power of thy trust.' Ariella obeyed without a word. The cool, strong grasp of the Nazarene closed over her hot, little fingers. Immediately there came to Ariella the sensation of floating of which she had thought before. Her fancy linen and conveniences suitable for a guest.

about the Dead Sea recurred to her. But

sea of life. Forgotten vigor struck upon her body, and ran like fire through her The Nazarene while he held her hand had stood with head bowed low upon his breast; like a man sunken in thought or prayer too deep to admit of any lesser conscio Now he lifted his face, and solemnly spoke

"Maiden! I say unto thee, Arise! Be hold, I say unto thee, Arise, and walk!"
A piteous cry fell from Ariella's lips.
Afterward she said that the pain which shot through her whole body was a thing too

but Jesus motioned him back.

Go into yonder door of the house," said find a tall jug standing upon the floor. Bring it hither to me." Arielia arose from her litter at these

"Go," repeated the Nazarene. And

Ariella went. She walked from the olive-tree into the door of Rachel's house, alone, other people. unaided and firmly. Rachel and Baruch its little carcless invalid dress, swaying before the faint light of Rachel's candle, the solitary home light. Ariella stooped and lifted the jug. It was a heavy jug, containing water. The sick girl litted it upon her head, and came back across the dark space, walking steadily. The two observers watched ber an silence. The third leaned his blind face forward touchingly. Baruch fancied that the breath of the Nazarene came a little quickly; but he was not sure. | invalid has no similar upon this earth. His own violently beating heart almost drowned his consciousness of every other

Ariella returned. She walked up to the Nazarene with a firm step. She removed the jug from her head with one hand and laid it at his feet.

Then, without a word, she herself dropped there; she tell upon her knees; she bowed her face; she laid her lips to the travel-stained feet of the Healer, and pressed them with

"Lord," said Ariella, "Lord, forgive me I am healed because of Thee. Lord, I have been sick so long! \* \* Teach me how

Rachel was sobbing under the olive tree. But Baruch fell upon his knees beside Ariella. He trembled with joy. "Master!" he cried. He put out his blind hands in the dark and groped for Jesus. But the space which had held that figure of

sercy and of command was empty. The Nazarene had vanished. Ariella arose from her knees and without

a word walked into the house. She moved like a person intoxicated with joy. Rachel picked up the jug; she and Baruch followed The empty litter remained under the olive

CHAPTER X.

MALACHI RAGES AT HIS DAUGHTER'S CURE.

When Ariella and Rachel and Baruch reached the house together that evening, a strange spirit fell upon them. The excitement of the tremendous event which had befallen Ariella took on the form of an intense calm. Baruch hardly knew what he expected; more and less than he expected had come to pass. He strained his sensitive ears to hear the sound of Ariella's step upon his mother's floor. Wonderful sound! Ariella walked to and fro to try her feet; spirit. Her feet did not seem to touch the she say?"

they sprang like birds or butterflies lightly ground. She walked on air. She held her "Why, they sprang like birds or butterflies lightly hovering up and down; for some moments she flitted about, for sheer pleasure of the flitting: but she did not say one word; then suddenly she sank upon a little white linen ottoman which stood against the wall, and gave a pretty yawn, like a child who is sleepy or tired—a sound of pure health and physical comfort. When had any one heard sound like that from the invalid's young

"Rachel," said Ariella, "I am so sleepy: How strange a feeling. Dear Baruch, you cannot think how delightful it is! It runs through my body and my brain like the fall of dew. I have no pain. What shall I do? How does one act who has no pain? I ought to speak, I should talk to you. I have nothing to say. What shall I do? Be patient ing to say. What shall I do? Be patient with me. To wait for the ache to tire itself out-that is the way to go to sleep. But there is no ache to wait for. How can this be! . . . It will return. It must be that it is back to me. I would sit awhile further and wait for it and battle with it and say to it: Ah, you demon of the sick! I have escaped you for a little time-so long-one hour-two hours-I have defied Now we will have it out between us,

von and I!" But while Ariella spoke the words she sauk upon the ottoman suddenly, threw one thin arm around her head, curled her face into the bend of the elbow, smiled more like a baby than a sick woman, and fell straight way into a deep sleep. It was a wonderful It lasted all that night; her even, healthy breathing was not interrupted by so much as a sigh; she slept on and on, as if death itself could never interfere with that recuperation of the wasted nerve; and as if life loved her too well ever to trou-

ble her by waking.

come from false healing."

"Suppose she wake not?" asked Baruch in the unreasonable terror of love. "What if she never wake, O my mother? "Let her be," says the practical Rachel, "The girl perisheth for sleep like this. I doubt me it she can remember what it is to rest like other human creatures. Mark you, my son, the healing is not complete upon her yet. Without this sleep she might tall upon her old ways to-morrow. It takes more than two hours to heal a woman for nine years ridden upon her bed. Let her alone, Baruch, There are many that do profess to heal the Time is their testimony, my son. I have seen many a broken heart in my day

"There are pretenders, I know," said Baruch, "I have heard of them."
"And I have seen them," whispered Rachel, with the caution of an elderly woman, "I have seen lame men throw away their staves by reason of faith in false gods and prophets; and I've seen them send to Jerusalem for new ones next week."

