THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG. SUNDAY,

FEBRUARY 16, 1890.

in Kentucky to the graduates of the State

Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Lexington: "When I consider the superfor

I feel that I may at least speak to you of Kentucky, of her resources, of her progress

and her possibilities."

And he did so. He started out from that

A FEW ODD CHARACTERISTICS.

some odd characters, and the plain, unosten-tatious manner of administering justice at-tracts some attention whenever it is brought

to public attention. A friend of mine went

into that country once to report the preliminary examination of a man who had killed his wife by means of a breadax. The re-

porter had an all night drive of it, and when

he got to the schoolhouse where the trial

was to take place he found no one inside but the headless woman lying on a door. After

The Self-Made Widower Kept Tally.

while he went back of the schoolhouse

and found the sons pitching horseshoes with

the justice of the peace, while the unruffled and self-made widower was calmly keeping

tally of the game by cutting notches in a

Not long ago a colored man named Mon-roe Wilkinson killed a man at a picuic in

FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH.

good reporter, and when he was assigned

while the service was going on, but Mr.

Genesis at the time, paused and told the

THE SHERIFF'S PAREWELL.

The Sheriff then came in to say a few words to the prisoner. He said: "Monroe, you know that I would never hang you in

the world at the figures I get from the county if I didn't have to do it. I've got

to do it or lose the nomination next year. I'm a friend to you, Monroe, and I reckon

As the morning sun lighted up the beautiful hillside and scattered a shower of glory

through the trees upon the blue grass turf beneath, it showed a busy scene on the

grassy slopes of the natural amphitheater.

Tall young men with amber spattered chins

and budding whiskers were pitching rings for a cane or having tintypes of themselves

and their financiers taken with the gallows in the background. Mothers brought with

them little sunburnt offspring that had only arrived in Kentucky the previous day. Dark red cookies sold for a cent apiece. A

tall tree giving view upon the whole jail

All was life and animation. The sheriff

A LITTLE TOPICAL SONG.

I'm sorry I got insulate, But I'm going home to dynamo.

It is a plaintive song, eminently fitted fo

executions in New York, and has had a

The time now arrived for the execution

and the Sheriff asked Mr. Cooksey if he

would be good enough to read the death warrant. Mr. Cooksey said it would not be

egal. "Well, I'll deputize you then," said the

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

"Well, for two reasons. In the first place

I did not bring my glasses, and in the sec-ond place, if you won't let it go any further, I can't read anyhow."

his own death warrant to a big Chautauqua gathering like that and have two or three ignorant people yell "Louder!" Death is at all times more or less disagreeable at the

hands of the law, but some one ought to be at hand to take the burden of the literary

exercises off the hands of the doomed man.

"Why don't you read it yourself?"

vard brought \$2.

the sheriff's brains.

great run.

I've always treated you right."
"Yes, sah, that's what you has."

anything always covered the field.

reporter tried to interview the

young man that he was not in it,

say that he was re-elected.

In the interior of Kentucky one still finds

in large quantities.

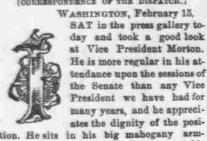
Life of the Second Highest Government Official.

A SMILE WORTH A FORTUNE

Peeps Into a Grand Mansion That Rivals the White House.

WHERE AN IMMENSE INCOME GOES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, February 15.



tion He sits in his hig mahogany arm chair as straight as a string and he wields the white ivory gavel with his right hand

in dignified angles.

He is a fine looking presiding officer. Six feet high, and with only a scholarly stoop in his shoulders, his smooth-shaven statesmanlike face makes one think of the vice presidents at the beginning of our history. His hair, well combed, and parted very near the middle, is iron gray. It is brushed well up from a broad and rather high forehead and its style of dressing is much the same as that seen in the pictures of Thomas Jefferson. Vice President Morton looks very much like Jefferson, save that his complexion is brunette, while that of Jefferson was blonde, and his hair has been black while Jefferson's was red, The Vice President's eyes are blue, and when out of his chair and mingling in Washington society his face is "one rast substantial smile."

Mr. Morton learned to smile while he was making his fortune. He started life as a clerk in a country store and he smiled so pleasantly at his customers that at 20 he was able to go into business for himself. At 25 his country store grew too small for him and he carried his smile into a commercial house at Boston. It worked as well here as it did in his birthplace, Shoreham, and it increased his pile to such an extent that st 30 he concluded again to smile for himself. He then became the head of the drygoods commission house of Morton & Grinnell at New York, and by 1863 he had succeeded so far that he was able to establish the great banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co., with its branch at London.

HIS SMILE PAYS DOUBLY.

There was more, however, in Mr. Morton than the simple smile. There were good susiness brains behind his pleasant face, and by the time he was 40 he had made a fortune. He has made more money since then and his money has not hardened his face or his heart. His smile which paid him well se a young man has continued to pay him well as a statesman. It made him a success-ful Minister to France, and it is making him one of the most popular statesmen at the Capital. It is, I think, the offspring of his good nature rather than policy, and it is worth more to him than all his millions. It keeps him from worry and enables him to withstand the vexations of Washington and

its somety.
Vice President Morton is a good dresser. He does not skimp his tailor and his coats are of the latest and most fashionable cuts. He wears a statesmanlike double-breasted frock coat and his every-day pantaloons are of a dark gray. His clothes seem to be a part of him and he is a marked figure in the Senate, at the White House and in the Washington drawing-rooms, He has added much to his popularity by the series of magnificent entertaloments which he is giving in Washington, and he does not let the income from his dozen odd million dollars lie idie. He spends as well as makes, and has a large number of men in his employ.

