hackle in the spaces left between the spiral

coils of the tinsel. They are tastened with

two twines of the silk and the ends cut off in the order mentioned. The head is

made as first directed. This will give you a fly with the hackle extending the entire

length of the body, broken by the silver bands of tinsel. A particularly heavy backle can be made by using two hackles

The great Thaddeus Norris, the angler's

famous monitor, very neatly describes the necessity of judiciously choosing an appropriate backle. He says: "In choosing your feathers the length of the fibers should be in proportion to the size of the hook, or rather

backle, while they may reach the bottom of

All you need to know, now that you have

learned this much, is what kind of a fly you

want to tic, and you can make your wish a

reality. In the two plates of trout and bass

find all the models needed for use. Here are some bass flies: No. 1, the brandreth,

has gray wings, yellow mohair body with gold tinsel, scarlet tail and yellow and red

hackle legs. No. 2, the silver doctor, has vellow and red wings, silver tinsel and red silk body, golden tail and blue legs. No.

3, the academy, has wild turkey wings, pea-cock head body, and scarlet tail and brown

legs. No. 4, the Governor Alvord, is made

with bright brown and slate colored wings.

pencock body and red tail. The legs are of brown hackie. No. 5, the white miller, has

6, the scarlet ibis, has red wings, red body

with gold tinsel and red tail and legs. No.

7, the grizzly king, is made with gray and red wings, green body, red tail and gray

legs.

Now a suggestion as to your trout flies:

No. 1 is the black gnat. The wings and body are black. When legs are used they are made of black hackle. No. 2 is

are gray and the body is red with gold

and gold tinsel, brown hackle legs and red

gray wings, orange body and brown hackle legs, wound the full length of the body.

Two Gamblers Who Played for \$100,000 at

The two swell gamblers of New York in

the old days were Pettibone and Cleveland.

The latter was a Philadelphian, while Petti-

hone came from Tennessee. They had a

faro duel one night. They had been part-

ners in Philadelphia in 1857 and quit as

enemies. They met at No. 8 Barelay street.

"I'll settle with you," said Pettibone to

Cleveland, who was a tall, raw-boned, ele-

gant specimen physically, "in a game of

had no combatant in sight but the two mid-

dleaged gamblers. At it they went, Petti-

oone was a heavy loser in the first five deals,

and began to grow white around the gills.
The next deal he was loser to the tune of
\$80,000, for there was no limit. The seventh

deal the nervy Tennessean made a call for \$5,000. He won, picking up \$25,000, and by midnight he had won every dollar of Cleve-

land's money. They parted as friends and

were afterward partners at Hot Springs, Ark. They soon bought the Blue Pig, a

TOM OCHILTREE PARALYZED.

Cateror Chamberlin Takes in Pagan Bob

With a Joke on Crutches.

New York Press.]

John Chamberlin, the Washington cat-

erer, has within two weeks broken ground

for his new hotel at Old Point Comfort, and

it is to be completed and opened in about a

year. He had come out of the Hoffman House

with his face wreathed in smiles when I met

him. His smiles were due to an encounter

"I presume you have heard what hap-

"Another accident?" asked Colonel In-

pened to your old triend, Colonel Tom Ochiltree?" inquired Chamberlin, gravely,

gersoll, excitedly. "Oh, I hope not. That would be too bad. But speak out, man.

What is it?"
"He's paralyzed in his left crutch," said

Chamberlin. "Pretty bad, too." The genial scoffer laughed until his rotund

sides shook, and within an hour had told 40

The Best Amateur Bull-Fighter.

A Short Poem.

Depew,

he had inside with Colonel Bob Ingersoll.

famous faro cottage at Cape May.

n Single Sitting.

New York Herald.]

\$100 000 at a single sitting.

"Come on!" Cleveland replied.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

the abbey, one of the most lar trout flies in use. The

white wings, white body and red tail.

lies which accompany this article you will

length of its shank. The fibers of the

and tving as when one is used.

all, below it."

dents of the Marvelous, Fig. 2. The gut must be cut off at X, and, when an ornamented hackle is wanted, a piece of tinsel should be inserted before the floss is wrapped on as indicated by H. This tinsel is used for the tip of the tail of the THE MARQUISE DI LANZA'S DREAM.

Mysterious Experience of Kellar, the Magician, in China Seas.

tinsel is used for the tip of the tail of the fly, and is not necessary for the plain hackle, but it adds greatly to the beauty of the fly, and very frequently enhances its value in practical use. Several turns of the tinsel toward the bend of the hook and back again to X, where it is fastened by the THEORIES OF THE THEOSOPHISTS wrapping-silk, completes the operation.