But he is not as they," murmured Baruch, with the obstinacy of faith. Now, talk about the matter. His brain seethed Rachel quite agreed with Baruch concerning the genuineness of the healing quality reported of the Nazarene; but it pleased ber to shake her head with the dignity of experi-

"At any rate, you had better let the girl sleep; and do as much for yourself."
"I go without," said Baruch, "and keep Stay with our guest, my mother, and guard her; for she is precious, Rachel looked after her son as be departed

from the room and shook her head sadly. 'What is the use," she thought, "in blind son? He thinketh of the maiden like But Rachel was sound asleep herself in

ten minutes, and neither blind son nor in-valid guest troubled her comfortable night. Only Baruch knew-and he only by stealing now and then to the doorway and reverently listening to the slightest sound from within -only Baruch knew if Ariella slept the strange sleep of health, or ceased the long tamiliar moun of suffering. Barnen watched till dawn, and when dawn came he prayed, Ariella awoke quietly. For some mo-ments she lay still; the old expression of patience settled upon her features; she did not try to move. Bachel watched her in-

tently; Baruch quivered without, a breath-"Rachel," called Ariella, "Rachel, I have

slept such sleep, Will you come hither and help me, dear Rachel, and bring water that I may bathe my face and cool my arms?"
"There is water in the inner room," answered Rachel, nonchalantly, "and fresh

Come in yonder with me and I will show upon the enfeebled girl there fell the con-sciousness of one who is buoyed upon the Ariella Ariella stared at her hostess; her large eyes widened with hurt surprise.
"Come!" repeated Rachel, in a firm,

motherly tone. "Oh, I remember!" cried Ariella, "I remember it all. I have put my feet upon the ground. They have borne my weight. I have walked. The Nazarene commanded me and I obeyed. I walked. But that was

yesterday.

"And this is to-day," replied Rachel, in a comfortable tone. "Arise, Ariella. Arise and walk." Thus came to Ariella the two commands—that of the divine spirit, and that of common life, and they took as they dreadful to speak of; the virulence of years of physical disorder seemed to be in it; it was as if her disease had a spirit, and a spite, and revenged itself by wrenching her told her that many a wonder failed, whether as it yielded to the mysterious power of the for lack of wonder-working power, or of healer. Baruch, at the sound of her anguish, not care. The point was that Ariella had sprang forward and would have caught her; walked. And walk she must. And verily, walk she did.

The girl arose at once. She tottered for a the Nazarene, "and behind it thou shalt moment; then struck out strongly into the middle of the room; and walked firmly into Bring it hither to me."

Arielia arose from her litter at these words. She stood upon her feet and tot-could hear the little splash of the cool water with which her young guest bathed. She did not offer to help her. She went without

As soon as the morning meal was over, stood breathless. They dared not follow her.

They could see her slight figure, wrapped in yet the cool of the day was upon Bethany, the little journey would be more fairly made. Ariella was impatient for it. Baruch could

> The girl came out into the morning, look-ing like a cloud or a bud, or a dew drop, or any lovely thing that is born of the young bour, and belongs to it. Her eyes burned with excitement compared to which the fever of love is tame. The joy of the cured

> Ariella could not keep still. She bounded to and fro. Her seet had wings. Her hair seemed electric with life and floated about her on whims of its own. Waves of exquisite color ran over her pale face, as if learning their way to tint her cheek; then they would retreat suddenly, like strangers. Lite came to her lips, they curved into child-like smiles. She nodded and laughed aloud at little things like a little girl. She ran to and fro. She called and sang. She was absorbed, she was intoxicated.

It was a hard thing to Baruch that she was in such a hurry to getaway. He would have been glad if she had stayed or had even wanted to stay beside them, his mother and and himself, for that one day—the first day of her delight. This well Ariella he did not understand. The old Ariella was gone. In her place, what had he? "Is it possible," thought the blind man, "that I have lost her. What is this discov-

erv?-does it cost me Ariella? He bowed his patient head. But, to him-elf, he said: "So be it; if so be that Ariself, he said: ella suffer not, I am content. I have had my will. She is healed." Ariella did not understand the thought of Baruch. She meant to be very grateful and loving to him. But health and joy were too new to Ariella—they dazzled her. She could see nothing else. To be sure she said:

"Baruch! Dear Baruch! I am well. I walk. I fly. I suffer nothing. O, Baruch, bereaved of Ariella. She had insisted on going home alone, for some whim she had about it. But Rachel overruled her, and cried: 'Amen.' And all the neighbors did

hath forgotten me."
Arielia trod the roads of Bethany like a

head like a bird. She wished that she knew everybody she met and could call out and Behold me! I am Ariella. I am I walk.

But Ariella knew few people; she had been a prisoner of the couch so long. She bounded along uninterrupted. Rachel along uninterrupted. puffed and labored, but could not keep up with her. It was perhaps balf a mile to the house of Maluchi. Now as chance had it, the first person known to Ariella whom she | quivering little lamb!" met, that wonderful morning, was a young man walking slowly, with his head bent and

eyes upon the ground. "What a handsome fellow," thought the girl. When she came up to him she saw that it was a neighbor unseen of her for a long time, but well enough remembered. In fact, it was Lazarus. He had a strange expression. His look was high and distant. His eves were radiant and full. His face was quite pale. His talith was wet with dew, and crumpled, as though he had spent the night without upon the ground. decorous citizen, the man of proprieties and

customs, presented an unprecedented appearвпсе. Ariella was not veiled. She had, to tell the truth, forgotten all about it; veils not being useful in the sick room were without her instincts; which were, therefore, nat-ural. Lazarus turned upon Ariella the unseeing eye of him who has not slept the entire night. Rachel came panting up. Then Lazarus said slowly: "Why, Ariella!

"It is indeed Ariells," said Rachel, "Behold what wonder God hath wrought upon

"I walk," cried Ariella, "I fly; behold me. I am bealed. I walk from the house of Rachel to the house of my father-I-Ariella!"