HIS CATTLE AND SHEEP.

Vice President Morton is a man of affairs as well as a man of society. He carries on an immense business in addition to the work he does here in Washington, and there are few men in the country who can do so much while appearing to do so little. The care of his immense property is enough to keep one man busy, and he has a stock farm in addition to being a statesman and banker and a society man. He has a farm at Rainecliff known as the Ellerslie stock farm, which contains 950 acres, and which constitutes his country home. The Vice President, however, makes his farm a busi ness investment as well as a place of summer rest. He has 100 head of the choicest of imported Guernsey cattle upon it. Everone of his animals has a noted record and all were brought over from Europe at his expense. There is hardly a cow among them that has not won a prize as a milk producer and butter maker and their intro-duction has done much to improve the cattle of New York. Mr. Morton is also inter ested in fine wool sheep and his flock on his stock farm numbers 80 imported South-downs. He has weekly reports as to how his cows and sheep are doing, and the culti-vation of the extensive estate requires considerable correspondence.

A VICTIM OF THE BEGGARS.

The Vice President's mail amounts to an average of 50 letters a day, and these cover all sorts of subjects. His known wealth and his generous disposition make him the object of numerous beggars, and he receives many applications for charity. Some of these are of the most cheeky variety, and as an instance a young man from Maine wrote a few days ago asking for two of his best registered Guernsey cows, and saying that he wanted nothing but registered stock and would like to have them shipped as a gift with the freight paid. The letter was probably not answered.

There are numerous worthy applications for charity received by the Vice President every day, and among them are many requests from young boys and girls who wan to be educated. Some of these are answered by his secretary, but for any millionaire to reply to all the demands upon him would make him a pauper within a year. The President receives numerous applications for charity, and our millionaire Senators are beseeched for gifts every day. The most of them, like the Vice President, do give a great deal, but it is only after a thorough investigation of the facts and to such as they know are in need.

MR. MORTON'S HABITS. Vice President Morton rises early and breakfasts at 8:30, and then goes into his study and works at his mail until 11 or 12, when he goes to the Capitol, often walking the mile and a half between his house and the Senate. He is employed at the Senate all day, and his evenings are taken up with the dinners and other social requirements of Washington. Vice President Morton is a good horseback rider. He is fond of fine orses and he has eight good ones in his stables here. His riding horse is a handsome sorrel mare, and he not infrequently rides out on her with his daughters accom-

He has five girls, ranging in age from 7 to 16 years, and all of these are getting an equestrian education at the riding school in Washington. The remainder of their edu-cation is carried on by a French governess at home and by their attendance at one of the female seminaries of the Capital. They have their governess constantly with them, and Mrs. Morton with Mrs. Wanamaker

and several other of the leading society ladies have gotten up a class of ten young girls to whom Miss Susan Hale, the sister of Edward Everett Hale, is giving a course of lectures on English literature and

THE MORTONS IN PARIS. Both Vice President Morton and his wife are Freuch scholars and their career in Paris was a most successful one in a social as well as in a diplomatic way. Mr. Morton was not hampered by the meager salary of our minister at Paris in the keeping up of his entertainments and he spent much more than the \$17,500 a year which he received. In Mr. Morton's Paris salon all classes of distinguished people were found and his din-Mr. Morton's Paris saion air classes of dis-tinguished people were found, and his din-ner parties were among the noted of the French capital. It is the same here this year, and Mrs. Morton has brought to Washington the experience which she ac-quired as a successful hostess at Paris. The Vice President's term at Washington

The Vice President's term at Washington will probably cost him several times the amount of his \$8,000 salary, and the additions which he has made to his house here have footed up more than \$32,000. He paid nearly \$100,000 for the house when he bought it from "Telephone" Bell, and he has a dining room which cost about half the amount the President receives in a year. amount the President receives in a year. Vice President Morton's stables at the back of his house would be considered a very fair residence in many a town, and the rooms which he devotes to his receptions and dinners would cover more than two of the average city lots. You could turn

A WAGON LOAD OF HAY around in his big dining room without grazing the walls, and you might drive a ouple of carriages abreast through the



In the Reception Rooms. series of parlors, which opening by folding doors one into the other form a carpeted space more than 110 feet in length. This Morton mansion must contain about 25 rooms. It is reached by a big ports cochers of iron and is entered by wide front doors of oak and plate glass. Stepping over the mat in which in big letters of red the number

in which in big letters of red the number "1500" is woven, you come at once into what seems to be the house proper.

