prietor of Gethsemane severely, "thou asketh, verily, a flippant question, Lazarus, to my thinking. Who would he be? Who must he be? What man is he who climbeth Olivet—not on fool's business like thine own—but on awful errands with his God? Who seeketh this my garden and spendeth whole nights herein that he may pray here? What man is he who seeth a sufferer upon the wayside afar off and succoreth him, and hath saved him before the eye of any other man hath so much as attended to his calamity? What man is he who beareth with the coldness of a friend and forgiveth it unto him and guardeth him and shieldeth him and overwhelmeth him with tenderness and will not obtrude his presence to receive from obligation that which love did not offer? Is there more than one man in Judea builded after this manner, Lazarus?"

And Lazarus was silent before Amos. For he knew that there was no man but one who would have served him and saved him as he had been served and saved.

"When thou seest the Nazarene," began Lazarus, with emotion.

"When thou seest him," interrupted Amos, "thou canst speak for thyself. In truth it occurreth to me that between himself and thee no third man should intermeddle."

"You are right, Amos," said Lazarus reverently, "I shall soon have an opportunity of speaking with him."

"Love makes its opportunities," replied Amos. So blindfold, so hand-bound is friendship! This was the most unfortunate thing which Amos could have said. His words swung the mind of Lazarus hotly in the last direction in which at that moment, it should have turned. Love, opportunity, Zahara! A mob of maddening images possessed the lover's brain. He longed to get away alone that he might gloat upon them. The respectable Amos, the decorous garden, seemed phantoms of the sun stroke; Jesus of Nazarath a gentle apparition.

Only Zahara was too real to be thrust out of the sensibility of Lazarus by any interruption of feeling. Zahara dominated his being, a splendid force, as the sun of the East had smitten him to the earth.

CHAPTER XII.

A STORM IN GALILEE.

It was sunset at Capernaum. The lake was quite smooth. She carried a broad sheen of colors upon her quiet face and looked more like a huge tinted sail spread to dry among the hills, than the vixen sea she was. Capernaum was a thriving place, being on the high road from Damascus to the South, and gay with travelers and summer residents. It was the favorite watering place of Jerusalem and the sun-smitten country round about. It was a picturesque place, with effective houses built of black and white stones, and a caressing scenery decorated and tapestried with myrtles, rock-rose, tamarisk, acacia and oleanders. In fact, Capernaum had many of these points appreciated by wealthy people in search of summer houses; and, when united to a lake breeze, liberally paid for.

Upon the heights at the northwest end of the town stood one stately villa conspicuous for its elegance. The stones which composed it were of white and rose, outlined with black upon the facade; the architecture was inspiring, if not imposing, the grounds extensive and liberally cultivated, and the whole place had the unmistakable air of un grand Seigneur.

Walking in the fruit garden at the cool of the day, like the Almighty after creation—an old man viewed his country seat with elderly and opulent satisfaction. His venerable beard flowed to his breast. His important costume had a dignity of its own. His well-kept, not to say well-fed, hand fatly took on the gesture of benediction as he moved among his family and slaves. His comfortable eye wandered over the hills and the sea to return easily to the little horizon of his villa, which he regarded with the supreme complacency of wealth and position and ease from affairs. It was known in Jerusalem that the High Priest was at home at his country seat in Capernaum for a matter of some weeks.

Upon the sea of Galilee, at that calm and alluring hour, a pretty painted shallop, rowed by slaves, and well filled with women, attracted much attention. Galilee was crowded with sails. She always was. But this sultry and silent evening had added the pleasure-seekers to the bread-seekers, the summer guests to the fishermen.

The little fleet was so great that boats became entangled at the landings and beaches, and had there been a breeze, skillful steering would have been needed to avoid collision in sailing. But of breeze there was hardly enough to stir the pretty toys of the pleasure-people, or the clumsier wings of the fishing boats. One floated that evening, drifted, idled, dreamed, but did not expect to sail.

The lady, mistress of the gay shallop—which, by the way, wore a purple sail and was tied or trimmed with golden ropes—sat among the maidens haughtily. She seemed dissatisfied and distraite.

"It is a dull place, this Capernaum," she said. "Why did we come, Rebecca?"

"It will be livelier when the new wing is added to the villa," replied Rebecca.

"That does not follow," said Zahara, indifferently. "Who buildeth the wing? My father hath omitted to mention to me. It should be decently done, at least, if we have to spend the summer here."

But Rebecca did not know who should build the wing. She understood that he who did repair the palace at home, had other engagements and was not expected; but that the work should be begun at once by somebody, the damsel knew, for behold the tents of the workmen, erected yonder on the hill. They had arisen since the spring of to-day's sun, said Rebecca.

"It does not matter," said Zahara. She looked idly at the little group of tents which Rebecca pointed out behind the villa of Annas. The shining water lay between. Zahara glanced across it, and then gazed into it. Her brilliant face had a subdued, gentle expression. Life seemed unimportant to the High Priest's daughter. For the first time in her history, Zahara was sad.

"It is a stupid sea," said Zahara, "and what a stupid boat! One might as well go home and take a nap on a prayer-rug. Bid the fellows take the oars, for we shall drift all night. Get out the oars and have me rowed across to the other shore. I desire to see a new wave, if nothing more is possible, in this town where nothing happens."

At the moment when this order was given, and the rowers of the lady's boat took to their oars and made a marked course away from the rest of the pleasure-fleet heading across the lake, a young man came out of one of the tents which Rebecca had pointed out to her mistress and walked rapidly down to the beach. His eyes were on the water, but no special interest in anything he saw appeared upon his countenance, until by chance he overheard a bystander observe carelessly:

"The daughter of Annas saileth to-night. Yonder is her shallop."

"Ah!" cried the young man, stopping short, "which one?"—Yes, I see. The sail is a sail of purple. Is that the lady's shallop?"

"Verily, yes," said the bystander, "she goeth to the opposite shore. She is rowed by the slaves of her father."

