18

an excellent one, capable of making a forced journey; but he looked as if he had made it. The lad was tired out and fretful. The man was blind. All three bore signs

of the need of sleep. "Go yonder, Enoch," said the blind man wearily, "unto the first house you pass and inquire for food and drink and fodder for the ass. I will pay therefor whatever is required. You are weary and need food at once. Bring to me-but partake first your-self. I wait here with the animal. He whom we seek cannot be far away. We shall accomplish our errand to-day, God

willing, and return home as we came." When the lad had departed the blind man sank upon the ground beside the ass, and, keeping his hand closely upon the rein that the creature might not stray from him, he yielded himself, without the little disguise that he maintained before the boy, his guide, to the saddest of his thoughts. It had been a hard, and, so far, a fruitless journey. Traveling in the rear of a large caravan passing that way, he and his little companion had been, as chance had it, well pro-tected from such dangers of the trip as their defenseless condition might have subjected them to. Bui the object of the journey was still unattained. He was disheartened and perplexed. "Baruch," said a gentle voice close to the

blind man's ear, "whom seekest thou?" A vivid color shot violently across the

helpless face which Baruch lifted to the Speaker. "Master! Thou."

"And to what end?" "Master, that the wonder that thou

wroughtest may be confirmed." In hurrying, broken words, Baruch began

to tell the tale of the events which had over-taken Ariella; but in the midst of his own recital he checked himself abruptly, and in a tone of piercing conviction said: "Lord, I do but cast drops of water upon the Sea of do but east drops of water upon the Sea of Gennesaret, in making words with thee. Thou knowest my speech before it mounts unto my mouth; and all that occurreth to the maiden, thou knowest. Master, I am dumb, as I am blind before thee. Be mer-ciful unto me and save the maiden from her plicht."

an angel!"

Then he who stood beside the blind man did converse with him, in a tone that was wondrous fine and kind; and infinite pity dwelt within his voice, and it was like none other of the voices of men upon the earth The exquisite car of the blind man quivered before it with a sense of pleasure richer than the sight of those who saw. The Nazarene spoke with him of the length and weariness of the journey, of the uncertainty of his errand, of the persistence of his trust; and demanded of him whether he had felt no to Artella. Wonder, awe, delight, delirium dwelt in them. The two women who loved him stood dumb before that transcendent doubt of the wisdom of the undertaking in view of the difficulty of finding whom and between the opening and closing of an eve-lid I have beheld the maiden. Now do with me as Thou willest. \* \* \* Now, though I return unto my darkness forever, yet am I what he sought.

what he sought. "I expected to find thee," said Baruch simply, "and thou art here." "Believest thou," asked the Nazarene, with a sudden change of tone, into which something almost like sternness had crept, "believest thou that it is with the maiden as

I wrought upon her? "Lord," said Baruch, "had I not believed, had I been here?"

"Then do thou return," said the Nazarene in a deep voice, "unto thy place in Bethany. Follow my bidding, and go thou light regarded him soothingly; the wind had fallen; the angry waters of the lake back unto thine own house. There shalt thou be justified of thy faith; for it is mighty

The blind man started immediately. This seemed a poor ending to all his toil and travel. But he arose, and turned his face

"If the lad who guideth me were here," he said, "I did depart at once." "Baruch, blessed of God !" cried the

"Barnen, blessed of God?" cried the Nazarene with evident emotion, "again I say unto thee, hast thou naught to ask of Me for thyself?" "Lord," said Barneh humbly, "what have I to ask ? What thou doest to the maiden, thou doest unto me." "But," insisted the Rabbi, with what

citement of the day. Zahara herself slept like a little tired girl, Only Lazarus kept

seemed to Baruch to be a break in his own voice, "art thou then without a need, or a rest beneath the same roof which sheltered the woman of his love. Accident had thrown to him the treasure of a chance which, in desire like other men, that thou forgettest thyself in the case of another as a star is for-got in the midday sun?" the ordinary social course of events, would never have been his. He dreamed and

got in the minday sun? "Lord," said Baruch, after a long and tremulous silence, "if I had a thing to ask of thee, it were that I might look upon her face for the space as so much as goeth between the opening and closing of an eyelid, before I die. But I was born blind."

of the seventh evening. He dismissed his weary little guide with the ass and the wages at the foot of the familiar hill that rose to his mother's house; and being quite sure of his way, where every pebble, nay, every grain o' sand, was better known to him than neighbors and friends to men who see, he climbed the ascent alone. He was exhausted; but he was quiet and his face was filled with a divine light. He Lazarus brought these words out in a prompt, ringing tone. The man in him was aroused. His fine conscience was throbbing. At least, truth sat in his soul. To deny his friend by remaining in a false position be-gan to seem intolerable to him. Better even

see, he climbed the ascent alone. He was exhausted; but he was quiet and his face was filled with a divine light. He walked slowly, with his head bent; his heart was full of high thoughts; he put out his hand and groped for the latch of the gate. He displease Zahara. He had arrived as far as that. His breath came more freely, and he lifted his hundsome head. "Explain yoursell," said the priest curt-ly. Aunas had stopped his lordly pace through the garden, and the two men now stood still, facing each other beneath

gate. As he did this it was flung open suddenly,

stood still, facing each other beneath a clump of thick fig trees that hid them from the view of the villa. "The lady," said Lazarus in a low, dis-tinct tone, "was rescued by Jesus, the Nazaand a girl's voice cried: "Baruch! I come to seek thee, and thou