To tie a Palmer with a floss body, proceed (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] as you did with the hackle, always remem-A group of questions relating to theosobering that the material you tie in last must be wound on first. Wind on the floss to Y in Fig. 3; next the tinsel and then the phy, spiritualism, hypnotism, ghosts and other subjects connected with the super-

natural and the marvelous, was recently submitted to a number of men and women who have made special studies in those fields. The replies to those questions form an extremely interesting collection of articles. The first set of questions were as follows: 1. What do you consider the best "ghost

story" or tale of the supernatural you ever heard of? Will you tell a short original story? What do you think of Bulwer's "House and the Brain;" of his "Zanoni?" 2 Do you believe the spirits of the dead come back to earth?

A DREAM GHOST STORY.

The Marquise di Lanza Relates an Experience Which Reminds One of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde-No Resurrection of the

As to ghost stories, most people have a passion for them. I know I have. Those which I have from time to time writtenthree or four in number-I have dreamed precisely as I have recorded them, with the exception that I have given names to the characters which did not exist in the dreams. I never tried to invent a supernatural story. I simply put down on paper what had come to me during sleep. As a child I preferred the weird tales of Edgar Allen Poe to all others: I read them vet. The "House and the Brain" is a marvelous tale, displaying a very high order of genius. It is by far the best and most complete thing of the kind I ever read. Bulwer's 'Strange Story," too, always interested me.

As you have asked me for a short ghost story, I will tell you an unwritten dream of mine which I call "The Phantom Doctor." I was spending the summer at Newport, where I had gone to recuperate from the arduous duties of my profession, when I met a girl with whom I fell desperately in love. Her name was Emily Gibson, and the fact that she not only ignored my existence, but that she was already engaged to another man whom she evidently adored, did not in the least cool the ardor of my passion, and I

A SECOND SELF AT WORK. When five minutes later I reached Je-rome's apartment, I found him suffering from internal pains of great violence, the cause of which I was unable to determine. When I returned to my room my pulse

For some time I tossed about unable to sleep. When at last repose came I dreamed a strange and horrible dream. I heard Emily's voice call me by name and summon paulon were deposited on the bridge. On me to Jerome's chamber. I rose and dressed and went down the creaking stairs to his o'clock, while the ship was calmly steaming door, which I opened. He was lying in bed and I myself watched beside him. No one else was there. Oh, how I hated him, and how I loved Emily! How I loathed his very presence! A fiendish impulse came over me to kill him-an impulse that momentarily grew stronger. My body, standing on the threshold, saw my spirit cautiously measure a dose of poison from a vial. Then, with blanched face, I raised Jerome on his pillow, and, forcing open his clenched teeth, I gave him the deadly draught. A look of unutterable horror came into the sick man's ace-a look I shall never forget. But fearful convulsions saized him. He writhed in agony, and in a moment lay still and rigid.

some reality. I knew that on my soul

Then came the second chapter in the trugedy. The trouble and excitement incident murderer. Like a criminal I hid in my room, overwhelmed with sorrow, remorse, inds. I was in mortal terror now as to what I should do.

I shrank from the possible path into

different acquaintances how Chamberlin had sold him. The joke was so good that John S. Wise, of Virginia, got bitten on it twice in ten minutes, and thereupon declared that if he heard Ochiltree was with McGinty he would ask no more questions The most skillful amateur bull-fighter in Mexico, is the son-in-law of the President of

OPINIONS ON GHOSTS into the entry. I myself, or my double, spirit or flesh, I know not which, sat by the sleeping girl, holding one of her hands in mine. I stood rooted to the spot as if fasand that more frequently than is generally supposed. I hold the cardinal point of the Spiritualists of the continuity of life beyond cinated. WATCHING HIS OWN SPIRIT.

I watched myself as a tiger gloats over its victim. My breath came in thick gasps as I saw myself rise slowly from the bedside, and with an expression of devilish cunning pour something from a vial into a glass. I raised Emily in bed and gave her the medicine. She began to struggle violently, as if she divined my purpose. I held her like a vise and forced the liquid between her lips. She choked, and turned upon me a look of abject horror, and I smiled—smiled with

KELLAR, THE MAGICIAN.

China Sens Which Called Our Royal Il-Instantst Home to His Companion.

I think "Zanoni" is based on the stories of the Rosicruscians, who were suspected to e able to place themselves in two or three places at the same time and to prolong their lives almost indefinitely, or on the same powers ascribed to the Buddhist adepts in India, as for example Koot-Hoomie-Lal-Sing, the Buddhist hermit, who is supposed to be the "control" of Madam Blavatsky and who is said to be over 2,000 years old. They say he can project his astral body to the most distant parts of the earth with the rapidity of thought. Bulwer spent some time at Simla, and no doubt based his story on the traditions current regarding this power. I think that T. Marion Crawlord also founded his beautiful work, "Mr. Isaacs," on the stories current in India regarding the powers of the theosophists. If mistake not Mr. Crawford was associated with the Allahabad Pioneer, one of the leading English papers in India, on the oc-casion of my last visit to that country.

