is all I know.

'Was it thou?'

ordered his intellect?

her in his talith, and shielded her and held her to his heart, half lifting her and half

supporting her over the rough way.

As they walked, they discoursed more quietly, as the mood fell on them; and it now seemed to Lazarus that he must, if ever,

make known to the maiden the mystical manner of her rescue. With some hesita-

tion he inquired of her what she remem-bered of the shipwreck.

Zahara shook her head perplexedly.

smiled, and he kissed her and forgot it-tor

CHAPTER XIV.

ZAHARA MAKES HIM OUT A HERO.

monplace face. Danger was gone, as sud-

denly as it had come. Boats were out in

The streets were nearly vacant, for all

who could leave their homes were crowded

on the beach. Lazarus and Zahara entered

the town unnoticed, as separate and sale as

two ghosts. Had they in fact gone down in

the lake that wild night, and had their

spirits returned from their drowned bodies

kisses of love and separation. The young

man litted the maiden and helped her

She was so wet, and now began to be

Zahara took her last touch from her lover's

"And I the proudest man, and the most wretched in all the world."

His will standeth like an open tomb between

as I love. Zahara, becometh as a God. He

taketh power into his soul and into his body,

wildly about by a distracted old man, whor

the desperateness of the situation to his

being obeyed, to controlling masses of peo-ple, to achieving the difficult or apparently

impossible, and it took him longer than it would an ordinary man to understand that

his daughter was probably drowning, and

The house was abundantly ligthed for an Eastern house of those times; the old man

ordered candles and lamps scattered every-where; he seemed to believe that the boat

might perceive the light—the house stand-ing so high and being visible from the lake—and cheated himself with this pititul ex-

pedient, while his messengers were running to and fro between the lake and the villa

with commands and reports. At the mo

ment when Zahara arrived, the news had preceded her that the pleasure boat had been

ound capsized, with one of its occupants

clinging thereto. This was Rebecca, the handmaid, who accidentally had been

caught in one of the ropes of the boat and so

and been rescued and brought ashore. O

her mistress, who was pitching violently in

the raging sea, nothing could be found. The

oarsmen were gone. The two slaves whom the High Priest had ordered off from shore

in a rescuing boat had been awamped and drowned; but this incident searcely excited

any remark. Human life, at best, was cheap in those days; and slave life a cipher in the

Annas stood in his brightly lighted por-

tico, a trembling, weakened old man, as pale as any of his drowned slaves at that moment

-tossing in the lake. The messengers from the beach had torches, and their wild

flare shot over the High Priest's face and

figure. He presented a piteous picture.

When some one from the rear of the group pushed forward the drenched and weeping Rebecca, the excitement of the wretched

that nobody could save her.

The High Priest was accustomed to

Zahara, as Heaven hears mei"

Farewell, my own, sweet, my lord, fare-

woman in all Judes."

give thee for the last time!"

search of the shipwrecked party.

PEOPLED BY A WHALER'S FAMILY.

Misfortunes of the Crew of an English Barque in Antarctic Seas.

LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGE ISLANDERS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. In the early part of the present century some of the best whaling in the world was to be had in the South seas, especially in that part of the Pacific Ocean which lies between the Antarctic Ocean and the Tropic of Capricorn, in Polynesia. The confines of the Antarctic itself abounded in whales, but the terrors of that appalling region deterred all but the stoutest hearts, and of those who ventured the majority never returned. The warmer waters to the southeast of New Holland, however, though stormy enough at some seasous of the year, not only afforded excellent fishing, but were dotted with numberless islands where the whalers might recruit after the hardships of their long cruise, refit their ships and lay in provisions for the return voyage to England or America. Even the loss of their ships did not de-

were easily hunted and killed by boats' crews belonging to whaling stations on shore, where the blubber was tried down and the oil sold to vessels that called for that purpose. The whaling in those seas came to an end very speedily through the greediness and the cruel folly of the whalers themselves. Bulls, cows and calves were mercilessly harpooned or driven ashore and cut to pieces; and, as whales, for all their bulk, are among the most timid of creatures, they soon fled to the Antartic fastnesses and are now rarely seen where formerly they were as common as porpoises. The haunts of the old whalers,

to describe a sea rover's home. THE ENGLISH SEA ROVER. George the Third was still on the throne, though blind and idiotic, and the wars be-tween England and America were scarcely at an end, when Captain William Pitt, of the barque Orion, went a-whaling in the South seas. He was a stern, strong man whom no dangers could affright; and was one of the few bold spirits who sailed as near to the South Pole as it was possible to go. His first voyage to the Antarctic was very successful, and he not only brought back the first news of huge volcanoes, spout-ing smoke and flame above the perpetual snow, but also a full ship of the best oil and quantities of ivory. On his second trip, however, the fate which he had so often defied overtook him with relentless fury. The Orion got icebound and half his crew died of scurvy or want. When at last the ship got free she was so badly squeezed that it was only by hauling a cable round her that he managed to keep her affoat. When he got to the rendezvous where fresh provisions

Captain William Pitt saw he was in trousoutherly breeze and let her drive before it

BROKE LIKE A BOX OF MATCHES.

It always took a good deal to astonish Captain William Pitt, but he freely acknowledged afterward that he was somewhat taken by surprise when, on the quarter-deck going from under him and the boiling surf carrying him away, he found Limself being dragged up a steep bank by a number of people talking a strange tongue. They carried him to a but where there was a fire and then he saw that they were black or copper colored, but not at all bad looking. He found that he was on the largest of or little islands, with no other land in sight in any direction. The second mate and five seamen of the Orion had reached shore alive. Captain Pitt called the island Pitt's Island and took possession of it. It is still in the

agstaff with a topmast in front of the house, As soon as the Captain's house was finbrawny and capable assistance, the natives cliff, over the mouth of which a shed of rushes had been built.

PLENTY OF FOOD TO BE HAD. By this time all the poor natives' scanty stock of provisions, consisting of dried shell-fish and sweet potatoes, were exhausted, and the question arose of supplying the en-larged community with food. The difficulty, however, was not at all serious. The natives had no boat except a flimsy cance in which they dared not venture into open wa-ter, though it served them for fishing in the bay; but Captain Pitt, with his two fine whaleboats-for the damaged one had been repaired—was master of the situation. Sailing round the island he found multitudes of sea birds on the rocky islets to the southward, huge albatrosses and mollymawks, and a dozen different kinds of gulls and penguins, sitting on innumerable eggs, and far too unaccustomed to human beings to take the slightest notice of the intruders, Here was an endless supply of fresh poultry and omelettes, whilst a number of large brown seals, lying lazily on the swampy slopes of the islets, furnished abundance of fat meat, besides skins useful for all sorts of purposes. The wild cabbage or turnip, which is the universal remedy for scurvy in all those seas, grew all around; and palm trees, with a heart like celery or lettuce, but sweeter and more substantial, were numerous in the forest. The islands, in fact, proved to be teeming with wholesome food, which, added to the ship's stores, amply provided all the wants of both whites and natives. The latter speedily became entirely subservient to the newcomers, who treated them simply as

were among them TWO YOUNG WOMEN.

