grateful to those who keep their youth for the encouragement of its hopes. Never smile at the man who wears well, and looksand is younger than his years; that is, than our feeble idea of their limitations. People take the least possible care of themselves, their health, their life, their vigor, and resign themselves fatutionsly to the consequences, even deriding those who would put back the hand shadow on the dial to its appointed place. As well ridicule those who seek to escape death as those who would escape age, which is the messenger of death. We all want to bring things down to our limited measures, and because we are stiff

and running down by reason of unthrifty waste of health, cannot abide the sight of The conventional^a notion of sobriety is chargeable with this loss of youth. The

of demeanor is cause of much loss of healthy spirit and life. The precept translated in Soripture, "Be sober," really reads in the Greek, "Be earnest," and a terrific endow-ment of earnestness and will is consistent with as high a flight of spirits and daring humor as ever worn by court jester or him knightly master of the crown. The greatest minds of the world have always been men and women of spirits so brilliant as to be chargeable with lightness by their less-gifted fellows. The great fighters, from Charlemagne, could laugh loudly and jest keenly; the great reformers, Luther at the

As well cared for, your fast Kentucky

roadster will outlast a slow, weight-carrying Norman. Men balf comprehend this truth, and give more thought to the conservation of their youth. Society counts scores of men who have copied Lord Palmerston in the who have copied Lord raimerston in the who have copied Lord raimerston in the care of themselves, the limited delicate fare, the hot baths weekly, or oftener; the daily friction, which supplies the want of exer-

and spois on the face. French ladies use the juice of the strawberty as a liquid rouge for cheeks and finger tips. De Montespan knew also the virtues of the astringent water of white tansy for keeping the muscles of the face firm, and one must notion to muscles of the face firm, and one must notice in portraits of her time how little the smooth full faces showed the lax droop-

ing look induced by the close rooms and overheat of to-day. There was a famous barley water compounded with careful rites which gave an extraordinary brilliance to the skin. Marie Antoinette had a favorite

wash distilled from half a dozen lemons out small, a handful of white lily-leaves and southernwood, infused in two quarts of milk with an ounce and a a half of white sugar and an ounce of rock alum. The face at night was to be bathed in this water which gave a beautiful purity and liveliness to the complexion. Another royal recipe was to infuse wheat bran three or four hours in vinegar with yolks of eggs and s grain or two of ambergris, distill the whole, and keep it ten days in the sun to finish. The famous lait virginale was a name for several different tollet lotions, the most efficacious of which was an ounce of alum and the same of sul-phur in fine powder, shaken half an hour in a pint of rose water, which became milky in the process. A cloth wet in this was laid all the process. A cloth wet in this was laid all night on the face, which was afterward washed in rose water. Most modern liquids of this name are nothing but an oxide of lead dissolved in acid, and very injurious. Ages when women are supposed to have existed in the uttermost simplicity in a free state of nature, have abounded in cosmetics. The famous earth of Chios, an oily clay, was one of these, and which gave the women of a whole province in Greece a reputation for the smoothness of their complexions. At the the smoothness of their complexions. At the fine exhibition of American wares at Phila-delphia this year in November, specimens of the different clays were shown by the side of potters at work, who said that the oily clays were found in New Jarsey. Who-ever one point out a whiteh fine unchange ever can point out a whitish fine unctuous earth among our various beds of chalk and clays has found something of much interest to

women. The neutral clay, the oily moisture worn at night on the skin must soften and refine it, and New Jersey women may yet be noted for their velvety complexions, by the kindly aid of the State potteries. SHIBLEY DARE.

