bably a complex one. For one thing, e excitement caused by these two memor-ble cures was enormous. Jerusalem felt it, and Bethany thrilled with it. A hint of

the probable presence of the Healer would

have turned the village into a camp, and the bridal party into the center of a mob. True,

it might have been a mob of respectable in-

tentions enough; but every poor wretch within call would have swelled it; cripples

and lepers crawled in the bridal train of

Ariella; and as to Jesus himself, who could

As the marriage train approached the

the beautiful custom of the Jews that who-ever met the bride or the burial party should

turn his steps and follow it. Etiquette required this courteous act of every stranger,

and peeded rest. He had a certain home-

tle distance, slowly, amost shyly, making

no sign of his presence. This man was the Nazarene. When Ariella put her foot zeross her husband's house, he stood still and extended his hand in silent bene-

diction. Having given this mute and beau-

tiful expression of his sympathy with the happiest marriage that Judea had known

for many a year, he returned as he had come; and no man had knowledge of his

When Lazarus and Zahara came forth

from the subterraneau passage at the alarm of the slave no person but Abraham was

.

with Abraham, said abruptly:

palace and its spacious grounds.

From his hiding-place, Lazarus could

waketh and awaiteth thy commands."

at the mouth of the underground passage

pbint. He made his own escape (in the darkness this was not a matter of difficulty),

so across the valley and the mountain,

in Foreign Studios.

Thought to be Advisable.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

During the past two or three years in

our artists need is the appreciation and prac-tical encouragement that comes from interest

and purchase.

Is it not time, with every material ad-

vantage that a great and peace ul nation could wish for, to foster a great national

chosen by a convention of our representa-

The following questions have been sub

mitted to some 40 or 50 well known artists.

and the substance of a lew replies should be

A SPECIFIC DUTY ON ART.

The Present One Is Stupid and Doesn't Pro-

tect Where It Should.

A very good foundation can be laid i

this country now and a student may, if he

studies with a trained artist here, go almost

as far in technical work-drawing and paint-

ing-as the average American student

abroad. As for the higher style of work,

composition, etc., he can learn it much bet-

ter abroad and he will also have the great

advantage of becoming acquainted with the

works of the old masters. Many of our artists who study in foreign ateliers lose their individuality and become mere imitators of their European masters. American artists are especially distinguished in landscape. Among figure painters who are American in

their treatment and choice of subjects are

Winslow, Homer, Hovenden, E. L. Henry, J. G. Brown, F. S. Church and others.

It would be an advantage to American

artists to have the best foreign works free, but many such works are bought merely or the name. Millet's "Angelus," for in-

stance, does not interfere in the least with the pictures here, and the artists are glad to

have such works come. The pictures that do interiere with the younger American artists are the cheap—I don't mean necessarily bad—pictures imported by the dealers, bought for 100 frances on the other side and

sold here for \$100. The dealer can buy his

pictures abroad and sell at a large profit here. He can advertise like a corn doctor

or a shoe man and push his wares. The eti-quette of art is almost as severe as that of

doctors of medicine, and so an artist cannot

reach the public in the same way a dealer

can. The prestige of foreign work as for-

eign has much to do with it. "The Duke's cousin is still the Duke's cousin, although

he may not amount to much."

I think that the stupid duty of the pres

imposed let it be a specific duty on all pic-

I would suggest that instruction by com-

petent persons be given in all our schools and colleges in the shape of lectures on the

history of art, illustrated by photographs

and other reproductions of the best pictures of the different schools. Drawing should

be taught in our schools, not as an accom-

plishment but as a training for eye and

A large collection of Braun's autotypes of

the old masters, for museums, schools, etc.,

framed and hung, would do more to educate

the people than many modern pictures. We can have but few of the old masters here

and Braun's autotypes take the place in re-

gard to them that casts do to sculptures.

Educate the mass of the people and we will

not have any more of the horrible abortions that disfigure our squares and the Central Park. The establishment by some rich man

service. See what Taine has done for art in France. We must not be in too much of a

hurry, we are in the same stage in relation to foreign art that Rome was to Greece, that

French art of the time of Francis I. was to

talian art, that English art was to the

Italian and the Flemish before the time of

No Young Artist Need be in Haste About

Going to Foreign Studios.

The landscapist can do very well without

an education abroad. We have enough

good pictures in landscape to show us the

est standards of foreign landscape art.

Nature must be our great teacher, and that

ve have here as well as abroad. In the

matter of figures the advantages are with the

students abroad. They have all the aculities

of models and costumes with most perfect

school systems. We have here advantages

sufficient to give a student an excellent

foundation, so that he need not be in haste

to take himselfabroad until he is sufficiently

advanced to profit thoroughly by the best

he finds there. If he has talent and deter-

mination I believe be can reach a high

point without it. Several of our eminent

rtists may be cited as instances.

The American school, I think, is still in

embryo. The germ is here, but we have hardly yet an art which can be called dis-

still reflects strongly the influence of foreign thought and methods.

No more or better pictures would come to

this country if the tariff were entirely abo

for a single picture, I think 30

ished. When Americans can pay \$100,000

more or less, is not going to deter them from

American. For the most part it

PERCIVAL DE LUCE.

ent time should be taken off, and if any

tures painted later than 1850.

tive artists?

25 per cent, is evident to all.