The natives, with whom the whalers soon

lying, as they indicated, to the northwest. That, they said, was where they came from. One day a large cance, carrying 30 or 40 men and women and impelled by two broad sails of a kind of matting, made its appearance on the bay. It turned out that once a year the natives of Waitangi visited the group of islands which Captain Pitt had annexed to obtain a neculiar kind of sea hird. nexed to obtain a peculiar kind of sea bird, which is found there in countless flocks in the fall of the year, when it is exceedingly fat, and which, being cured in its own grease and packed in baskets or pots, forms the staple article of winter diet of the population of Waitangi and other places. These people told Captain Pitt that there were whites at Waitangi, women as well as men, and gave him such an account of the place that he resolved to visit it. He found it inhabited by natives like those who had come with him and who received a hearty welcome. He found there, too, a whaling sta-tion occupied by a family of very rough cus-tomers indeed. Rough or smooth, however, they were white and some of them were fe-males. The captain chose the strongest and least homely of the latter, and having urged his suit in his own authoritative way,

His island, as years rolled on, and the quite a small army, he was able to give the wounded on both sides, and 4 of the assailants having fallen into his hands, Pitt tried them for high treason, convicted them him self, and hanged them on his own flag-staff.

IN TROUBLE WITH NEW ZEALAND. In course of time, when New Zealand had become a populous and prosperous British colony, with a large import and export trade, both the Chatham Islands and Pitt's Island got an evil name for smuggling. This was a most profitable business and not very dan-gerous when carried out by men like Pitt and resulted in their practically losing their

independence. The Government of New Zealand was ammunition to any native. The immediate effect of this was to place the enemy in such also speak a dialect of the same language. What was simpler, therefore, than for

A FEW CASES OF RIFLES and ammunition at Pitt's Island, and for Captain Pitt to run across with them to New Zealand and send his Morioris with them to the Maori settlements? The money always came back all right. In the course of time, however, suspicions were aroused and an officer was sent to the Chathan Islands as resident magistrate and collecto of customs, with almost unlimited jurisdie tion and powers. One of the first things this dignitary did was to visit Pitt's Island where, being a man of sense and resolution he soon came to terms with the Captain. I was agreed that no officer of the governmen should be placed on Pitt's Island, but the the islanders should be left in sole possession under the patriarchal rule of their old con mander, who was literally the father of his people to a very large extent. On the other hand, Captain Pitt was to be made a justice of the peace, and was to take an obey and enforce the laws of New Zealand This compact was faithfully fulfilled on both sides and to this day Pitt's Island enjoys home rule, while the commissioner of cus-toms at Wellington has never had any further cause for complaint.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE. When I was at Pitt's Island, some year ago, the captain was still alive, though con-siderably over 90, and treated me with the utmost hospitality. The deck house of the original Orion had been carefully preserved, and I had the honor of sleeping in it, but a much larger and more commodiou dwelling had been added to it to accommo date the captain's rapidly increasing family, who then numbered 25 or 30 souls. The whole population of the island did not exceed 50, the Pitts having growded most of the others out; and there was not a single oue among them who was not related to all the others. Every inch of available land was carefully cultivated, and wonderful crops of grain and vegetables and fruits were produced, while the neatness and beauty of the place passed all description.
As for Captain Pitt himself, he spoke with the utmost pride of his eareer. After some days he put it to me seriously whether it would not be well for me to make up my mind to stay there for good; and, indeed, i has often occurred to me during my wanderings in other parts of the world that I have never seen a place that pleased me better than Pitt's Island, the ser-rover's EDWARD WAKEFIELD. home.

Secret of a Startling Uprony Explained by the Porter.

Louisville Courier-Journal. 1 From my end of the car down the narrow pisle I see the conductor and the porter struggling with a woman and trying to ealm her while men are starting out of their berths to lend a hand to the rescue. It is quite apparent that there are enough people around the woman to prevent the murder and in that opinion the calm and in-different man in the lower berth opposite unites with me, so we await developments. A few minutes later, when the uproar has subsided and the porter comes, making his way down to that mysterious bondoir, where he shines boots at 50 cents a pair and medi-tates schemes of robbery and pillage upon innocent passengers, my cool neighbor across the way puts his head out between the curtains, and, seizing the ebony official by the arm as he passes, asks him in a tired

Amusing Lecturers and Clever Comedians We All Remember.

MARK TWAIN'S PITTSBURG VISIT.

The Reception Given Bret Harte on His First Appearance Here.

OLD TIME ACTORS THAT PLEASED

PERSONNEL POR THE DISPASOR 1 There is a good deal of laughter in the world, but not enough yet for the world's needs. It is the ozone, the electrified oxygen of the spiritual atmosphere; and a vast amount of it is required to expand the spiritual ribs and strengthen the spiritual diaphragm of mankind. Where it abounds and is of wholesome quality, there the disease germs are apt to die before they can intect the soul with moral grippe or any other tell epidemic.

A good laugh turns up the subsoil of human nature so that the sunshine of heaven can get at it. To come back to physiology, it stirs the gall of bilious melancholy so that it becomes sparkling champagne in the moral system. There are ascetics who protest against this. There is so much sorrow in the world, they say; there is so much sin in the world that all men should weep. Those who are merry cannot sympathize with those who are sad, and cannot reform those who are wicked.

Can't they? What friend is the surest to take comfort to any stricken soul-the doleful one or the genial, jolly one? What good man does the most effective missionary work -the always solemn one, who sees only the sin, or the sunny hearted one, who sees the oodness which ought to replace the sin?

And remember this: Wholesome laughter is not hardness of heart. The heartless man cannot laugh. The unsympathetic man cannot laugh. They may snicker and sneer cannot laugh. They may snicker as and cackle, but they cannot laugh. fore, those people who promote hearty laugh-ter among mankind are worthy of most honorable remembrance.

A CASE IN POINT.

All this preaching was suggested by a slight encounter I witnessed just now between a serious person and a frivolous per-son. The one has not even the haziest conception of a joke, and the other knows a joke the moment it comes in sight. The serious person was about to read aloud a a very serious article about the labor agitations abroad, and had already announced the title: "Eight Hours in England."