The young man bowed and passed on. His eyes now sought the water as a king commandeth the world. His face had grown vivid and beautiful. His lips moved tenderly underneath his bright beard. His eyes melted. He breathed, but did not articulate the work:

"Zahara!"

For Annas was a cautious man, not accustomed to make known his purposes to the women of his household and Rebecca was entirely unacquainted with the fact that the master builder, Lazarus, had accepted the job upon the villa; and would himself oversee it; having quartered his men in tents upon the hillside, and taking lodgings for himself at the Khan, or village inn.

Lazarus had done this with precipitation, almost without reflection. When the summons came from Annas, whose fancy had lightly forgotten the proposed repairs at the palace, and substituted others in his villa with the facile absorption of a man in his country seat, the builder had responded with such promptness that the High Priest took quick advantage of the situation to beat him down to an easy price. Lazarus accepted it without protest, almost without consciousness that he, the first master builder in the vicinity of Jerusalem, was underbidding the trade to the point of absurdity, one might almost say, of indecency. What could it matter? Lazarus would have given Annas a villa to be at Capernaum just then.

On this evening, as he walked nervously up and down the strand, watching the sail of Zahara, he observed a man stop and watch the same, with something more than casual attention. The man was a fisherman. He cast the deep and always grave eye of his calling upon the sea. "I hope those fellows will not row the women too far," he said, "we are to have a change in the wind."

Then Lazarus perceived that he knew the man, and said: "I salute you, Peter. Tell me. The lady is not likely to get into any trouble, is she, yonder?"

"Lazarus, I salute you. Your face is a stranger of late to me. As to the lady, all I can say is that these pleasure boats are poor affairs. It is a singular thing to me that the richer a man is the more doth he tempt danger upon the face of the waters. Never yet did I know property to supply mariners sense."

With these words Peter passed on, for he was a busy man. Peter had fish to get to market. But Lazarus had Zahara in a crazy little boat. The two men parted, as unconscious of each other's thoughts, almost as indifferent to them, as if they had been separate and divergent plants swinging in space; neither knowing that the time and the topic were to come, upon which their natures would beat as one pulse, and that a throbbing artery.

Peter, the fisherman, had already turned the curve of the beach toward the town when a light breeze tickled the surface of the lake, as fingers play with sensitive flesh. The water seemed to writhe a little playfully. Then a sound like a slight, protesting laugh whirred across from shore to shore. This was followed by a little shriek of rising wind. Then, in a moment, came whirl and darkness, foam and fury, uproar and confusion. One of the violent and dangerous squalls to which Galilee was subject struck the lake. The peaceful tints of the water darkened into angry masses of color; pearl and rose and gold became slate and black and iron.

Cries arose from the pleasure boats. The clumsy sails of the age, struggled in the tornado, and came down. People made for the shore as fast as their senses permitted. These flaws from the gorges among the hills were greatly feared upon the shores of the lake, and there was little fooling with them. Cries of excitement or fear arose from the boats and from the benches. One mad little boat capsized, but a couple of sturdy young Jews were the only passengers, and, being nearly ashore, they swam for it comfortably and attracted but little attention.

The wind had now beaten itself into a maniacal temper; and a vicious-looking storm-cloud swung over the sea, and hung in mid-heaven. In the midst of the uproar, the sun sank; and the sudden darkness of the hill-country was added to the dismal scene.

Among the crowd upon the beach—a scurrying mass of incoherent men, these landing, and those shouting, some pushing up the shore to get away, and others pushing down to it to see what was going on—one man stood in a kind of stupor, straining his eyes over the black belt of water, where the foam was flying wildly. It was Lazarus. He was transfixed with agony. Zahara's boat had become invisible.

"A boat!" cried Lazarus, suddenly starting to his senses, "a boat to save a lady! A boat and boatmen! I pay a price for it!"

But the bystanders shook their heads, looking dogged and sullen through the half-light. No man stirred. Lazarus ran down to the water and seized a skiff and began to push it out wildly. Half a dozen hands snatched it away from him.

"You get no boat and no boatmen from a Galilee fisherman in a blow like this," said one of the men imperiously, "if you would kill yourself—which is contrary to the law—you get no help from us."

At this moment an authoritive voice came crashing into the crowd:

"A boat! A boat! Fifty denarin for a boat and the rowers thereof!" It was the voice of the High Priest. His venerable figure trembled with terror. His long beard blew in the wild wind. His face was convulsed. A Roman, standing by, said carelessly:

"Some of his women are across the lake." Lazarus ran up to Annas and poured forth wild words—a torrent of them; offering his services, himself, his body, soul, all Lazarus to save Zahara.

"But wrench thou the boat from these craven fellows and I will reach her, by the God of our fathers! I save Zahara!"

Annas, in the naturalness of the awful moment, held out his hand and grasped the hand of the builder. The two men swayed together on one mighty impulse. They ran down into the water, wading out. The high priest flung a handful of gold into the face of a fisherman with a force that knocked the fellow flat, and, snatching his boat from him, hauled it into the water. Lazarus sprang in. Then the senses of the High Priest returned to him.

"Are you familiar with seacraft?" he asked suddenly. Can you row well?"

"No," answered the inland mechanic, "not well. But I have handled oars. I can get to her."

"She is safer without you," answered the High Priest, coldly. The storm was now a tempest. It bellowed at the two men, so that they could with difficulty hear each other's voices through the blast. The lake had become a curtain of cloud, and wind, and night. The High Priest stood distractedly calling certain slaves of his, and urging them into the boat.

"Ho there! In with you! Row forth! Row yonder to your mistress, ye dogs!"

Lazarus, moved by one of the uncontrollable impulses that madden or inspire men, turned from the disheartening scene and dashed off down the shore upon his own responsibility. Scarcely knowing what he did, or why he did it, but urged by the wild longing to get as near as possible to the endangered boat, the young man rushed along the edge of the lake on the leeward side of the storm, making mad haste, scrambling over rock and wreck, and beating onward blindly. Of course, if Zahara had crossed the lake, it was a hopeless undertaking to reach a sight of her. But, suppose she had been blown out of her way, the boat might even be in sight, as soon as the clouds should lift, and the course which the lover's instinct took proved not so aimless as it seemed.