There is no cold, conventional hallway, but the warmth of a home seems to greet you the moment you step over the threshold. The hall runs nearly the whole length of the house. It consists of a wide, well lighted room at the right in which a fire blazes merrily away to the ticking of a pretty French clock of black marble, and of a long space at the left almost filled with a flight of cream-painted steps which by an easy grade leads to the second story. The woodwork of this hall is of an ivory whiteness. The walls are hung in cream satin and there is a wainscoting of in cream satin and there is a wainscoting of

to the height of your waist. In one corner of the room at the right a LITTLE ROUND BAY WINDOW

juts out just big enough to contain a lifesized statue of a child praying. Over the child, who stands on a red pedestal, there hangs a palm tree, and in the corners of the hall there are tropical plants in richly colored pots as high as a table. One of the curiosities of the hall is the fireplace, which framed in tiles of Mexican onyx, and in front of which there is a fender consisting of two torpedo-like bombshells standing on their ends with their noses in the air and hooks set into their sides and running from one to the other. These bombshells were



Entrance to the Marton Mansion.

thrown by the Prussians into Paris during the siege, and Vice President Morton got them while he was Minister to France. The Vice President's study or workshop is at the right of the entrance, in a room opposite the stairway. It is almost eval in shape, and it contains a bay window looking out on Rhode Island avenue. In this the Vice President's secretaries writes, and the whole room is packed full of the working materials of a public man. A flat-top walnut desk, as big as a dining table, stands in the center of the room, and the walls are lined with cases of books. Scrapbooks lie on tables here and there, and

THE CENTER DESK

is littered with letters, papers and manuscript. At one side of it the Vice President script. At one side of it the vice President sits in an armchair, and opposite him is his confidential secretary, Mr. Robert Chilton, who has been with Mr. Morton for years. The walls of this workshop are lined from the oak wainscoting to the picture rod with portraits, and the noted friends of Mr. Morton for years. ton look down upon him as he does his work. In the center of the wall at his right there is a big photograph in a black frame of Gambetta, who was Premier during a part of the betta, who was Premier during a part of the time he was Minister at Paris, and on the opposite side of the room is a fine etching of President Garfield, while in a corner next to the mantel hangs a big photograph of President Harrison, with a half-length portrait above him of the President of the French Republic, Mr. Carnot.

President Carnot sent this picture to Vice President Morton a few days are with his

President Morton a few days ago with his compliments, and the Vice. President has photographs of all the great leaders of France. The mantel-piece is lined with photographs, and there is a fine old engraving of Lafavette, by Ary Schaeffer, on the

A TREASURE HOUSE OF ART. Vice President Morton has good artistic taxtes, and throughout his whole house you

may see the pictures and engravings which he picked up abroad. There is little new furniture in the house, so Mrs. Morton tells me, and the most of the things used were brought here from New York and Paris. Leave the workshop and cross the hall and you enter the parlors. They are separated from the hall by portieres. You notice that one of these portieres is of rich brown velvet plush embroidered with flowers and the plush embroidered with flowers and the other a costly Turkish curtain, which evidently once closed the door of a Mohommedan mosque. You pass by a screen, covered with fine Bronssa embroidery, in going into the library, and this library is the first of the pariors. It is a large room walled with low bookcases and hung with fine paintings. The cases come to the height of your waist, and books in fine bindings look out of the shelves through glass doors. Above the cases the walls are hung with dark red satin of a fine enough quality to make a dress for a White House reception, and against this a White House reception, and against this background hang the paintings. There are two full-length portraits of the Vice Presi-dent and his wife by Bonnstand—these hang

the Vice President the great French artist THE SECOND BEST THING

on the two sides of the back of the room.

se portraits are very fine and the one of

he has ever done. It represents Vice President Morton standing. It is life size and it is a work of wonderful art. The painting of Mrs. Morton is equally fine and the Vice President's wife is one of the handsomest of the wines of the standard She is of of the wives of our statesmen. She is of medium height, straight, well formed and her face is full of strength and character. She has blue eyes and she dresses in ex-quisite taste. This picture represents her in an evening costume of dark red velvet, and the color shows to advantage her beautiful

neck and arms.

The photographs of the room, however, are quite as interesting as the pictures. They are as numerous as those of the study They are scattered from one end of the li-brary to the other, and they stand in collections and singly on every available spot. One screen-like frame of 30 cabinet photographs represents the royal families of Europe and Mrs. Morton picked these up while she was abroad. I asked her whether she had met all the persons represented in the frame, but she told me that the French court was a republican one and that her acunintances had been more democratic. She pointed to another frame in which the pictures of Gambetta and other French leaders stood side by side with Blame, Lincoln and other American statesmen and she slowed me a small Sevres bust of President Grevy which he had given to Minister

DUPLICATE OF THE WHITE HOUSE. Vice President Morton's house strangely enough rivals the White House not only as a society center but even in the style of its finish. The library is the red room, and the room that opens into this is furnished in a tint very nearly akin to that of the blue room of the White House. There is a third parlor whose walls are hung in satin of a greenish tint, and should the Vice Presi-dent take out his dining table and turn his dent take out his dining table and turn his dining room into a ball room he would have a small East room at the end. The furniture of these two second parlors is of gilt wood uphoistered in delicate yel-

ow satin, and the pictures which hang upon the walls are by noted artists. A red velvet carpet runs through the 75 feet of reception rooms, and a red velvet rug forms the center of the dining room. The house itself is furnished in exquisite taste, and it is one of the finest though not the finest house at the Capital. Mr. Morton's stable is as elaborate as his house. It is a part of the house, and is of the same red-pressed brick, with black lines running around it. The Vice President has a swell coachman and footman in a rich plumcolored livery, who wear stiff cockaded hats and drive his high-stepping bays, hitched to a big coach with red wheels.