PLANTS IN THE MUSIC ROOM. As Long as They Thrive There the Plaze is

All Right. San Francisco Examiner. J

to be kept very dry," said a well-known pianist yesterday. "Nothing could be more fallacions. Piance and the shadow of the city gates their customers among a good share of their customers among a good share of fallacious. Pianos are not nearly so much affected by heat or cold as they are by drygo to church. ness, and reversely by dampness. It is not generally known that the sounding board,

the life of a piano, is forced into the case when it is made so tightly that it bulges up in the center, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be as dry as possible, but of course it contains some moisture, and gathers more on damp days and in handling. Now, when a piano is put into an over-bested dry room, all this moisture is dried out, and the board

of the thoughtful Jew; the pride of the most thoughtless; the hope, the doom, and ldles its shape and gets flabby and cracks. Even if it doesn't crack, the tone loses its the enigma of the race. resonance and grows thin and tinny, the felt

Let us take the trouble to consider what the city of New York would be if idealized by the rural native through a fiery national patriotism-what Paris, if enshrined by a great religious sancity; we may almost add what heaven if universally desired by earth. Thus was Jerusalem to the country people of Judea in the year in which our story

easy content of the Oriental.

The day was the second day of the week

and the place was Jerusalem-hot, bright,

splendid Jerusalem; the glory and despair



BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," Etc., AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

eral of his acquaintances out of hearing, eral of his acquaintances out of hearing, made a dead set upon the young man, the brother of Martha and her quiet slater, the roung man who stood apart and mused with his eyes upon the ground. They were fine eyes, we may pause to say. He was, take him altogether, a fine-looking fellow. Yet when we have used the words, they seem to form a phrase not so much too modern for the great line of human type run without regard to chronology—but too

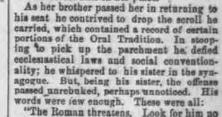
urban, too conventional to describe him. He had unquestionably great beauty; but this handsome youth was no man of the On the other hand, assuredly he was no rustic, even though suburban. He had experience, position, authority in his air. He had wealth and taste in his costume. He had the ease of the affinent middle classes.

He was finely formed, with a figure inclining to spareness, but made vigorous by physical labor, and refined by the fact that the severest of this labor was apparently behind him. He gave the impression of a behind him. He gave the impression of a devote called by fate to some practical me-chanical occupation; a man born for a voca-tion, but born into an avocation. His eyes were large, gray, and a little sad; liquid, dreamy and winning; his lips had the ascetic delicacy of intellectual or spiritual temperaments. He had almost feminine beauty of coloring in skin and hair. He was attractive, both as painting and sculpture are attractive. CHAPTER I.

HE morning was fresh and the wind arose from the western sea. Else-where it might have Malachi, strutting a little, as men of his where it might have

where it might have been called an invigorating day. In Judea in summer one searcely says that. Pres-cience of the dusty dryness to come scorches the nerve, and it is with the imagination busy upon the hot noon that the body en-joys the cool of an exceptional dawn. The hour was yet early, but so are the habits of a hot country. The city was already astir. The open markets at the roadside and in the shadow of the city gates chaffered busily, "finding a good share of their encloneers among a people depent

enough to get up early in the morning and For with the synagogues, too, dawn was a busy time. A full stomach and a pious conscience pulled well together. People ate and prayed and so began to live, with the



onger, Mary. He cometh not to-day." "How know you?" breathed Mary. "By the mouth of John the Disciple." The Sheliach droned on. Mary's tender countenance fell. The service proceeded. In the due course of time it was officially announced by one of the assistant readers that the popular young rabbi, expected to address the audience on that occasion, was unfortunately prevented from appearing among them, and that our revered friend and father, the Sheliach, would continue the discourse. This announcement was given upon the authority of our well-known and honored fellow worshiper, Lazarus the builder, resident at Bethany

In roots of and of his two histors, who were already quictly in their places. The elder sister turned her head at the sound of his step, but the younger sat modesily with downcast eyes. Suddenly ahe whom they called Martha whispered: "He turns back. He bath been summoned from without."

PAGES 17 TO 20.