I will tell you a true ghost story, and one that sends a cold shiver through my frame whenever I think of it. When I was in Shanghai, China, in 1878, in company with Ling Look and Yamadeva (we were then traveling under the name of the Royal Illusionists), one afternoon Chang, the Chinese giant, Ling Look, Yamadeva, several ship captains and I drove out the Bubbling Well road to the Hermitage, a sort of summer garden about four miles from the English quarter of Shanghai, and while there we all took part in a game of ten-pins. One of the captains, a burly German, made a great many ten-strikes by throwing the largest

ball in the rack. FELL BACK WITH PAIN.

This roused Yamadeva, and he also at-tempted to throw the large ball, but in doing so he fell back and complained of a pain in the right breast. We drove him back to the city and summoned an English physician, who pronounced it a case of ruptured muscles, and assured us that the young man would be all right in a few days. On the from internal pains of great violence, the cause of which I was unable to determine. He became quieter after I had administered some morphine and presently fell into a profound sleep. Emily remained in the room, and as I watched Jerome I saw that she regarded me intently, suspiciously. It cut me to the heart to think I was an object of distrust to her, but the mere fact of finding myself comparatively alone with her at that silent hour of the night intoxicated me with silent hour of the representation of the results of the re fourth day after the accident Yamadeva was The ship's doctor said he had burst a

blood vessel. The captain of the steamer kindly consented to carry the body to Hong Kong, and the ship's carpenter made a rough coffin, and the remains of our com down the Formosa Channel, Ling Look, Mr. Gray, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Band, Mrs. Gray, a clergyman and I were seat ed on the deck in the att, when suddenly there was a clear and distinct whistle-ti-ta-tatitati-such as our company used among themselves for purpose of recognition. NO DOUBT OF THE CALLS.

We all were very much astonished, and more or less excited. Ling Look was very much worked up, and exclaimed, "That is Yamadeva whistling," and answered the call by our well known tioo-ti-ti. This was immediately answered by the correct reply, ti-i-i-i-oo. Ling Look now gave the first call ti-tati-tati-tati. This was immediately answered by the invisible power with tio ti-ti. The calls were repeated by Ling several times, and each time the correct reply came from the air above. The night was clear and bright, and no one was concealed on deck, as every placwas carefully searched. The ship's officers at first made light of the affair, but when the whistling was repeated, and Ling Look would tell them beforehand what answer to expect, they became as much excited as we, and the captain said it was the most wonder ul thing he ever experienced in his life.
Ling Look insisted on opening the coffin

to see if Yamadeva was really de d, and when he viewed the body he said, "Yamadeva is calling me, and I must go with him." Poor Ling Look was taken sick in Hong Kong and died in the hospital there, and we buried him beside his brother Yamadeva. They are resting side by side in Happy Valley, the beautiful cemetery of Hong Kong.

ONE VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

bearies Advanced by Ellot Cones, the Eminent Naturalist and President of the Guostic Theosophical Society - Crime and Spiritualism.

First-The New Testament is the holiest ghost story and best account of the supernatural extant. Rightly read, the books which compose that record of the divine possibilities of human nature, as well as its devilish foolishness in some respects, constitutes, perhaps, the most instructive and valuable treatise on psychic science in existence. I wonder that it is not more generally used as a manual or text book by our anthropological societies and our societies for house caused Emily to be utterly prostrated. psychical research. It is full of "white I had not seen her since that fatal morning magic," and contains most precious truths, when I awoke to find myself branded as a carefully veiled, like an occult teaching, from the profanation of the vulgar. It is badly translated from the Greek in many despair. Then I remember I heard that she too was ill, and that my professional service allowance for all these defects, it is a ices were required a second time. The misery that took possession of me knew no principles of spiritualism and theosophy. Its connection with the earlier Jewish treatises on psychics is reasonable and logical, and it is a pity that both these im-portant works should be practically lett to the priesthood instead of being expounded by competent psychists. Scarcely a word found myself crossing the threshold of reaches the ears of the faithful conveying

centuries after Christ, just as the writings

erroneously ascribed to Moses are a sealed book to allbut students of Jewish esoteri-

cism. How many Pittsburgers, for example,

know that the account in Genesis is

Second-1 believe that some of them do.

lar deluge tablet?

have access to the esoteric cosmos and its in-

habitants, we must have the faculties to perceive it with. What would one know of the external world if his physical senses were closed so these objective neural activities could not reach consciousness? He would deny that such a world existed, as would an unborn child the existence of its mother if it had reasoning powers. One whose sixth sense is closed stands in the same relation to the exstence of the subjective world as an unborn child does to its mother. We cannot per

scientist does. MIND READING.