THAT SHOREHAM BAR STORY. During the winter much has been said about the Vice President's bar at his new Shoreham Hotel. This hotel is a big apart-ment house at which many of the most noted they pay from \$1,500 to \$1,800 per year for a suite of furnished rooms. There is a res-taurant on the ground floor, and it was in this that the bar was said to be located. Mr Morton's agents were interviewed on the subject, and he himself expressed great in dignation at the statement. The truth is that the application for a license to sel liquor was made without his knowledge and that he had no interest in the hotel beyond the lessing of its apartments through his agenta. It was true that a license had been granted and it was part of the agreement at the time of the renting of the fiats, that no part of them should be used as a bar or saloon for the sale of wines, malt or spir

ituous liquors. PROBABLY A GOOD INVESTMENT. These flats now contain 16 Congressmen, and among the noted men who live in them are Senator Farwell, Speaker Reed and Representative Cannon. The flats cost in the neighborhood of \$250,000 to build, and, in asmuch as no rooms are rented except by the year, they probably pay a good interest on the investment. Mr. Morton, as a vestryman of the American Episcopal Church at Paris, as the son of a preacher and as a good Christian could hardly permit any of his tenants to run a saloon on his premises, and I am sure would not if he could. He is proud of his flats, and has named them "The Shoreham," after the New England village where he was born. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

PUZZLED BY THE IDIOMS.

musing Attempts at English in a Library at Tokio, Japan. A correspondent at Tokio has been inves tigating a circulating library there. An English catalogue was issued last year, and this is the preface:

This catalogue is description of owing book of our company's estimating at 21, Meiji October, and the description of Japanese and Chinese book was published already, therefore, if roaders desired to search out the books of that's part will hope to read of that description.

The rules relating to time of retaining books are as follows: Fifth—The limit of time of reading is fixed. All novel and thin book is five days. All scientific book is almost ten days. English language book which is not many

pages is limited.

Ten dass, but large book is 15 days.

The exact limit of time and lending price are mentioned on the back or face of all book.

Sixth—Japanese styled books which are many books is fixed not to lend above three or part of English languages book or ated book in European style is only a

A BUTTER THIEF'S HARD LUCK. The Judge Was an Expert Grecer and the

Article Was Awfully Bad. American Grocer.] A Judge up in Uties, who prides himself on his thorough knowledge of the grocery trade, had up before him recently the case of a poor devil charged with stealing a firkin of butter. The Judge was disposed to be lenient with the fellow until the latter declared that he had sampled all the stock in the establishment before stealing this

particular firkin.
"Hm; let me see the butter!" said his Honor, forthwith applying some to his lips The whole courtroom watched the proceed ngs with intense interest and saw the Judge make a wry face as he fairly

"Twelve months!" "Twelve months," said the prisoner's "Total depravity, sir! I ought to have made it ten years at hard labor!

It's funny bow much location counts in the success or failure of a hotel. The Startevant House is fortunate indeed in its location, Broadway and Twenty-ninth st. N. Y. Rooms, gl and upward. American and European plan.

NYE AT LOUISVILLE

Little Things Nature and Watterson Have Done for the City.

ODD CHARACTERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Roman Holiday Made of the Hanging of a Man Who Slew Another.

THE SHERIFF'S LITERARY ABILITIES

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ON BOARD OF THE CARS.

> N the early gray of a February evening a small party consisting of myself, might have been seen wending its way toward the railway station at Louisville, Ky. One may enter the sleeper there at 9 o'clock P. M. and at 2:30 A. M. he will start for Cincinnati. Taking with me a

small fragment of river water to use when I get home for scouring knives, I paid the bill at my hotel and went to the depot. The depot of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad is a massive pile,

costing upward of \$64 in money. It is built in the Modoc style of architecture and faces both ways, like an independent paper.

Meals may be had there at all hours, and baggage checked to all parts of the world. Sleeping car berths and pie are furnished at the shortest notice, and you can get in-formation or victuals while you wait. My car was made up, so I knocked out a lew brains, disrobed and retired. My window gazed upon the lunch room, and so I could lie and watch people as they came in, nestled up against the counter astride a tall stool, and basely betrayed their stomachs. DIPFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

Sometimes a woman would spring gayly upon the stool, and, wrapping her heels around those of the stool, would inquire the price of a cup of tea and, if not too high, she would buy some in isolated cases. A man generally orders about twice as much as he can eat, and by his manner says, "Darn the price. I reckon I will have enough to eat as long as my money holds out."



People who run lunch counters are not generally very long lived. I only knew one I these people to linger to a great age, and ne had his meals brought to him. Some kinds of food are improved by age, but not all. Among those that are not impervious to atmospheric influences or the extremes of heat and cold are eggs, niusbrooms and waffles. Celery also suffers somewhat, like s senatorial election, by exposure. It does not thrive under such circumstances so much as a ballet, but pines away and gets coal dust on it, and loses its ambition and hangs over the edge of the glass like a love sick

In 1773 Captain Thomas Bullitt, who was called a son of a gun by a Kentucky humor-ist, who only lived long enough to ejacu-late, "Adieu, kind friends, I'm going ome," discovered the city of Louisville, Ky., at the mouth of Beargrass creek at the Ohio falls, and he could not have discovered a better town if he had tried. The water was very low at that season of the year and of about the consistency of a farm. Though the water was low the price of whisky was almost equally as low, and so the party thinned out the water with the latter. It gently exhilarated them and made them

LOUISVILLE'S FIRST HOUSE. There are now 275,000 people in Louisville, I might say, mostly colonels, but I will leave that joke for the use of the large army of bright men who were first to think of it. When Captain Bullitt discovered Louisville there was not a decent hotel in the place. Now there are a great quantity of them. The following year a house was built, but the boom was a kind of sickly

effort and lots were quite low.