The fiddler seemed crazy with delight, the floor rocked from the energy of thick boots, and waves of radiant tabrics rolled above it like the waves of the sea. Everybody seemed inspired, the elders, as spectators, beating time with their canes, when, in the light of the dance Mrs. Partington leit her midst of the dance, Mrs. Partington lest her



chair and floated into the arena, her spectacles aglow with her animation, and all stood back, as she went through a graceful figure something like the figure 8 on the floor, to the delight of everyone. It was the event of the evening. "I couldn't help it," said she as she took

er seat; "that music was so enervating that I could not restrain my exorbitance." She fanned herself, while the young prepared for games, over which Mrs. Partington pared for games, over which Mrs. Partington was installed as umpire, her seat near the open door leading to the kitchen. She was fully equal to the position, and the forfeits she imposed called for no arbitration. "Kiss every girl in the room!" was the energetic edict, and the way the young men obeyed it showed wonderful confidence in her judgment, some of them repeating the infliction many times. The fun was at its

height when a faint scream from Mrs. Partington caused a suspension, and it was dis-covered that her face was held between two hind her chair, smiling pleasantly. It was the good-natured face of a small man, with curly hair and side whiskers, and was evidently a surprise. In vain were her effort o extricate berself. 'Guess who it is," came a hoarse whisper

American art interests?

J. B. CARBINGTON. to her ear. The voice went to her heart, where there is no concealment, with love for interpreter. "Isaac!" she dried, and fainted away. It was, indeed, lke, just returned from sea, and with him Capt. Si, who had kept in the background, and when Mrs. Partington became conscious she bent on the intruder a look of half doubt, the whiskers,

at first preventing identification.
"Oh, you imardimate boy!" said she, "how could you complicate me by your ab-trusiveness? But I am so glad to see you that I can't hold any 'mosity, and you are just in time for the conclusive end of Thanksgiving; and Si, too, 'sail in,' as we used to say at sea, and enjoin the fun."

Never could there have been a happier woman in the world than Mrs. Partington



The Thanksgiving Goodbys she watched the tricks of Ike among the

girls, some of whom knew him, but it made little odds whether they did or not, his whiskers winning him universal favor. These were a source of great wonder to Mrs. Partington, who wondered "where under the canister of heaven" he could have got

The sports did not end till the candles burnt down to the sockets, and some had to be renewed, but the spirits of the participants seemed to burn brighter at the last, and all gathered about Mrs. Partington to bid her goodnight and goodmorning, giving her three cheers as they trotted away into the

"Now, dear," said Mrs. Partington to Ike, "you must go to bed, and in the morning tell me all about your adventitious discrepancies, and where you caught your whis-kers, and if there is any danger of their

striking in."

Ike blessed her good night, leaving her heart in a state of thankfulness far greater than she could have anticipated. "The happiness of an occasion," said Mrs.
Partington next day, "depends very much
upon how people enjoy themselves, and certainly I never knew an occasion where everyone was apparently so perforated with delinquency.

Ike remained but a few days at the old

of a chair of æsthetics at the National Academy of Design would be of very great homestead, and then bidding Mrs. Partington farewell, he walked away to the Nip and Tuck Railway station. He turned at the last point of observation and saw the dame waving a white cambric benediction after him, which he returned, and then paid attention to a dog who was smelling him to see if he was good to eat.

B. P. SHILLABER. A LAND OF GOLD.

The Unexplored Basin of Northern Washing ton From Which No Water Flows. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

lated range.

Every stream flowing down the interior sides of the range, which is almost circular, must carry down to the plains and valley from the mountain ledges large deposits o the precious metals. Presumably, these streams meet in a common point, the lowest in the basin, and there, no doubt, form an immense lake, which with the ocean by a subterranean outlet. This belief is based upon the fact that from the basin there flows no stream of water

HOW MAD A WOMAN CAN GET! A Lady Wouldn't Use the Posteffice Becaus

purchasing anything. American artists, I believe, are as a rule in layer of a removal the Doors Didn't Suit Her. From the Detroit Free Press. 1 of the tariff on pictures. I think on general principles all educational works should The storm doors on the postoffice building be free. There are many pictures imported here which are of no value to us educationopen outward, as all public doors should. Thirty out of every 40 people who enter the postoffice, no matter how often they have ally, but are clever, poor things purchased by speculators for a song abroad and sold been there, give a jump on the doors, figurhere for three or four times their original ing that they open inward. Saturday toreprice. I favor, therefore, a specific tariff of noon a lady got out of a carriage and atsay \$100 on each painting, drawing or sculp-ture. This would be largely prohibitive tempted to pass in by the inward bang, but it was no go.
"Those doors open outward, ma'am," said when applied to poor work and decreas-ingly light on valuable works, accepting

ing its readers regarding the true art worth of our best workers and exposing the imposition of much foreign work upon us which has no intrinsic value, but is bought at in-EDUCATING ARTISTS.

National Encouragement. Our schools are only preparitory to some Free Admission of All but Cheap Works foreign atelier. In the French schools it is very common to see working with the rest, men who have taken medals at the Salon, and still more common, men who have THE ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN ART worked six, seven and eight years. The standard of such schools must necessarily be high, and such elements are totally lacking in American institutions. Yet I conwatching the great sales of paintings I have sider the opportunities for acquiring a techbeen impressed with the general interest in nical knowledge in the New York schools fully equal to those of the average Parisian and preserence for the works of foreign artists, especially for those by French

atelier, as far as instruction goes.