Professor E. D. Cope, the Scientist, Relates a Mysterious Phenomenon.

First-I know nothing of supernatural relations by any but good observers and scientific thinkers. A person once related to me circumstances which had just occurred at a distance in my presence and of which no knowledge could have been had except mutilated fragment of an earlier Chaldean astrological story of creation, or that our traditions of Noah are derived from a simiby reading it in my mind.

A ONE STORY COTTAGE

Plans for a Little Home at a Cost o Six Hundred Dollars.

A SECOND STORY MAY BE ADDED

At an Additional Cost of Two Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars.

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR DESCRIBED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Considered from an economic standpoint, the building of a one-story cottage cannot be advised. The foundations will support another story, and the roof will cover it, pra e tically, without cost. To phrase the matter after the delicious fashion of Hibernia, the most profitable part of the cottage is that which is not built.

Hygienic considerations, always of paramount importance, also condemn the onestory cottage, because the sleeping rooms must be near the ground. It is very well established that the greater part of the malarial emanation



from the soil remains within ten eet of th ground and that none of it rises above 30 feet; therefore, it may be said, that the second story is a safe place for a sleeping room, the third story a safer place and the fourth and higher stories safest of all. An eminent physician of New York always advises "high" living, explaining very quickly that he means high from the ground.

But one-story cottages are demanded, often by the inexorable limit of cost, some-times because long timbers are not available and sometimes because the owner declares that his father lived in a one-story cottage would not follow the example of the son.

The one-story cottage illustrating this ar-

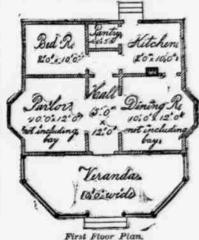
what detailed description of it: General Dimensions—Width, 31 feet; death, including veranda, 31 feet 6 inches; height of story, 9 feet.

Exterior Materials—Foundations, stone; dest

Exterior Materials—Foundations, stone: drit story, ciapboards; gables and main roofs, shingles; roofs of bavs, tin.

Interior Finish—Flooring and trim, white pine. No piaster. The stude and joists are dressed and varnished. The wall and ceiling spaces between timbers are filled with heavy paper secured to the sheathing. The underside of the attic floor is dressed and varnished. The first floor is varnished, intended for the use of rugs.

Colors—Clapboards, gable shingles and panels of bays, painted colonial yellow; trim, facia of cornice, framing of



bay panels, veranda posts and balusters, painted white: moldings, veranda rails, post caps and bases and bail terminals of bays, painted dark vellow; roots red; veranda floor and ceiling ofled.

Accommodations—All the rooms and their sizes are shown by the floor plan. No cellar and no attic finish. All interior doorways, except the openings to kitchen, intended for curtains. Foulding beds are recommended for this house and for all small houses.

Feasible modifications of this design are as follows: Sizes of rooms, interior finish and exterior colors may be changed. Bay windows may be omitted. Walls and ceilings may be plastered. Cellar may be built under a part of or under the whole house. A second story may

or under the whole house. A second story may be added.

The last modification suggested is the most

The last modification suggested is the most important and an illustration is given to show the appearance of it. For the two-story cottage the direction of the roof ridge is changed to run parallel with the greater width of plan. (The large veranda makes an exception to this rule in covering the one-story cottage.) The first floor plan is altered by making the hall one foot wider, by closing the hall door to kitchen and opening a hall door to pantry, and by building a hall stairway 2 feet 8 inces wide, to the second story. The stairway should start on the dining room side of hall one foot to the rear of the wide opening, and by twelve risers reach a platform over the pantry, thence by four risers reach the hallway above.

The second story plan may practically duplicate that of the first, but it is considered better to divide the



space equally between four bedrooms each to be 9 feet 6 inches by 10 feet in size, planning a closet for each room. When the amount to be expended is strictly limited, the owner is advised to floor the second story, but defer finishing the rooms of that story until a more convenient time.

The estimates of cost, based on ruling prices for materials and labor in the vicinity of New York, are as follows: The one-story cottage, complete as described, \$500; the two-story cottage, complete as described, \$500; the two-story cottage, with the second story floored, but otherwise unfinished, \$725.

otherwise unfinished, \$725. R. W. SHOPPELL

Reliable But Not Dangerous,

No one afflicted with a throat or lung trouble can use Chamberiam's Cough Remedy without a beneficial effect. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. There is no danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. It will prevent croup if used as soon as the child becomes

Pennave.; E. G. Stucky, E. Co., cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st; Markell Bros., cor. Penn and Faulkston aves.; Theo. E. Ibrig, 3610 Fifth ave.; Carl Hartwig, 4016 Butler st.; John C. Smith, cor. Penn ave. and Main st., Pittsburg, and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal st.; Thos. H. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; F. H. Eggers, 172 Ohio st., and F. H. Eggers & Son, 299 Ohio st. and 11 Smith-field st.