"What meaneth this?" demanded Lazarus, now aroused to the extraordinary nature the scene. "The Nazarene bade me," answered Ariella more quietly than she had yet spoken that morning. "He commanded, and I do

walk." The countenance of Lazarus expressed a battle of emotions as Ruchel, in defiance of Jewish conventionality-or such a thing as this did not happen every day, and the proprieties did-paused, and related to their neighbor what had occurred. If Lazarus had ever cherished any reserved opinions about the reported cures wrought by his friend and Master—and it is not impossible; for the strongest of powers were tugging at the faith of the young man-the sight of Ariella was confounding and convincing. Ariella he knew; and her piteous fate.
What wonder was this? Ariella—treading the streets of Bethany! What manner of

man was he who wrought the deed? Lazarus congratulated Ariella cordially and hurried away from her. He could not with the crowding impressions of the last 24 hours. For this was the dawn of the day succeeding the confession of Zahara. Laz-arus had spent the entire night wandering over Olivet, sleepless, staggering, drunken with rapture. On that solitary mountaintop now sacred to history, where the most devout man in Judea too often exhausted himself with nights of prayer and with the fervor of consecration to a lonely and terrible fate, his frailer friend for love of

woman keps a wild and fevered watch. When Lararus renched home that morn ing he learned that Jesus had spent the night in the house of Simon the Leper; had rested in the upper chamber; and had departed at dawn, before the morning meal, setting his face toward Jerusalem.

"And we could not even tell him where you were Lazarus!" complained Martha, "I was thoroughly ashamed or you "But he asked no question," said Mary gently. "He scarcely made mention of thy name, my brother." Lazarus bowed his head in silence. He felt helpless before his own nature. He had made vows enough.

He did not say to Mary this time:
"I will see the Nazarene as soon as possi ble." by reporting the wonder wrought on Ariella But far from changing, this only seemed to "Rachel," called Ariella, "Rachel, I have scentuate the great topic upon which in slept. It is good to be within your walls. this, as in hundreds of Jewish families at corner."

asketh thee the touch of thy hand and the Rest liveth here. I know not when I have that time, the force of daily interest powerfully centered.

"He that can put Ariella on her feet is a prophet, verily!" cried Martha. "She is more care to her mother than any girl in Bethany!" But Mary's eyes shone peacefully. It was quite what she was prepared to believe. Why he so surprised about it? "Happy Ariella!" she whispered. Mary thought it might be worth nine years of misery to be healed as Ariella was. Martha set forth at once to the house of Malschi to gossip about the news. And Lazarus retired to his own portion of the house. He tried to sleep. He was thoroughly uncomfortable. Two faces, like statues graven from his heart, filled the silent shaded room. Zahara's was the one; but the other was the likeness of the Nazarene. The girl seemed to regard the rabbi haughtily. But he looked with gentle dignity at Lazarus; and at the seowling beauty.

"I am torn in twain!" cried Lazarus.

Ariella reached home in wonderful time. No feet in Bethany trod that half mile so swiftly on that fair morning. Radiantly swaying, flying, flushed and beautiful, the girl who had gone forth borne upon the litter, moaning with pain, ran up the slope, and flashed into the door of her father's

Hagaar threw down the dish in which she was preparing leavened bread, and shricked mightily: "A spirit! A spirit! Malachi, come

hither! Ariella is dead and her spirit is running about the house!" "I'll teach her better manners, then!" growled Malachi, who came lumbering in with his fists clenched. Malachi was one of the people who do not believe in ghosts, and are alraid of them accordingly.

Panting behind the girl came Bachel, and

down the street Martha hurried up as fast as the dignity of a wealthy widow permitted. Other neighbors had by this time got wind of the news, and a little crowd might be seen gathering, moving toward the house.
"I walk!" cries Ariella, "I run. The Nazarene commanded and I fly. Kiss me, O my mother! Bless me, father-for I am

like other girls." 'Would you believeit?" demanded Rachel with holy indignation, when she came home to tell the tale to Baruch. "What think you of such a father? Malachi swore a great oath and vowed by Jehovah that the girl did make sport of them, and might have walked

any day, if she had wanted to."
"Impossible!" cried the blind man.
"And more than that is possible," continued Rachel, "for when he was forced to perceive that the wonder had come upon Ariella, he sell with a mighty rage. He let loose the vials of his wrath upon me, for stealing his daughter—so he said—from her shelter in her father's house; and upon thee, for the trick, he called it, thou didst play upon him. 'The impostor hath bewitched the girl!' he shouted to the neighbors. 'Go ye to your homes-disperse-and trouble an afflicted house no more. Leave us alone in our disgrace,' said Malachi. But Hagaar said-

"What said the mother of the maiden? asked Baruch in the greatest distress.
"Hagaar did go up to her husband and scize him as if he had been a rebellious little boy. Before all the neighbors the wife of Malachi, the Pharisee, did shake her husband to and iro. And she did clutch his beard and pulled upon it so he was fain to utter a yell of pain, and she took the courage of a man upon woman's lips, and she did say-and a noise she made in saying it I testify-'Malachi, all these years thou hast been lord unto me and I have served thee as thine handmaid; but now thou shalt not lord me for I am a woman, and the mother of the maiden and I say: Look upon her! Look upon her! She is like other girlswhat do I owe thee?"

But Baruch answered nothing. He felt is her father, and does not bless God for the sight of her to-day, he deserveth to be cruci-fied!" And Martha in a stately voice, she

accompanied the maiden, who yielded care-lessly. What difference did it make? What but he was the more wroth in so much as he did anything matter? She could walk.

When she departed from the house she cried aloud: 'Ye shall see her on her couch took the hand of Baruch and said some again, ye people of Bethany, for all this pre words to him—he knew not what. But the blind man turned away and thought: "She see if Ariella riseth and goeth about to-mor-

"Oh, herrible!" cried Baruch, "what did Why, she said: 'Shame on you, my hus "What did Ariella say?" Interrupted

"Naught," said Rachel, "naught. She did turn as pale as the dead and quail before her tather. And Hagaar, her mother

enveloped the girl in her arms, and shielded her, and all the people cried out upon Malachi." "Poor lamb," moaned Baruch, "poor "Well, if she is a lamb, Hagaar is a co siderable sheep," said Rachel dryly. "You may trust the woman with her young, my

son. Then is she a mighty power. As for Malachi, verily I believe he would rather tie the girl upon her bed than to permit the Nazarene to cure her.' Baruch replied with an inarticulate sound of distress.