There is a so-called school of American painting, but one which I think will furnish painters. Our galleries, public and private, are full of examples by foreign painters, and o elements toward making a future national that there is ample market for them and a art—the outcome of the various schools which we have absorbed and which it is to "living profit," notwithstanding a duty of hoped will some day simmer down to some-thing which we may call our own. A ree Many thoughtful judges are inclined to attribute neglect of native talent to ignorant entry of art would eventually have the effect of jurnishing our museums and bringing us more face to face with good work. indifference, and to the effect of a certain fashionable vogue that makes the possession

The most important incentive to the adof foreign pictures a criterion of taste. A celebrated French artist has informed us by the Government of a country in the shape of commissions for decorations, statues, etc. It is impossible to calculate the good that has been done for art by the French Government in its relation with that here in America we have one of the masters of landscape. Every French salon holds examples by American artists that compare favorably with those of their foreign artists. Such patronage is almost the sole encouragement nowadays to the production competitors. We surely have enough native ability, enough of the art instinct. What of great mural decorations, and it is to be regretted that it does not exist here. H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY.

TENDS TO MANNERISM.

academy, one that we could proudly com-pare with those of France and England? Why not have a department of the fine arts at Washington, with a department minister Work in Foreign Studios Often Leaves One Without Originality.

The free circulation of foreign art by past ind present masters that would be likely to flow westward by the free admission in connection with the good schools we already have, would be in itself an art education. I tear that work in foreign studios freof interest and value: Can a thorough art quently tends to mannerism rather than to education be acquired in America? Do you think work in foreign studios essential? Is originality, the student too often forgetting that the reason of excellence in all art is there an American school of art? Would the free admission of foreign paintings be an less the requirement of the methods and processes of masters or schools than the study of nature itself. Study is but the advantage to American art? Have you any suggestions as to a method of advancing education of an inherent power, and some of our embryonic painters seem to forget that the essence of art is born in a man, not manufactured. The question of tempera-ment largely involves the question of excel-

Is there an American school of art? Doubtful; often strong individuality, but not enough to make a school. I think the Government has it in its power to help American art, not only by free admission, but among other things by finding a yearly sum to purchase and encourage serious and ambitious work, thus enabling many able artists to produce noble efforts who are now of necessity employed the greater part of their time on mere "pot boilers." We have now arrived at a time when our Government can safely afford to do what other countries have done, and so possibly found an "American school."

HARRY FENN.

TRAVELING SCHOLARSBIPS.

Policy That Might Advance Art If Kept Apart From Politics. We need study abroad. A man who has not seen the old masters is no more thoroughly educated in art than is one thoroughly educated in literature who has not read the Greeks. There is hardly an American school of art-as yet nothing more than the promise of one. National schools of art are the outcome of national peculiarities of temperament, and such art as we have is necessarily American. Beside, we have not enough good art of any sort, as yet, to dig-nify with the name of a school.

I think the removal of all restrictions on The best method of advancing American art would be to make importation tree and then let art alone to take care of itself. Traveling scholarships might do good if we could be certain to keep them apart from polities. KENYON COX.

BLAMES THE CRITICS.

They Should Study Home Art Closer and Write With Intelligence.

A thorough art education can with difficulty be acquired in America, yet I do not think work in foreign studios 'essential. There is no American school of art. I think the free admission of foreign paintings would be an advantage.

If writers would take the trouble to find

the good qualities which exist in works of art produced here instead of taking the easier and common course of adverse criticism, perhaps the public might sooner learn that the average of art here is as high as any-where. But such criticism demands knowledge of the subject, while the usual adverse criticism does not. F. D. MILLET.

MISCELLANEOUS OPINIONS.

They All Favor Free Admission and Suggest Various Improvements.

I think a thorough art education can be acquired in this country. There is hardly an American school of art, for there is too much imitation of foreign work and not enough self-reliance. Free admission would not be of benefit, because we are now overstocked. I think elementary instruction in art should be given in all our public schools; that everyone should grow up with some knowledge of art and beauty and a love of nature as applied to it.

J. F. CROPSEY.

No art education is complete without an acquaintance with the masterpieces of the world held in foreign galleries, but a good technical training can now be obtained at home. We have no school of art; localism of subject does not form a national school. A more generous patronage of the work of American artists, removal of all duties on works of art, endowment of some of our self-supporting art schools and the establishment of traveling scholarships would do much to advance our art interests. J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

I do not think work in foreign studios now-since we see good things her sary. The free admission of good works of art would undoubtedly be beneficial, as the more good work we see from any source the better. As to advancing American art I believe if our wealthy men would discrimi-nate justly they would readily purchase the work of our painters. If this were done no other method of encouraging art would be R. SWAIN GIFFORD. needed.

Work abroad is essential, because there is forced standard in drawing and in the knowledge of anatomy and in technical skill, by which all students are judged. Of course, one may acquire this skill without being a great artist, but a great artist is greater for having it. Free admission would be an advantage. I should say that we have no American school, and I think in the tuture there will be less and less difference between the schools of different countries. ROSINA E. SHERWOOD,

Visiting the pictures of the ancient mas ters in some of the best galleries abroad is essential to a thorough education, which cannot, therefore, be completed in America. As to advancing American art, anything ending to convince individuals or the publie that art is a very serious thing and not a mere diversion or decoration in the lighter A COTTAGE FOR \$800.

Design for One That is Neither Commonplace Nor Tawdry.

dise in Hot Weather.

