

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



NE evening when little Otto, tired with play, had climbed upon his grandpa's knee, he said: "Grandpa, at school to-day the children were all talking about a beautiful Princess, who lives in a golden castle...

"I have never seen her," was the reply; "but I have often heard of her, and shall tell you the story."

"In an enchanted forest, whose trees tower to the clouds, stands a castle built of pure gold, and having the enchanted windows set with precious stones. In this castle resides the beautiful Princess Rosalind, whom a wicked magician carried from her home, and kept as prisoner. Here the beautiful Princess must stay, never growing any older, until some one is brave enough to face the horrors of the Black Forest, as it is called, and rescue her. The Princess tries to be patient and is always hoping for a deliverer...

After hearing this story, little Otto was silent for some time, and then he cried: "When I am larger I shall be brave enough to ride through the enchanted forest, and rescue the beautiful Princess Rosalind."

From that time the thought of the enchanted Princess was never out of his mind, and he tried in every way to become strong and brave.

One day when he was riding through the country, and thinking it was now time for him to go in quest of the enchanted Princess, he saw standing before him an old man in a gray coat, who said: "Do not speak to me or ask me any questions, but listen carefully to all that I say to you. I know your thoughts, and that you wish to rescue the beautiful Princess Rosalind. She still resides in the golden castle, and hopes for deliverance. Many have tried to rescue her, but none have been successful. If you wish to make the attempt, do as I tell you. You must ride on this road all day and night. When tomorrow comes you will find yourself on the border of the enchanted forest. Here you will discover a narrow path. Turn neither to the right nor the left, but ride directly through the forest, and you will at last reach the golden castle. You will encounter danger on the way, but if you are brave and fear not you will overcome them."

The old man then disappeared, and Otto rubbed his eyes, wondering if he were really seeing him or only dreaming. This is the old man's advice, he thought, "I fear nothing, and what joy it would be to see the Princess to her father's arms. This is the happy thought Otto rode on all day, and when night came he did not stop to rest, but continued his way till the morning dawned. He then stopped before the forest, which he saw to be a dense undergrowth, he knew to be the Black Forest. He discovered the narrow path lying among the dark shadows, and he stepped a hunched old woman wearing a red dress and having a black cloth bound around her head. Her eyes were red, and she glared at Otto with a look of hatred.

A VISIT TO PANAMA.

Young America From the North is Making Many Innovations.

RELICS OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Water Still Peddled About the City on the Backs of Donkeys.

TRADITION OF SAN DOMINGO'S BELLS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

PANAMA, COLOMBIA, JANUARY 6.—More than anywhere else in the two continents, this section shows how hard and fast the young America of the North is treading on the heels of the older America of the South. "New" Panama, as it is called, was founded in 1673, within two years after the destruction of the old town, and still shows abundant evidence of its Castilian origin. There are ancient castles of Moorish architecture, as sedate, drowsy and heavily picturesque as any in Grenada or old Castile; central courts inclosed within their enormously thick walls, iron-barred casements, with folding doors of solid wood in lieu of windows and awning-shaded corridors and verandas; while sandwiched between them are Young American hotels, stores, saloons, banks, shops, and boarding-houses, flaunting gaudy signs in red and gold lettered "Free Lunch Every Day," "Ten Cents a Shake," "Boston Baked Beans and Clam Chowder," etc.

For 200 years the sleepy old city never an inn, not until the California gold fever of '47-'49 brought thousands of travelers this way and then sprang up by the score. The large hotels were introduced to two or three of the better class and as many more of inferior grade, ranging in price from \$2 to \$30 per diem.

The amount of metal rapidly increased, but still there was not enough. Then the Queen threw in the golden ornaments she wore; her ladies did the same; the gallant courtiers cut the silver buttons from the buckles of their shoes, and the officers wrenched the jeweled handles from their swords. The excitement grew intense. Rings, brooches and valuable ornaments of all kinds went into the crucible, together with buttons of brass and iron, and the manner of the work was so crude that the San Domingo were made. It is said that their tone was of the purest, that they were held in great reverence, both by the priests and the people, and that they were never properly crossed himself and said a prayer.