partially regained consciousness, but not to | self of this fact, he clutched the hand of such an extent as to recognize the facts of

His heavy head stirred upon the girl's breast; his hand sought hers; delicately he lifted it to his cold lips and laid it down. "Zahara!" he murmured, "we die to-gether. Thou art a boly woman. Pray

then for my spirit." There was something in the reverence of these words, and of the unconscious man's refined caress which impressed the High Priest in spite of himself. Those were rude times, and took rude forms among the highest of men and we men; the suspicions of the inceused father were fully justifiable -but had he here the signs of a coarse amour? Annas hesitated with himself for a perceptible instant, before he spoke again. Zahara made the most of the instant; she clasped his knees, and clung to him, and made entrenty of him that would have moved a worse father than the High Priest

to something like relent ng.
"Let us from this ghastly place!" cried Zahara. "As thou art a man, and a priest, and as thou art a father—let us out into God's air! He dieth here within mine arms -Lazarus dieth in this dungeon. Let us forth, O my tather, for I go not out without

him, though I perish." "Girl, thou goest as I will," replied the High Priest icily. "Guards, take the lady, thy mistress. Deal with her gently, but if she follow not without force, force be it. Return Zahara to the palace of thy father." story of that night, Zahara shricked; and a goodly feminine shriek it was. The girl clasped her two beautiful arms stoutly about her lover and sat like a sphinx, as if she

were carven from the limestone vault. Cry ing sounds, started the rumor that her mis- Tell himtress was being murdered, and in a moment half the slaves and officers of the palace were rushing to the scene. The scandal was struggled to command herself and dashed becoming too public and too serious to be subdued. Annas uttered a holy oath, and

the lady Zahara to her own apartments, and be done with the abominable business, and hold ye your tongues about it, or I tear them

This order was quickly and deftly obeyed, Lazarus and Zahara were literally torn ing, toward the palace. The slaves scattered terrified. The guards followed the miser-

able Princess. The High Priest and the young Levite were left alone.
"Thou hast been to the temple and returned?" inquired Annas. "And hast done the deed that I commanded?"

"The deed was done," replied the Levite.
"When I reached the Temple, lo, the waters had been turned off from the hidden passage into the pools before me. Likewise some power had evidently opened the river conduit from the bottom of the passage into the Tyropæan sewer, for the flood receded with strange swiftness, even as I whirled my torch and looked."

"Mysterious!" muttered Annas, "I understand not the matter. No underling now serving in the Temple knoweth the secret of the conduits. Who had handled them?" "There is a tale that goeth among the priests," suggested the Levite timidly scarcely know whether to bear it unto thee. But I did find a curious rumor stirring in

"I demand the whole of it!" cried Annas impetuously. "Tell me all they prated of, and instantly!"

"It was sid," returned the Levite, hesitating, "that a stranger did appear in the Temple. About the time of the turning of "that a stranger did appear in the the waters, before I reached the Temple, though I ran all the way, as never have I run since I entered the holy service—a man was observed to come forth from the underground passage, and to cross behind the ultar. One spoke to him, but he answered not. It was the dim hour of the night and the lamps were low before him. No person recognized the face of the Stranger. He moved like a man having authority, and did wave them away with a gesture of his

manded Annas eagerly and angrily.
"My lord." whispered the Levite, "who

he was I know not; but some say that it was "Well, what then? Out with it! Who was the sellow?"
"He passed out of the Temple and into the open street," said the Levite cautiously 'He did walk as a man who feareth naught. A doorkeeper followed him, and regarded him, and sweareth by the God of our Fathers

that it was the Nazarene. 'But that, we know, is impossible," added the Levite soothingly, "for the fellow is traveling and preaching somewhere-yonder beyond the Jordan. I have heard the rabble say. At all events, he is not in

The High Priest made no reply. Toward the middle watch of that night Abraham, the servant of Lezarus, having been despatched by the anxiety of Mary in search of her brother, stumbled upon the exhausted man, lying helpless at the roadside in a dark spot in the shadow of a tower, wherein it so befall that no person had discovered him, either to molest or relieve. Lararus had partially recovered his consciousness, but his mind wandered still. and his physical power was at a very low

Abraham managed to procure a litter for his master-at that hour of the night this was no easy task-and took him home as quietly as was possible under the circumstances. Needing extra assistance. Abraham stopped upon the way, and sought it of Baruch, the neighbor of Lazarus, who gave it heartily, accompanying the slave and the bearers to the house of Simon the Leper. Martha was asleep; but Mary's sweet face peered anxiously from the doorway as the litter halted. Baruch hastily advanced and

explained the matter to her. 'No one knoweth the cause of this mishe said gently, "I cast off all. But much I fear that Lazarus hath been hardly dealt with. Say thou naught of it. Thy brother is a man of eminence and the tongues of these times wag easily. Say thou that be is ailing, and keep all men from the

oors till he doth recover."