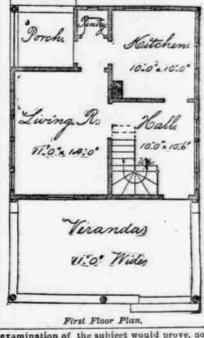
AMPLE STOREROOMS AND CLOSETS

One of the most exasperating of inanimate things is an ugly building. It offends the eye as grievously as a vile odor offends the nostrils. It should hide its head for shame, but it presents as bold, o ten a bolder front than any of its grace ul neighbors. It ought to grow weak in the knees, so to speak, and fall to the ground, but it usually has great strength and durability-more's the pity.
Its ugliness is like a gratuitous insult-entirely unnecessary, for the materials which compose it might have been shaped by the labor which built it into a form of beauty.



It is perfectly safe to estimate that of every 1,000 houses, great and small, built in this country during a period of 50 years, at least 900 were as devoid of pleasing archi-tectural features as so many dry goods boxes. It is not difficult to name large and

ant structures are built except from well-considered and approved designs. But there



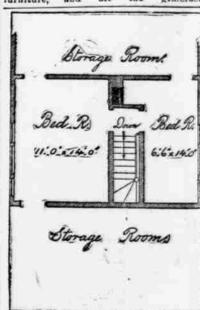
zens are well housed.

The small design that illustrates this arfeatures, yet the interior is comfortable and

attractive. General dimensions-Width, 22 feet 6

Exterior materials-Foundations, stone first story. gables, veranda rails and roof,

hold trunks, "heirlooms," worn-out furniture, and all the gimeracks



be less.
Feasible modifications: Heights of stories,

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

Zahara responded by a piece of papyrus on which was written: "Live thou for Zahara."

"If I have thee not, I die."

incribed:

CHAPTER XX. DISCOVERED AT LAST. The winter was nearly over. About that time in the year which corresponds to the first week of the month of February, as known to our calendar, the underground corridors between the Temple and the Palace of Annas became the stage of thrill-

ing scene. The impatience of the separated lovers had now pushed aside the warnings of prudence. Luzarus and Zahara had agreed to meet at the old rendezvous; Abraham and Rebecca, faithful tools of the adventure, and the only medium of communication, had done their docile and sympathetic part in yourself?" the affair. The evening and the hour had

arrived. Lazarus found both more difficulty and more ease than he anticipated in approaching the corridor from the temple. Priests were abundant and attentive. The builder was obliged to watch his chance by the warrest. It even occurred to him that his unto you and meet your demads, it you will motions were observed by special order; but allow me to do so without the scandal of he abandoned this theory when a sleek young Levite with whom he was conversing deliberately interrupted the interview, and, begging his pardon for leaving him a moment, moved off to obey some summons from the altar, promising to return immedi-

He reached the extreme end of the passage something past the hour appointed. It was empty and still. He pushed the great slide softly. It was a cold night and, fortunately, Annas, suddenly casting off the disguise of dark; but without rain; there was frost upon the grapevine, which hung with shriveled leaves, a scantier shield than it used to be. know not the true nature of your abomin-

"Lazarus!" and he had her in his hungry

of what do lovers talk after a three Think you that I do not recognize in you, months' separation and in face of detection, disgrace, and death? At first it seemed to daughter of the High Priest of Zion?" Lazarus that words were as idle as the drip-

nor any other coherent thought had for some time any distinct lodement in his mind. He had her. He held her. His lips groped in the dark for her eyes and and soft cheek. Her sweet breath mingled with his own. He had not dared bring a lamp into the passage this time, and the lovers put up their hands and felt for and felt over each others' features like blind

"It is like meeting in the tomb," said Lazarus with a sudden shudder.

"Thy cheek hath grown thin, my dear lord," whispered Zahara mournfully. "It is hollow beneath my finger-tip. Thou palest, thou weakenest—thou diest."

"Better death, than life without thee, say what would have been done unto him by the clamorous people? They were capa-ble of snatching him to death or to a Zahara," replied her lover hopelessly.
"Nay, then my love, thou losest courage, house of the bridegroom, a traveler coming from the direction of Jerusalem observed it at a distance, and stopped suddenly. It was and the heart of man. Have cheer, own. Take it from my lips!"

She li ted her warm face.
"Thy kiss would give a man life though he did lie in a sepulcher!" breathed Laza-rus in a different tone. "Now, by the memory of Eden, and the love of our first parents, Zahara! I will not die for thee -neither will I live without thee, but I will

no less than any friend. He who stood watching the bridal procession of Ariella and Baruch was a grave and weary man, with the aspect of one who had traveled far have thee to wife!" "But how?" asked Zahara with a sweet timidy. She had no faith in the possibili-ties of the situation, but she liked her lover's willful words. Less Princess now, less look, pathetic to see, which showed itself in his very attitude, and the slow, sad motion of the head which he turned to view the happy scene. His first purpose seemed to be to shrink from it, step into the shadow and all woman, she gainsaid him not, but clung to him and trembled silently. "There is but one way, Zahara," cried Lazarus yehemently, "I know none other, and thou must take it if thou lovest me as a of trees by the roadside, and there remain concealed. This he did for such a space of time as the procession required to pass him. No person observed him. When the bridal train had swept by him, the man stepped forth and followed it. He walked at a litwoman loves, who will wed and obey her

lord. Thou must leave all and follow me. "But whither?" devanded Zahara, characteristically. Zahara was very much in love, but she had the calculating temperament. She did not plunge headlong even into delight. She might have made a very good Arab, but she had been a princess too long. She temporized and reasoned and ob-jected, even while she clung to her lover check to check, with maddening, soit arms about his neck.