"Well," said the light minded listener,
"England is a pretty small place, but I
should think a person would need at least 24
hours to do it thoroughly. Why, Nellie Bly was there more than eight hours. It was amazing to see the contempt of the

other individual for this ignorance; and to note the tolerant patience with which he explained that this was not the account of a ourist's experience, but a dissertation on the effort to have eight hours established by law as the length of a day's work. No suppicion entered his mind that the remark was merely a seeble little joke on the part of a person who knew quite as much as him-self about the eight-hour movement.

How Mark Twain would have enjoyed a conversation with that serious minded one! He would have had all the fun on his side, just as he thought he had on one occasion which a friend of mine told of. My friend was in Paris and got into an omnibus, or whatever conveyance corresponds to an omnibus there, where all the other passengers were French. Presently Mark Twain got in. His neighboring Frenchman made a courteous remark in French 'to which Mr. Clemens replied in English. The French-man tried it again, and yet again; and at

last Mark wound up the matter by saying, in his most emphatic, distinct and deliberate English: "I — don't — understand—one word-you-say!"

And as the Frenchman couldn't under-

stand one word he said, my friend thought this elaboration of distinctness rather

A MARK TWAIN SUPPER.

But Mark Twain had no difficulty in understanding or being understood the first time he lectured in Pittsburg. He understood beyond peradventure that he was welcomed by a throng of appreciative people who were in full sympathy with the subtlest numor he had to bestow, and who understood his every joke, and met it half way with genial laughter. His book, "Innocents Abroad," was fresh then; and with plenty of people the relish with which they had read "The Jumping Frog" was still keen. He was not quite a stranger in Pittsburg, I believe. At least he told a reporter, who asked if this was his first visit to the city, that it was the first time he had been there

in a fraudulent capacity."

A brilliant and crowded audience enjoyed his lecture; and I have no doubt that who heard it still laugh at the memory of ome of the quaint turns and droll conceits at which everybody laughed heartily that evening. But to the newspaper men more than to any other class the visit of the humorist was of interest, because he was one of the guild himself. So some of the newsaper workers planned a little banquet with Mark Twain as the guest of bonor.

It was a very pleasant little feast, and we all had a very nice, quiet time. There was plenty of talk, and a moderate amount of merriment. The guest told a story or two, and paid, incidentally, a very pleasant tribute to the humor of Josh Billings. But he was more intent on asking questions about Pittsburg newspapers than on perpe

A LOCAL HUMORIST.

But after a time the laughter became uproarious and incessant, and the heartiest laugher of all was Mark Twain. It was not fun of his own making that he enjoyed at such a rate, but the tun produced by a Pitts-

"Billy" Smythe, so well known and so well liked by pretty nearly everybody in the two cities, and he it was who made guest and entertainers as merry as grigs on that occasion Smythe had been to England, and on his re-turn had written a lecture—"Across the Atlantic," I believe he called it—which he had delivered at sundry times and places. He was a sauguine soul, and the lecture really had as much merit in it as many that have achieved success. But this did not achieve success. In his recital his disastrous experience as a lecturer became a side splitting joke; and it never seemed so much of a joke to him as now, when he told it for the entertainment of the man who had not failed. I have thought many times since that evening that if Billy Smythe had but told a public audience how he failed as a lecturer, and had told the tale as faunily as he told it to that private audience, he would

I think Wheeling was the place where he was advertised to lecture on a certain cold winter night. A friend there acted as agent for the lecturer; and shortly before the time couraging dispatch came from this triend, something to this effect: "Six people have ought tickets. Hall is well war Billy's audiences had not been large as a

Bret Harte's lecture on the "Argonauts '49," on the occasion of his first appearance in Pittsburg, was not a distinctly humorous effort; but it was by reason of his reputation as a humorist that he got the audience which enjoyed every word of it. And this reputation came in a curious way; a way, I have been sold, not altogether to humorist's liking. For some time

THEY MADE US LAUGH

effective short stories had secured for Bret Harte a large and discriminating public; Harte a large and discriminating public, but he was not by any means the rage.

One day that jingle of laughable nonsense, "The Heathen Chines," struck the earth, and at once all the air seemed to ring with it. It swept to the farthest corner of the English-speaking world, and then got itself translated into I know not how many alies.

tongues. All the world went merry mad, and everybody shouted to everybody else "The heathen Chines is peculiar!"

Now it is undoubtedly very pleasant for a man to find himself so famous as that. But at the same time it cannot be quite satisfying to a man whose best and most artistic. ing to a man whose best and most artistic work has commanded only moderate attention, when he finds that a careless and unconsidered piece of work has struck the nerve that reaches everywhere. Still, that is the way of the world, and it was so in this case.

well wrought dialect versus and some very

In Pittsburg, as in most other places, a goodly audience would have assembled to hear the man who wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp;" but the hall was packed with the people who wanted to hear the writer of "The Heathen Chinee." The great audience listened with delight to the story of the old and new days in California; but it

of the old and new days in California; but it was an allusion to the popular jingle that set everybody wild at last.

"And now," said the lecturer, "a few words about the social problem to be worked out. An element of trouble is there—the element which you call the Heathen Chinee." The familiar words seemed explosive, and they started such a demonstration of enthusiastic applicance as the exercise had of enthusiastic appliance as the evening had not hitherto produced. They gave the op-portunity for testifying to the pleasure which Bret Harre, the writer, had given to

wrote and talked ever gave so much pleasure to us of that time as a man who did not write funny things, and only talked the funny things some one else had written? Is there anybody who ever listened to the exquisite absurdities and witnessed the de-licious antics of Lord Dundreary that does not laugh in remembering them? It was enjoyment to see the feather-headed Englishman come upon the stage with that queer little hop; and it was a delight unspeakable to hear him trying to make conversation with Miss Laura. His muddled conundrums were delicious, and his sage reflections on the bird with only one feather, and the birds that had to flock together be-cause they couldn't flock alone, were not

dreary, and Sothern was actor. No mere "iunny man" could have given us the consistent and well-rounded character we all loved so to associate with. For Dundreary was no mere empty-headed dude. He was a sterling English gentleman with a strong fiber of manliness in him. The glass he held out to us had plenty of froth on top, but it was full of heady ale. It needed an

artist to demonstrate all that.

COLLINS, THE COMEDIAN.

his old age, but who was mightily good, even then. That was Collins, the Irish comedian. I doubt if the stage Irishman has often been in better hands than his. All the loveable, laughable traits of the character he brought out to perfection. And he could sing delightfully. Even when long past his prime he would sing "Widow Machree" in a manner to make quick impression on the

in hearing.