Among the notable institutions of Panama the great lottery scheme of Messrs. Duque and Brothers must be mentioned. It was established in 1883, under a "concession" from the Government, and is patronized by all classes. At the beginning the drawings were monthly, but later they were made weekly. The success of the enterprise was so extraordinary that soon the prize was placed at \$10,000, and drawings appointed for every Sunday. Tickets for the drawing of \$50,000 are sold at \$4 each, the sellers receiving 5 per cent for their services and the remaining \$30,000 being divided between the Government and the Duque brothers.

Mr. Moody tells of a little nephew whom he watched one day while he and his mother were passing through one of those crucial moments which decide a child's character as obedient or disobedient. A little fellow had taken a Bible from the table and thrown it on the floor. His mother said: "Go, and pick up uncle's Bible." He said he didn't want to. "I did not ask you whether you wanted to or not; go and pick it up!"

"Why, Charley," said his mother, "who taught you that naughty word? I never heard you speak so before. If you don't go and pick up uncle's Bible I shall punish you!"

He declared he wouldn't do it, and she repeated her threat of punishment, adding that he should have to pick it up, too. He then declared that he wouldn't do it as if he would like to, but really something he thought he couldn't do; even getting down on the floor, and with both his arms stretched out, he begged his mother to let him go. She persisted that he "couldn't." Again the mother repeated sternly and inexorably her threat of punishment, and that he would have to pick up the Bible. He then begged his mother to let him go, and she persisted that he "couldn't." Again the mother repeated sternly and inexorably her threat of punishment, and that he would have to pick up the Bible. He then begged his mother to let him go, and she persisted that he "couldn't."

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SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORAL AND SOCIAL MATTERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The world-wide prominence of the workman's question is at once attested and emphasized by the recent issue of Kaiser Wilhelm in calling an International Conference on industrial matters, and in invoking remedial legislation in the immediate interest of German laborers. It becomes more and more plain that we are upon the eve of stupendous social changes. The doctrine of the Golden Rule is going through the world. The principle of the Declaration of Independence is being re-evaluated in both America; they will soon be relegated to museums of history in Europe. They will only survive in the form of a relic. Not only so. Monopolists are doomed. The firm of Grab, Hoard & Co., is near bankruptcy.

There is an Episcopal joke, which is also a good lesson, in eulogizing the Bishop of Peterborough, in addressing a number of candidates for ordination, said: "You will do well not to gesticulate much. I shall never forget a well-boned Irish curate I once saw in the hands of a woman. He was so full of himself that he would not leave or lean over the pulpit, with outstretched palms, as he exclaimed: 'Pawa, me brethren, paw!'"

The oldest newspaper in Great Britain is *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, which was founded in 1690, but is not yet founded. Indeed it has just celebrated its bicentennial anniversary. The paper was first published by Robert Raikes, who, in less than two years from that date, established his famous Sunday school. A connection with the press makes one alert.

There is no doubt a great deal of bad preaching; but it is not denied that in nine cases out of ten, if preaching is bad, the listening is worse. —E. S. Felt.

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923—THE SAILOR'S GUIDE.

Your citizen's an enterer of his rights, And so we have a class To guard him day and night; 'Tis such these we have to do, So'll pass them in review.

First comes the greatest asst— Pirat in the ranks; He, others to surpass, Renowned his youthful prank. See the difference in pluck, Which consumes him in a twink.

The third's the greatest asst— In stance in a fight; He mingles in the fray, And turns it into flight; But amidst other fame, Which consumes him in his fame.

Whether you're in the tropics or chilled at the pole, If woman be there, there is happiness too. —Thomas Moore, on leaving Philadelphia.

Electricity from the mind. Mental Activity Found to Produce Currents of Varying Intensity. Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.

Breaking a Boy's Will. Mr. Moody tells of a little nephew whom he watched one day while he and his mother were passing through one of those crucial moments which decide a child's character as obedient or disobedient.

926—DECAPITATION. To whosoever to stay, or remain; To whosoever to stay, or remain; To whosoever to stay, or remain; To whosoever to stay, or remain.

927—HALF SQUARE. A variety of trap-rook & Ornament (obs.) & A coloring matter. A city of the skin cured by the use of the galvanometer. Compensation for currents that occurred during rest having been allowed for in each case the effects of mental stimulation were carefully noted.

928—CHARADE. An O-Trie True Tale. One Monday morn four hunters gay, Went forth to slay a black and slay—the tale I'll tell to you.

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