Lazarus made, in this wild way, a long distance—miles or leagues, for aught he knew—he had lost all estimate of time or space. Whether it was midnight or morning, if he were in Capernaum or Jerusalem, he knew not, when suddenly, to his blurred and bloodshot eyes there appeared a vision of a little beaten boat, laboring heavily in the sea, and blown directly toward him half a league out. Lazarus flung all his soul into his voice and called: "Zahara!" But he might as well have summoned the shade of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, from the tomb, as Zahara from that raging expanse of night and sea.

He could see, or he seemed to see, the pretty purple sail of the toy boat, rent and ruined, flapping to the gale. The silly craft careened like the shell of a dove egg, and lo, while he stood helpless and shouting and perishing of his anguish, the boat did overturn before his eyes and human figures were spilled into the water like beetles. Then the storm burst with a roar and he saw no more.

When Lazarus came to himself, it had lightened a little. A cleft in the mass of angry cloud showed a single star. He crawled to his feet and waded out into the water, madly calling and pleading for Zahara. He waded out up to his neck, and tried to swim toward the wreck. But he was a poor swimmer, and the waves beat him back. He sank upon the sands and tried nothing more. Despair took him. He no longer even wailed her name, but lay like a dead man, with his face upturned to the awful storm. Now, as he lay there, wild, prone, a helpless lover, suddenly a singular silence fell upon the raving scene. The huge violence of wind which was over his head came to a stop, with a concussion. It was a tremendous concussion, like thunder. But thunder it was not, nor was it any sound with the like of which his ears were familiar. The storm simply ceased, as if at a military "Halt!" The cloud overhead lightened, brightened, and burst. Sky shone through. The water, still unconquered, leaped, like rebel forces, high to meet it. As the young man crawled to his knees, to watch the turmoil of the sea, straining for a sight of the doomed boat, he perceived a remarkable thing.

Straight between the shore and the spot where the boat had overturned, a long narrow line of light and calm appeared, cut like a path between billows and foam. Upon this fair and shining waterway, a majestic figure moved. It glided toward the shore, with light feet treading the water as a man treadeth the solid sand. The face of the man could not be seen; but his mien was mighty. In his arms he bore a helpless human form—a woman's—dripping from the sea.

The heart of Lazarus beat as if it would strangle him. His breath came in gasps. He struggled to his feet; then sank again, and fell upon his knees. In the outline and attitude of the commanding figure, something familiar and pathetic seemed to appeal to him. It advanced solemnly. It spake no word. God was it, or man, or angel, wraith, or vision?

It moved on majestically. It reached the shore. It stooped over the young man, and gently laid the woman at his feet.

Then Lazarus came to himself, and sprang, and cried out mightily, and clutched after the two figures—the woman's and his who carried her—and his cry rang to the skies, and pierced the shore of Galilee far and wide. But this was the order of the cry:

"Zahara!"

"Master!"

And, whether God or man, whether wraith or angel, the vision answered not; but bent above the young man and the woman in the attitude of benediction; and departed from them in the thick foliage of the lake shore.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

THE CLEVELANDS AT CHURCH.

A Pretty Picture of the Ex-President and His Charming Wife.

Mr. Cleveland's regular Sunday visit to church always attracts a certain number of sightseers. New York has not as yet grown familiar with his appearance, though he is usually recognized by downtown lawyers and business men. On Sunday, however, he frequently walks through the streets with his wife practically unrecognized until he reaches the church. He is always promptly on hand, and after the service he and Mrs. Cleveland pursue their way steadfastly and persistently to the door.

A great many people attempt to stop and shake hands with the ex-President, but he moves steadily ahead. He has no intention of holding a regular Sunday reception in a church. Mrs. Cleveland looks a little taller than her spouse, though this effect is doubtless due to her physique. She is much more robust than when she married the President, and her face retains all of its early charm of girlish good nature and contentment. Mr. Cleveland last Sunday wore an old-fashioned bell crowned, broad rimmed beaver hat, which was rather dusty and rusty, and venerable looking in the extreme. He has allowed his hair to grow so that a few wisps of it strayed down over his collar, and his voluminous frock coat was unbuttoned and hung loosely from his heavy shoulders.

He is the picture of a good, big, solid, substantial, unpretentious American citizen. Mrs. Cleveland chatted with him all the time with the utmost vivacity as they walked along. Once in a great while the ex-President would turn and answer her with an affectionate gleam in his eye or with a quiet smile, but for the most part the wife carried on the conversation by herself. Mrs. Cleveland's unpretentious and charming manner has kept her in the grade of society which her position as the President's wife originally placed her. She is still very widely sought after by that curious and unique section of humanity known as "our best society."—*Blakely Hall.*

CORN SHUCKING DAY.

A Joyous Feast for Florida Negroes That Is Now No More.

Lorna Doone's Kissimmee Correspondence.]

The negro's love for a festal time is proverbial, and every holiday finds a group of grinning, chattering negroes in gaudy attire, eager to bow to the supremacy of the 'possum pie and crackling hoe cake. The old "corn shucking" days recall the happiest memories of the plantation darkey. This meant a bountiful feast spread out in the big yard, singing, dancing, patting and boxing. Sometimes 3,000 bushels of corn would be gathered and put up in one night. The negroes, sometimes numbering 200, would gather from the different plantations, often coming a distance of ten miles, always accompanied by their young masters as their protectors.

Then the work of "hunting for the last ear!" It meant fun, frolic, dancing and scrambling. By this time "massa" would be missing, for his presence when the work was completed meant a treat of good "old rye." This festal day entitled the negro to the innermost recesses of the "big house," and in corner and nook the master was sought till he was glad to come from his hiding place, and, lifted to the shoulders of the strongest negroes, he was carried round and round the house till the negroes would form in line and in turn receive the treat that came but once a year.