Joseph Jefferson is not a reminiscence, I rejoice to say, but an oft-recurring presence, bringing perennial laughter and tears with him to those who remember these others, as well as to those who remember them not.

there were plenty of merry burlesquers to make us laugh, without much thought of what we were laughing at. And even that may be a good thing in its way.

THE BUBLESQUE OF "POCAHONTAS." Does anybody remember Brougham's

erved later.

An apprehensive thrill of expectation went through the community when it was known that Lydia Thompson and her En-

his absurdities, and, like the rest of the merry-makers, he did some good.

JAMES C. PURDY.

Houey in Comparison,

Cigar Smoker-Have you any assfortida? Druggist-Yes; what do you want it for? "I have just been smoking a eigarette and want to get the taste out of my mouth."

become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

efit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1807, and chearfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic." John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For sight years I was afflicted with constitution, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."

T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

PREPARED BY

fiold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine

the souls of those who heard it:
"You and not she! Your miserable lifeof less value than the least tassel that tossed upon the silken fringes of her garmental How dare you show your paltry face above the waters that have overwhelmed hers? The least you could have done were to have gone to your doom beside her. It was the last act of service you could render to your mistress. Shame upon you, that you did it not! A curse upon the miserable crew of you that had the impertinence to live when

"The boat overturnd—and Rebecca screamed—and the slaves cried out. Poor Rebecca! I forgot Rebecca. I hope the fellows saved her. She did cling upon the iesth selected Zahara!" "Father," said a rich, deep voice from the shadow of the garden, "do not soold poor little Rebecca. It was no fault of boat. But I fell over into the water-and it was colder than death—and I prayed Jehovah to save me. And then I began to sink; and some person caught me—and that hers; and I am quite sale." Zahara stepped forward in her stately way; she stood as calmly as a Greek statue Who dost thou suppose saved thee, my own?" asked Lazarus tenderly, "and how thinkest thou such a deed was done?"

in a heathen temple, and with a very simi-

father culminated in an outery which shook

lar grace. In the outery and confusion that followed her sudden appearance Zahara "Verily, I know not," answered Zahara, "But who brought thee from the wreck maintained a supreme quiet, which acted powerfully upon the excited scene. In point of fact she was elevated above it unto the shore, Zahara? It is a long space —two stadia at least, I think." by excitement beside which this looked small to her. The experience of the last hour seemed to the girl to belittle all oth-ers. What was this fret and chatter about "Alas, Zahara, I swam about a boat's length to thee. The waters beat me back. I

human life compared to the existence of such a love as she and he who loved her could do no more for thee than thy silken "It is singular," said Zahara; "was it The pure face of Zahara, pale with emo tion, shone brilliantly; her dripping white robes caught the glare of the torches and one of the slaves?"
"It was the King of Kingsl" cried Lazarus abruptly. Zahara lifted her large, warm eyes. They looked a little critically flung it back. She seemed to scintillate, as at him through the gloom, Was Lagarus

she stood there, like a great gem, many-faceted, and nobly set. A weaker woman, or a less royally builded one would have sunk with exhaustion by this time, fainted in her father's arms or sobbed—like Resubject to mania? Had the shipwreck dis-There was nothing less to do, and Lazarus Zahara had never felt so strong in her told her the amazing facts. He expected

them to overwhelm Zahara, perhaps to con-wert her to his own faith in the wonderful rabbi. To his perplexity, Zahara received lifs. The kisses of her lover burned yet upon her rich lips. Her chilled blood tingled with his last caress, His firm, imperious hand had but just new released her the story coolly.
"Thou madest some mistake, my love,"
she answered; "thy fright and the darkness own, as he helped her forward boldly into the group, and stood reverently but indid deceive thee. Some of the slaves swam ashore with me." sistently beside her, that he might lead her "Impossible!" cried Lazarus, "He whom I name did walk the sea and carry thee, and to her father's breast. His presence was fire, light, warmth, food, strength, life. Zahara felt lifted above everything. She lay thee at my feet and disappear. Sawest thou ever a slave do that?" iesred no one. The High Priest was no more formidable than any common father. "Some of these fellows have wonderful art," said Zahara incredulously. "They do She ran into his arms like any plebeian daughter and fondled him girlishly, and xtraordinary things."
Zahara's beautifut face lifted to Lazarus Annas, like any unimportant parent, broke down and wept, and clasped the girl and blessed her, and blessed the God of his Priesthood and of his people for her dear bore the highbred, skeptical expression of the cultivated doubter. Lazarus was terribly pained by it for the moment. Then she

> "And behold," cried Zahara, "him who did save the life of thy daughter, O my

the light of Capernaum gleamed shrough the night, suddenly, at a curve in the shore. and youder was the vills, and they must father!" Lazari-who knew when? who knew how, to Lazarus uttered an involuntary protest. This movement of Zahara's was totally unexpected to him. Who could count upon Zuhara? What was Lazarus to do? Words sprang to his lips, he knew not what; honest, anly, mad denial. But Zahara turned When Lazarus and Zahara reached the her high head and gave him one look. That look scaled his lins. It said more than man could battle against; or more than he could town the last trace of the storm had ceased. The stars were out and their cold light fight against at that exhausted moment. Of glanced upon the subsiding waves unsympathetically. The lake were her comthe two, the young man seemed more ex-

hausted than the woman. "The lady doth overestimate my slight assistance," murmured Lazarus, bowing be-fore the High Priest, "but I was so fortunate as to be able to help her across a difficult portion of the shore, which I did to the best

f my poor ability. At this instant something tingled at the young man's teet. Stupidly he stood staring down. A brilliant bauble shone on the wet pavement; his foot all but crushed it as he oved to examine the thing. "Pray, sir," said Zahara imperiously, "be

to mingle with the living, they could not to courteous as to pick up for me the bracehave met a more quiet receptio . This, let which has fallen from my arm."