"He turns back. He hath been summoned from without." The sweet face of the other changed its expression alightly; but she was not the kind of woman who talks in the synagogue, even with a chattering sister. Her coun-tenance was so mobile, indeed, that she needed few words. Far above the manner of most Oriental women, whose lack of edu-cation and severe domestic seclusion gaves them monotony of expression, her face had language. But it was a high language, full of dignity and delicacy, rather than an agile one, feminine, coquettish or gar. "And where," persisted Martha, "where in the world is he?" Her sister asswered only by a finger tip on the lips; but her eyes betrayed a fine, feverish excitement powel-fully suppressed. She bent her bead meek-ly, and gave devout attention to the old Sheliach. Was that not her duit? A young mechanic from the mea's division of the synagogue looked back at her in rapt neglect at he reader. Was not that his na-ture? She did not return his gaze, for the

early and too few disappointed, nor the too late suffered to dragth the occasion. The yoang man whom Malachi was in-structing upon the ecclesiastical prospect of the day made no reply, but silently passed forward toward his seat. This was directly in front of that of his two sisters, who were already quietly in their places. The elder

ture? She did not return his gaze, for the excellent reason that she knew

about it. Her brother mean while having answered the summous which called him from the synagogue, passed out over the portico and looked abroad for the messenger. One stood there, whom he recognized by a mute stood there, whom he recognized by a mute sign; he moved anart with him for a few moments, and the two conversed in low tones. The messenger was a plain man in the working clothes of a fisherman. Some-thing in his bearing seemed to place him above his class, but it would not be easy to say what this was. His grammar was that of the uneducated people; but his voice had a refined quality not to be unnoticed by a refined ear.

refined ear. The two young men spoke together earn-estly; they had the aspect of those who might have been friends if circumstances had thrown them together; their natures seemed to flow toward each other, even upon the simplest topic. Evidently it was no simple topic which absorbed them. After a little conversation they kissed each other after the Oriental manner, and parted. The messenger went down the hill and disap-

peared among the people hastily. The other returned to the meeting. The Shelinch was still expounding. The congregation looked sleepy. Martha sup-pressed a yawa and fidgeted in her sent. Malachi the Pharisee glared with annoy-ance shout the andiens. ance about the audience. The young me-chanic glanced at the younger sister now and then throughout the service. But she sat still in her place.

As her brother passed her in returning to his seat he contrived to drop the scroll he carried, which contained a record of certain portions of the Oral Tradition. In stoop-ing to pick up the parchment he defied ecclesuastical laws and social convention-sility, which contained to big in the

tween green banks bordered with alder with alternating openings, revealing growing crops, and trees and flowers beyond with singing birds to add to the attraction of the scene.

"It is, just now, under water," said the funny man, as he placed an inverted egg box for her to sit on. "Can you see it?" said she.

"" "?is the sea itself," was the reply. "Well, I never!" said she, "Here is a

wonderment, to be sure! A stream under water! One would think it would lose its efficiency. I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it. But there are many strange things in the world that we must except even against our own condusiveness. More might have been said, probably better; but a cry from the cook diverted the at-



tention of all, and the poor fellow was seen held by the testh of a black horse owned by in, a spirited animal, which had, from the first manifested an intense hatred of the cook, and whose stall was next the ladder leading up over some bundled hav to where the cook got his water to cook with. This time he had attempted to come down the ladder and was for a moment off his guard, when the horse grabbed him by his clothes, shaking him as if he were a rat. All made a rush for the rescue; but the cap tain, leaping from the harness cask, came in first, and, seizing a copper speaking trumpet that rested on brackets in the companion way, dealt such a blow on the head of the unoffending negro that it flattened as if it were sheet lead-the trumpet, not the head, as the head, of his class, is proverbially so hard as to defy all attacks.

The cook was extricated, and at dinner (the captain being absent from relapse owing to the steward's finding a flask with about two doses of medicine in it), severe comment was made on his conduct.

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, her fork elevated like the trident of Neptune, her spectacles denoting the deepest emotion, "I think the captain's conduct highly irreproachable and nothing can paralyze it. He treated the poor black man like a nigger, and nothing can be said to extemporize She was applauded rapturously, and Ike,

Ike Scares the Funny Man. who lay upon the floor, attempting to hum A Life on the Ocean Wave" to the tune of Yankes Doodle," gave a loud hurrah.

They were rapidly nearing the tropic of Cancer, and the weather had become very warm, coervating and oppressive. Even the



Mrs. P. Takes a Tumble prehended. The warm atmosphere of the

tropics they were entering pervaded the cabin, and there was great exhilaration in the hearts of all, by whom the weather was especially commended.