"Baruch! I come to seek thee, and thou returnest to me. Baruch! Baruch!" Then the blind man remembered the saying of the Nazarene, and he fell upon his knees at the grateway of his own home, and he bowed his head and clasped his hands in prayer. "Lord," he said aloud, "I call upon Thy name that Thou mayst be justified of Thy works, and mercy come to the maiden, who tremulousness of his desire to protect Zahara, "be it farther from me than from any man s dearer to me than eyesight to the blind." Now when this had happened, Baruch opened his eyes and lifted his face, and "bein all the world, to criticise the lady Zahara, or to question the truth of her words in whose soul honor itself maketh a white tween the opening and shutting of an eye-lid," the man born blind looked, and behold he saw. And what he saw was the fairest sight in

home!" "Then be so good," said the Priest, some-what mollified, but more than ever keenly observant of his guest, "as to explain to me the discrepancy in your own language." "The lady," replied Lazarus boldly, "was, in brief, too nearly dead to know who bore her from the water. She was unconall the world-the maiden of his heart's de-

an the world—the maiden of his hear's de-sire. Ariella, bending torward, panting a little with her flight from the house to the gate—Rachel, his mother behind her hold-ing high a torch that she had snatched to follow the girl—and the fire-red light of the torch shining all over Ariella's face and hear is benefit when in midcious from the shock and exposure. Judging from her state when I did first see her, body. Her eyes burned like stars in mid-heaven; her delicate lips were parted; ker I should say she must have sunk already twice beneath the waters of Gennesaret. She was snatched from death itself and laid cheeks were as red as the roses of Sharon, and her soft hair floated in the wind over her forehead and about her sweet face. Her upon the shore at my feet, not one moment too soon, believe me. He who did save her left her immediately and departed from me. I restored the lady, and I brought her to her father. My service to her began and ended thus and there." Annas had listened to these words with discussion but it was one mixed with disc slender form swaved toward the kneeling man; her white robe was blown against him; she stretched out her thin, little hands. "Thou God of my people!" cried the blind man, "have mercy upon me, for I do behold

emotion, but it was one mixed with dis-pleasure, incredulity and annoyance of the Now, at this, Rachel, his mother, gave mighty cry, and flung down her torch in ecstacy and terror. But Ariella restrained her, took it from the ground, held it aloft, keenest kind.

"You were prohably mistaken," he ob-served, "in the identity of the man who resand stood respiendent and self-possessed, as she had been an angel indeed. cued her."

"I was not mistaken," said Lazarus de-cidedly, "he is my friend. I know him well. As well could I be mistaken in the "She whom thou beholdest is only a girl, dear Baruch," said Ariella gently, "and blesseth thee." a drowning girl, Lazarus found her, trembling, panting and terrified, a brave and loving woman waiting for her lord. identity of one of the Sons of God, if I had met one upon the earth. He who did save They met with tears and smiles, caresses and cautions, hopes and despairs, with all Baruch stretched out his arm to her. He did not touch her. But he lifted seeing eyes

swimmer.

the tumult of the loving and denied. Their words were few. Zahara stood palthy daughter was the Nazarene, and none ther; and unto him is thine obligation and "He swam for her, I suppose," remarked the High Priest coldly. "He must be a good pitating in his arms. She was frightened at her own brave deed.

Every moment now was as dangerous as it was dear. "I did as much as that myself," urged

THE

was dear. "It storms so!" whispered Zahara. "I did not think it would be quite so wet. But surely no one will suspect me. Who will think I could be without the villa on a night like this? Rebecca guardeth my chamber and watcheth at the entrance to be meric. I do but do hither and do back Lazarus engeriy, "but the waters beat me back. You should understand that the lake was a whirlpool. I know no man who could swim a stadium upon a sea like that and bear a helpless woman on his arm. The bear a helpiess woman on his arm. The Nazarene trod the sea, as you, sir, do tread the path of this garden. He arose and walked and bore the maiden, and stepped upon the waters and conquered them and trod as a man treadeth a floor, and laid her on the shore and vanished, and was seen no let me in. I do but fly hither and fly back again, like a dove that returneth to its own nest. I love thee, Lazarus! I love thee, and I warn thee, trust not the High Priest my father, for he groweth distrustful of thee. And Lazarus, my lord, be not angry with thy Zahara, but I did fly hither to desire of more of me or of the maiden. This is the truth of God," concluded Lazarus, "and I

thee somewhat further." "Anything!" cried Lazarus rapturously, clasping the wet and trembling form of the girl to his heart, "anything thou desirest, that do I for love's sake, and thine own!" do tell it. Do you with me as you see fit." "It is an extraordinary tale," said the High Priest, not without hesitation. But life, so exhausted were the members of the his countenance had grown as stern as a "Then abandon the Nazarene," whispered stone intaglio. He turned upon his heel abruptly and without another word left his Zahara.

appointed. The precious moment came at last. Laz-

arus had made his journey unattended, ex-cept by a single servant, his confidential man Abraham, a fellow as silent as the great Sphinx. How Zahara had managed

her part of the meeting only Zahara knew. She was quite alone. It was a wild night,

stormy and dark; so stormy that Lazarus had suffered a thousand terrors lest his scanty comfort should be denied him. But there on the beach, in the desolate spot where the Nazarene had left her at his feet,

gnest standing alone beneath the fig tree. The position of Lazarus at the villa wa The arms of the young man dropped. He retreated a step from her and Zahara stood tottering alone in the hard weather. It beat take things easily; and from Annas to the lowest slave within the villa the reaction of oughly perplexed. For some days the High upon her, and she looked so tender and deli-Priest did not again receive his guest. The builder began his work in silent perplexity. cate and crully-treated as she stood there, daring the storm, and more than the storm, for his sake-that the soul of Lazarus was Zahara was invisible. Lazarus set himself to his task with an absent mind. Upon the third day he gathered himself and sent a

wrung within him. "Abandon the Nazarene!" repeated Zahara plaintively, "for love's sake and thine own, and Zahara's." "Anything else, Zahara!" wailed Lazadignified message to his host by voice of the

chief officer of the household; quietly re-questing permission to be allowed to return to his khan. Annas responded in person to this message. His manner was studiedly polite; but his eye was cold and guarded. rus, "ask of me anything but this, my own? Try not the soul of him who loveth thee as woman was never loved, by demanding o He began by entreating Lazarus to accept his further hospitality; adorning the request him the only thing he cannot do for thee, Zahara!" with the full flower of Oriental empha

"I must return," said Zahara dully. "My errand has been as naught. I am exis, as

hara. With a passionate kiss and a darting

motion quick as a bird's in mid-heaven,

Zahara released herself from his arms and fled back through the storm as she had

(To be continued next Sunday.)