As Lazarus stooped to do this the lady bent a little above him or toward him that under the circumstances, was delightful, They clung to each other as they trod the open roads, and in the shadow of houses she might receive the trinket-a glittering they lingered to exchange the maddening band of emerald and jacinth—from his hand.
In doing so she contrived to breathe a few
words, inaudible to any ear but shat of the
maddest love or the wildest jealousy, but wearied feet along; and she had clung to him-haughty Zahara!-and nestled to him, as he said, "like a little slave." perfectly distinct to the bewildered and per-

plexed young man. "Gontradict me not. Who saveth the chilly, that he hurried as fast as might be with her toward her father's villa, staying for nothing, not even to search for the High daughter, serveth the tather. For love's sake,

cave the matter to me." 'Father," added Zahara, "I have been Priest upon the shore; for Lazarus felt that the more quickly and quietly the maiden thanking the young man for my own part, for my debt to him is mighty. See thou to should be restored to her home, the better pleased the old man would be. it, for thine own part now, that his high deed is well regarded, for I am wet and and would get me among my maidens and seek rest. Thy daughter would have een tossing vonder in the lake with thy When could there be another moment like doomed slaves, O my father, but for his this! She clung to him, delaying its agony and eestacy, and had well-nigh unmanned valor and his strength who has returned me to thine arms. I know not how he did the m by her emotion.
"Oh, my lord," murmured Zahars, "I am ed." added Zahara with an apparent simplicity which was none the less effective bethe happiest woman, and I am the saddest cause it happened to be the truest thing she "I cannot tell thee how I am saved; but saved I am, and by his hand whom I do honor for the doing of it, I am restored to thee. If he swam for me," concluded Zahara prettily, "he is a mighty man. At all events, I do know him for a brave one and an honorable, and I do bless him in thy well. I give thee my face, and my lips. I 'Then shall there be a thousand last times!" vowed Lozarus, "for I will take nothing less of earth and heaven than thee, hearing and that of all thy household, and now farewell, good sir. A woman's gratitude go with you! My father, sir, will entertain you for my sake and for that of "But how, fair sir, wilt thou get me? I know the High Priest, my father. the service you have done to the house of the High Priest in the salvation of my poor "Then into it I step!" cried the lover.

With these words Zahara departed very "but I will have thee. The man who loveth gracefully and sweetly, with her maidens; leaving the astounded Lazarus to his concience and his perplexity-and the High

that other men know not. He createth and Priest. Annas advanced to him with outstretched destroyeth, and means and hindrances are not to him as unto common men. Thou arms. His venerable countenance stirred erownest him with thy love, and he is a with powerful emotions; these contradicted king. Thou givest him the treasure of thy each other and made a battle-ground of bis ife, and he hath divinity. Leave the way eyes and lips. The two men regarded each to me. Zahara, but mine thou shalt be. Nor ther with the mingled impressions usual to will I be contented with the least of thee, their meetings. Each attracted to each, nor a portion of thee, but I will have all. midway of his attraction met repulsion; or perhaps it were truer to call it distrust or re-Zahara made him no answer in so far as oil. Annas could not explain why he held the answer of words counteth, but she lifted such reserved opinions of to him lips that a man might have died for whom he felt consciously drawn. But Lazand clasped him with arms that a king might have lived for; and Lazarus spoke no arus knew quite well why he shrank from the High Priest, the powerful enemy of the more, but trembling with their love and religious movement dear to so many of the grief they passed on silently across the demiddle and lower classes of Jewish society: her father's house.

Great agitation prevailed in the villa.

Great agitation prevailed to and fro. ons, and so Lazarus bore her to and yet, why he could have loved Annas, the father of Zahara. On that night the two came together, swiftly and heartily. The tide of the occasion swept distrust away. Father-love and lover's love united them ingoing on fruitless errands, and ordered tinctively. The High Priest overwhelmed some one had been discreet and powerful enough to lead home. He was said to have

the young man with expressions of gratitude for the rescue of his daughter. "Nay, but I deserve not such tribute of become quite useless on the shore, having become trantic with grief when the storn the High Priest," protested Lazarus in em-barrassment. "What I have done was but shut the lake from sight, and the persistent refusals of the bystanders to man a relief boat in the height of the gale, emphasized a trifle. You do overrate my share in the salvation of the lady."

"You speak courteously, sir," replied the High Priest, waving the protest away with a magnificent hand, "but the word of my daughter suffices. I recognize in you the savior of her life, and I pray you to allow me to regard you in accordance with the

Lazarus was silent from sheer perplexity. How should be contradict the testimony of Zahara—and to her tather? What should

"By your leave," he answered with some awkwardness, "I will now return to my kahn. I had torgotten the circumstances—but verily, I believe I am wet also, as to my I should seek shelter and rest "And by your leave," returned the High Priest with great curtiness of manners, "you will seek no shelter while you remain at Capernaum, save the roof of the High Priest, father to Zahara, whose life you have

(To be continued next Sunday.)

TRIRTY PER CENT DEDUCTION One of the Tricks of Trade Pointed Out he n Merchant.

Tes Dealer in Globe-Democrat.]

There are tricks in all trades but mine and one which some people call a trick is always worked in the china business. A perchant will display his ten set or toilet set with a sign reading 15 or 16 pieces for a nominal price, but when you purchase you find that your bargain has vanished. A soup dish, lid and separator bottom counts three ieces, a cup and saucer counts two, a buter dish and lid counts two, and a tureen, lid counts three, so that when you see a sign reading 127 pieces you can count on a

COOKING FOR LENT

Choice Dishes Vouched for by Prominent Washington Ladies. STATESMEN'S WIVES AT MARKET.

Mrs. Bayne's Domplings, Mrs. Wanamaker's Salads and Other Recipes.

PUNCH THAT REQUIRES MODERATION

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, February 22.—The best cooks of the United States are found in Washington. There is no place in the country where good dinners are more prized and more eaten. The wives of our most noted statesmen spend a part of every day in the kitchen. Most of them have invented new dishes and all have learned their lessons in the great cooking school of experience. Even the mistress of the White House boasts that she can prepare a dinner from soup to dessert and every one of the Cabinet ladies tell me that they can broil a

steak or baste a roast. I see scores of Senators wives in the market every morning and I noted Mrs. Secretary Windom the other day holding a fowl to the light to see if the fiesh was white. Near by her Mrs. Attorney-General Miller was pricing some celery and Mrs. Senator Sherman was at another counter testing a leg of mutton. Mrs. John A. Logsn is often seen in the markets. Sam Randall, before he was sick, went with his wife to buy the ments for his own dinner-table and I have seen Senator Stanford walking along with his Chinese steward from meat stall to meat stall and with those fingers which can sign a check for \$10,000,000 feeling the raw red

flesh to see if it be tender. During the next six weeks of Lent there will be a change in these Washington mar-kets. The ladies will gather around the fish counters, and even in the houses of those statesmen who belong neither to the Episcopal nor the Catholic Churches, Lenten dishes will be largery used. McKim, the White House steward, intends to serve eggs oftener for breakfast, and he proposes to use lobster and shrimp salads for his lunches. President Harrison likes baked fish, and the succulent shad will be frequently on the table of the White House, while the Vice President will carry out the rules of his Episcopalian faith, and will