"I'll thank you for some coffee," said one upon the opposite side of the table, holding over his cup and saucer to Mrs. Partington, who arose to hand over the beverage, watching the roll of the vessel, while holding the

coffee pot in one hand and the cup and saucer in the other, combining dignity and grace. Her pose might have been studied by an artist, of which, unfortunately, there were none on board; but, just at the climax of admiration, the vessel careened suddenly to leeward and then plunged violently forward, tearing Mrs. Partington from her moorings, and throwing her, coffee pot, cup and saucer and all right over the table, carroming on two occupants of the other side, and bearing the candidate for coffee with her to leeward. the candidate for come with her to leeward. The male passenger freed himself and rashed, with the instinct of self-preserva-ion, for the companion-way, joined by the others, while Mrs. Partington-alas for human gallantry!--unable to move, lay there, covered by the debris of smashed crockery, with nothing to be seen of her but a pair of No. 7 these such black in the but a pair of No. 7 shoes and black stockings elevated above the mass.

Ike, however, was unharmed, though considerably shaken up, and he hastened to extricate the old lady, which he did with difficulty, as the vessel had not yet recovered + her equilibrium, and the cry of "whoa" from above indicated that the horses' equineimity was disturbed. The



Recovering From the Shock, shouts and yells and stamping of feet were

At last, recovering herself and sitting ai near upright as she could upon a capsized trunk, she waited in a dazed condition for further developments. The vessel righted about as suddenly as it had tipped over, the sounds subsided on deck, and Ike, who had one up as soon as he had seen the dame all right, rushed down again to tell her that a white squall had struck the brig and thrown her over on her beam ends, smashed the

cook and waked snakes generally. The Captain came down soon after and explained to her the nature of the accident. regretting exceedingly that she should have borne any harm therefrom. "Nothing very harmonious," said she;

"but it was dreadfully derogating to be thus subjugated, with one's heels so alleviated as to send one's brains down into one's Besides, the imposture was so ridiculous, almost destroying one's conscientious-ness; then there is the demurrage to clothes. I wouldn't undergo it again to be made a

The Captain assured her that nothing of the kind would be likely to occur again. "We've about got off the Doldrums," he maid, "and will soon strike the trades After we cross the line it will be all fain "What line ?"

"Cancer-the parallel of Cancer."

Popular Superstition That Dates Back re the Sixteenth Century. Dr. Kerr in Globe-Democrat. 1

The popular belief in the sanitary efficacy of red underwear is a clinging superstition, nothing more. Red was in ancient times considered a potent charm against the evil eve. At one time in the sixteenth century, when the evil eye was esteemed to be especially triumphant in England, there was a boom in red tape which it has never since experienced. Many people to this day be-lieve that a red string worn about the neck is a sure preventive of asthma, measles and mumps. The relics of this old faith are to-day best

traction, who seems to have been a sort of oriental Goethe, wanting the selfishness. It was not Lillth who ate the apple which tempted Eve. It is Lillth who, foreseeing the pain and sin of life, takes away the preserved in the great confidence which obtains in the medical virtues of red flannel, and a not so widespread belief that the milk of a red cow is better than that of any other cow. As to red flannel it has the single merit over other colors, that the dycing material used destroys all vestige of animal life in the wool, and that red flannel how they slay and maim them for life in their ignorant cruelty. They also hate her will not shrink as white flannel does. because, knowing the will of nature, she remainsever fair. and the sight of her face lures men, would

BEAUTY BY GASLIGHT. Why Women Above 20 Should Not Let the

Light be Too Bright. New York Evening Sun.] "No woman past 20 who has any regard

for her looks at night should allow a light tion, and would bring her to the level which to fall on her from above," said a society

tion, and would bring her to the level which Eve taught them; so with the coming of Lilith there is strife. Her daughters may awhile forget their birthright, but they re-member it in time and the world holds the tradition of women who never grow old. Such are never forceless women, childish and alight as they may seem. But while Eve's dependence on constitutions woman recently, "it should come only from the sides, and level with the face. 'Why?' See here," she turned up the light that over-hung the table in the center of her library and stood directly underneath it. On the instant the lines of her face sharpened, there were hollows in her cheeks, she looked ten years older and almost ugly. "You see," she said, "how my face is changed. The light coming from above throws shadows downward on the face, bringing out the lines sharply and showing daughters are questioning and lamenting their want of influence over the minds of men, and ascribing all manner of baseness to them to account for it. Lilith's daughters smile; for good or bad, they will not lose their power until the end. absence of the round curves that make beauty of a woman's face. With the IGNORANCE OF EVE'S DAUGHTERS.