This caution was of the wisest, but it proved almost impossible to follow the advice. By morning Lazarus lay in his own bed, a very sick man. Rumors of his condition, mingled with wild tales of strange causes for it, had got affont. Bethany was astir and Jerusalem gossiped, Talkative neighbors gadded about the hamlet, and messages of curiosity in the name of sympathy besieged the doors of the sick man's

To all of those the sisters of Lazarus re turned courteous but dignified replies, indicating their desire that neighborly service should remain at a distance until summoned, and expressing the quiet conviction that their brother's health would be quickly reinstated. By the morning of the second day the condition of Lazarus became so serious that Mary, more sensitive, and therefore less hopeful than her sister, was overless hopeful than her sister, was over-whelmed with the acutest anxiety. She now gave herself entirely to the sick room, which she did not suffer herself to leave, even for the most necessary food and rest. Martha attended to the house and to the messages from the outside world. The leading physicians of Jerusalem came and went. vants moved about the court with velvet eet and silent tongues. Luzarus was sink-

ing perceptibly Upon the evening of the fifth day of his illness Lazarus turned his lace toward the light and feebly opened his eyes. Between him and the casement a woman's face hung like an angel's in a blurred cloud. It was Mary, his sister, patient and pale. The intensity of her love and anxiety gave dark power to her eyes, which burned like flames of anguish before him. Lazarus weakly litted his head, and observing the other persons present in the room, indicated by a motion of his hand and cyclids that he wished them removed.

His wish was regarded, as the whim of the dangerously sick are, and Mary was left for a few moments alone with him, as he seemed

As soon as the sick man had assured him-

Mary with a distressing, appealing clasp, and tried to make over to her some burden and tried to make over to her some burden weighing upon his confused thought. This, she saw, he found so difficult to do, that he despaired of it, and his effort and despair intensified his evident suffering. Mary gathered her wits, and thought swiftly. She knew little of the world and less of love; but even Mary had divined that a woman might be found at the source of all the miseries which had befallen her brother.

eries which had befallen her brother.
"Dear Lazarus," she murmured, "I understand. Whatever thou willest I will do-for her or for thee. Tell me her

Struggling to articulate, Lazarus managed breathe: "Zahara."
"Zahara? Thou speakest not of the daughter of Annas ?" "It is she."

"What wouldst thou, O my brother, that do for this Zahara ?' "Remember—Zahara. Shelter—Zahara."
"He wandereth," thought Mary. "How should I ever shelter Zahara?" But she

answered, soothingly: "Dear Lezarus, what more? What else desirest thou? Lazarus put his cold lips to his sister's ear and whispered one word—a name.
"Oh," mourned Mary, "we have sent for

him. We send in vain. Messengers go hither and thither. They run at our com-mand. He traveleth. He is in distant places. He cometh not. Thou shalt live Now, for the first time in all the cruel when he cometh. Thou shalt not die. He The gray countenance of the sick man ex-

pressed a distress amounting to agony. He turned his head feebly to and fro upon his pillow with a helpless and hopeless motion. after cry rang from her lips like the appeals of a dying woman. Rebecca, hearing piere-will not come. I die. He cometh not. "What shall I tell him?" sobbed Mary.

them away. Lazarus did not answer. Ex-hausted by excessive effort, he sank into turned upon his heel.

"Out with the dog of a Pharisee then!
Throw him over the palace wall into the highway, and leave him to his fate. Take rus seemed to try to draw her back; his lips "Love-Forgive."

moved. She made out that he strove to say; With these, the two most solemn words in the range of human speech, Lazarus lapsed past the power of speaking. He lay as he apart, and thrust, the one unconscious, into the highway, the other, pleading and weepdence of consciousness. The physician hustled about, making great show of the ignorant art of their times. Martha wept noisily. But Mary sat as if she were turn-

ing to ice. At daybreak, without a struggle and without a sigh, Lazarus ceased to breathe; the beating of his heart stopped; and Mary dully heard voices saying:

"He is dead." Martha came up and tried, with unusual entleness, to remove Mary's hand. But the fingers of the corpse had grown rigid about it. It was necessary for the physi-cian to separate the clasp of the living and