But to-day corn gathering time gives no hope of a good time, and as the African phrases it, means "work, work, sure enough work."

THE OLD ROMAN'S TEMPERANCE.

He Allows Mrs. Thurman to Run the House, But Not the Town.

New York Herald.]

No matter what may be a man's personal convictions on the temperance question he is bound to respect those of his wife. The venerable Senator Thurman was never considered rabid on that issue, but his wife, for reasons of her own, was fully imbued with the "touch not, taste not, handle not" principle. It is related that upon one occasion Senator Thurman's friends visited his house to apprise him that a new political honor had been conferred upon him.

He was pleased, but after they had been seated a few moments the conversation lagged, and the Old Roman seemed to be ill at ease. His wife tried her best to entertain the campaigners and the Senator excused himself. He presently appeared with his boots and top coat on. "Gentlemen," said he, "we will now go out and get something to smoke. My wife is the boss here, and we never have anything to drink in the house."

Mrs. Thurman looked pleased as she closed the door after them. "As I was saying," added the Senator, "She runs the house, but, thank God! she doesn't run the town."

THE NEEDLE-AND-THREAD TREE.

A Luxury for Seamstresses That Grows on Mexican Plains.

A tree from which you can pluck a needle threaded and ready for business grows on the Mexican plains. The tree partakes of the nature of a gigantic asparagus and has large, thick, fleshy, leaves, reminding one of the cactus, the one popularly known as the "prickly pear." The "needles" of the needle-and-thread tree are set along the edges of those thick leaves. In order to get one equipped for sewing, it is only necessary to push the thorn or "needle" gently backward into its fleshy sheath, this to loosen it from the tough outside covering of the leaf, and then pull it from the socket.

A hundred fine fibers adhere to the thorn-like spider web. By twisting the "needle" during the drawing operation this fiber can be drawn out to almost indefinite length. The action of the atmosphere toughens these minute threads amazingly, to such a degree as to make a thread twisted from it, not larger than common No. 40, capable of sustaining a weight of five pounds, about three times the tensile strength of common "six-cord" thread.

IKE AND HIS MOTHER.

The Youth Catches a Thief, to Mrs. Partington's Great Delight.

IT WILL GIVE HIM SALUBRITY.

Entertained at a Very Highly Colored Tropical Gathering.

AN ACCIDENT TO THE MUSICIANS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

CHAPTER VIII.

The roll of time and tide that waits for no man, or woman, held good in the case of Mrs. Partington, who still laid over at Leguan, who, though she at times had a longing to return to old familiar scenes, was happy in her surroundings, and the unremitted kindnesses that she was constantly receiving. To the one great question, which is asked in every language under the sun, "How do you like the country?" she was as ready to reply as she had been on the first day of her arrival:

"Oh, very much, and I am so preposterous in its favor that I think I shall become a native."

This reply she had made for five years; the Seven Pollies came and went, bringing horses and sweetening trade with sugar, Si. Pelton was master, now Davit deceased; and, as she heard twice a year from her old home, she repressed her longings, and mingled herself with her environments like a cake of Vienna yeast in a batch of dough.

The passing years had told upon Ike, who had increased somewhat in stature, but in Mrs. Partington's view he was the same. She would make him no older, as one who plants a tree, and, seeing it day by day, with no active evidence of growth, is not aware of its increase until it attains its maturity; or, as in that other interesting case, where a dame lifted her calf, from the time of its birth, daily, and continued the practice until it became a cow.

"He is a large boy for his size," was all she would say.

IKE WAS COCK OF THE WALK.

Ike was a vigorous little fellow, and though, as the [illegible] said, he was not much taller vertically, he was considerably taller crosswise. He was strong and active and was up to all the fun there was available in a limited sphere of operation. He was courageous, also, and knocked the little darkey boys about as if they were India rubber balls, and as all were "boys," irrespective of age, he was literally the cock of the walk. He could run up a cocoanut tree

He Climbed Like a Cat.

like a cat, and all the natives held him in admiration.

"How exorbitant he is!" Mrs. Partington would say in her delight. "His life and animosity are perfectly irreproachable."

All this to prelude an event.

There had been signs of ill feeling between Trimble & Bush, the partners, from some indefinable cause, in which Ike took a deep interest, and by and by he discovered that money had been missed, many times, from the small change left in the drawer over night; and as each had a key to the premises each suspected the other of stealing it. They did not accuse one another, but any one reduced to half an eye could see how they felt about it.

Ike had worked the problem out in his mind and decided what to do in the premises, and when, one rainy night, the store was being closed, Mr. Bush having gone, Ike darted in at the door and asked Mr. Trimble to let him sleep in the store that night for a particular reason.

"For what?" said Mr. Trimble.

"I want to be a trap," said Ike.

"To catch what?"

"A thief."

LAYING FOR THE THIEF.

Then Ike told Mr. Trimble what he had learned, and said he would like to unravel the mystery, asking to be left there, and if he was heard to shout during the night to come right down.

"But what will Mrs. Partington say when she finds you are out?" asked Mr. Trimble.

"The old gal's all right," said Ike, "she thinks I'm in bed."

This settled it, and Mr. Trimble, locking the doors, went up stairs.

Ike sat down in the darkness under the money drawer and waited results. The hours passed wearily until after midnight, when the house was startled with a cry which broke the silence:

"Mr. Trimble, I've got him!"

All the sleepers sprang to their feet; Mrs. Partington, in endeavoring to do so, almost turning a back somerset, as the hammock slipped away beneath her. Mr. Trimble, who had not undressed, rushed in with a light, disclosing a scene that it would be hard to describe. It was no time for excuses or formalities, and the whole party, headed by Mr. Trimble, each holding a lighted candle, like a procession of nuns, went down into the basement, where they found Ike holding in his affectionate embrace a negro boy about 16 years old, entirely naked, and his skin oiled so that it reflected the light like burnished armor.

"Here he is," said Ike, grinning.

The shock to modesty was great, but curiosity was greater, and none fled the scene.