"Break loose from it all !" entreated Lazarns, "Thy palace, thy father, thy past, thy world! Let it go, Zahara, for love's sake! Enter thou mine! Accept thou the life of thy husband and thy worshiper!"
"Tell me then—what life? How do we manage? What dost thou mean?" persisted

found to be in sight. Lazarus dertly and swiftly replaced the slide and drew the thick grape vine closer to it. The night was very dark. The rain beat against the Zabera. "Yield these secursed beliefs and follies that separate us!" demanded Lazarus more imperiously. "Come thou bravely unto me and say unto the world: 'I follow the taith vine, and dropped heavily from leaf to leaf upon the trembling form of Zahara, who shrunk within the frail shelter, not daring of my husband! Let me away from the whole barking crowd—priests—temple, people. Let us choose the better twith, the simpler life. Let us join the career of the best and noblest man in all Judea, and go forth to venture she knew not what. Lazarus, having exchanged a few whispered words Zahara, my own, there is no gainsaying the matter, we must part and that at once. from this place as his disciples go, respected

One kiss, my love, one more, one more, one more. Now return thou to the palace of and free, into other lands—"
"I do not understand thee," interrupted
Zahara, shrinking a little from Lazarus. thy father, with all speed. Rebecca awaits thee at the upper terrace. I go, but I go "Oh, my love, play not with me," en-treated Lazarus, "I do but speak plainly. I see no other road to happiness for thee and not too far to watch for thy safety, and see that thou makest thy way to thy handneither dared to say, that this might be their last meeting. They clasped and sobbed, and turned their faces from each other. canst no more be mine than the sun in mid-heaven, and that thou knowest well. As went their ways. Lazarus and Abraham ran along the terrace, keeping close into the shadow till they were beyond immediate we meet here, beneath the surface of the sweet earth, at peril of thy good name and danger of detection. Then dismissing the slave to the highway, Lazarus concealed himself in some shrubbery and watched the my poor life-so must our love crawl under-ground, a dark and deadly corridor in which two souls shall grope and stifle unto death. Break thou forth right bravely! Be At first he could see nothing, it was so dark and the storm beat so in his face. Suddenly, a light flashed, and went out. It more thou, most womanly, Zahara, and choose the path that thy lord's feet must was a single torch, extinguished by a quick order; but the momentary glean had re-vealed the figure of the High Priest, foltread. I have worldly goods; thou canst not suffer at my hands for the daily needs of thy delicate life. Follow me, Zahara! Follow me among a people who will reverence thee and me and the love we bear each lowed by a guard. Annas was searching

other. Follow me to a new life—new hopes—new faith—new deeds—new joy."

"And call the Nazarene my master?" asked Zahara in a cutting tone. Her arms hear occasional voices, but no words. Noth-ing was to be seen or heard of Zahara. Lararus suffered torments of anxiety.

Presently, the sound of quick, light feet dropped from the neck of her lover. She turned coldly. He could teel her pliant figran across the wet terrace. A woman's gar-ments fluttered in the storm. The shrill ure grow rigid and straighten haughtily.
Suddenly she trembled, all her muscles

rouse of Rebecca called to the High Priest: relaxed, and she began to sob. "My lord, I bear thee good tidings. I She hath so hidden herself behind a curtain that I did overlook her—I nray then me, my lord, and hasten to her, for she the darkness, companion of their hiding place. It was the stealthy groping of a human hand. The slide which closed the The torch flared out again. The High Priest and his guard, none too smiably, putroled the grounds and returned to the pulace. Luzarus fancied that they lingered

"Hide thee, hide thee, Zahara!" com manded Lazarus, in the hissing whisper of agony. "Fly thou down the corridor, where too long; but he dared not stay to decide this tis darkest to the eve. When the light enters keep thou me in sight, but stay thyseli beyond it. Farewell, and God keep thee!" and gained the public road unobserved, and A little to his surprise—for there was no counting upon Zahara—the girl obeyed him; with one swittly penitent kiss she darted and fled as he commanded. drenched and dreary, he reached home and

Danger for the present was over. But the Lazarus stood still in his place and watched the slide open. He was unarmed. result of this alarm was serious enough. Lazarus dared not, for Zahara's sake, re-He could only meet his fate-like a woman peat their audacious meetings, until all sushe thought; or a coward. The slide moved picion, if any existed, were worn from the cautionsly. The faint starlight iell in; the night air rushed; the leaves of the grape-vine rustled crisply. A figure, like the figure of a guardsman, knelt between the mind of the High Priest, by time. The lovers were now entirely separated. Beyond an occasional message ventured through their confidential slaves, they had no comvine and the passage, peering in. Behind him appeared a form resembling that of the munication. Winter set in. Zahara re-mained or was retained closely in the palace young Levite who was called away so opporof her father. It seemed to Lazarus that death could not be worse than this. He tunely in the Temple. Lazarus made no motion. The figures retreated; voices con-sulted in whispers; feet crushed the vine; a torch flared; and the High Priest, tall and One day he sent her a scroll on which was awful, towered against the light. Lazarus had not abandoned his position near the entrance. He had made up his mind to face alone whatever happened. Annas and Luzarus looked each other silentiy in the eye. Both men were deadly pale-one from

rage and one from mortal peril. Both were perfectly self-possessed The High Priest spoke first. "I pray your pardon, sir builder; but may I be so bold as to inquire your errand in a spot sacred to the Temple of Jehovah and the service of His ministers? It must needs be an important one that finds an honorable man such as yourself sneaking apon privacy which a son of the desert would respect." "My errand is without dishonor." swered Lazarus composedly, "it is needless for me to explain it. My word would

scarcely have value for you under the circumstances. 'Possibly not," returned Annas with a

"I pray," urged Lazarus with a change in his tone, which suddenly broke into an agonized appeal, "I pray, for the most sacred of reusons, which would be urgently appreciated by yourself, did you comprehend them—I pray you to allow me to depart in peace until I reach the Temple exit. give you my word that I will return again

interference. "The honor of a skulking man is a poor guaranty," replied the High Priest trigidly, you will not experience surprise if I de line your request."