stick to Lenten dishes. GOOD HEALTH IN KEEPING LENT. There is good sense in the keeping of Lent as far as eating is concerned. A lead-ing Senator's wife tells me that it makes her blood better to stick to fish, eggs and lighter dishes during the spring, and a noted Gen-eral's wife ascribes her good health to her observance of Lent During the past week I have gathered for your readers recipes for Lenten dishes, and the wives of statesmen and generals have been called upon to give their experiences for the kitchens of your

readers. I start my list with a fish chowder

from the White House. It is a dish for a king. The President's wife has prepared the recipe for me, and her experience shows it to be good: Cut a medium-sized shad or white fish, three Cut a medium-sized shad or white ush, three or four potatoes, one onion and a quarter of a pound of bacon into small pieces. Fry the bacon and onion a light brown. Put a layer of the fish, then a sprinkling of onions and bacon, then a layer of tomatoes, sprinkle with pepper and salt, alternating the layers until all is in. and sart, atternating the layers until all is in.
Add enough water to cover, place over a modcrate fire and let simmer 25 minutes. Boil one
pint of milk, thickening it with cracker
crumbs. Let it stand a moment and then add
to the chowder. Now stir for the first time,
let boil an instant, season if not strong to taste,
and serve hot. CAHOLINE S. HARRISON.

HOW MRS. WANAMAKER BAKES SHAD. There is a chef in the Wanamaker mansion whom they have had for years, but when any great affair is in progress the mistress of the house sends for a caterer to assist. She gives orders for the three meals of a day in the morning and has not that awe She dares go into the kitchen, and, greater presumption still in this day of \$10,000 chefs, gives verbal instruction to each new cook of the cookery of certain dishes which might almost be called Wanamaker dishes, so long have they served them in the family. One of these is baked shad, and the art of preparing it Mrs. Wanamaker learned from ber grandmother, and has had it for breakfast in the springtime ever since she was mistress of a modest little cottage in Germantown and her husband was getting \$1,000 a year instead of—who knows how many thousands Mr. John Wanamake gets now? The "shad breakfast" at Lindenhurst is known to all of Mrs. Wanamaker's friends and many a one drops in accident-ally when the fish, about which General Sherman queries where it got meat to cover

its bones, is served.

Another favored dish is lobster in terrapin style, and although it has been served for years on her table, Mrs. Wanamaker does not claim its origination. A Delmonico was its creator.

MADEIRA WINE GOES IN. Split two good-sized, fine, freshly boiled lobsters. Pick all the meat from out the shells. then cut it into one-inch length equal pieces Place it in a sauce pan on the hot range with one ounce of very good fresh butter. Season with one pinch of salt and balf a saltspoonful of red pepper, adding two medium-sized, sound truffles cut into small disk-shaped pieces. Cook traffies cut into small disk-shaped pieces. Cook for five minutes, then add a wineglassful of good Madeira wine. Reduce to one-half, which will take three minutes. Have three egg yolks in a bowl with half a pint of swest cream, beat well together and add to it the lobster. Gently shuffle for two minutes longer, or until it thickens well. Pour it into a hot tureen and serve hot. MES. JOHN WANAMAKER. There is an old Spanish saw that it takes four persons to make a good salad-a spendthrift must pour the oil and a miser the vinegar, a barrister must sprinkle the salt and a madman must stir the mixture. Mrs. Robert McKee, the daughter of the Presi dent, gives the ingredients of a good salad, but the cook who will make it properly

must be guided by the proverb: Boil one dozen crabs 30 minutes, adding a lit-Boil one dozen crabs 30 minutes, adding a littie salt to the water. When cold pick out the
meat, Make a mayonnaise dressing as follows:
Beat the yolks of two eggs, add pepper, salt
and mustard and mix well togetner. Then
slowly add half a pint of olive oil or enough to
thicken the dressing. If too thick add a few
drops of lemon juice or vinegar. Great care
should be exercised in pouring the oil, as it will
curdle if poured too fast. Now mix the crab
meat and the mayonnaise together. Garnish a
dish with crisp lettuce leaves or water cresses,
place the crabs in the center and serve.

MABY HARRISON MOKER.

MRS. SENATOR QUAY'S DEVILED CRABS. Mrs. Senator Quay says that all her family have "the sweet tooth" and her cookery therefore is in the line of desserts, but she has one recipe that may be put with the Lenten dishes although a fasting friar would

need to pass it by. It is: Boil one dozen crabs for 20 minutes, when cold pick. Three eggs well beaten, two table-spoonfuls Vienna bread crumbs, four of melted butter, one of clive oil, one tablespoonful of chopped parsiey. Season with salt and pepper. Mir all together using cream to moisten and put back the shells which should be clean and dry. Dip in beaten eggs and Vienna bread crumbs and fry is hot lard to cover.

There is a delicious omelette which oftenimes comes on the Quay breakfast table: Whites of six eggs, yolks of three, juice of half a lemon, three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar. Grease a quart baking dish with butter. Now beat the whites to a very stiff froth, beat the yolks, add them carefully to the whites, then the sugar and juice of lemon, stir carefully and quickly heap into baking dish, powder over with sugar and put into the oven. Bake 15 minutes or until a golden brown and serve hot. AGNES B. QUAY.

MRS. MORRILL'S DEVILED EGGS. There is a Green Mountain flavor about all the dishes served on the table of Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont. Mrs. Mor-rill is an invalid, and her sister, Miss Swan, oversees the house here and also the country home in Vermont. She gives a dainty dish Boil one dozen eggs hard, remove the shells and cut in halves lengthwise. Take out the yolks, mix them to a shooth paste with half a

teaspoonful of mustard, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, and a generous teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Fill the whites with this mixture and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves, which should be carefully selected.

L. S. SWAN.

Mrs. Senator Reagan, of Texas, gives a recipe for a catsup that is especially appe-tizing with baked white fish: One peck of ripe tomatoes, peel and slice, Add six good-sixed onions sliced fine. Lay in a far first a layer of tomatoes, then a layer of onions. Add a little sait with each layer, let stand over night, then boil well, stirring almost constantly. When done add two pints, one pint of vinegar and two garlies chopped fine, Add also red pepper, cinnamon, cloves, spice and ginger, all ground fine. Bottle for use.

MRS. JOHN R. REAGAN.