"And Luzarus said-" continued Rache "When saw you Lazarus?" demanded Baruch quickly. Rachel related the details of the meeting between Lazarus and Ariella on the way to the house of Malachi. The blind man turned away. His face but his lips were silent. Lazarus

could see. And Ariella in the excitement of the wild scene at home had omitted to send any message back to Baruch by his mother. Baruch went away, and sat under the olive tree, alone, and patient.

(To be continued next Sunday.) SMOKELESS POWDER,

Germany Budly Disappointed as Cold Renders the Explosive Worthless. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Smokeless powder has proved almost vorthless because it will not keep in cold venther. A letter from Rome to the Journal des Etats Unis says that the States of the Triple Alliance have notified each other of the failure of their experiments. Italy built a factory that would turn out out 10,000 cartridges a day, and she intended to enlarge it as soon as the success of the powder was proved, but she received notice from Germany that resulted in closing the factory. Germany said that the cartridges were good enough as long as

they were kept warm, but if they were taken

out in the cold it ruined them, and they

would not explode. This will be a sore disappointment to Germany, for she has been anxious to get hold of some powder like that the French have. France has a powder which makes some smoke, but very little, and it is good in any weather. Germany has tried in every conceivable way to get hold of some of it to have it analyzed, but it is more carefully guarded than gold, and every cartridge in the whole of France containing powder is watched and a record kep of it. There are two French soldiers who are now serving life sentences in prison for trying to steal a single cartridge to sell to

BEATING THE SLOT MACHINE. Finttened Buckshot a Very Fair Substitute

for Five-Cent Pieces. St. Paul Pioneer-Press. ] "Gimme a nickel's worth of buckshot,

said a St. Paul gamin wearing somewhat disordered rainment. His head just topped the counter in a bazuar devoted to sporting

"I suppose he will load them into a rust;

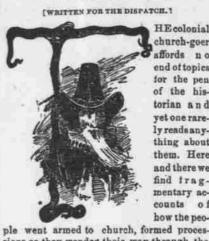
pistol and accidentally shoot some one o his intimate triends," suggested a by "O, no," replied the proprietor of the gui store, "he has no firearms. He is going i to beat the nickel-in-the-slot scheme, and suppose I am particeps criminis."

"How?" "Why, he will put them on the street on track; the car will convert them into the ex act size of nickels and pennies, and, of course, you can anticipate the financia panic liable to ensue in St. Paul shortly, with a gum machine- at almost every COLONIAL CHURCHES.

Customs of the Puritans Scarce Hinted at in Our Histories. CASTE AMONG THE WORSHIPERS. An Official Whose Duty Was to Tickle the

A BITTER WAR ON THE CHURCH STOVE

Faces of Sleepy Women.



church-goer affords no end of topics for the pen of the historian and yet one rare ly reads any thing about them. Here and there we find trag mentary accounts of how the peo-

ple went armed to church, formed proces sions as they wended their way through the woods, and like primitive customs, all brought about by tear of wolves and Indians, but the most interesting phases and mate of the fervent worshipers might take the place of the high standard in which they are held if the true story was told. The Puritan meeting house was from the

start the center of all life and activity, of all moral, political, military and social affairs. Austerity, alike of church and members, was evident everywhere. The palisades, the armed sentinels, the huge, shingled, unpainted exterior and the great square, wooden pews and enormous oak beams and braces upon which the gallery freemen piled up their hats during service, all signified aggression and severity, more even than it demonstrated that civil government was vastly secondary to ecclesiasti-

all seated what next comes up to trouble the religious dictator and his deacons? Back wego to the records and find the town appointing "twoe who on the Lord's day shall walk forth in time of God's worship to take notice of such as either lye about the meeting-house, without attending to the word or ordinances or that lye at home or in the fields. They shall be prosecuted." "All boys must sit on the three pair of stairs in the meeting bouse including those of the pulpit. One constable is to keep out dogs, and women must keep their faces veiled;" for the more order in the church a man was appointed "that wholly tended to keep peo-ple from fleeping, with a short clubbed stick,



Above Ordinary Rank.

having at one end a knob, and at the other a fox tail, with which he would stroke the women's faces that were drowsey and with the other would knock unruly dogs, and men that were asleep.'

PENALTIES FOR CHURCH OFFENSES. The offenders of the law of the church



SCENE IN A COLONIAL CHURCH.

cal laws and it is not to be wondered at that | were punished as follows: "Mary Oliver dissenters from the English yoke.

CASTE IN OLDEN TIMES. The first important duty when a meeting house was to be erected was to appoint a committee, whose duty It should be to provide wine, rum and cider and "baiting bits' for the participators in the grand ceremony, an event which not only called out the denizens of the immediate parish, but those who lived within a radius of 20 miles. The ocession was usually celebrated much as is the ustom nowadays when a corner stone is laid, the exception being that the rum is not drunk on the premises. After the church was boarded in then came a meeting to decide over the question of aisles, that i "shall there be one grand ajsle from the entrance to the pulpit, or two aisles which separate the body." Sometimes the members were so divided upon the may ter that another church was started and the goodly worshipers made content. Another trouble arose when the divine clergyman ob ected to aegroes and Indians standing in the aisles during services, but this was set

tled by building a "pen" in one corner and



To Keep People Awake, in this the lowly, who wished spiritual food could find solace. Some of these subject later on, discovered that they were sinners indeed, and so expressed themselves, ing to be saved and taken into the Lamb's fold. Here was still another difficulty to be gotten over. But the wits of the minister and elect found a way out of it and the slave finally allowed "half covenant," which means that he could be a member of the church, but could not partake of com-munion. Think of it, ye modern worshiper; think of such a condition prevailing among men who sought in the wilderness "freedom to worship God."

HOW SEATS WERE DISTRIBUTED.