IT WAS THE HAT HE MASHED.

Young Man Pays Twelve Dollars for Sit

ting Beside a Belle.

Along about the middle of the coach was

young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just

ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man

got on at Castile, who stood at the door and

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. In-

deed, I didn't-," "Fork over!" she interrupted, holding

"Twelve dollars!" "Exactly. You have mashed a \$12 bon-

"But Miss-but-"" "My brother Bill is forward in the smok-

ing car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock \$50 worth of jaw off your chin before

he gets through with you." "I'll pay miss." "That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh?

Twelve from 15 leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to kerplunk down beside anybody look out for

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't, you got off cheap. If you hadn't mashed the hat I'd have pulled \$25 worth of hair out of your head any-

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He

got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time

the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.

CHEATED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Lawyer Mouras the Loss of 4 Cents

One of the elderly well-to-do lawyers of

ago and endeavored to secure the return of

4 cents that he had paid as overdue postage

Wasted on Postage.

Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer.]

net, and 1 want the money."

New York Sun. 1

about you?

out her hand.

breakers."

SUNDAY, MARCH 2. 1890. PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

KE AND HIS MOTHER stinctively. Rebecca, the slave, saw noth-ing, or made as if she saw nothing. Lazarus scanned the silk, and concealed it in the folds of his talith. As soon as he could make an unobserved moment, he read the writing with wild eagerness. It ran like this in Aramaic Their Experience With the Reporters on Reaching Home.

characters: "Cancel thy contract. Leave Capernaum. At dewfall of the Sabbath after the Sabbath to come be on the shore of the lake, at the A MALIGNANT DISEASE REPORTED.

to come be on the shore of the lake, at the place thou knowest. Zahara." Lazarus obeyed this order without a mo-ment's doubt or hesitation. Upon the follow-ing day he represented to Annas that, as their relations had become strained and un-pleasant, it might be more agreeable upon her will were Published Accounts of Mrs. Partington's Lengthy Tour in Europe.

THE LAD GOES TO SEA WITH CAPT. SI both sides if the work upon the villa were delerred. The High Priest received this sug-WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

gestion with courteous regrets, but with evi-dent approval. He expressed the wish to pro-tect the builder handsomely from any pecu-niary loss to which the sundered contract A sedulous ship news reporter, while might make him liable. "Pay to my men the wages due them," re-plied Lazarus. "For myself, I prefer to meet the loss. It is naught. I have other engagemousing about the wharves for news, after

midnight, discovered the arrival of the Seven Pollies, with Mrs. Partington on board, and, giving the fact away, there were ments. I return to Bethany at once." Thus the High Priest and his builder 17 reporters, two hours before daylight, tumbling into the little cabin. Captain parted. Every show of courtesy attended the departure of Lazarus and his men, who were Pelton rushed out of his stateroom, armed attended far upon their journey by the offi-cers and servants of the High Priest. It was with a shotgun.

"What ever devil do you want?" said he. given out in Capernaum that the work was simply deferred until the family should be "Mrs. Partington," was the unanimous absent from the villa, the inconvenience of reply. "Can't be seen-sick with a malignant

CHAPTER X.

building during their occupation proving greater than was anticipated. distemper-got it myself, and if you don't Lazarus sent no message to Zahara. He thought it saler not to do so. Then, as now, go you'll catch it," said the captain, nerva woman often did such things more deftly, and with less danger. He returned to Beth-any, a silent, abstracted man, counting the hours till the meeting which Zahara had ously handling his gun.

They left without more ado, but stationed picket guard on the wharf and went to record the arrival of Mrs. Partington in the morning papers, with a full account of her dangerous illness, even to a diagnosis of her disease which was described as being of a

most malignant type. The first thing after the papers appeared, a health officer came running down the wharf and stopped Ike as he was going ashore to buy a pint of fresh milk for the

breakfast. "Don't come ashore," said the officia "till we've seen what this malignancy means;" and he pushed the boy back on the

Captain Si, hearing the talk, came up the ompanion way to learn the cause. "Are you the Captain?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir." "Well, why didn't you stop at quaran tine?" "Why should I?"

"Cause you've got malignant disease or board. "Who said so?" "The papers."

"Oh, I see. Yes, we all were malignant when waked before daylight by a band of reporters. Come on board and see for your-self." THE HEALTH OFFICER.

He entered the cabin where Mrs. Parting

ton was sitting at breakfast, partaking of it

Ike Stuffs the Reporter.



Electricity Chained to All Work That

of effort their forces withdrew, each prepared to draw upon prolific fancy for facts, and the diverse reports that ap-peared were living testimonials of phenome-nal genius. All had seen her and the ac-counts she had given of her disappearance and adventures were most marvelous. One assumed, from her own lips, to de-scribe her travels in Europe. She had hob-nobbed with Queen Victoris, and flirted with the Prince of Wales; had spent some time in Paris among the Parishoners, been to Cologne for the benefit of the waters, went through the Simpelton Pass to Switzerland, and to Berne to cool off; thought Mount Blank a small hill to cool off; thought Mount Blank a small hill compared with Mount Washington, and none of the Horns were equal to Powder Horn in her own vicinity at home; she had seen Rome, and the leaning tower of Pison, sug-

ing without drawing a crowd or even bring-

In a long stroll down Broadway one was

life of each man. THERE WAS SOMETHING WANTING. drays and express wagons over the pave-ment. When one entered a steam car he

gesting that it should be shored up, had sat down on the steppes of Russia; went to Naples to see Mount Vociferous, but it wasn't eructiating, and, in short, to close a column description, she had seen every ob-stacle of interest and had now come home to enjoy her opium cum digitalis in peace and obscurity. The report was a masterly effort and 15 editions of the paper hardly served to supply the immense demand. Ike's information given to the sentinel on to supply the immense demand. Ike's information given to the sentinel on the wharf was also published, with embel-lishments, illustrated with a cut, from an actual life drawing, showing Mrs. Partingout of one every time a car coupled or a front door closed. The house fronts were broad casements to ad-mit sun and light; but the windows

A Little Misstep.