light coming from the side the shadows are not thrown on the face and the outline is softened instead of hardened. If these lights are shaded as well the pleasing effect is

BENEFITS OF AN OPEN WINTER.

Mild Weather Saves the Rallroads Money and Prevents Accidents.

St. Louis Globe-Demograt.] fearful, bleut with the whistling of the An open winter, dry and not cold, such as

we have enjoyed so far, is worth millions of dollars to the railroads of the country.

cloth and leather used in the action dri and the whole machine rattle." If American men could train themselves to "How will you prevent this?"

"Keep a growing plant in your room, and so long as your plant thrives your plano ought to, or else there is something the matter with it. It should be noted how much more water will have to be poured into the flower pot in the room where the plane is than in any other room."

A GOOD GHOST STORY.

A Girl Sees Her Dead Aunt in Her Brida Trousseau.

New York World. 3 As I lay awake one night I saw coming

middle years, for an age which should in reality be life's prime, ardent with the elec-tric force of mind, far-sighted and keen-sighted, with the single-mindedness which all men, kings and counsellors, learn to wish through the door a small volume of smoke that gradually enlarged until it assumed the figure of a rather tall lady. It kept advancing backward until it reached the center of the room, the train fully extended the while. I viewed the ap-parition of smoke, and there was a bridal they had used before they come to die. Instead, they rear themselves for the shrunk limb, the unsteady gait, the rheumy eye. The tradition of Lilith, first wife of Adam, is that she left him in anger that dress, a marvel of the dressmaker's art. I was so absorbed with the make-up of the troussesu I hadn't noticed the face, but when I did, there stood my she might remain fair, and became head spirit of evil, tormenting the dreams of man as her daughters do to this day. The legend has the fallacy of all myths, which contain sunt, who had been in Europe for years. half-comprehended truth. Is it Christian to assign supreme power and beauty to the In that tace I saw such terror, angulah and pain depicted that I could hardly refrain from crying with pity. Suddenly she furned her face full on me, lighted up with spirits of evil? Is she any more queen of female demons than Solomon was of the genii? and do we dread Solomon's wisdom and ata heavenly smile, and then gradually faded away. In about a fortnight I received word say-

ing that on the date of my vision occurred the nuptial ball of my aunt, when she, with five others, was burned to death, their cloth-ing having taken fire. Inquiry proved that young children mercifully in sleep, and women ignorantly hate her for it, forgetting my vision was a counterpart of her trousseau ven to her ornaments and the dressing of her hair.

AN EARNEST LABOR LEADER.

John Burns, a Philanthropist, Who Lives of £2 Per Week. Correspondence of Lewiston Journal.]

things good and wise and immortal. But men being doomed to work out a knowledge of the unspeakable folly and bitterness of lower things, have but one reading of inten-The name most often spoken in England o-day is not that of Lord Salisbury or of Victoria Regina, but of a plsin workingman possessed of a lot of horse sense and the gifts of natural eloquence chastened by moral earnestness—a sincere desire to elevate the lot of the people. Last night I was down in the Strand calling on a friend, when I heard the clatter of many feet on the staircase. "There is a workingman's club in the hall above us," said my friend, "and there John Burns comes every week and draws his £2 (\$10) per week, on which he lives." It is evident that the strong point of John

Burns' case is this-he is not in this move-ment of economic enfranchisement for the aggrandizement of his own pocketbook. If The secret of Lillith's power is her deep political ambition is his-let not that be an accusation. A subscription of \$10,000 is be-ing made to enable him to run as a candidate humility. She knows her limitations-Eve will not be told that she has any. Lilith knows the sway of sense must have an end and will neither rule by it nor neglect it, but Eve, craving to be as gods, will have her power scarce short of the divine, and loses, even when she seems to win. It is Lilith who has left in the world knowledge of the secret of prolonging world knowledge for the House of Commons as a representative in that body of the working classes.