Now, the most distressing feature of this dreary and mysterious death was one which the sisters of Lazarus strove, as long as they could, to conceal from public knowledge, and, when they could keep it to themselves no longer, mourned over it the more bitter y for that. By that last interview Mary had been put in a position more difficult and more cruel than her strong self-possession gave hin; of to the consciousness of the dy-

ing man. It was true that the family of Lazsrus had made every effort which influence, opulence, energy and love could command to communicate with the Great Healer, whose skill they fully believed could have averted their terrible bereavement. It was also true that their messengers had reached him. The piteous fact was that Jesus of Nazareth had refused to come to Bethany.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NAZARENE NOT TO BE FOUND. At all events, from whatever cause, and whether or not the calamity could have been prevented, Lazarus was dead. His sensitive priest of great rank, and dared not meddle life had gone out like a candle quenched by a breath in the midst of the feast. The "Where did he go? Who was he?" de- torch-bearers stared in each other's faces and glanced into the darkness behind them wit the sick horror that sudden death always produces, and more than any other, the death of a young and vigorous man. It is somehow particularly expected of the young and popular that they go on living. The emi-nence of Lazarus made his death a matter of deep public interest. His social position, his influence, and his wealth added many mourner to the crowd who poured into Beth any to pass with the sisters. Martha and

Mary, the days of formal sorrow, by which it was the custom of their people to bewail Mary did not see the neighbors, Mary could not. She had followed her brother to the family sepulchre, and had stood with bowed and veiled head while the body of Lazarus was entombed. The burial ac-cording to the habit of the country, took place upon the day of the death. Mary was stunned by the terrible swiftness with which everything had happened. It seemed to her that death had literally made a snatch at her and torn the very heart out of her life. Mary did not weep. She could not. She was rigid with grief. The love of sister to brother, when it excels its kind, is one o brother, when it excels its kind, is one of the strongest as it is one of the purest in the world. The love of Mary for Laz-arus was a womanly, unselfish and now pitiful thing. Mary had no life of her own. She had never known one. Since Lazarus was a little fellow and they played together in the court, the gentle girl had existed only for and only in her younger brother, Mary was the saddest girl in Judea that day. No, not the saddest. There

was one, but who remembered her? Who comforted her? In hours like these, what cries go up to heaven from the last and deepest anguish of unrecognized love? From the palace of Annas nothing was heard. Jerusalem throbbed with the death of Lazarus; but the palace gave no sign. The casements were closed. Doors were curtained. Servants were dumb. The High Priest was invisible. There were rumors that a slave had been punished or tortured in his princely family. These changed into a report that a slave was miss-ing—whether murdered or fled, who knew? And who cared? In the general excitement

For the cruelest of the gossip that buzzed in Bethany, the tongue of Malachi was responsible "This Jesus—this prater—this boaster and sorcerer-now we have the nature of the fellow put to test. What was our eminent neighbor Lazarus? His patron and his friend. How hath the famous healer dealt with him? Look ye, my neighbors, did he answer the call of mortal need? Did he come to the dying bed of Lazarus? Did he stretch forth that mighty power we hear so much about and prevent this important death which has left sorrow in all our

country? Where was Jesus of Nazareth that Luzarus of Bethany lies dead? Alas, where was he? More than Malachi east this significant question upon the agitated discussion of the week.

The state of public eeling and opinion concerning the Nazarene had intensified rapidly, we may say, terribly, during the months of that memorable winter. The most bitterly bated and the most tenderly loved man in Judea and its surrounding principalities had now become the most perplexed and imperiled. Those who loved him most intelligently and courageously, and who shared the risks and excitement of his mission were, in fact, agreed to prevent him returning to Jerusalem, if they could. His gentie and merciful career had now passed the stage of philanthropy, and taken on the hard name of political adventure. No longer was he looked upon as a harmless fanatic, an amiable sorcerer, a dabbler in healing, an excellent missionary. Sanhe-

drin and Throne had scrutinized the man.

Priest and Prince watched him. The dangerous title of revolutionist had become attached to him.

tached to him.

(To be Continued Next Sunday.)

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FULL DIRECTIONS FOR A NOVICE

Description of the Flies Most Popular With

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ! The trout season is near at hand and every angler worthy of the name is spending his spare moments sorting over his tackle and

preparing for the coming fray. To be a successful angler one ought to be able to tie his own flies. There are many occasions when an angler's sport depends largely upon his ability to imitate some insect bait he sees floating on the water, which the wary trout prefers to his own supply. Then the fly-tyer is in his element. Under the shade of a neighboring tree he improvises his



Tying the Flies, forth from his pocket and in a trice the bare hook takes the form of life and lures the victim from the pool. All that is required are patience, a little instruction and the proper materials. These are the implements that are needed: A small hand vice, a pair of spring-pliers, a large darning needle, a knift and pair of scissors. These, with a wallet or small tin box to keep the materials

n, constitute the first part of the outfit. The requisite materials vary with the ambition of the angler and the kind of flies he wants to make. The first thing that is necessary to a beginner is an assortment of hooks. For trout flies I prefer the Sproat hook, size from Nos. 3 to 14, depending on the locality. For black bass my choice is the Sprout hook, from Nos. 2 to 50. They should be unmounted, so to speak, for the fly-tyer must snood his own hook as well as fashion his fly. After the hooks come the gut, wripping-silk, wax, dye-stuff, tinsel, floss, dubbing or herls, wings and backles,

that comes from the cock's neck and body, over the wings, and you will find dubbing for the body everywhere. A bit of fur or a tust of harr are easily picked up and should be carefully hoarded as the necessity for their use may come at any moment. In dyeing your teathers, let me advise you to

lustration No. 1, in the laws of the pin vise. No. 6 is the scarlet ibis. This useful fly Then lay on the wrapping silk, which has has red wings, a red body ribbed with gold