HER FAREWELL TO IKE.

Ike Goes to Sea.

HOLDING DOWN THE DISHES.

Gamblers Suggest a Plan That May Help

Matters on Ship Board.

It has been suggested that plates an

dishes used on board ship should be fitted

with iron bottoms, so that by means of elec-

ton's mode of frying doughnuts. MRS. PARTINGTON'S COMMENT. "Belinds," said Mrs. Partington, after reading these things about nerself, "Belin-da, I've always had the presumption that Anonymous and Sophia were too severally dealt with for telling one lie, and Peter, who knew how it was himself, was the last one to condemn them, but my heart aches for them now, when we see lying like this, without any equivalent, and all the town laughing

SCHOOLHOUSE REFORM.

In suburban town the schoolhouse took the beholder's eye before any of the other town buildings. It was only the old house after the designs of 1890 remodeled, and the outside was simple as ever. Perhaps the and eramped the classrooms to suit the angles of the architect's fancy. There were roof lofts to keep out the baking heat of midsummer and the cold of January, there was ventilation without draughts and care-

It was remarkance that in an my arcentures in the pleasant region I did not once hear a woman complain of a weak back, or of trouble with her hired help. The void left by the disappearance of these two good old topics from conversation is not to be imag-REFORMS IN THE SCHOOLROOMS. topics from conversation is not to ined. Do you know the strangest thing I came

THE BOARDING HOUSE AND MARKET

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

the new order of things. For instance, the parlor one was shown into was not stuff, dark or in hideous taste. Absolutely the windows were down at the top, and the shades, set below the head of the sash, did not quite keep out all the air and light *xp*-proachable. There were no soiled lace cur-tains dragging half a yard on the ground to be stepped on, no bric-a-brae from auction stores to give church spire or the heavy cornice of a buildone bad dreams, but there were plenty of matches in a safety holder, a decent writing

ing a contemptuous glance from some matter-of-fact passer. A man hurring by made a misstep and fell, his hat rolling off into the street; but nobody laughed, though he was a caricature for a moment.

neither jostled or crowded. To be sure the street was not wide, but the principal reason was that nobody tried to walk on both sides was that nobody tried to walk on both sides of the way at once; but the up town and down-town stream flowed side by side as dis-tinct as two brooks. When a street car stopped or an elevator, or a shop door opened, people did not try to get in and out at the same instant in their present idiotic fashion. Those entering waited till the others got out and left the way clear; it was estimated at a syming of a construct of a min-

he door of a lift or street car; adding at least a year and a half available time to the Truth to tell, there began to be a terrible sense of something wanting everywhere. No jingle of street car bells, no thunder of

nissed the familiar slam of the door after cumbers and vinegar at you for daring to own such an out-of-the-way taste. When you liked beef well-done nobody persisted in sending it to you bleeding, and I did not once hear the phrase about "giving so much trouble" once in any boarding house during my sojourn. It seemed sometimes as if there was as much consideration really shown the boarders as to the kitchen maid, who as all know is the first neuron id. each passenger, which had once kept the sense alert for its torture. It had been found that small cushions of rubber along

mit sun and light; out the windows never rattled in a storm, nor did any draughts sing in the crevices. Every house was jointed closely as a lady's workbox; in-tolerable beading and molding giving way to plain doors, made like one smooth, broad plank of word, and decrated with psint-ments beau with accounts.

I mean a private dairy, not a creamery. All the butter and cheese were kept from each other in glass cases and the former was never sampled with the finger-nails of a customer. The meats were kept clean, cool and dry as possi-ble, and the trimmings from these and the outside was simple as ever. Fernaps the roof had a better studied pitch, and the pro-portions satisfied the eye, which the old could hardly be said to do. Still it was a kindlier edifice than the picturesque En-glish-Gothic school buildings with hooded roofs which shut the sun from the rooms d means of the sun from the rooms

little tramway running on a shelf through the intervening pantry. NO WEAK-BACKED WOMEN.

A small electric motor turned the ice eream freezer, sawed wood and pumped water from the great house cisterns, which proved after all the best way of supplying pure water to private homes in the coustry. It was remarkable that in all my adventures

across in my dream was a boarding house

where people were almost comfortable? It was the outgrowth and consummation of

table and a wastebasket in each room. The dreadrul, tall, carved bedsteads with high headboards, and the bureaus with drawers

be floated off to the Greenland whale. There were the lightest bedsteads and toilet tables

one could sit at to dress one's hair, big mir-

LOTS OF BATH TUBS.

Nobody ever thought of using another

person's bathtub any more than he did his tooth-mug. The silver-plated, polished tub in its leather case in the closet formed one

of the pieces of each traveler's buggage.

There was no satiu brocatelle and machine

vencer in the parlor, no "jurniture paint-

veneer in the parior, no "urniture paint-ings," but there were six clean towels a day and the bed-linen changed twice a week, and matresses aired as often. You went to market before breakfast, ordered what you

fancied, and the house served it for you at a fixed sum a week. What one preferred he

wanted wheaten grits instead of printer's paste of oatmeal' no landlady looked cu-cumbers and vinegar at you for daring to

who as we all know is the first person in a

house of to-day. And in those boarding houses people very seldom had to be re-minded their bills were due.

CARE OF THE FOODS.

The markets of that country were a trans-

formation of our ideas. People had begun to learn that a man's food had a great deal

to learn that a man's lood had a great deal to do with his quality as a man, and were careful accordingly. The markets where the new food was exposed to absorb any and every exhalation were literally as clean as the kitchens to which the food was next conveyed. No heaps of decaying offal were

allowed to taint the air and be taken up by the sides of beef and tubs of butter close by.

The meat markets and butter markets were totally apart from each other, and butter

being the readiest substance to taint in the world, its place was kept clean as a dairy-

you

had, and no comments made. If

rors and washstands, and, triumph of refine

ment!

Makes Women's Backs Ache.