Perhaps the most caste-like characteristics which our fathers displayed occurred at the "seating of ye meeting house" and the laws relating to it were as follows: Four men were elected as "seaters" to determine where each person should be seated, which rules applied to "age, state and dignity."
"The town agreed and voted that the fore seat in the front callery shall be seen? in seat in the front gallery shall be equal in dignity to ye second seat in ye body of ye meeting house, the fore seat in ye side galtery, equal in dignity to fourth seat in ye body of the house; second seat in ye front gallery and hind seat in same equal in dig-nity to fifth seat in body of the house" and so on. The age was fixed by calendar, estate by rate book, but dignity?—there's the rub-it is safe to presume that the rate book assisted the "seaters" in that perplexing

Well, we will suppose the church-goers

hip shall be pub licly whipped and a clert-stick put on her tongue for 1 hour for slandering elders." Another non-attendant and slanderer gets pillory, ear cropped, imprisonment for 12 months, branded F on her right cheek and pays a fine of £30."

Too much money could not be expended on finery; "it set a bad example for those who could not afford it," and undoubtedly took money out of church box. Perhaps the moral was essential, but how incongruous the law seems, when we read the case o Nicholus Noye's wife, Hugh Marshe's wife and William Chandler's wife, prosecuted for wearing silk hoods and scarfs, but discharged on proving their husbands to be worth £200 each. Then follows the case of "John Hutchin's wife" for the same offense, ischarged, upon testimony of her being brought up above the ordinary rank,

The colonial church-goer came naturally by his proclivities, his father and grandfather were even greater persecutors, as Macaulay intimates. They interdicted, under heavy penalties, the use of the book of common prayer; not only in churches but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the grief of 40 generations of Christians. Severe punishments were fixed for such as should presume to blame the colonistic mode of worship. Churches and sepulchers, fine works of art, and curious remains of antiquity were brutally defaced. Sharp laws were passed against betting. The adulterer was punished with death. All of the maypoles were hewn down, play houses forbidden, and actors whipped at the

cart's tail. INNOVATION OF CHURCH STOVES. Aside from the mental disorder of the churchmen, they suffered many physical ills in order to keep up the religious fayor. Think of going to church in cold winter days on loot through great snow drifts, and, with frozen limbs, sitting for an hour or two in the chilly atmosphere of an unwarmed sanctuary. Had it not been for the adverof the tavern later on, where the noon hour was spent over lunch and hot cider, the arder of the worshipers would have waned to a great degree. The introduction of the foot warmer which was supplied with hot coals by the sexton, materially comforted the frozen martyrs, but this innovation, like the stove was lought against as detracting from the enthusiasm of the preacher and the glory of the "pitch pipe" leader. So great was the objection to stoves that one speaker (possibly facetiously) remarked: "We do not need a stove in this house to warm it, the preaching stove in this house to want purpose." Time is bot enough for that purpose." F. T. R.

BUY HEAVY DUMB-BELLS.

The Usual Advice Applies Only to Men of Lelsure. St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 1 The busy man of sedentary habits who

dumb-bells or Indian clubs. Now, this is a very common error into which the amateur falls-light clubs and light dumb-bells will do for the professional athlete, the man who spends hours every day at his exercise, but they are not for the man who is willing to give up only 15 minutes in the morning and 15 more at night to the hardening of his muscles. He can get with a five-pound club and a five-pound dumb-bell the same amount of exercise in 15 minutes that he can get in half an hour with clubs and bells weighing half that. And that is what the man wants exactly, the greatest amount of exercise in the least time.

The Editor of the West.

Foreman (excitedly): "Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the Governor has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press.' Editor (coolly): "Don't get excited, my

boy. Just set over the account in large caps, 'Johnson pardoned. Below is a full account of what he escaped.'

BEAUTY IN ENGLAND.

The Making of a Handsome, Lovely Woman Begins in the Nursery. ture and salt water mixed. It puts one in

ARTS OF THE MODERN LADY'S MAID the finest dancing trim imaginable. They are the very baths of youth. An English maid can do more to keep one in natural

She Allows Nature to do Most of the Work for Pretty Complexions.

AMERICAN TOILET BOXES THE BEST

INDITTEN FOR THE DISPATORAL "There is nothing on my tollet not producible before anyone, unless you object to this rice powder, to take off a flushed look sometimes."

The highly-bred American woman who spoke lay in an easy Vienna lounging chair before a large marquise toilet stand. White, gold and rose Worcester vases with silver tops held choice French scents and essences, alender crystal flagons of cherry blossom and the new honeysuckle odor perfumed the room as their stoppers were drawn, and the Rose du Barri powder boxes breathed still daintier fragrauces. Chemists will tell you it is possible to get finer scents in powders or soaps than they can secure in liquid extracts. A cabinet in rosewood with porcelain doors, and miniatures charmingly painted disclosed in its velvet interior stores of china jars and gilt and crystal flagous and boxes of porcelain and onyx with screw tops-perfumed, oh, how it was perfumedand a drawer of the toilet table showed glittering silver and ivory implements in exquisite keeping, which would have won a collector's fancy by their finish and carving. "I can't bear to have anything common

about my rooms," the ewner said, noticing the admiration which complimented her pretty setting. "The money other people spend on second-rate brac-a-brac and personal ornsments I spend on this altar to vanity. Instead of hideous nondescript gatherings of Chinese, Hungarian, Doulton, Swiss and grotesque fancies, I choose very few things of the best design and coloring possible for their places. Those pieces are Baltimore porcelain, the most delicately artistic in America, and those are Cincinnati, the best, you know, and worth all they cost. That little turquoise-studded flask was sent from Mexico, that cut-glass vase with strings of pink and yellow pearls is home manu facture, of brook pearls from New England. That tourmaline stopper is from Maine. The work is by clever people all over the country, for every village almost nowadays has somebody who does nice things in out of the way work. That carved pearl box is by a soldier on the plains. As to what is in them, you shall know after awhile." BUTTER AND THE COMPLEXION.