A TOUTHFUL SCIENTIST Volunteers a-Plausible Explanation of

Mountala's Origin. New York Weekly.]

of the secret of prolonging youth as well as beauty. Eve's daughters have ignorantly been content to imitate it with paint, powder and stimulants, which left the form diseased Teacher (after a lecture on geology)low, children, I want to tell you of some thing I saw in Utah. There is a high thing I saw in Oun. There is a high mountain there, far from human habita-tion, yet the top of it is covered with oyster shells. How do you explain that? Bright Boy—Well, I dunno, of course, but when we lived in Kansas a big cyclone struck our town, and the last I saw of the railroad restaurant it was way up in the air, headin' fer Utah.

A Remarkable Epitaph

A Toledoan, who was recently visiting in a little town in the central part of the State, found this unique inscription on the tombstone of a young girl:

opens. The suburbans, to whom Sabbath travel-ing was furbidden by the ecclesiastical law, were fewer in number upon the sacred day than upon a week-day such as the one of which we speak; it chanced to be that which to a good domestic modern Gentile is known The Swaggering Pharisee. spoke—a name. But his neighbor fired at it into instant animation. "I understand," observed the elder man importantly, "I am told on good authority that he utility and the second secon

as working-day. These Judean women had already per-formed their simple moraing tasks, had got the breakfast of lentils and fruit easily our of the way, had shaken the mats and of the dust and bathed and wrapped the other; he had an expression which might indicate either real surprise or feigned ignor-it was not easy to say which.

spoke to a neighbor, one of a group of sev-eral suburbans who were making their way to the service of morning prayer about to be held in one of the minor synagogues. "My brother should not be far distant," replied she who had been addressed. "He is there," observed another voice, a contler voice than either of the first "He

"My brother should not be inter-replied she who had been addressed. "He is there," observed another voice, a gentler voice than either of the first. "He standeth apart by himself, Martha. That is our brother with his eyes bent upon the ground in thought." "Surely," nodded Martha briefly, "your eyes are swifter than mine; they always were." A fine observer regarding the two women the dimension of the direction of the does not the oral tradition. He may "Doubtless he of whom you speak feeleth under obligations to you," returned the other, gravely. A fine observer regarding the two women might have said or would have thought: "It is the heart that is swifter." But the ruder woman was not such an observer. And naturally, her neighbor's affairs were less interesting than one's own. "I hope Ariella will manage to get through the day. Our neighbor, the mother of Barnah promised to look in unon her

through the day. Our neighbor, the mother of Barneh, promised to look in upon her; and Baruch himself is worth two men with my husband to stay at home, but he said he was not the woman of us to be nursing sick tolk. See—there he goes. There goes Malachi. A comely man, and no more fond of his own way than a man ought to be." Malachi, a swaggering Pharisee, with the broadest phylactery on the street bound across a dark, coarse forchead, strode by the

broadest phylactery on the street bound across a dark, coarse forehead, strode by the The congregation went to the service from mixed motives, as we go to the prayer meetacross a dark, coarse foreneau, strong without women at this moment. He passed without recognition. It was not good form in Judea Now the Jews being always a thrifty peo-Now the Jews being always a thrifty peo-Now the Jews being always a thrifty peo-

"I would have remained with Ariella.

said she of the quiet voice, "but blind Baruch is tenderer than the most of women. She will not suffer, Hagaar." "For my part," retorted Hagaar a little snappishly, "I think I have a right to see the world now and then like other people, if I have a sight doubter."