In the city where I found myself one delight was that people were so well-bred that nothing seemed strange or needed explanation, if it were not obviously wrong or in bad taste. One might stop short in the street to admire the grace of a vine-draped

each side the glass had all been shipped to the source of the Gulf Stream or off by Tristan d' Acunha and sunk where they never would rise again or if they did would

estimated at a saving of a quarter of a min-ute each time over the ancient struggle at

the casing obviated all slam, and that deaf-ness was much rarer in consequence. People used to think that it was best for all sensibilities to treat them as coarsely as possible, stunning the ear with crash, piere-ing it with keen sounds, jarring the spine

ings or hung with enamels. Warmth and ventilation were the first things attended to in the houses, which were not half so ornate outwardly as those of 1890. The yards, the balconies, the roofs were the most luxurious little gardens shut in with glass for the winter, or rather with huge clear sheets of thick gelatine, which had come to take the place of glass for a hundred uses.

any equivalent, and all the town laughing at it. Poor Anonymous!" Mrs. Partington gave herself up to old-time pursuits and pleasures, illumining by her wise sayings every circle she entered. The boy Ike was still a family appendant, and, though a little subdued by time, was a "human boy" still, with many of his old characteristics. "Auntie," said Captain Si, "Ike is too old to be tied to your apron strings. He'll make a capital sailor. Why not let him go with me? I'll take good care of him, and make a man of him." This was an entering wedge, and the idea, at other times repeated, led her to think seriously of it, and Ike, not objecting, it was decided that he should go to sea. It was

hard to part with him, but she wanted him to go back and see their old friends, and this did most toward reconciling her to the ful warmth provided. The "schoolroom smell" was unknown, and the prevailing market fertilizers. It was beautiful to ride impression was not that of a manufactory of graduating classes, but a pleasant place railways, the walls of earth draped with "Well, go, dear," said she, "with my warmest interdiction; and, Si, don't let him learning. The scats and desks absolutely as comfortable go up the rope ladders at night, will you?

"Go upon thy way," replied the Nazarene solemnly, "take the lad who cometh and re-turn in peace. Safety travel with thee, and speed bring thee unharmed to thine own house! At the door of thy house, in Bethany, at the hour of thy return, fall upon thy knees and call upon my name, and between the opening and closing of an eyelid thou shalt he blessed of God for thy faith's sake.

But, when the lad came, the Nazarene had departed, and Baruch stood alone beside the ass. So they saddled the animal at once and returned as they came. And Enoch the boy wondered at this greatly. But Baruch said nothing to explain himself.

Upon the third evening atter the departure of her son. Rachel sat in her house at Bethany, oppressed at heart. A summons at the gate startled her strained cars, and she answered it herself, with the nervous haste of the anxious.

"Let us within, Rachel," loudly whispered a familiar voice, eagerly, "let us within, quickly, and shelter us in the name of the Nazarene." Rachel's face fell; it was not Baruch.

Two women stood there trembling. These were Hagaar and Ariella. "In the name of the Nazsrene, enter ye !"

cried Rachel. Hospitably and heartily she drew the two women within her door, breathlessly demanding: "How came ye here?"

"We walked," said Hagaar laconically in her bass tone. "But how came she here?"

"Ariella walked-all the way-like other

people. "Then the Rabbi was as good as his word. Baruch thought so, all the time. I confess when I heard the tongue of the people wag, I knew not what to think. But enter ye, enter, my neighbors, and sup with me." "I go as I came," said Hagaar hurriedly

"I return to the house of Malachi, for he is my lord, and I am subject to him. But over Ariella he shall tyrannize no longer, since I am her mother and have legs of my own and a mind to move them. All these days we have been prisoners in the house of Malachi, my husband, shame to him that I must own it to the neighbors. To-night, as God willed it, he did tall asleep until he doth snore, praised be Jebovah, upon the rug before the door. Then I arose and did pinch him to make sure of him, and I did pinch him as hard as I dared, for I found it agreeable; but he awaked not. So I fled in the dark with Ariella. And she moved as if she had wings upon her feet, and we ran here all the way, that we might free her. Take the maiden, neighbor Rachel, I pray thee, and shelter her till I demand her again of thee."

With these words Hagaar departed as unexpectedly as she came; leaving Ariella with her friend. "I told Baruch," observed Rachel dryly,

"that he might trust a she animal with her young, and Hagaar, the mother of Ariella, against Malachi, who was naught but a husband."

But Ariella replied not. She was cruelly excited by all that she had undergone. Her eyes and cheeks blazed. She seemed like a creature on fire. She could neither speak por rest. Her feverish glance shot about

the room inquiringly. "She misses Baruch," thought Rachel, "but she will not say so. Sit down, Ari-ella. Sit and rest and tell me all about

Ariella obeyed so far as to seat herself upon the nearest divan. But she told Rachel nothing at all. She looked at her appealingly. She seemed unable to articu-late for weariness or fright. "Thou art a poor lamb!" cried Rachel in

a more motherly tone. "How shall I com-fort thee? I would that Baruch were here. My heart is sore over Baruch my son, for he hath been lost from me, this is the third

day." "Baruch?" cried Ariells suddenly finding her voice, "Baruch lost? Let me go and find him!"

She sprang to her feet and bounded to the door wildly; flung it open, and dashed out into the night. Bachel followed her with a erv of dismay.

The blind man reached Bethany at dark you will desire to receive it."

the tenderest fancies, and sunk into the saddest despair. The situation seen from the lonely shore of the lake, in shock and etiquette from host to guest demanded. in the tooth of clasped upon his heart, was one thing; the nutocracy of love took hold of it and dashed it into the rainbow colors and shapes of hope. That Zahara must be his, somehow, somewhere, somewhen, seemed then only a matter of course, the simplest axioms in the problem of life. Now, viewed from the sills of Annas and the solitude of midnight and from the renewal of social conventions, the position of the lovers looked to be another matter. Lazarus stood aghast at it. How in the name of love's dearest dream was he ever to win for wife the daughter of the High Priest? If he could have snatche

"Lord," said Baruch, "I bless Thee that

blessed of God among all seeing men

CHAPTER XVI.