"Why, you incredulous boy!" said Mrs. Partington, "what does this mean—out of your bed at this time of night, and under such surreptitious circumstances?—I declare I was never so mollified in my life."

MRS. PARTINGTON PROUD OF IKE.

"Don't blame him, ma'am," said Mr. Trimble, "he has done me a great service."

"Oh, well, if he has done any good, that certainly is condemnatory," replied she, adjusting her nightcap.

The prisoner was handed over, who confessed everything, with chattering teeth, and, on being asked how he got in, pointed to a hole made for a cat in the door opening into a passageway, where a window was usually left open.

"Can't be possible," said Mr. Trevor, "let us see you get out the way you got in."

Ike moved gently round toward the door, and stood near where the escape was to be made. The boy put first his arm out, then his head, then the other arm, and began to draw his body through, when Ike brought down his weapon on some exposed part, and the rest of the form disappeared, with a yell. The door was suddenly opened, but the thief had escaped through the open window and was never seen afterward.

Next morning peace was restored to the firm, and Ike received warm praise and a new suit of clothes, as the grease on the thief had rubbed off. Mrs. Partington was proud of his exploit, and was not backward in saying so.

"When you get home again," said she, beaming upon him, "this coincidence of your life will give you salubrity, and you may become a promiscuous membrane of society, incredible to the name of Partington."

MRS. PARTINGTON COULD NOT DRINK.

"I declare," said Mrs. Partington, "I forgot the party we are invited to this evening"—taking a card from her pocket, in one corner of which was written, "Admission at the door." "They didn't suppose we were going to climb in by the window, did they?"

She asked Mrs. Halsford what it meant, and was informed that the card was proba-

Ike's Tender Farewell.

bly to be presented at the door, which proved correct.

The party was a highly-colored affair, on premises contiguous to the Halsfords, to which all the family had been invited with several of the neighbors. It was not particularly "swell," but it had a flavor of gentility that commended it. The reception of Mrs. Partington and the Halsfords was very polite, and they were conducted to the choicest seats in the room. Space had been secured by taking away the partitions of several rooms, which, illuminated by candle-dips, held in sconces on the walls, had a brilliant effect.

When the party had all gathered, and before the dancing began, refreshment, in the form of ginger beer, was offered the guests.

"None for me, I thank you," said Mrs. Partington, "I do not dare to drink accelerating fluids, as they are apt to affect the sciatic nerves of the head, to which I am

Accelerating Fluids Dangerous.

subjugated. You are very kind, but I must not derivate from the rule."

TEA TOO DILATORY.

"Shall I present you some tea?" said the major domo, obsequiously.

"No," she replied, "a cup of oblong tea is very nice, but it has a dilatory effect upon me quite often, and I am afraid of its concurrence."

She smiled a graceful recognition of his kindness and he passed away like a shadow, evidently disappointed.

The music—an impracticable fiddle and a tom-tom, the latter like an old-fashioned inverted churn, with the bottom knocked out, replaced by a tanned sheepskin—located on a large box in the corner, commenced playing, the fiddle squeaking incoherently, the tom-tom, between the knees of the performer, beat upon by the hands, independent of the fiddle altogether. The dancers took their places, or as many as could be accommodated, singing some simple negro song, drowning the sound of the instruments, and then plunged into the whirl very gracefully and properly.

IKE CAUSES MORE TROUBLE.

Ike was, like Ariel, everywhere—here among the dancers, there among the spectators waiting for their turn to dance, and again at the elbows of the musicians sweating under their efforts to keep up with the dancers—and when the fury of striving was at its height a crash came and both musicians sank from sight.

A Sad Catastrophe.

The box was insecurely placed, and Ike had discovered the defect, which he attempted to repair, and failed! But the dance kept on to the music of one refrain, which grew so monotonous that the guests grew weary.

"I declare," said Mrs. Partington, "though the scene is very enervating and the music incoherent, it becomes rather exasperating, and one loses interest if not precipitating in what is going on."

The party left, Mrs. Partington shaking hands with the doorkeeper and bidding him good night, and soon she was swung to sleep in her hammock lulled by the distant strain of

Oh, Mass Jimmy, trike a light,
An' see where de ratta bite my toe.

B. P. SHILLABER.

THE SENSIBLE GIRL'S FLOWERS.

Sorry to Accept Them From Her Lover Because They Cost So Much.

New York Evening Sun.]

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't!" said a dear girl yesterday, as she opened the box and for one long moment of pure delight drank in the exquisite beauty and perfume of the great cluster of velvety "jacks." "They're lovely and so is he, but I do wish he wouldn't!" she repeated as she lfted out the great bunch and thrust them with the most elaborate and artistic carelessness into a great cut glass rose bowl.

"Why shouldn't he, if he wants to?" asked her listener.

She flushed a little, but answered bravely, "Because he can't afford it." "You see," she went on hurriedly, "I know the dear fellow cares for me—know it just as well as if he had told me so, and I—well, I wouldn't feel distressed over this if—— You see, young men are so foolish about these things. A flower seems to them the very apotheosis of a gift to a girl, and so it would be if we lived in Arcady and roses were to be had for the plucking. But we don't; we live in New York, where every bud costs a big round dollar and the poetry of flower-giving resolves itself into the decided prose of earning the dollar to pay for them. "I don't know Tom's salary of course, but I know it isn't $10,000 a year, and here's $25 worth of Jacks, I am sure. If young men only knew it, sometimes a girl, if she has any sense at all and any proper appreciation of how money is earned in this world, is really more distressed than gratified when he thinks he is making her happiest. Wouldn't she be a selfish girl, if she could be perfectly happy or even coolly complacent over a gift that will last her a few hours, but that she knows will cost the poor fellow who sent it half his week's salary to pay for?"

POISONS OF SAVAGES.

Secret of the Arrows that Are Tipped with Death's Essence.

PUTREFYING HUMAN FLESH USED.

A South American Priest Whose Process Puzzles the Scientists.