"I am in your power," answered Lazarus, bowing drearily. He listened with held stely. It is needless to say that when the Levite came back Lazarus had disappeared.

If the priest had looked at the tapestry which hung before the marble slab that closed the corridor, he might have seen the fine material tremble slightly, as a thing does which has recently been set in motion.

Whether he cast an eye in that direction or not, however, Lazarus was not there to see.

He reached the corridor that are seen the fine black throat of the corridor vawned silently beyond the line of lessening light where the glare of the torch died. "I am in your power," repeated Lazarus.

"Which I propose to exercise," said the High Priest coldly. "Guards! Advance! Whatever be your business, my ex-builder Lazarus dared not speak; he listened in an able business? Think you that I have been agony which mounted to eestacy when he heard the delicate, quick fluctuations of a woman's panting breath. Two passionate whispers crossed each other:

"Zaharn!" and he had be in his household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have not pentrated your scandalous design? That I have not pentrated your scandalous design? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? That I have been a gullible, easy old man, blind to the honor of my household, and negligent of the virtue of my daughter? sacred, secret avenues of the Temple were converted into the scene of a low love affair?

"Now, by the great name of Jehovah, reping of the dew from the dank root of the vered by Sadducee and Pharisee, by priest wault. It was frosty, by the way, for so much dew; and it occurred to him once to wonder where it came from; but neither this purest, the whitest, the most sacred in the vent cholera, and so on through all the ever-

land of our people! I swear that the character of this lady shall be protected. I cail you to witness, ye guards of the High Priest, that I challenge to mortal combat, though I am a man unarmed, him who has uttered these base words against the fair name of Zahara!—"

With this, maddened by very helplessne With this, maddened by very helplessness and blind with rage, Lazarus sprang, as young blood will, desperately and hopelessly, upon his tormentor. A cold laugh replied to his futile and foolish movement. There was a low command, a, swift movement, a grating sound, and Lazarus bounded against the solid slide, which closed violently in his face. A few dull strokes followed by resounding blows, and Lazarus realized, to his horror, that the exit from the corridor was forcibly shut, and he and Zahara were

Lazarus gave a mighty push against the inert stone. He tugged with ferocious te-nacity at the brazen ring. He listened with ear against the clammy slab. Footsteps deadened to his hearing. A low jeering laugh echoed in the distance and Lazarus was left alone. No, not alone! "Zahara!" he cried in anguish, "Zahara!"

There was no reply.
"God of my fathers! Where srt thou, O
my love!" He groped with hands and feet along the black sha t. In its steep descent he stumbled. His fingers touched the hem

of a dress. With delicate reverence his hand sought her face.
"Zahara, my love! I am here. I am thy Lazarus. Thou art not dead. Would that thou hadst never seen my face! Then wouldst thou be safe in thy father's house." Never before had Lazarus reproached him-self for the love he had inspired in this regal girl. Zahara still stood. Her two hands supported her. Their palms were turned backward each upon the damp, un-even stones. Lazarus took one and kissed it and warmed it on his breast. Then the girl sighed deeply, and muttered something in a drowsy tone; it was not easy to tell what; she looked at him stunidly; he

thought she spoke of a supper with Herod, and called Rebecca to dress her.

"Jehovah guide me!" groaned Lazarus.

"Her reason hath fled from her!" He dared not touch the lips of the half delirious girl. Zahara had a brave nature. But no woman delicately reared in gold and purple can bear such a situation as this unmoved. The horrible darkness, the deadly dampness, the peril to life and lover, the terrible words of her father had mounted to her brain like a deadly drug. But Lazarus knew too well that he had no time to lose in tenderness o anxiety. His only hope now lay in forcing an exit through the Temple-blinding or bribing the priests-and conjuring Zahara somehow to safety in the outer world. Without delaying to restore the girl, he snatched her and dragged her through the shaft in the direction of the Temple, making such speed with his precious burden as he miserably

In the necessary roughness of the mad and desperate rush Zahara's wits began to clar-ify. The descent had now become perilous. She spoke confusedly.
"Where are we, Lazarus? This is not the

"No, sweetheart, follow me. There, take my hand. 'Tis slippery. Take eare. We rush to the Temple. Perchance at the horns of the altar none dare molest us."
"But I bear the rushing of waters. Is it the river of death?"

"Thou hearest naught," said Lazarus.
"This horror ringeth in thy ears." The
descent became steeper. The limestone steps grew more slippery. At any time it was exhausting to Lazarus to run the passage. He had often fallen heavily. His hands and knees bore many a scar. Just where that hidden way was about to descend under the Valley of the Cheesemongers (for thus deeply was the passage excavated in the limestone valley in order to mount to the Temple on the other side), Zahara stopped, clutched Luzarus, and said: "Hearest thou not the rushing now? We are coming upon the waters."