"We have the advantage here," she went

we have the advantage here, she went on to say, "that three-fourths of our people have the chance for plenty to eat and good intelligence, which gives a fair sort of good looks to start with. But it isn't bred to last, as Englishwomen are. Why, Lady Mary Holland at 60 had the most marvelous teeth and eyes like diamonds, and cheeks beginning to wrinkle, but fair as an American wife at 35. The work is done at the be-ginning. We are not half careful enough about a girl's eating. I tell you there must be a difference between the complexion of one who is sent to school and fed on the pas-try and biscuits and boiled rice and cheese, which are the staples of boarding school fare from Fifth avenue to the Hudson River seminaries; and an English nursery table, where every morsel is choice, the rolls and mutton and fruit of the best, and the butter sweet, creamy and deli-cate. Did you ever realize what four-fifths of Americans put into their mouths in shape of butter, and how much it has to do with spoiling the complexion? I never did till I went to England and sat at the best country-house tables. I think the fogs and the butter and mutton did as much for my com-plexion as anything. I tell you a slice of well-done English mutton is about the best | wrinkles in a few weeks, and the vichy and | ings. The line of beauty had not been thing a child can have to eat to make good fiesh and skin. They really eat more fruit than we do, in the shape of jam and compotes. Our children would turn up their noses at the table served at the Duke of H-Thick slices of coarse brown bread-but how sweet it was, and how Lady Mary and used to like to go in for slices of it after our long walks mornings-cups of creamy milk, sipped slowly, not tossed off at a draught, which the head nurse said made cheese in our insides; delicious cocoa sometimes, and jam and marmalade and compotes and wallfruit in plenty. If the smallest pimple or redness appeared on the face of a child Her Grace was sure to call for an account; the castle doctor was summoned, and diet and salines prescribed till the spot was cured.

DYSPEPSIA FROM BAD TEETH "Each month the dentists called and examined the teeth of everyone of the family, filing an edge here or touching the ename! there with a preparation which kept off decay and left no need of gold filling. Wasn't it funny, by the way, about Prof. Youmans, of the Popular Science Monthly, who sent for his dentist the month before his death and insisted on having his teeth all attended to and new ones put in. Every-body knew he couldn't live, and the dentist told him he was having a good deal of pain and trouble for nothing. the Professor intimated pretty strongly it was his own business, and if he was willing to pay \$100 for having good teeth to be laid out in the dentist needn't complain. Do you know how many people are poisoned by decaying teeth? They suffer with dyspepsia and bad complexions from nothing else than the constant drainage of bad matter from an imperfect tooth or two. Our complexions depend upon our stomachs and internal economy, and this a thoroughbred English mother fully understands, or her governesses and doctors know it for her. We smile at the idea of eating five times a day, as the English do; but if we were out of doors in all weather as they are, for their tremendous walks or rides, we could eat, too, and eat less after all than a middleclass American family at three meals

"Then the baths are a part of English up per-class religion. Each child gets out of its bed into a bath, and puts on fresh clother daily from the skin out, and after I was used to it you can't think how miserable it seemed over here to see well-to-do girls out on the same under linen they took off at night. Like using the same towel twice Then all the family were out of doors four or five hours every day for rich color. or mist for fairness, as the nurse maid used to say there was nothing like a Scotch mist for giving a Scotch complexion. These maids, again, are treasures. The best ones I mean. My face was rough after the steamer fare crossing, the first time I went over, and the maid at the castle was quite distressed about it. At night she came in with a poultice of houseleek, on linen cloths, which she must put on my poor face wants exercise is always advised to get light and sit by me an hour or two to re-dumb-bells or Indian clubs. Now this is own marking, and administer a dose of Morrison's pills, a box of which she religiously presented me when I sailed for home

as a sovereign for the complexion. THOSE ENGLISH MAIDS.

"Imagine the maids going out to we damask towels in the dew to wash their ladies' faces with, and wetting handkerchief in it by night to lay on the cheeks while sleeping. If you don't believe there is anything in it don't say so till you try it. There was Lady Florence P-, celebrated for her complexion, who never washed her face in anything but napkins left out in dew all summer. Then for color they had the most marvelous decoction, distilled, they said, from carrots, an amber liquid, which brushed on the cheeks left no mark at first, but presently bloomed in the so test pink blush, which wouldn't rub off, or wash off any too easily. Oh, the delight, after nights in hot gas gaslight rooms of lying under the hands of one of those clever girls, who never needed to be told anything, but slipped off your things and brought your cup of tea or chocolate, and bathed your arms and face and neck with lavender spirit or trouble and so they go on eating it.

rosemary water or elder flower cream, and rubbed your joints and your back softly till you fell asleep. Regularly, barrels of sea water were sent to the house, for the ladies' use, and you have no idea how strong and supple one feels after having the spine and limbs well rubbed with rosemary tine-ture and salt water mixed. It puts one in LESSONS FROM FIRE Two Departures in the Architecture

two as you think.

HOW PRENCH MAIDS PERFORM.

about six feet square spread to keep the carpet nice, and my lady put on a huge linen peignoir and sat at her ease, with a

footwarmer at her slippers if the day was at all chilly. That footwarmer was part of Anastasia's system to keep a good circulation, and she fed her mistress, every hour or two, delicate cups of bouillon, or chocolate, or a fresh egg beaten up with wine jelly to induce flesh on those lady-like

bones. In the morning the face was sponged off, and while wet, dusted with fine borax powder and left to dry. This refined the skin and stimulated fresh

growth, besides bleaching it. The powder

was not washed off and answered for regular face powder, besides bleaching and erasing

the face with salt water and brandy to tone

the muscles and keep the cheeks from drooping in the horrid middle-aged look.

minutes, all the deep lines of the face had a little thick cream and rosewater rubbed

softly into them, with care not to touch any other part of the face. Anastasia said fuss-

growth never appeared again. It took three months' time; but it was worth the trouble.