DEADLY SERPENTS USED FOR MURDER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There is in India a little serpent, only a few inches long, called echys carinata, which is so horribly venomous that its bite is capable of causing death in two or three seconds. Not a single case is known of recovery from the bite of echys, where the snake has struck its victim on the bare flesh, without any fabric intervening; but in most instances the sufferer has been paralyzed with intense agony almost instantaneously, the blood has coagulated in the veins and a spasm of the heart has terminated the existence almost before any remedy could be even attempted.

In British India alone, it is shown by carefully collected statistics that more than 20,000 persons are destroyed annually by wild beasts, including snakes, and more than four-fifths of the casualties are attributed to the latter. It is well known, too, that snakes are employed among the natives to a terrible extent for purposes of secret murder. A deadly serpent, such as the echys, or the more notorious, but really less formidable, corbra, is so confined in a hollow bamboo cane that its head just barely protrudes at the end; and the assassin, carrying this diabolical weapon, which looks like a harmless walking staff, in his hand, approaches his enemy quite unsuspected, and touching him unawares with the end of the staff, causes the snake to plunge its lethal fangs into his defenseless flesh. The victim is found dead, perhaps, on his couch or divan, or in a chair at table, or seated in some lovely secluded garden, where his treacherous foe and he may have retired together to enjoy the shade and the perfume. His death is set down to sunstroke or fever, or any other of the sudden diseases that are common in that country; and, in accordance with the local custom, his body is hurriedly reduced to ashes or consigned to the public receptacle for the dead, before any inquiry can be made.

DEATH IN A BATH TANK.

A friend of mine, who occupied an important consular post at Singapore, had a very narrow escape from death like this: He had a Malay house steward who alone had access to his bedroom. This man was apparently most devoted to him, but the wife of one of the underservants having complained that the steward had offered her an affront, the Consul had severely reprimanded him and forbidden him to speak to the woman again on pain of dismissal. The next morning my friend, who was an exceedingly early riser, left his couch at the first rays of dawn, and went as usual to the marble tank in the recess from his bedroom, where he always began his toilet with a shower bath. He was on the point of stepping into the tank, when his attention was attracted by something glittering in the half-darkness. He stepped back and drew aside the lattice, admitting the full light of morning. There, in the marble basin, where in another moment he would have placed his bare foot, lay coiled up an echys, with head erect, preparing to spring. He summoned the steward, but he was nowhere to be found, and he was never heard of again. The other servants killed the snake, which had undoubtedly been placed there by the steward from a motive of revenge.

In parts of South America, notably in the little known country at the sources of the Amazon, the natives have a preparation called wourali or worari, which is one of the most deadly poisons known. They use it for poisoning the tips of tiny darts which they propel from a blowpipe with the mouth to kill birds, or even small animals; and the effect is generally fatal. The bird or beast or man—for the natives, though not a ferocious people, sometimes employ wourali for killing one another—becomes almost immediately paralyzed, or

OVERCOME WITH DROWSINESS.

The slightest prick of a poisoned dart being sufficient to produce these symptoms, and either dies with great muscular contortion or else is killed by some other weapon as soon as reduced to helplessness by the poison. Scientific men are at a loss to discover the secret of wourali. They cannot even agree as to whether it is an animal, a vegetable, or a mineral poison. The celebrated English naturalist, Frank Buckland, took a deep interest in this question, and after many laborious and very perilous experiments, came to the conclusion that the main ingredient of wourali was snake poison, but there were other ingredients, intensifying or preserving the snake poison, the nature of which he could not determine. Sir Robert Schomburg, a German savant of very high standing, made a special journey to the Amazon country to investigate the origin of wourali. After infinite pains and adventures he ascertained that all the wourali that is made comes from a very limited area, where it is prepared with the most impenetrable mystery by a priestly caste among a particular tribe of natives, who sell it for an exorbitant price to other tribes. He spent months in the endeavor to get into the confidence of these subtle chemists, who were powerfully impressed by his own acquaintance with the secrets of nature; but all in vain. They could neither be outwitted nor cajoled. Schomburg, however, obtained from them a quantity of the poison perfectly fresh, and found it was extraordinarily deadly in that state.

ONLY AN EXTERNAL POISON.

After careful analysis and innumerable experiments, he satisfied himself that it was a purely vegetable poison, an extract from the beans or seeds of a tropical plant, Strychnos toxifera, of which he obtained specimens, mingled with some inert medium for convenience of transport. This theory, however, has been seriously shaken, if not actually demolished, by its being shown that wourali is entirely an external poison. That is to say, it operates solely by being introduced into the blood from outside, and has no effect if taken into the system through the stomach. Birds and animals which are killed by darts poisoned with wourali, are perfectly wholesome to eat, and the Amazon natives get all their food that way. Strychnos toxifera, which is neither more nor less than strychnine, on the contrary, is entirely an internal poison. It is not at all injurious if introduced into the blood from the outside, but if taken into the stomach it produces muscular paralysis and death in a few seconds. Thus the secret of wourali remains undiscovered.

I come now to the deadliest poison of all, taking into account its durability, or rather indestructibility, as well as its fatal effect. Every human being carries about a great quantity of the material for making this poison without knowing it; and it is often made and applied, with deadly results, quite unconsciously. It consists of the fluids of the human body which, under certain morbid conditions, produce the most virulent poison known. The frightful disease called blood poisoning is caused by some particle of this substance getting into the healthy blood and curdling or inflaming it so that it no longer serves its vital purpose. Many a doctor has lost his life by the mere prick of a needle which he had wetted with this poison in sewing up a wound.

PACIFIC ISLAND SAVAGES.