(To be Continued Next Sunday.) A MAINE LAZY SOCIETY.

Unique Defense of a Member Put on Trial for Riding in a Hurry. Lewiston Journal.] Jay Hill was a small, old-time village in the town of Jay, Franklin county. The willage consisted of a tavern, a store and a few dwelling houses. The store was full of dress, waited to receive her guests. And elling houses. The ste all kinds of goods, a large part of which consisted of New England rum and other liquors. There were many loafers in those

days who made their headquarters about the tavern and store watching for a chance for something to take. Various devices were resorted to for the purpose of "raising the wind" and getting the drinks. Among other things a "Lnzy Society" was formed with by-laws, rules and regulations, the violation of which would cause the offender to be mulcted in a certain quantity of the ardent, or a treat of the company as the President of the club should determine. One of the rules of the

society was that no person should ever run or ride fast or appear to be a hurry, under a severe penalty.
Old Dr. Small was an active and worthy member. One day he had a call to visit a patient in a hurry. He saddled and bridled his horse, jumped on and left the village at a 2:40 gait or less. The company around the store was very dry, and here was a chance for the drinks. The doctor's return was sharply looked after. When he arrived and became settled in his office he was waited upon with a summons to appear be fore the tribunal. The court was convened, the members were anxious for the verdict,

but more anxious for the penalty, and there seemed to be no palliating circumstances. The doctor was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed He replied that the only thing be had to say in justification was that he had a call to visit a patient a little out of the village, that he got on to his horse, and the beas immediately started into a dead run, and he was so con ounded lazy that he did not hold him in. The verdict was for the doctor!

CALLING THE EXTRAS. Anxiety With Which the Newspapers Were Watched During the War.

New York Evening Sun.; Two men, one young and the other past middle life, stood at the entrance to the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Saturday evening as the newsboys were calling the extras. "It can't mean much to you," said the elder turning to the young man, "this callng an extra, but in all the years since the war I never heard a boy on the street call 'exra.', without a queer jump of the heart, that is common, I fancy, to many another old tel-low like myself. An extra meant as much to us then-a great battle-a defeat, perhaps, with thousands of slain and sorrow in thousands of homes-or a sweeping victory that helped make the sorrow a little easier o bear-the latest news from the frontomething, at any rate, for which the nation good still and waited. "With the first call of an 'Extra' from the treet, busy men rushed hatless and coatless out o office and shop and store down to catch the first whisper of the news. Drivers topped their teams in the streets, even the orsecars stood still until their passengers

plete standstill while the news of the 'extra' was passed along." THE CHILD OF THE FUTURE.

could hear the news. Business was at a com-

He Will be Put Through a Long Series of Microbe Inoculation. It is a dreadful point about these microbes that the only way to avoid having them in a virulent form is to have them in an artificial or attenuated form. The children of the future will not run through the present gamut of infantile disease, but they will probably be subjected to inoculation various microbes every lew months. First, they will be vaccinated for small-pox; when they have recovered from that

they will be taken to a Pasteur Institute to

have a mild form of rabies. Next they will

be given a dose of the comma bacilli to pre-

Ohl

Mrs. Partington Gives a Famous Din-

ner on Thanksgiving Day. HER RLABORATE EFFORTS IN PIES.

The Oldest Inhabitant of Three Towns Never Saw Their Fqual.

IKE BRINGS HOME SOME WHISKERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] CHAPTER XIL The President and Governor, by a very "singular coincidence," as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., expressed it, having named

the same day for Thanksgiving, Mrs. Partington, asshe pondered it, thought she would like to celebrate the festal incident by a big dinner at the old homestead, and she and Amanda, the confidential help, put their heads together, paragorically speaking, to make preparations for the event. With considerable intellectual effort invitations were sent Rivermouth, Hog's Corner, Rumney Marsh, Frog's Run, Tattle Village, Little Turkey, Kidder Swamp, and places "contagious," omitting none, as she felt that it was a sort of last appearance, and desired a

full house.
"'Manda," said she, "we must have a dinner more commensurate and fulsome than any we have had for many years, for I feel that very few Thanksgivings are preserved for me, and I would like to meet all my friends about the festering board. Accordingly Mrs. Partington and 'Manda, for a week before the event, went up to their elbows in the preparation of mince pies, apple

In the Pie Business.

pies, squash pies, pumpkin pies, lemon pies, cocoanut pies, cream pies, custard pies, Washington pies—grand tribute to the Father of his Country—besides turnovers, tarts and doughnuts, enough to meet the de-mands of Gargantua himself were he included among the inv'ted guests. When completed Mrs. Partington contemplated "They will keep," said she, "if any are

left over, and be amenable to ourselves collaterally. She wiped her brow on her checked apron and sat reviewing her work.

"I declare, 'Manda,' said she, "I feel that I am not invaluable, and but for my inveterate constitution I never should have peen available to do it. But it may be the last, 'Manda in which I shall precipitate.'

"Oh, don't say so," said Amanda, "you will enjoy, I dare say many more."
"No, dear," replied Mrs. Partington, "although I know I am not an ortogon, still I feel that the time I am to stay here will depend upon how long I will remain and we can't say what may never come to

She and 'Manda then proceeded to decorate the rooms which soon reveled in green glory. "I declare it does look charmingly lugubrious," said Mr. Partington, surveying their work.