MRS. ROSWELL P. FLOWER'S OYSTERS. Mrs. Roswell P. Flower, wife of New York's millionaire Congressman, supervises her kitchen with as much interest as the wife of a poorer man. Her private table is one of the best appointed in Washington, and on it are many dishes that would de-light a bon vivant. She has any number of recipe books, and on all the blank pages are written in her own handwriting the recipes for the dishes which have pleased her at ifferent hotels:

Blanch a dozen oysters in their own liquor, salt and remove the oysters, add a tablespoonful of butter, the juice of half a lemon, a gill of cream and a tablespoonful of flour. Beat up the yolk of an erg while the sauce is simmering; add the erg and simmer the whole until it thickens. Place the oysters in a hot dish, pour the sauce over them, sprinkle a little chopped parsely on top and send to table. To blanch an oyster is to cook it till it puffs up.

SARAH M. FLOWER.

Here is her way of dressing fish: Half pound of butter, half can tomatoes stew for one-half hour. One tablespoonful of walnut catsup, one tablespoonful of Worces terahire sauce, or two tablespoonfuls of chow chow, add sliced lemon very thin.

MRS BLAIR'S CORNWEAL MUSH. Mrs. Senator Blair is one of the fiest cook of the capital. She gives me a recipe for what is known in Vermont as "New En-gland Indian Pudding," and I doubt whether the title of corn mush is appropriate for it. The recipe is warranted, and it has gained Senator Blair hundreds of votes for his education bill. Here it is:

Two quarts of milk, one can of meal, one can Two quarts of milk, one cup of meal, one cup of molasses, half cup of sugar, one teaspoonfu of sait, one teaspoonful of cinnamon or ginger two eggs. Heat one quart of the milk "milk warm," then slowly stir in the meal and keep stirring gently until it thickens, but does no quite boil. Remove from the stove and add the molasses, sugar, salt and spice. Then beat the eggs well and stir them in. Pour into the pud ding dish, remove the mixing spoon and turs the second quart of milk in. Send immediately to the oven without mixing, and cook steadily o the oven without mixing, and cook stead ve hours. ELIZA N. BLAIR. Mrs. Cushman K. Davis is another good cook, and, though she comes from Minne ota, she can cook oysters equal to the best of the Baltimore chefs. Here is her recipe to

one of her dishes. She heads it "Plain Broiled Oysters on Toast:" Take the largest oysters obtainable. Brus he wire oyster broiler with softened butter, lay the oysters and broil over a hot fire two o three minutes, basting once on each side with butter bush. Dish side by side on a long sifce of buttered toast in a dish. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Mrs. C. K. Davis. JUSTICE STRONG'S BONED CHICKEN.

good that it will, I doubt not, cause many sook to sin. It comes from Miss strong, th daughter of the retired Justice, and it is well worth the trying. The recipe reads: Cut up a chicken into quite small pieces, ski Cut up a chicken into quite small pieces, skin it and pour over three pints of cold water. Boil it until the booes slip out of the meat easily, then take out all the meat, throw back the boues to boil in the liquor longer. Chop the meat with the rind of one lemon, having squeezed the juice into the boiling liquor. Put the meat, well seasoned, into a jelly mold, and, when the liquor is boiled down fully one-half, strain it over the meat in the mold. Next morning turn out and serve with salad.

JULIA DARLING STRONG.

This dish is not a Lenten dish, but it is s

I have received a number of letters from ladies asking for punch recipes; and though the subject of drinks hardly comes under Lenten dishes, the pious can lay these recipes aside until after Easter. The more worldly will certainly appreciate them Mrs. General Ricketts was for years one of the leading entertainers of Washington, and here is a recipe which has tickled the palater and stomachs of Generals, Judges and statesmen. It is no baby drink, and it

should be taken in moderation. GO CAUTIOUSLY ON THIS. Pour three quarts of boiling water over three of sugar. Add one pint of len one pint of fine brandy or a quart of Jamaics rum. Mix well, and before using stir in one-half pint of peach brandy or cordial. This will make you a gallon and three-quarters of very A claret nunch made by one of the leading

ladies of Washington is more of a ten perance drink. It is as follows: Take the thin rind of three lemons, three pounds of sugar, add one tablespoonful of brown cinnamon, one-half tablespoonful of ground cloves and two grated nutmegs. Pour over this compound two quarts of boiling water and let it stand one hour until thoroughly mixed. Before serving add one-half pint of rum and three bottles of claret, and you will have a gallon of punch. Slice three oranges and put them in a punch bowl, and the dish will be beautiful as well as appetizing.

Some time are a church fair in Washing-

Some time ago a church fair in Washingon gathered a number of recipes from note women and one of the leading ladies of the Capital made a cook book of them and sold t at the tair. The book is very interesting and I take three or four of its most note recipes to accompany those which I have gathered for this letter.

MRS. TOM BAYNE'S APPLE DUMPLINGS Here, for instance, is the way that Mrs. fom Bayne makes apple dumplings; Boil three large potatoes, mash and work in a ump of butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, stir in with a spoon flour enough to work up with the hand, cut in pieces and wray around the apples. Tie in cloths and boil hard

Mrs. Sherman uses this recipe for delicate One pound of sugar (light weight), one pound of flour (light weight), a little more than half a pound of butter, whites of 16 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, beat butter and sugar to

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

COULDN'T SPOIL THE QUINTET. Why a Youngster Wouldn't Sell Himself for Three Hundred Dollars. Harper's Young People. ] A little boy of 5 went with his mother to nake a call. The lady of the house, who

was very fond of children, told him she in-

tended to ask his mother to let her have

"Don't you think that your mother

would let me buy you?" she asked.
"No," he said, "you haven't got money snough. "How much would it take?" she asked. "Three hundred dollars," he answered romptly; "and you haven't got that much." "I think I could manage it," she said. "If I can, will you come to me?"
"No," he said, with decision, "mamma

wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't like to break

A Cure for Rhenmatic Gout. "For several years," says John Park, of Beaver Creek, Minn., "during the winter, I have been troubled with a painful swelling of the feet, which physicians claimed was rhuematic gout. I was treated by some of our best physicians, and obtained but little, if any, relief and used many so-called "cures," without benefit. During the winter of 1887, when my feet were so swollen and inflamed that I could not wear my boots, I commenced using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The first application reduced the swelling and inflammation, and the use of one 50 cent bottle so completely relieved me, that I discontinued my canes and was able to get around all right and wear my boots." 50 cent bottles for sale by E. G. Stuckey, Seventeenth and Twenty-fourth streets, Penn avenue and corner Wylie avenue and Fulton street;

Markell Rese corner Penn and Krankersen;

Two Young Women,
by no means uncomely, who, as far as could be ascertained, were unappropriated blessings, and these, in course of time, the mate and a young seaman took to wife, Captain Pitt officiating, as if he had been on board his skip and translating an exceptionals. Markell Bros., corner Penn and Frankstown avenues; Theodore E. Ibrig, 3610 Fifth avene: Carl Hartwig, Forty-third and Butler streets, Pittsburg, and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal street; Thomas

his ship, and supplying an exceedingly binding marriage service of his own compo-sition, in lieu of that ordained by the lit-

E. Heek, 72 and 194 Federal street; Inomas

B. Morris, corner Hanover and Preble avefound a means of communicating by a sort

found a means of communicating by a sort

for half-language," eked out by signs and

matural sounds, were constantly talking of

"Nobody, sah. The lady has et pie for

some country or place called Waftangt."