Louisville was named for Louis XVI. The above will give the reader an idea of Louisville at about the beginning of the present century. The building with the fing on top is the Galt House. Mr. Henry Watterson has just gone inside the door, softly humming to himself:

I Am a Pirate King. He will be back in a few moments. The large building on the opposite side of the street is a general store kept by a gentleman who is since deceased. He kept hides, pelts and molasses; also real estate, ice gream and feathers. He sold ammunition, hoarhound candy and hardware, gents' neckwear, cedar posts, honey, plastering hair, straw hats, di-mension lumber, suspenders, timothy seed, coffins and salt mackerel. He also kept the ffice and took in washing. He advertised hard cider, playing cards and embalm-ing while you wait. The other houses in the cut are occupied by Many Citizens, Taxpay-er, Justice, Old Bubscriber, Veritas, etc.,

The high fence in the right foreground is designed to keep out the Indians, at least

the largest of them.

Agriculture, blue grass, trotting horses,
Bourbon, ginger ale, iron ore, hams, asparagus, butter, eggs, literature, distilling, proslavery, store keeping, railroading, etc., etc., have each risen to a great height in the table of industries of the State. Kentucky is no doubt a choice State. Nature did much for her, and Henry Watterson has not fooled away his time, either.

Proctor Knott is a feature of Kentucky which I must not forget as I hurriedly pass along. He would have been more influen-tial if it had not crept out that he was a hutial if it had not crept out that he was a humorist. No man can be respected quite so
much after he has shown symptoms of this
kind. Mr. Knott made a funny speech on
Duluth once, and now people come from
away back of Little Hickory and Hominy
Center and stay all day and bring their dinner, hoping that Proctor Knott may be
funny again some day.

A SPEECH WITH THOUGHTS IN IT. Governor Knott said once, in an addre

ODD HALLUCINATIONS

intelligence and refinement of the presence in which I have the honor to appear, I very seriously mistrust my ability either to contribute to your entertainment or to add to your present stock of information by a discussion of any subject whatever. Descended, however, from a present who made their An Over-Worked Boston Lawyer Can Never See People's Faces.

however, from an ancestry who made their homes on the 'Dark and Bloody Ground' RVEN ACTORS TURN THEIR BACKS.

> A Judge Annoyed by a Prisoner and a Minister by a Tardy Old Maid.

and need a good speech with thoughts in it.
He spoke of the fixed carbon and volatile
combustible matter in the coal, and said the
iron ore of Kentucky had iron peroxide in it CITIZEN TRAIN'S CHILDREN'S DAY

> [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 BOSTON, February 14 .- A brilliant young lawyer of this city, who was a light of social as well as of legal circles, has recently been ordered away for his health. He has been suffering from overwork, and his disease took the form of a singular hallucination. Everybody, no matter under what circumstances seen, appeared to him to be back to him. The people with whom he talked, the persons he met on the street, the partner with whom he danced, and the physician to whom he went in his affliction, all persist ently turned themselves away from him, until he seemed doomed to the terrible curse of living among his fellows and yet of never

> beholding a human face again.
> "When the thing first took hold of me,"
> he said, in talking of the trouble, "I, of
> course, did not understand what had happened, and I made some awkward blunders I do not know how soon I should have real ized that the trouble was with me, if I had not gone to the theater and found that the actors all turned their backs to the audience. I knew that that couldn't be, and as I had begun to understand that the dickens was to pay with me, I passed a pleasant evening wondering if my brain had turned wrong side out or upside down, and if I should ever know anything right end foremost again. I had a lady with me, and she observed that I was rather gloomy; so I told her a yarn about the play's having affecting associations with a favorite consin who had died suddenly. Then I reflected that if my brain had gone wrong I could still invent a light had gone wrong, I could still invent a lie at need, and that was some comfort." A JUDGE'S HALLUCINATION.

The absurdity of the illusion has brought to light a couple of instances in which the delusion was quite as odd. One was the case of a municipal judge, who was in his time well known in Boston. The trick which his imagination played him was connected with a certain reprobate who was continually appearing before the police court, and who was thoroughly known to the police, both on account of his offenses and a certain devilish ingenuity he dis-played in evading justice by adroit and specious pleas. Whenever this offender had been before him Judge X. saw his likeness in the next two prisoners brought up be-fore bim. The likeness was perfect, but he always declared that the first time it oc-curred he was fully aware that it was simply a delusion. He tried various ex-periments with himself, such as having a order to give variety to an otherwise monotonous programme. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The execution was to take place within an inclosure, but the obliging Sheiriff had it in a valley, so that a whole county could sit on the hillwoman brought up next to the rogue whose likeness haunted him, but the woman took side and see it. It is hardly necessary to Judge X. had the man even to his garments. Judge X. had the man brought up at the exd of a sitting, but the hallucination reached over to the court of the next day, say that he was re-elected.