"Hush," pleaded the other, "Oh hush! we are about to pray." Hagaar rolled her round eyes more in

Magaar rolled her round eyes more in wonder than in displeasure upon her gentle neighbor and became silent. With the bowed head, covered face, and deferent step of the Eastern woman, the lit-tle group now passed up the steps of the synagogue and crossed its portice to the ea-ternors et anart for their are

synagogue and crossed its portico to the en-trance set apart for their ser. The men, less reverent, as of course more individual of manner, jabbered steadily up to the last moment. They did not speak Hebrew, which was now the lost language of the race-the tongue of culture and scholarship. They talked in Aramaic, the language of the people, of the unlearned, of the democracy. For these were not the wor-shipers of the Temple, made glorious by national tradition and reverence, cherished by conservative religion, and patronized by social influence. These were the classes of people who frequented the synagornes where people who frequented the synagogues where eresy was taught not without authority-

heresy was taught not without authority-these were the powerful sect of the Pharisees; a party with many excellent points not al-ways credited in the memory of their weaker and worse ones. These were the vigorous bourgeois who had tried to revolutionise the Jewish Church, and to some extent suc-ceeded.

CHAPTER II.

"The house is mine," said Martha; "I will have the rug there." Now she spoke the truth. The house was Martha's. But then, why say so? This was the nature of themselves shyly into their veils, and wrapped now meekly following in the shadows of their men, who did not by courtesy address them in the streets. "Yonder goes my lord," said, a woman with a deep voice and roving eyes. She spoke to a neighbor, one of a group of sev-areal subtriburbans who ware making the there are an anot easy to say which. "I have it in confidence from no less than the Chauan," nodded the Pharisee. "I am often consulted upon matters of the syna-gogue. It appears that my opinion has value. I was asked if I could recommend the young rabbi." "A wat who ware making the the syna-gogue and the syna-stream the streets. "Yonder goes my lord," said, a woman with a deep woice and roving eyes. She Martha's mind. To make one's family un-

tron that it is hable to receive more sym-pathy than blame. Her younger sister made no reply. The silence of Mary was at once her aweetest charm and finest weapon. It enhanced her and protected her. She had the supreme quality of self-control which, when born of a bigh nature is dimensioned. a high nature, is a divine force.

She turned her gentle eyes away so that her profile only was visible to her sister, and



Malachi Turns Upon Lazarus

eded to sweep the portico dutitully. Her delicate arms, bare to the shoulder, es-caped from her light home robe in long, free

usually taught his son the father's trade; and each trade was held in honor of its own to such extent that synagogues were erected for the particular accommodation of classes of mechanics. The stonecutters, the coppersmiths, the tentingkers, had their places of it worship. The building of which we speak was known as the Synagogue of Carpenters. It was a plain building, constructed of stone, with a Greek portico held by scanty pillars. A certain resemblance to the great orthodox temple might be detected in the modest diagenting house of worship. What ever his theology, every Jew adored the temple atter all.

modest dissenting house of worship. What is ever his theology, every Jew adored the temple aiter all.
The women were already seated when the men of our little party entered the synagogue. The sexes were separated strictly. A wall or railing ran between them. One could just contortably look over its edge.
The exclusion of women from the synagogue or the crowding of them behind screens and in galleries is a custom of late invention.
The synagogue was cool and calm. The women sat like booded flowers, mute and sweet in their meek places. They turned their faces humbly toward the upper end of the building, where the law lay in a sacred chest in inmitation of the ark of the temple.
The moid de of the sudience room, can raised platform, the speaker of the day—he whom they called the Sheliach—was aiready viprorously reeiting the Shema. He was an old man with a waving white beard; one of the most familiar and least interesting of the preachers in the Synagogue of the Carpentars.
The young rabbi was not to be seen.

Deland (Fia.) News.] Deland (Fia.) News.] There is a young lady in this town who is yery fond of oulons, but, as she is good looking, aniable, and popular, the understande famous a fine lady made her plous retrest sarce to a foot law waters and cream, and many a fine lady made her plous retrest serve to a foot law waters and chear, and her post young make her sarce faw works of a regular onion drunk, esting a doesn or two of the tear-drawing wegetable. On such oceasions her retrest to her noon of Madem de Maintenon tear and the post young make had made on a large scale. Probably sho made anothing wores than strawberry water, listilled from the whole wild plant and pear in good society.