ANNAS AND LAZARUS FALL OUT.

The guest of the High Priest at Capernaum

ould not sleep. The rich, Eastern star-

were appeased; the luxurious couch of Lazarus wooed him to rest; perfect stillness

brooded upon the household of Annas; it

was more like the silence of death than of

High Priest's family. The experience of

the evening had been tremendous to the

stolid slumber succeeded to the nervous ex-

For him it was the wildest stimulant t

trembled over it. His heart thrilled with

omfortable, oriental nature, which likes to

the girl, and seized her, and away with her upon the fleetest camel of the desert, with Ishmaelite guards, unto some Ishmaelite home, and there cherished and protected her and adored her and kept her to himself forever! Visions such as his maddest moment new

knew, beset the quick soul of Lazarus. His nature had struck a tempest. In storms like these the calmest, the gentlest, the purest hearts go to wreck. Lazarus was in a moral whirlwind.

a moral whirlwind. His situation was complicated by the too ready subterfuge of Zahara concerning the manner of her rescue. He had fallen into her loving trap at the moment in sheer happiness and bewilderment. How contradict a lady? And she the idol of his life and the daughter of his host? But solitude criticised Lazarus. Midnight reviewed his position with severity. Sleeplessness said strange things to him. Darkness held mute

reproaches before him. Friendship and love wrestled together in his tormented sensibility. A touch calmer than Labara's recalled him. A face graver than hers re-garded him. Colder, purer, higher than the delirium of love, the eyes of duty looked into his own. That solemn figure, tall and stately, treading down the tempest, walked with sacred teet throughout his thoughts.

He remembered the Nazarene with a prothem? found self-scorn. As soon as it was dawn Lazarus hastened from his chamber into the pure, pink air. It was a peaceful morning. The lake lay like a sleeping baby in the cradle of the hills. The storm had freshened all the world. The colors of the trees and gardens seemed to throb with life. Lazarus stepped

out among the dew-dropping fruit trees with bowed and saddened head. It was with a sharp emotion, half pain, half pleasure, that he saw, as he turned back toward the villa, the figure of the High Priest advancing to meet him. Annas was slone. The two men met with unprecedented cordiality. The heart of Lazarus warmed toward the father of Zahara, and that of Annas melted toward her savior. The High Priest passed the

courtesies of the morning with his guest in terms of unusual heartiness. He began at once to renew his expressions of gratitude for the rescue of his daughter. It was then that Lazarus suddenly, almost violently, interrupted him: "Sit, I do wrong myself, and you. No longer can I endure this miserable position. It I tacitly accept the false, falseness enters

into me. I must undeceive you at once." "Pray, sir," said the High Priest, looking slightly startled, "to what circumstance or ircumstances can your language possibly

'To the strangest of circumstances, and the most difficult to explain-to yourselt." "Why indeed to myselt?" asked the priest, with a haughty curl of the lip, "am I so dull of intellect that the events of life

may not be made comprehensible to my mind?" Lazarus bowed, with a deprecating motion of the hand, which was reply enough to the sarcasm of the priest. After a moment's silence he said abruptly: "It was not I who saved the life of the

lady Zahara, your daughter. Would that I could claim a privilege too valuable to have been accorded by Heaven to me." The High Priest gave his guest a narrow look; quick as the flash of a scimetar, and accorded by sheatbad

as quickly sheathed. "To whom then-i "To whom then-if not yourself, my worthy sir-am I indebted for this heaviest

of obligation?" "To the last man in Judea from whom

Lazarus replied with equal courtesy epeated his desire to leave the villa. "It occurs to me," he said, "that it may more convenient for several reasons, and I pray your permission to depart. I am too much in debt to your politeness already."

Farewell, my lord, for I do tarry too long with thee, at too great a cost." She lifted her wet, sweet arms, and he took her to his breast. She lifted her beau-tiful lips, and he pressed them. If Zahara "The obligation is upon me, and it is eavy," replied Annas, with much manner, "and of the pleasure which it gives to en-tertain you, you must allow me to be the

"I have told you," said Lazarus frankly displeasure at that moment, Lazarus could have withstood her manfully enough. But "that you are under no obligation to myself. That burden resteth elsewhere, as I did her womanly, sad tenderness was a terrible

somewhat tardily explain to you." "It is expecting too much of me," an-swered the high priest, frowning, "to recogweapon. "Zaharal" he cried. "Zaharal how can I refuse thee, and how can I obey thee? Kiss me, and teach me 1 Kill me, or bless me ! How can I wrong my own soul? And how nize the obligation to which you refer. prefer to consider yourself as its representa "I must decline," said Lazarus in a can I grieve thine? "That is for thee to discover," said Za-

voice, "to be the representative of such beneficence, and such purity of power as far beyond me as the crown of Olivet is above the basin of Gennesaret. I must decline in an sense to represent one of whose least re-

membrance I am unworthy." "It is amazing to me," said the High Priest in a wary tone, "that a man of your intelligence should be thus deluded. The popular excitement about this fellow is growing a serious matter. Times are ripening wherein it may no longer be a safe play of the tongue for people of your sort to allude in this way to so dangerous a political charater."