Nearly 10,000 people came to witness the great show. They came on foot and on horseback, from everywhere, till they covered the hillside and were like the sands of and the first two criminals were disposed of in the likeness of the other. The delusion the sea for multitude. Lemonade stands sprang up as if by magic, and merry-gonever occurred with any other prisoner, and it ceased when the man at last died in a drunken brawl. The man's frequent ap-pearance in court is the theory the Judge

Popcorn, eating apples and wax for chewexplained the phenomenon upon. repearly eating apples and wax for careing purposes were for sale everywhere. The
balloon man was there, likewise the man
with the machine for showing how much
one can lift without injuring himself.
Everywhere poor, tired farm hands who
needed rest were testing their strength till
their eyes looked like soiled door knobs or THE CASE OF A PASTOR. The other case was that of a clergyman who declares that all persons who come into church after the services has begun, even if they be men, take on for his eyes the likeness of a singular elder maiden lady who, in the village where his childhood was passed, habitually came to services tardily. poached eggs in a saucer of stewed tomatoes. Photographs of the murderer were also for Even when his own wife comes in late and sale with his autograph. His brother had takes her place in the pastor's pew, he is en-abled to identify her only by the place where she sits; and the singular thing is that the false appearance does not disappear until the benediction has been pronounced. walked 50 miles to plead with the Governor for a pardon, but it did not avail.

Euclid C. Cooksey, a bright young reporter, was sent to do the execution for his paper. He and Mr. Morningstar, another When the clergyman closes his eyes to invoke a blessing upon the congregation as reporter, sat up with the condemned man. Friends decided that religious services should be held over the murderer. Mr. Morningstar was selected to lead in prayer. He had never done so before, but he was a

when the clergyman closes his eyes to invoke a blessing upon the congregation as they depart to their homes, he sees before him a dozen copies of the old maid, whose bones have reposed this quarter of a century in a New England country graveyard; when he opens them again these weird figures have been transformed into his neighbors, or even into members of his own family, if it says that, considering his lack of prepara-tion, he thinks he did pretty well. A fresh has chanced that they have been tardy in their coming to the sanctuary.

It seems to me it would be both more practical and more just if it could be arranged that the punishment, such as it is, could be

that the punishment, such as it is, could be visited upon the heads of the offenders them elves rather than upon that of the pastor. CITIZEN TRAIN AND THE CHILDREN.

One of the amusing things of a dull seaso paralyzing hand upon the town so firmly weeks, is the Sunday reception which it has pleased the somewhat erratic fancy of Citizen George Francis Train to give at the Parker House. He is certainly somewhat lacking in conventionality, as may be evident from the fact that very early in the reception on Sunday he pulled a costume bon-bon with one of the children who always swarm where he appears, and afterward adorned his head with the blue and white cap of tissue paper that came out of it. There is a certain suspicion of the undignified in receiving adult guests at a public reception given at a hotel adorned in this manner; and on the other hand there is a certain dignity in being able to do it with the indifference and ease of Citizen Train. One of the newspaper men who was present remarked to another that he was not sure whether Citizen Train were the more superb as a madman or as an auto-

had acquired a comfortable jag, but it had not succeeded in stealing away his brain. In crat.
The children swarmed, and if ices and fact he was quietly chuckling to himself as he imagined the jag groping in the attic of his massive skull, knocking the skin off his cakes can make children ill, they made themselves ill. There was a good deal of knuckles and cussing as it vainly sought for singing, of recitation and some speaking and through all the running comments of the host gave a flavor and made the thing Finally the hour arrived. The prisoner was brought on the scaffold. He pressed the

GREENLAND'S ICE CAP.

hand of the reporter and, bursting into tears, presented him with an election eigar. The Pact That Shows a Resemblance Between newspaper men then united in singing a little topical song, of which I am the author and which is designed more especially for executions by electricity beginning as folthe Earth and Mars. Brooklyn Standard.]

The curious suggestion made by Mr. S. E. Peal, of Assam, India, in demonstrating that Greenland is covered by a huge ice cap. may have unconsciously solved an interesting problem in astromony. It has long been noticed that the polar caps of Mars are not diametrically opposite the southern one not being centrally placed over the axis of rotaon, and it now appears that a like anomaly may exist on the earth. In antarctic water may exist on the earth. In antarctic waters are seen immense flat-topped bergaofice 2,000 feet high and several miles long, which are evidently fragments broken from a permanent cap directly over the south pole; while in the Arctic region thin field ice preponderates and bears out the assumption that the north pole is covered by a deep sea, quite free from islands; in which the ice finds no analonge and is floating and term ands no anchorage and is floating and temperary. Cooksey says if there had been no reporters there the prisoner would have been
obliged to read the death warrant himself.
Nothing pains a man who is unused to
appearing in public and who has had no
elecutionary training, like having to read
his own death warrant.

Nansen's recent expedition, therefore, may result in proving that the Greenland continent underlies one of the two polar ice caps of the earth, and in giving a cine to the condition of Mars by showing a closer re-semblance to our planet than had been be-

It is hardly possible to prepare a medicine which is so pleasant to the palate as are Hamburg Figs, or which is so efficacious in cases of constipation, plies, torpid liver or sick headache. So cents. Dose, one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. I.



CHAPTER XI.