The sun never shone clearer and brighter than on the morning of the expected day. than on the morning of the expected day, as if he were interested in the affairs, everybody came, that was an assured thing, and the handshaking she had to encounter —as she was no great shaker for such a reception-quite broke her down after a few rounds, and she had to request a relative to shake for her during the rest of it.

There had never been so many vehicles

brought together in one place since campmeeting or great training day, and every horse was provided with in extra measure of grain to keep Thanksgiving on, besides being allowed the freedom of the grounds. The neighbors, though not invited, had early taken an interest in the event, and two large turkeys and four pairs of chickens had been sent in from "synonymous as Mrs. Partington sources," some one, and even Elder Jones came over from his store to offer



Wouldn't Forgive the Elder, her a pair of chickens, from a "job lot," at cost, for which she thanked him, but said she feared they might be from the same batch of "precarious" eggs he had sold her. and declined. Every one who came brought something to add to the feast, putting

'Manda to her wits' end to know what to de When they had all arrived and gathered together, Mrs. Partington's spectacles beamed upon them like stars in the light of the bright November morning.
"I am glad to see you all," said she, "and it is ulument to my spirits to have you under this vulnerable roof, so impregnable

welcome; everybody felt at home in an in-stant, and such a clatter of noisy tongues as was never heard, kept up till dinner was an nonnced. And such a dinner! The oldest inhabitant of three towns, who was there, affirmed there had been none such in those parts for 50 years. Two long tables fairly grouned under the weight, and, after grace by Deacon Polytrod, which was so long that the exordium and Amen came in together at the head of the table, all feil to, and such a elatter of knives and forks occurred, mingled with pleasant voices, as seemed to make the beams of the old house hilarious. Mrs. Partington presided over the scene with her characteristic benignity.
4"Oh, if Isaac were here," said she tear-

with joyous fatalities."
She could have said no more to assure

It was a pensive thought tout passed is of mental vision, dimming her spectacles, like the steam from the coffee, but tacles, like the steam from the coffee, but a boy who was close by.

"Those doors open outward, as a boy who was close by.

"Oh, they do, eh?" she queried. "Well, It was a pensive thought that passed the the scene before her was for the moment for-

Hogarth and Reynolds. A GOOD FOUNDATION AT HOME.

A good deal of interest is just now being manifested in the formation of an exploring expedition which is shortly to visit the unknown territory in the north of the newlyformed State of Washington, the fastnesses of which have never yet been penetrated by any civilized explorer. The lay of the land justifies the belief that rich and extensive gold ledges and placers will be found on it. The shape of the country is that of an immense basin, whose outer edges are formed by the towering crags and peaks of this iso

either large or small, as must be the case were there no such outlet to prevent its over-

the money value as a standard, and it ap-plies more generally than any other standard. It would also, in a measure, protect And she walked off to a lamp-post box, deposited her letter and stiffly entered her carriage and was driven away. our young painters at the very point where competition can be felt. The press can do great things by inform-

Opinions as to the Necessity of Study flated prices here.

GEORGE H. SMILLIE.

GOVERNMENT COMMISSIONS.

THE DUTY ON IMPORTED PAINTINGS | Much Could be Done for American Art by | BOTH COMFORTABLE AND PRETTY.

A Large Veranda That Would Prove a Para-

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCHAL

prosperous towns that cannot claim a single fine exterior.

At the present time very few import-

is missionary work to be done regarding small cottages, which, by too many, are considered unworthy of careful study and design. It would be unbecoming, indeed, for the rank and file to wear epaulettes and cockades like the officers, but certainly they should be so comfortably and presentably at tired as to inspire self-respect.

examination of the subject would prove, no doubt, that the most efficient soldiers were well dressed. Unquestionably the best citi-

ticle is considered something better than commonplace. It has grace ul lines and proportions, and there is total absence of tawdry effects like those produced by sawedwork ornamentation. It has no fireplaces, mantels, sliding doors or other expensive

nches; depth, 34 feet. Heights of stories-First story, 8 feet 6 inches; second story, 8

shingles. Interior finish: Walls and ceilings finished with two coats of brown plaster, in-tended for papering. Spruce floors. White pine, trim and stairs, grain filled and fin-ished with hard oil. The space under the stairway is enclosed with grooved and bead-ed pine, forming a hall closet.
Colors: All shingles, including roof, stained silver. All trim, veranda posts and risers, painted white. Sashes, outer doors and lattice work, painted dark green. Ver-

anda, floor and ceiling, oiled. The upper half of front door gluzed with small lights, Accommodations—All the rooms and their sizes are shown by the floor plans. Closets should be built in the storerooms near the doors, so as to be accessible from the bed-rooms. The ample storage rooms will

that usually obstruct the rooms of a small house. During the heated term the large veranda is a most agreeable substitute for a a dining room. Vines trained at the front or sides insure sufficient privacy. During the cold season the veranda may be enclosed with sashes, at small expense; if this work is well done, the heat of the sun will often make the veranda a warm and agreeable room. The large veranda may be considered too large for so small a cottage, but it is useful as well as ornamental, as briefly suggested in the foregoing.
Cost, \$800. The estimate is based on New

York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should

kinds of materials, sizes of rooms and colors, may be changed. Cellar may be built. By building a gable at the rear another bedroom may be planned. Veranda may be extended around either side or both sides. The veranda inclosure may be open balusters and rails, but the solid inclosure is more in in keeping with the design.
R. W. SHOPPELL, Architect.