Now, how the savages of the Pacific Islands came to know of the existence of this natural poison, if I may call it so, cannot be explained; for they have not even the rudiments of medical science. But that they have been only too familiar with it from time immemorial, is certain. It is a curious fact that the farther you go from the equator the less dangerous the savages are; while the nearer you approach the equator, the more you need to be on your guard against barbarous practices which seem not only inhuman but anti-human. The use of poisoned weapons is almost entirely confined to the inhabitants of those exquisitely beautiful groups of islands which lie under the equator or within a few degrees to north or south of it. These people, such as the Solomon Islanders or the Santa Cruz Islanders, some of whom are among the finest physical specimens of mankind, are the most horrible savages on earth. They spend their whole life in bloodshed, and are not only cannibals, but addicted to the use of poison as the main, if not the only weapon of war. They have spears and arrows pointed and barbed with sharp bone or wood hardened in the fire, and every one of these is poisoned so that the least graze, scarcely enough to draw blood, is fatal. Commodore Goodenough, commanding the British squadron in those seas, died in indescribable torment from a wound so slight that it was not believed at first he had been touched at all; and more deaths have occurred among sailors and traders from this cause than from any other.

POISONED IN A MUSEUM.

A bundle of arrows from the Solomon Islands was sent to England many years ago, and deposited with other curiosities in a museum at Colchester. A gentleman visiting the museum foolishly handled these weapons, and, feeling the point of one of the arrows, inflicted a prick like that of a pin. He died of it, in raving agony, three days afterward. The symptoms are invariably those of tetanus or lockjaw, a malady for which no remedy has ever been discovered.

Where do these savages get this atrocious poison and what does it consist of? They get it from their own flesh and blood, and it consists of nothing, but the fluids of the human body. When they want a supply of poisoned weapons they take a number of corpses after a battle, or they kill a number of prisoners expressly, and, having left the bodies to putrefy in the burning equatorial sun for some days, they stick them full of spear and arrow heads, which they leave there for weeks or months, or until the bodies are entirely dried up. That is the whole process. When those spears and arrows are drawn out, they are imperishably steeped in poison as deadly as that of Echys carinata or wourali—a poison which is absolutely destructive of the life of every creature whose blood it touches.

THE DEADLY MICROBE.

The possession of the secret of poisoning by means of putrefied animal fluids by the most degraded of the human family is all the more remarkable because the most advanced men of science have only recently discovered the explanation of the phenomena produced by that poison. The putrefaction of the animal fluids itself brings into existence a multitude of microscopic living organisms, germs or microbes, as they are now called; and it is the introduction and infinite multiplication of these in the healthy blood that produces paralysis and death. I have seen a man-of-warsman, a magnificent specimen of vigorous, redundant manhood, wounded so slightly by a poisoned arrow that he himself laughed at it and scarcely any abrasion was visible, yet reduced before sundown to utter helplessness, and consigned to the deep by his horror-stricken shipmates before another day had passed.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

THE STOVE-PIPE HAT.

How it Is Made and the Most Economical Price to Pay for One.

New York Press.]

The high silk hat—the plug, the stovepipe, call it what you will—is a comparatively modern institution. About 60 years ago the silk tile was introduced into England from Florence. Since then the stovepipe has undergone many strange transformations. The early silk hat was a rough affair. It was so heavy that the English dudes of that time complained that "it was like carrying a bushel basket."

Recently we had a talk with a prominent Broadway manufacturer on the subject.

"Yes," said he, "there have been great improvements in the methods of making silk hats. Now, what do you suppose the body of this one is made of?" at the same time holding up a glossy silk tile. We admitted our inability to answer the question.

"Well, the body of this silk hat is calico. You see there are two kinds of silk hats—light and heavy weight. Most of the bodies of the heavy hats are made of felt. The body of the calico or felt is first dipped into hot water and then stretched on a block. After drying the body is stiffened with a solution of gum shellac and alcohol, and afterward with a coating of varnish to prevent it striking through to the surface. A cover of fine silk plush is then cut and sewed to fit exactly the body. When the silk covering is accurately fitted it is smoothed over with a hot iron. The heat striking into the glue dissolves it and in drying connects the silk plush with the body. This explains why a severe wetting ruins a silk hat.

"What is your advice about getting and wearing a silk tile?"

"Well, my advice is, always to get a first-class silk hat. A good silk hat cannot be sold for less than $5. It is only short-sighted economy to buy for $3 a silk hat that looks as well as an $8 hat. The cheap stovepipe may wear all right for a month or two, but after that time look out for it. I think the time is coming when a silk hat will be the only 'proper thing, you know,' for everyday wear except, perhaps, in summer. At any rate I sold more silk tiles this spring than any season since I have been in business."

DISCUSSING LADIES' DRESSES.

Chauncey M. Depew and Ward McAllister Approve the Decollete.

The other day Chauncey M. Depew was asked by a reporter for the New York *Herald* what he thought about the decollete dress: "Well, well," said he, "I've been talking World's Fair to everyone, but this presents the World's Fair in an entirely new aspect." Then he waited a few moments until his little pun had sunk into the reporter's brain, and when the latter had smiled he asked:

"But do you approve of decollete dress at the play?"

"Of course I do. I think a beautiful woman looks still more beautiful when her arms and neck are bare. I like to see women in full dress. They certainly make an audience more picturesque, more artistic when so dressed. I never wore a decollete dress myself. I should imagine it a little bit cold for winter, but the women do not think so apparently. Really, I have no other opinion to express on the subject."

This is how Ward McAllister answered the same question. "Certainly! Certainly! All handsome women should wear them. A woman in a box at the opera in a high necked gown is conspicuous. People look at her more than at the woman in decollete gowns. It's all a matter of custom, though, and really I am not any judge of women's dress."

PETTIGREW A PUZZLER.

The South Dakota Statesman Knocking the Wind Out of Poker Lovers.

New York Herald.]

They do say that the Senatorial Poker Club is on its last legs, and all because Mr. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has taken a hand. They can't seem to hold him even, and the Southerners who used to beat "a hunderd niggers" on a one card draw don't ante on less than threes. One night recently a pretty stiff game was in progress and a fat jack pot excited his cupidity so much that he took four cards when it was offered for 50. The first bet was 50 and Pettigrew raised it back the same amount. The third player was cold and dropped out.