THE TROUBLED LOVER. The relation of Lazarus to the Nazarene had been always peculiar. No other person among the friends of the rabbi had a similar experience. The acquaintance of the two had begun on this wise:

Lazarus had a contract for some fine carving upon a portion of the temple; that always growing and never completed pride and glory of the Jews, upon which 10,000 men worked for over 40 years, and in which there

skill, and being a conscientious workman sought for some time the hand required. There was finally recommended to him a young man, bearing the very common name of Jesus, a resident of a low, unpopular locality, known as Nazareth. This person, it was said, exhibited a skill beyond his fellows, executing work of a fine order. Lazarus sought for him, and set him to work in the sacred building. This might have been five or six years before the time of our story. The young man performed his task with a skill and effect unknown to the experience of the builder in any common rorkman.

Your tools verily fly to your bidding, said the employer to the employe one day as he stood watching the Nazarene for a long time. Jesus laid down the tool in his hand, and regarded the builder with a strange look. He replied that this might be possible. Lazarus, in amazement, inquired the meaning of these words. The young man made further answer to the effect that many things unknown and unwrought were pos-sible, for which the times and the hearts of

men were not ripe.
"I comprehend you not," said Lazarus.
The carpenter was silent. "But I do desire it," continued the builder. "I perceive you are a high-minded man, occupied with thoughts not pleasure. You have reflected more than I. I would that you explained yourself, if you think me worthy of your confidence," added Lazarus with the mod-esty of a truly delicate nature, capable of recognizing its superior in an inferior social position. The young workman responded quietly to this tribute, which seemed neither to elate nor surprise him. He replied that he must needs ask for seclusion if the builder desired more from him concerning the matter, which was not one, he said, suitable for the curiosity or discussion of the

many.
"Meet me on this spot," said the builder, "at dewfall, after the return of the workmen to their homes. Then shalt thou explain to me how a tool can fly be do thy bidding."

At the hour appointed, the two men met in a dusky portion of the temple. The priests chanted and passed and choward. them not. Worshipers prayed at a distance. The hour and the place had a sacred character, and made upon Lazarus a life-long sion. The young Nazarene received him quietly, and stood modestly, asking his

requirements.

"That the burin in my hands arise and carve thee a design of a bunch of grapes upon the frieze 60 feet above our heads," said Lazarus, smiling.
"I promise naught," said the carpenter, "but give it to me. Put the tool within my

The carpenter, having taken the burin, pressed it to his forehead, and clasped it strongly. Then, suddenly, flinging it high into the air, he exclaimed in a deep voice: "Fly yonder, and as thou art bidden!"
And, lo! the tool sprang from the hand of the carpenter, flew like a live thing to the frieze 60 feet above the heads of the men; and there it did work before their eyes like the fingers of a man, and it carved a design upon the frieze; and Lazarus looked upon it, and behold it was a bunch of grapes. And then the tool fell to the ground, and it was naught but a tool; and the Nazarene picked it up carelessly and laid it in its place. But he said to the builder: "See thou tell no man. Speak not of these things; for the time is not ready for

The two young men looked each other solemnly in the eye.
"What art thou?" demanded Lazarus.
But Jesus made him no reply.

"Who art thou?" persisted Lazarus.
"Time will teach thee," answered the

other.

From this hour a friendship sprang between the two young men. It was closely felt rather than closely cultivated; for their ways led them apart. Lezarus remained true to the confidence of the Nazarene; he made mention of it to no person from that time forth; in fact even between themselves, as is the way of reserved men, the wonder was never again alluded to. Lazarus re-garded that bit of mysterious carving in the temple with a certain awe; but his mind never insisted on an explanation of the henomenon. The Oriental accepts mysprv naturally; Lazarus was not ignorant of the marvels of his country; but in anything of this nature he was totally inexperienced He never forgot it. In later years, when the Nazarene grew into his tremendous popularity as a traveling rabbi; when the won-ders that he wrought were brought as a tale that is told, almost every week to the ears of Lazarus, that little scene in the temple came back to him significantly. Probably it had prepared the prosperous, busy Jew the more seriously to consider the awful claims of his friend when the time came that these were presented to Jewish society.

During the public career of the Nasarene buring the public career of the Manarene the two had met; but less often than might have been expected. Both men were absorbingly busy, and in divergent ways. A strong tenderness, however, remained ripe between them. It had been the pleasure of Lazarus boldly to entertain Jesus at his boars as often as possible; it was not ware house as often as possible; it was not very often. Lazarus had shown no pusillanimity in this matter. When the muttering began, which menaced the usefulness and was doomed to threaten the very life of the young religious teacher; when Sanhedrin and court, priest and Pharises, marked the most spiritual man in Judes with their dangerous displeasure, the rich and influen-tial citizen remained loyal to his early affection for the poor itinerant. Lazarus

time he had been as attentive to his friend as circumstance permitted. Now, to him as to thousands of live young natures this had happened. The sea of love had overwhelmed him; and in it, friendship was affoat or drowning, struggling for dear

had been hospitable and affectionate to Jesus. He called himself true. Up to this

The final evening at the palace instituted a duel of rapture and despair in the soul of Lazarus. At first delight dominated, Zz-hara loved him. Heaven and earth could not change that. But when the next day were on, and the next and another, and the

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," Etc. AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD. [Continued From Last Sunday.] barricade of circumstances between himself and the High Priest's daughter took on the full strength of common reality, Lasarus succumbed to his misery. The work was done. There was now no excuse for going to the palace; there was now no opportunity to go to the palace. There was, therefore

What could the lover do? To advance like a man, and woo the maiden of her father, was impossible. The High Priest gave no daughter to a carpenter. A sus-picion of the truth would be fatal to every-thing. Annas was quite capable of sending always remained the next touch possible to the patient artist of a beautiful thing.