HE WENT INTO BUSINESS.

From that time forward Pitt's Island be came known by repute among the South Se whalers, and once in two or three years a ship would call there. Pitt himself organixed a whaling crew and a trying-down es-tablishment and often got a great many fish, so that whenever he received a visit from a vessel he always had something to sell, or rather to barter for goods. He soon learned that Waitangi was the native name of the bar them from pursuing their trade, for the group which the great elreumnavigator, Captain Cook, had named the Chatham whales came so near the land that they Islands, after Pitt's own "relative," Will-iam Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a circumstance Chathams were included in the boundaries of the newly acquired British colony of New

however, are still to be seen, and many of them are interesting. It is one of these that I had in my mind when I took pen in hand

and appliances for repairs should have been found, the place was totally bare. Some strangers had been there and consumed or carried off everything. ble. But he was not a man to perish so long as a chance for life was left. He gave his as a chance for life was left. He gave his exhausted crew a couple of days' rest and a teed of that sour grass which covers the half frozen cliffs of the Antarctic islands, and then, having patched up the Orion as well as he could, he set his tattered sails to a

The breeze not only held, but increased tremendously. It grew to a gale and the gale grew to a hurricane. The Orion plunged and strained and on the fifth night she went to pieces on an unknown shore like a box of

Pitts' possession.

Captain Pitt built as comfortable and spacious a dwelling as any retired nautical gentleman could desire. He even set up a and, the signal chest having been recovered. he proudly hoisted the British ensign to indicate the sovereignty of William Pitt. ished, the mate and the sailors were allowed to build cabins for themselves on a plan provided by their commander and with his furnishing the mere labor for carrying up timber or bringing down materials from the forest. Before many weeks were over, there was quite a cosy little village perched on the terrace overlooking the bay, whilst all the stores and everything else of any value that had come ashore from the wreck were safely stowed in a large cave in the rocky

slaves. Though they strongly objected to work, and sometimes threw themselves down or hid in the woods for days, they were easily frightened into submission or prevailed upon by trifling presents. There

her Mrs. Pitt according to the ritual he had himself established, and carried her back to his island together with a boatload of stores, implements and other things which he badly wanted.

which caused him intense pride and delight; and that his own islands as well as the Zealand, though separated from it by 500 miles of stormy ocean. Pitt, however, resolutely declined to acknowledge the authority of the Governor of New Zealand. He was willing to acknowledge the supremacy of Queen Victoria, but neither the Queen nor the Governor of New Zealand ever heard of his existence.

South Seas became the resort of freebooters and adventurers of all kinds, was looked upon as a coveted prize for the concealment of plunder, or for a refuge from justice. By that time, however, Pitt had contrived to put his little domain in a thorough state of defense. He had a couple of cannon mounted on a tiny fort in front of his house. He also had an armory of 50 muskets and a number of cutlasses and pikes, and as his people, including 12 or 15 young Pitts and a motley band of half-castes now made up enemy a warm reception. In one of these conflicts no fewer than 15 were killed or Sometimes, however, he instituted reprisals or did a little freebooting on his own ac-

and his people, who were almost amphibious and perfectly free from scruples of every sort. They added to it, however, a traffic which nearly got them into serious trouble,

then engaged in a desperate struggle with the Maoris, and a law had been passed making it a capital offense to sell arms or straits that they were driven to use marbles and even balls of hard wood instead of bullets, and lucifer matches instead of percussion caps. They had plenty of money, however, and anyone who chose to run the cartridges. Here was Captain William Pitt's opportunity. The natives of the Chathams and of Pitt's Island are called Morioris, and, though a distinct race, are so like Maoris in appearance that they easily pass for them among casual observers. They

American whalers and other strangers to

PIR FOR HER SUPPER.

burg reporter.

One of those present at the supper was straightway have been a success as a

for Smythe to put his manuscript in his pocket and start for the Union depot, an enrule, but six people as a preliminary cer-tainty in a place the size of Wheeling did not come up to his standard. There ore he telegraphed to his friend: "Keep the hall hot!" And Wheeling heard no more of him. THE HEATHEN CHINES.

and delightful humorous writer was capital work on the Pacific coast.

those who now listened to Bret Harte, th DUNDREARY AND OTHERS. But I wonder if either of these men who

things to be forgotten.
It required an actor to give Lord Dun

That artist we shall see no more. Nor yet this other whom we remember as lovingly for the wholesome laughter he provoked in us—'Ned' Adams, the Rover, who rol-licked so hitariously through the pleasant growth of "Wild Outs." What robust, hearty fun there was in him! He was a prime favorite in Pittsburg, and his name is one to conjure with among old theatergoers. He was by no means a one-part actor; but the character of Rover seemed to be distinctively his, and his alone.

Another there was whom I saw only in

He played a notable engagement in Pittsburg in the old stock days, when Miss Dargon was leading lady at the Opera House. She was cast for the part of Rip's long suffering wife, and objected to the assignment, as being unworthy of her, I be lieve. But she played it, and with such effective vim as to make it a star part, fairly dividing the honors with Jefferson's Rip.
In days past no less than in days present

Does anybody remembers?" That was burlesque of "Pocahontas?" That was much of a favorite in Pittsburg years ago, and with its punning stroctices and its manifold absurdities was considered very funny. But its flavor proved weak in com-parison with some of the dishes that were

glish blondes were coming. They came, and then there was a reactive thrill of disappointment. The blondes proved to be not nearly so naughty as was feared. A man came along who dressed up elaborately in female apparel, and took the laughterloving part of the town by storm one sea-son. This was Leffingwell, who played the principal Wicked Sister in the burlesque "Cinderella." He was large of frame and robust of voice, and to see him sping the airs of a fashionable miss, and to hear him trying to simper in affected young-lady tones, tickled large crowds of people im-mensely. And, indeed, he was very funny; and even now the recollection of his antics moves to laughter. He did no harm with

Constipation F not remedied in season, is liable to

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benwillingly be without them."-G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carllele, Pa.

Ayer's Pills

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.