It has to be used very carefully, so as not to skin the face entirely; but it is very differ-

ent from the arsenic depilatories in common

LITTLE TOILET WORK AS POSSIBLE.

turns pink on the cheeks delicately applied, not on the cheekbones and around the eyes

which makes one look hollow-cheeked al-

ways, but lower and delicately shaded into

the pepsin and the grape cure, with naps

out of doors in summer had restored the woman to a second youth. The triumph of

Anastasia was to send her mistress out ra-

COLOR WITHOUT PAINT.

"A touch of ginger extract from the vapor-

izer will bring the color to the cheeks and lips, my dear, without paint, and the blood

in the face brings fire to the eye, without

belladona. The eyebrows were colored with seal-brown dye, once a fortnight, and the

lashes touched with innoline and cajeput to favor their growth. The hands and arms

were soaked in a basin of warm milk to

whiten and nourish them after patient

massage. The pistache creams heightened their fairness, and made the flesh delight-

fully supple and fragrant. You will find the whole battery in the cabinet bottles, the

almond paste and cream, the pistache and

the mallow paste and powder, the borax and

glycerine in that Greek jar of white pottery,

and the lily mucilage for the face in that lovely vase of Italian ware. Every paint

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?

Tests That Are Applied in England With In-

different Results.

"Drunk, or not drunk?" That was the

nent the other day at Ripon. On behalf of

question which presented itself for settle-

the luckless man, who was accused of hav-

ing imbibed too freely, it was submitted

that he was only "fresh." The legal gen-

tleman, whose services had been retained.

further maintained that a person who could

walk, as his client had been able to do, was

not "drunk" within the meaning of the act;

and he reminded the Bench that it had been

He is not drunk, who from the floor

Can rise again, and still drink more: But drunk is he who helpless lies, Without the power to drink or rise. This poetical plea, however ingenious as

it unquestionably was, was not regarded sufficiently sound to hold water, and so the

customary fine was imposed. It has lately

become customary to apply tests in such

cases, but this does not appear to have been

done in the present instance. When the

licensing act of 1872 came into operation, a

supply by the ability of his customer to utter, without stumbling, the words "truly

rural;" and sometime ago it fared badly

with a poor fellow in London, who was s

far gone as to be unable to spell "constitu-tional" or "statistical." The law, how-

TROUBLES OF THE VEGETARIAN.

Willing to be Called a Crank but That's Not

One difficulty a vegetarian meets in trav-

eling through the world is the indisposition

of people generally to humor his ideas about

diet. He may resign himself as being

looked upon as odd, and may even get so

that he doesn't mind being pointed out as "that crank who won't eat meat," but even

after he has schieved this placed frame of

get them. Everywhere he goes he has meat

put before him in one form and another, beef, mutton and ham, with but the merest

mind, where are his vegetables? He doesn't

the Worst.

ever, takes no cognizance either of '

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

leths" or spelling bees in such matters.

Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.]

written that

SHIRLEY DARE.

diant with as little toilet work as possible.

"Did she powder by day? Yes, spraying

of Pittsburg Homes.

ONE FOLLOWED THE FIRE OF 1845.

good case than any other, but the French women do make up the face to distraction. "There was Lady Alice Plongeur, a vicar's daughter by the way, brought up as so many English middle-class girls are, to the horrors of cold rooms, cold baths, meager fare and long, stiff walks varied by endless lessons the rest of the time which below The Other Came When Natural Gas Let the

Sunshine Come In.

AN OLD REPORTER'S REMINISCENCES

lessons, the rest of the time which brings out the acid, very tall, genteel sort of girls predestined to be old cats. By dint of better looks than ordinary and lively manner, Lady Alice married her title, and of course went in for the fastest kind of respectable life and there isn't so punch between the CWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 One of the first bits of local history imparted to me when I came to Pittsburg was the reminiscence of the great fire of April life, and there isn't so much between the 10, 1845. Some of those who had witnessed the great conflagration spoke of it, even "At 35 she was a sight to see, scraggy, raddled, her hair thinning, and crowsfeet around her pretty eyes. Some one at Scarborough persuaded her to take a French maid who knew her business, and being on good terms with Lady Alice, she didn't mind my chatting with her through her toilet devotions. To see Anastasia perform was a treat. First there was a linen rug about six feet square spread to keep the then, with an excited quiver of the voice. The fire started, as one of my correspondents reminds me, in the icehouse (of all places in the world!) of Colonel Diehl, on the southeast corner of Second avenue and Ferry street, and swept the city to the last house in old Pipetown, and northward to Diamond alley.

The original Smithfield street bridge was one of the notable structures destroyed on that historically terrible day, and the original Monongahela House was another. How many other interesting landmarks disappeared in the cyclone of flame, nobody now undertakes to say. The fire itself was one of the landmarks of Pittsburg history, and was for a long time-probably now is-kept fresh in the public memory by the ringing of the firebells on its anniversary.