Lazarus needed for his purpose some special carpentering of a high order of the world—of his little world at least a least of the world—of his little world at least of the world at least of the wor of the world—of his little world at least—and he shrewdly estimated the character of Annas; a man at once attractive and repellantly good natured and cold, frank and scheming, affectionate and releutless. If a love affair in his household got beyond his indolent observation, nothing would be easier than for Annas to atone for would be easier than for Annas to atome for a little negligence by extreme measures. In the state of society then existing in Judea, the power of a dignitary like Annas was uncontrolled and dangerous. What he did would not be questioned. What he chose would be effected. The disposal of an objectionable person would be made as comfortable as possible for the disposer; methods would not matter. What would the disappearance of a builder signify?

pearance of a builder signify?

Lazarus fully realized his position. It seemed to be a hopeless one. But youth and love are eager, and despair uncomfortable.

Lazarus found in himself interludes of perfeetly unreasonable hope.

During these he haunted the region of the palace, drawing as near as he dared, without detection. He never saw her; not once. He watched for her litter in the streets. He mingled with people and liatened to the gossip about the movements of her father. He neglected his business; he ate little; he slept less. One day after a long tramp over the mountain and up to its top, whence he could look down upon the values of the High Print, when Lawrence palace of the High Priest, when Lazarus came to go home it was nearly high noon and he felt the vengeance of the sun upon his head. He grew blind and dizzy; and looking abroad for the familiar outline of the scenery in the valley, suddenly he could

see nothing, and a faintness seized him.

'There floweth the brook Kedron,' thought Lezzrus. "And youder should be the palace, and there must be the house of Simon the Leper. I am not well. I have walked too far. I cannot distinguish objects. My head hath a singular sense of heat and pain. I must rest me and shield me beneath the first apot of shade that I can reach. Verily, I am overworn.

Suddenly, with these thoughts half mut-tered upon his parched lips, the young man sank to the ground. The tull power of the sun scorched his brain and body; and he became unconscious where he lay, a prone and of Olivet.

There was a little garden near him, toward which Lazarus had been struggling. It was the property of a friend of his, a spot of rich, fine foliage, thick and cool, a pleasant ecluded place. It went by the name Gethsemane.

Lezarus fainted just without the walls of this garden. If we should call it a faint, I am not sure; his condition has too many causes, and was too serious to be lightly He remained unconscious

long time. When he came to himself the grataful sense of shadow overhung him. The deadly sun was quite shielded away from his burn-ing head. Olive trees folded their massive shelter, a green and graceful tent above him; the slender outline of the long leaves quivered on the edge of a bough against a fiery sky; the gray tints of the leaf added to the impression that the olive was a cool tree. A soft air played, like unseen fingers, upon these delicate leaves. The scents of righly-cultivated fruits and flowers met in a pleasant, nondescript perfume, which was proba-bly as intelligible to the stricken man as it would have been at any time; for Lazarus had handled too many tools to be familiar flowers. It was Zahara he cared for, not the lily. He turned his eyes idly about the familiar gorgeous garden. He was quite alone. He recognized the spot immediately, and the fact that unknown hands had

brought him thither.

But whose? and where were they?

"Amos?" called Lazarus faintly, naming the name of his friend. There was no answer to the call, and Lazarus repeated it several times before the proprietor of the garden appeared. When he did so, he came leisurely through the clive trees, walking with the comfortable step of a well-to-do man of agricultural temperament. He was a middle-aged, thoughtful Jew, a person of some social importance, and deeply in sympathy with the religious movement in which Lazarus had been, of late, a delin-

"Ah, there you are," said Amos, "I left you to sleep it out. You have had a bad-time of it, Lazarus, and verily you have escaped a worse."
"What aileth me?" demanded Lazarus

feebly.
"A stroke of the sun, and nothing less," said Amos, shortly. "I wonder not. How came you on the top of Olivet at noon of a day like this?"
"I meant to get home," murmured Lam-

rus, "I forgot myself."
"Meant! Forgot!" cried Amos. "These
are pretty words for a busy, sensible fellow.
I know thee not, Lazarus, in these days. I understand thee not."

"Nor I myself," replied Lazarua, feebly.
He really feit too ill to be scolded. But
Amos took the opportunity to hit his friend

while he was down; it is a very old custom, as old as friendship."
"So it was you that brought me hither,"

said Lazarus, "I thank you Amos. In fact, I think I was hard bestead. But how did you manage it? I am a heavy tellow?"

"In faith, I did not manage it at all," replied Amos; "It was not I, Lazarus, who

brought you here to Gethsemane."
"Who then?" cried Lazarus, starting
from the ground and staring about the garden. "Where is he? Who is he?" den. "Where is he? Who is ac." He who took that burden upon himself hath departed from thee," said Amos, gravely, "He watched thee till the signs of consciousness appeared. He did watch thee and ministered to thee as man doth not minister to man, except he loveth him. When thou didst move and summon thy went thou dids' move and summon thy senses back to thy countenance he arose and went his way. 'I go,' he said. 'Stay me not. I go before he waketh.' But he com-mended thee to me and to my tenderness in

words that would have wrung thy hears; and he did bless thee, Lazarus, and de-"Tell me his name," demanded Lamrus, "Who did so serve me and so depart from

"I name thee no names," replied the pro-