The opener stood pat and "tooted" it another 50, which Pettigrew doubled. This went on for a few moments, crockety crock, and then they raised the bet to $100. The other fellow was nervous, and at the first opportunity called. Pettigrew laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten spot of clubs. "Great Scott!" was the chorus.

"Guess that's my pot," said Pettigrew.

"What in——did you draw to?" asked the man with a king full on aces?"

"That typewriter," said Pettigrew, pointing to the queen. Then they all went away.

THE FLORIDA NEGRO.

He is a Happy Go-Lucky Fellow Scarcely Happy He is Free.

REVERENCE FOR NORTHERNERS,

The Foreman Who Can Make Play of Work Succeeds With Negro Labor.

EMIGRATION BEYOND DIXON'S LINE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

KISSIMMEE, FLA., February 13.—

LOR' yes, chile, the white folks up North will all get to Hebben, suah. The words are comforting, and well meant, but on that last great day, as the black head, the wide spread mouth and glistening teeth of old Auntie appears. she may be surprised to see Peter draw the line at a good many delegations of "white folks," from the North. it is strange, but the Southern negro's regard for the Northerner amounts almost to reverence, which is no doubt caused by his wildly extravagant ideas of the wealth of the Yankee; for the negro is an aristocrat, despising poverty and poor white trash."

The negro's geography, beyond Dixie, is confined to one spot—New York. It is the paradise of his imagination. The name he applies to any and every point—beyond. The negro is the personification of Humility itself. He respects an officer, a millionaire, an educator, and does his bidding with submission; in fact, loves to serve and be dependent upon his acknowledged superior. The color line is drawn well, not only here, but it is gradually crawling up North. Even in the smallest towns the negro has his own school, his own church; on the railway he rides in a car assigned to him, sits in the gallery at the theater, eats at his own restaurant, etc., etc., and the reformer who would have it otherwise may see the "eternal fitness" if he will attempt reformation, and when he does must begin his work here.

THE RACE CHARACTERISTICS.

The negro in the South is ignorant, superstitious and has only a child's mind. He is good natured and contented, and while he has little conscience, he has no nerves. For this reason the South has no fear of serious insurrections, for he would be too cowardly to execute his plans. The negro's powers of imitation are good, but the gift of reasoning is absent. Still he is happy, and with a controlling influence, makes a useful citizen and a devoted servant. The South could no more live without the negro than the negro without the South. He is the background to the ideal Southern picture—a happy, contented creature, laughing, talking, singing and enjoying to-day with no thought of the future. He makes his money this morning and spends it to-night in a happy go-lucky, don't-care-for-to-morrow way, and shirks his work at every opportunity. Every Florida town has on the outskirts a negro settlement—a veritable Hayti. Here, scattered about, are the small cabins or shanties, pens for the pet pigs, chicken coops, mewing cats, gaunt, melancholy dogs, while pickaninnies of all ages and sizes crawl and lay about in picturesque confusion. Here, every evening, the music of the banjo and fiddle is heard. The gray-haired uncles and aunties of to-day were all slaves, and as they sing the old plantation melodies, the memory of a happy, careless past comes to many of them. Many of the old patriarchs say: "When I was a slave missus clothed me and massa fed me; now, in my old days, I know not where the next meal will come from."

In their inability to do for themselves they feel the slave chains of poverty, but we may hope that the coming generation, having to depend upon their own efforts, may be more prosperous and more useful.

MAKING PLAY OF WORK.

The Southern negro is no believer in the proverb, "Labor has sure reward," but, like Tom Sawyer, is content to sit in the shade and let others indulge in the luxury of labor. The foreman who will make a success out of negro labor will invent a method to turn work into play. Thus, in clearing trees, let a popular song get started, and 50 per cent more work will be accomplished as the axes come down in perfect time to the music.

Ration day is a legacy of slavery, and no difference how pressing the work, nothing will induce the negro to labor on a Saturday afternoon. To know the details of a single day's overseeing in order to conduct business on business principles, would convince the Northerner that it is the hapless employer that is down-trodden even beyond the conception of a Northern mill owner who is harassed by arbitrary rules of the "trades union."

There is little to encourage the belief that the African will make a good mechanic or anything but a drudge for the labor that only the negro is fitted for in the South. The future of the African is what he himself makes it. Under a government like ours, there can be no effective law against the law of public opinion. In politics there has been no improvement, which is due to sentiment, North as well as South.

EMIGRATE TO THE NORTH.

If about one-half the negroes of the South could go up North it would make such an equal division of color that the race problem could be studied to good advantage by the Northerner. The fact of Northern men settling in the South and realizing the true condition of affairs is gradually creating a sentiment in its favor in the North. The South influences the vote of the negro on the same principles that Northern capitalists and mill men buy up the vote of their workmen. The negro depending for his very livelihood on the South, unable to think for himself, must vote for the interests of his supporters. The best minds of the North feel that he is a heavy load to carry, and while he is entitled to all the rights of citizenship, his place is not at the front yet. Twenty-five years of freedom has made little improvement in him, and we can only hope for a better day when education and true religion shall take the place of the ignorance and superstition of the sluggish African. A hoecake and a fiddle make the negro a king among men. In fact, in his indifference to even ordinary ambition, he may be likened to Diogenes, differing in that the tub is under Aunt Chloe's domain, and he does not care so long as nothing comes between the sunlight that dries the "white folk's clothes."

LORNA DOONE.

WHY HE WEARS LARGE CLOTHES.

A Man Who Has His Tailor Measure His Own Opinion of Himself.

New York Herald.]

The following dialogue between two prominent Tammany men was overheard yesterday in the office of one of them in that celebrated abode of disciples of Blackstone which disfigures a little park nearby:

"Why is So-and so (mentioning a parvenu who holds forth in another celebrated and costly building hard by) wearing such large clothing nowadays?"

"Because he has it measured according to his own opinion of himself."

Trousers Without Buttons.

Philadelphia Record.]

Trousers without buttons is the tailor's latest accomplishment. They must be built on the plan of the divided skirt, with strings.