"I must beg you to understand," replied Lazarus, "that I indulge in no play of the tongue when I do mention the name of him whom above all human beings I do revere." "There are those I am told," suggested the priest suavely, "who do not regard this pretender as precisely what may be called a human being. I learn that he sets forth imperious and awful claims. Know you of

"Ot that to which you refer I know naught," answered Lazarus distinctly. The two men looked each other narrowly in the eye. Lazarus was a poor disciple in those days; but at least he was no traitor. He

proceeded, with a fearless voice, to say: "As concerneth his politics, I know naught of them either. I have never regarded Jesus of Nazareth as a politician." "As what, then, have you regarded him?"

emanded the High Priest. "As the very best man, the wisest public benefactor, the tenderest consoler, and the truest friend I ever knew," responded Lazarus solemnly. "But, as for me, I am not worthy to testify so much as these poor words concerning him. As I have told you, I have been preoccupied—I have not ac-quainted myself of late, as I should have done, with his affairs." "So much the botter for row!" said An-

"So much the better for you!" said An-"So much the better for you!" said An-nas, sharply. "See to it, Sir Builder, that you drop this acquaintance, and you may find that the time cometh when you will thank me for a word of advice, which is the east I can offer to the rescuer of my daughter.

daughter." "I thank you for your good intentions," said Lazarus, after a moment's hesitating silence, "and appreciate them. But never-theless, I beg to be allowed to return unto my khan

"Remain at least until to-morrow," urged the High Priest; looking, nevertheless, re-

lieved by the determination of his guest. "I will accept your hospitality," said Lazarus politely, "until the morrow." That alternoon as the builder directed his men upon the walls of the new extension, the slave Rebecca passed upon some errand drawing so near that the wind blew her gar drawing so hear that the wind blew her gar-ments against him. She held a little silver cnp in one hand, which, as she passed, she was so awkward as to overset upon the ground. The contents were spilled, and Bebecca made a great show of distress. "Alas," she moaned, "it is the cordial for ma lade, and it is destroad!" the city called at the postoffice a day or two

"Alas," she moaned, "it is the cordial for my lady, and it is destroyed!" " Lazarus sprang to help the maiden, and to pick up the silver cup and its heavily chased cover from the ground. The cup was lined with gold. Some cool drink which it had contained was spilled entirely. But clinging to the bottom of the cup, Lazarus saw a bit of white silk upon which writing was inscribed. His ingers closed ever it in-

with all equanimity without a trace of of the road and to the anger of my father for thy sake—and thou refusest me, Laza-rus, thou refusest me a trifling boon that ease about her. She received him very

"Pardon me, ma'am, for intruding," said he, seating himself on her trunk, taken out for transportation; "we have a public dooty to attend to, and feel that the he lth of the any slave girl in Judea might demand of her lover, and not be thought presuming.

community rests upon us, and therefore if we are remiss down she goes." "Have a bit of toast and a cup of coffee," said Mrs. Partington, "you look delicate yourself, and some can't breathe the air of had shown anger or imperiousness, or cold

the docks with impurity." "I don't care if I do," replied he, "the air is a little freakish." In the meantime the sentinel on the wharf had collared Ike for an interview.

"What sort of a voyage have you had?" "Good, but for icebergs."

"See many?" "Thousands. Ran into one and sunk it." "Where were you from?" "South America."

"Did Mrs. Partington live there while wav? 'Yes: she didn't die there." "What did she do?" "Fried doughputs for an Indian king."

"Did she make anything by it?" "Make! You'd better believe she did. Brought back three trunks full of gold dust,

and diamonds as big as hen's eggs, enough to shingle a meeting house." "Isaac!" came a voice from below, and he

"Isaac," said Wrs. Partington, "this gen-tleman will tell you where to find your aunt Belinda; go and tell her I will come to her s soon as I can procure a curriculum. He was put upon a horse car and soon performed his mission, followed imme-diately by Mrs. Partington in a herdic.

looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down COMFORT IN A HERDIC. the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and crush, and he sprang up, to discover that "Good gracious!" said she, capsized by

sudden lurch, "this is more decomposing than riding out a gale. Dear me! there it goes again, and by the time I get to Belinda's I shan't know which end my head is on. I shall be all black and blue, and it will take a whole bottle of anarchy to ourse the depressive." he had sat down upon a bandbox and mashed it flat. "I'm so sorry-so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors. "Mister man!" she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got \$12 in cash

cure the depravity." She held on as well as she could, and, be mersed. yond striking her "funny bone" against the door frame and cracking a window pane



Ouite Decomposing.

reached her destination, where she was warmly welcomed. Cousin Si had told that she was coming, this voyage, and so they

Seven Pollies. Two parties are generally essential for an

and the absence of the one interviewed dero

and the absence of the one interviewed dero-gates from its correctness. Thus Mrs. Part-ington refused to be a party in that inter-view. For hours the house on Sycamore street was besieged by interviewers. The door bell rang an incessant peal. They en-vironed the house, boosted one another up to look into the bower windows, and one

swinging vines like those along the Bergen cutting, or the Hyde Park station on the Old Colony line. Every ounce of waste, as were absolutely as comfortable cutting, or the Hyde Park station on the as the chairs at the newest theaters, the school books were large print the market men phrased it, was hustled off the face of the earth and into it as fast as possible.

LAVING OUT NEW TOWNS.

trout and mackerel came gaily in season as

they used in colonial days, when a cat could

walk across Taunton river on the backs of

the fish. The factories were so picturesque with their lawn-like yards and towers hung

with ivy, their Italian loggias and awnings that I took them for editions of the Phila-

The end of this adventure came about in

because it was in the way of a new road.

theaters, the school books were large print with pictures and maps which pupils would remember as helps in after years. The teachers were polished, sincere friends to the boys and girls, and public opinion was It was interesting to see the new towns against those scholars who would not study and obey in school hours. In consequence laid out where the steam plow ditched and drained every rood the first thing, and of this class spirit, lessons positively closed for the day at 3 c'clock, and a troop of plowed and pulverized the soil a twelve-month before a spade was driven into it, to happy, hungry creatures streamed home to another sort of training in music and toolleave it in the healthiest condition. A damp cellar would have spoiled the leave of vork, garden or florist work of some kind. a house as surely as if a case of smallpox had been in it. No green, stagnant ponds work, garden or horist work of some kind, followed by games on the town green, where half the village met in warm weather daily, the younger ones to amuse themselves, the older to look on, and be still more amused. were ever seen on the outskirts of villages, or any mounds of rubbish. There was no rubbish any more, for it was all straightway Instead of gymnasium work, the games prorubbish any more, for it was all straightway worked up into iresh use and comeliness. The factories burned their own smoke; they could not afford to waste it, and they fil-tered all their waste water for the chemicals uded all the exercise for the full development of muscle and grace, with all the stim-ulus and play of spirit afforded by this tun. HOW THE CHILDREN LOOKED. it held in solution. No streams ran purer than those which passed the Massachusetts and Rhode Island factories, where the sea The children wore a thoroughbred look,