The great fire was recognized as a point of departure in the march of improvement, In later times it was heralded as a blessing in disguise, since it gave the opportunity for replacing the old with the new, that was most of the wrinkles. A paste of borax and glycerine was wonderful for softening the face, and after this was off the maid sponged very much better. A freak of the fire of 1845 was to leave a solitary house standing unbarmed in the midst of the burned district; and for many years the house was carefully preserved as a landmark among the improvements that sprang up all about When your cheeks dip ever so little below the line of the chin goodby beauty and be-witchment. After the sait bath, for ten it. It was, I believe, a little yellow house of wood, and was said to fairly represent the style of buildings that disappeared on that fatal 10th of April. In other words, it was a sample piece of the Pittsburg that existed before the fire. Can anybody imagine a little yellow frame house in the heart of the outer part of the face. Anastasia said resign over the face too much brought down out on the cheeks, of which she had a great dread. You know Mrs. H——, the rich Colorado woman, who had such a fearful downy face and tufts of hair on the chin? All that was taken off by a preparation which left the skin like an infant's, and the growth was the said of the ching that the skin like an infant's, and the growth was the said of the ching that the skin like an infant's, and the city which Pittsburg is to-day? In thosedays there were a few stately mansions, both in the city and in the suburbs. But even such embellishment as their square massiveness exhibited was considered intrinsic evidence of wealth. Nobody ever thought of making beautiful houses for poor people, or people

SUDDENLY BECAME HIGH CHURCH. When a Quaker gets tired of being a Quaker he is apt to become not a Presbyterian, but a very High Church Episcopa-lian. An old Pittsburger, coming buck to the former home after years of absence, is astonished to see how very High Church the sace first with rosewater five minutes and touching when just moist enough with a bit of moleskin dipped in the velvety powder which only Dorin makes to perfection. No paint, but the amber fluid which the smoky Quaker of old has become in a short time. No feature of the booming rush of progress is more strongly accented than the changed methods of housing the inhabitants. Formerly Pittsburg had "dwellings." Now it has "residences." When you come to think of it there is a wide difference between the two sorts of homes. The dwellings are there yet; but the ways, out lower and delicately shaded that the white and a touch put on the ears. Don't you know how people used to admire the pink tips of Miss Schaumberg's pretty multitude of new homes springing up on every hand are all of the newer order.

of moderate means.

little ears when she was the belle of Phila-delphia? A French maid knows enough Fire brought about the former change; fire has brought about this later develop-ment. What was the use of trying to grow not to neglect these coquetries of nature, and reddens the curve of the ear and the tip the plant of beauty in the dense smoke which thickened the atmosphere of old? of the lobes as artistically as she shapes the cleft, or the dimple in the chin. For even-Natural gas came, and, for a time at least, the fire that did not blacken the air let uning, the rites were still more gracious. The face and neck were covered with lint dipped in hot milk, left ten minutes to hindered sunshine into every grimy nook of the place. In the unaccustomed light it was seen that the city was not only grimy, but of ungraceful outlines as to its buildsoften and fill the tissues. The marsh-mal-low paste worn at night did away with the much thought of hereteld new order of things why should there not be the virtue of cleanliness? All of a sudden it was discovered that Pittsburgers were hungry for the outer elegancies of life, and very keenly appreciative of them when they were to be had. Then came the discovery that it cost no more to build a handso house than an ugly one; and following that revelation came the architectural avalanche.

Then it was found that elegance was not the only thing Pittsburg had waited for without being quite conscious of it. There were a hundred little accessories and elaborations of daily life to be had almost for the trouble of taking. The extra comforts and luxuries had not been much missed in their absence. But suddenly somebody laid hold of them, and then everybody wanted them. Now everybody must have them, and they are parts of the habit of life.

A BETTER ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

The returned Pittsburger not only sees new homes clustering thickly where the wilderness used to be; but such homes as they are. He finds whole districts of what and paste, powder and pastille worth naming is on those shelves, and my Murauo the generation just ahead of this one would and Florentine pieces are put to good use in have called palaces, and what this genera-holding them. That is my fad, but I don't pretend to use half of them." have called palaces, and what this genera-tion styles "handsome places." Great struc-tures they are, in which the genius of dotures they are, in which the genius of do-mestic architecture seems to have emanci-pated itself from the last broken fetter of the old conventional restraint. And all of them suggest such added resources for the enjoyment of life as are very pleasant to

think upon. And the resources are all there, too; from the kitchen range to the telephone; from the perfectly appointed bathroom to the system of electric bells. And you can choose your own way of looking out upon the world through the crystal space of a single pane plate glass window; or through the many colored medium of the stained glass in other windows.

But it is not only these striking homes of the rich which impress the returned wanderer. He is apt to be still more impressed by the new homes of his acquaintances whom he knows to be in very moderate circumstances. These homes may be in regions only a short ride from the heart of the city; or they may be in a further suburb on one of the lines of railroad; but if they are of recent construction they are sure to be a revelation to snyone accustomed to the old style of Pittsburg homes. Perhaps they are of brick, perhaps they are of wood; but whatever the material, they are fure to be pretty without and within. Truly, if natural gas furnished the impulse for all this it did a good thing; and Pittsburg may well be glad it came, even if it goes to publican in this neighborhood resorted to morrow. For revolutions do not go back-the happy expedient of fixing the limits of ward, and the new order of things has come

to stay. ONCE BURAL DISTRICTS.

Another amazing thing to the returned old-timer is to note the districts which the spirit of progress has taken possession of in its onward march. There is, or was, Mc-Farland's Grove, in the East End, for example. A famous place for pienies it used to be; and it could be made as private as the most exclusive could desire. Therefore it was much in favor with those who wished to have the enjoyment of a strictly select pienic. But now, where the grove was, streets have been laid out and city improvements are beginning to appear. Near where the platform was laid groups of new houses stand, of the sort I have snoken of; and ther is no spot within a long distance available for any kind of a picnic. In other directions the same sort o pursling experience is encountered. All along Fifth avenue, all along Penn avenue, one passes through districts which he remembers as strictly rural, and which he now finds occupied by a continuous line of homes. It is all very surprising and very bewil-

dering. And now I spend much time to wondering what the young reporter of to-day will find when he goes back to Pittsburg after an absence of ten or a dozen years! JAMES C. PURDY.

apologies for vegetables, and if he travels much, why he can get little else to est but meat and bread. Many people who have got beyond 30, and have begun to know something of the functions of the digestive organs, would eschew meat and become the strictest vegetarians if they could get what JUDGE a woman's refinement by her perfumery—whether a loud disagreeable scent or the refined fragrance of Atkinson's Ex