The children wore a thoroughbred look, and an ideal beauty which surpassed the marbles of sculpture. One thought the Goiden Age restored, and in some sort it was, or rather the happy age, in which one thing was notable, that all wore that erown-ing grace of wide-eyed candor, the luxury and hallmark hitherto only of race and those who could afford to despise the opinion or the opposition of their fellow men. Disfor he had a tendency of brains to the head and might be elusionary." And so he went, to become a man by and by, should he live and grow up, and reflect or the opposition of their fellow men. Dis-ciptine saved them from a hundred follies

by, should he live and grow up, and reflect honor on the name of Partyngetone, which came in with the Conqueror. "And where are the little girls I left?" as she so called a number whom she missed. "They were tired of being Missed," she was told, "and had got married." "Well, well," she replied, taking a pinch of snuff, and handing out her box with the remark that they didn't "take souff half the time;" "well, well, there seems to be a ma-nammonia among girls nowadays for getting delphia Art Club. You can see something like this improvement in the mills at Nor-walk, Conn., already, if you go down the which eat the fairness from the cheeks of children, and love, watch/ul and sincere, gave them a hundred pleasures unknown to common households. There was the great fact of affection, and being made much of, the proposal of an oldest inhabitant to cut down a tree several years older than himself which lends an exquisite charm to faces, and is the divinest inspiration for beauty and health for souls and bodies. The parents I seemed to remember in the old time had hardly time to tell their children they loved them, not time to sit in the firelight with their hands locked or straying upon their flowing hair, things so slight and yet so long remembered. which lends an exquisite charm to faces, nammonia among girls nowadays for getting married, but it is an honorable compilation, as the good book says, and acceptable of great happiness, if they only enjoy themselves. Bless them! they have my best wishes for their conjugation." She here switched off to a side track leading to other subjects and was soon deeply immersed. B. P. SHILLABER. long remembered. I was certain that the villages wore less of

and plunging. There was the usual smell of bilge water and black mud, a din of street cars and traffic, and I realized that the an air of smartness and the parti-colored Queen Anne houses had all neen remodeled and given plain coats of dark paint. But the country had turned garden, and in cities time of making things pleasant had scarcely begun. But a stranger looked kindly across not only the Back Bay houses and fashion-able churches were shrouded with the green the way, an unknown, woman picked up a parcel with sweet courtesy, a big policeman said "This way for the Sixth avenue line" with a good-natured smile, a boy was selling ivies, but the railway stations, the town halls, the tenements and workshops all wore Bon Silene roses, six for a quarter, and one felt as if there was hope of the plensant time in the next 25 years. SHIRLEY DARE. their

COOL AND VERDANT MANTLE. There were very few six-story buildings with elaborately carved fronts, in the insur-ance style, but all were well lighted, and airy, built on strong, simple, fible lines, the lines of use which ran into beauty

A Noteworthy Exception.

New England Road.

from the Kimball, South Dakota, Graphic. While the columns of the Graphic are unaware. But the interior of the homes of open to any and all unobjectionable adverunaware. But the interior of the homes of the suburbs were in singular and pleasing contrast to those I had entered but yester-day, that yesterday which seemed so far away. There was a mere leaving off of superfluous scallop and flower in the figure of the carpets, and flourishes in the carv-ings of the furniture, a choice of mellow instead of crude colors, simple lines instead of the search of the search of the search tisements, yet it is quite impossible for us to speak knowingly of the various articles of merchandise advertised. Particularly is this true of patent medicines. But there are exceptions occasionally, and a note-worthy exception is the celebrated Chamber-lain's Cough Remedy. This now univers-ally known medicine has been advertised in the Graphic for four or five years, but not until mentils had no an around inowlinstead of crude colors, simple lines instead of tortured arabesque, doors of one smooth piece in place of thin panels with their stiff, distressing lines and angles, and where people could not afford a good picture, thank heaven, they were willing to go without one. The rooms were all larger than I had been used to seeing yesterday, the paint fresher and the walls in better condition. The curtains were softly figured that had been used to seeing yesterday. the paint fresher and the walls in better condition. The curtains were softly figured washing stuffs, of lovely dyes, and the dif-ierence in price over the hideous plush and brocade gave some admirable devices for ventilation and relays of house plants in blossom, which made the air of the house delightfully soft and pure. There was no carved hall screen or paneling in the entry of the middle class house 1 was examining, but in one corner ran a lift (or sending per-sons and things to the upper stories. Each

of the middle class house 1 was examining, but in one corner ran a lift for sending per-sons and things to the upper stories. Each house had its elevator on the plan of a strong dumb waiter just as much as its tairway, and a lift to bring wood and coal for the fireplace. All the food from the kitchen was sent to the dining room by a

against which she was thrown, she soo were prepared for her. The reporter had taken a seat with the

authentic interview (as an autobiography or an autograph is to be valued by the fact of being written by the individual claimed),

So boin 1 in 10id Showed all his gold To the maid in the town of Tac, And sweet Wing Wee Eloped to sea And nevermore came back, For in far Chinee the maids are fair, And;the maids are false, as everywher —Harvard Lat

the manner described.

So bold Tin Told

Wing Tee Wce. Wing Tree Wee Was a sweet Chinee, And she lived in the town of Tac. And her eres were blue, And her curling cue Hung dangling down her back; And she fell in fore with gay Win Sil, When he wrote his love on a laundry bill. And, ob. Tin Told Was a pirate bold, And be sailed in a Chinese junk; And he loved, ab, me i Sweet Wing Tee Wee, But his valuent heart had sunk. So he drowned his blues in fickle fizz, And vowed the maid would yet he his.

driver, and, going on, had been seen by others of the vigilant craft, who, suspecting his purpose, had followed, and were ready, note book in hand, to interview the dis-tinguished absentee and passenger by the Savon Pollics