Fac-Similes Bass Flies.

that point with three or four turns of the wrapping silk. The under part of the hackle should be uppermost, so that its back will lie next to the hook when it is wound. Fasten the spring-pliers to the butt of the hackle to straighten it out by their weight while the winding is in progress. Now, wind the hackle around the hook, until the work has reached the stage shown in Fig. 4. With a few turns of the wrapping silk, which has not been cut since it was first attached to the hook, the end of the hackle

the ioop (L M). Then take three turns with the slack (M) over the end (L L) toward the end of the hook, and, holding it in place, draw in the slack (L M) and cut

and some shellac.

The hackle is the long, narrow feather

consult your druggist.

Having got together this collection, let us first tie a gingu hackle, one of the simplest as well as one of the most useful flies in the legs of brown hackle. No. 3, every any let an any let knows, is the coachman; but for the angler's clip. The fly will be used as a benefit of the novice I will describe it. The dropper. First, we will spread out the materials on our work-bench. They are a legs brown hackle. No. 4 is the cow-dung. Use lead-colored wings, orange mohair body ping-silk, floss silk, a gingu hackle, and a short piece of gut which has first been grizzly king, is a famous fly, has gray soaked in water.

Hold the hook in the position shown in ilgold tinsel, red tail and gray hackle legs.

first been carefully waxed near the bend of tinsel, red tail and red hackle legs. No. 7, the hook, making four or five loose turns the processor, has gray wings, yellow body around the shank of the hook. Lay the gut, which has been slightly indented by the tail. No. 8, the queen of the water, has teeth, on top of the shank, as shown in Fig. 2, wind it up tightly to the point X, where a bit of silk floss, taway in hue and six inches in length, must be fastened. Take a lew turns of the wrapping silk up to the point Y in Fig. 3, following it with the floss, which increases the body of the fly

Now, fasten the end of the floss at Y, and tie the tip end of the hackle to the shank at

is secured in place.

Having done this lay the wrapping-silk (LL) in the shank of the hook and make the Republic. He is a man of great wealth

> '92. KEEP Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and you insure your life against a consumptive's

From Eminent Scientists and Stu-

fiendish glee.

And then came a wondrous light and change. I was alone in my own room. Not in Newport, but in New York. I was not the phantom doctor at all, but myself.

Do 1 believe that the spirits of the dead come back to earth? Well, I find myself precisely in the position of the lady who re-marked, "I don't believe in ghosts, but I'm

atraid o them all the same." I do not believe in the resurrection of the body-most emphatically not. That our souls are immortal is possible, but that they ever assume after death a human shape of human attributes strikes me as the veriest nonsense. All the ghosts people see are in-variably attired in the clothes worn during ife. So we must in er that clothes have their ghosts also, which seems very ridicul ons. I myself would rather be resolved into the tail of a comet than put in flesh again after dissolution. 3. Do you believe in the resurrection of the

Mysterious Whistling on a Steumship in

Body.

worshiped in secret. One night I had gone to bed impressed with that acute, mysterious sense of coming evil which sometimes affects the most phleg-matic persons. I was roughly awakened after a time by a loud rap at my door. Springing out of my bed, I drew the bolt, and inquired what was wanted. To my utter astonishment Emily stood before me. In a few words she told me what was wrong. Her lover, Jerome, had been taken ill. I was a physician, as she well knew. Would I come at once and give my assistance?

was bounding with excitement.

AWOKE IN THE HALL. A wild delight possessed me. I cried aloud and awoke. Good God! not to find myself in bed at all, but standing shivering in the hall with an empty vial clutched in one hand, and the cool, gray morning creeping through the window. For a brief space I was dazed, stunned-horrified beyond measure. How came I here? Grad-ually I recalled the summons in the night. The incidents one by one came back to me. I remembered I had remained below not half an hour. The frightful The green baize was cleared and the tiger dream rushed upon my memory. I know that I had deliberately murdered James Jerome-murdered him because I wanted the woman he loved, and whose affection he had won, for myself. I had killed him wantonly, diabolically. Drops of sweat broke out upon me, as this awful truth became clear to my mind. I shricked aloud and made a wild dash down the stairs to Jerome's room. The faint gray light of the breaking day fell directly across his motionless figure. I advanced with a halting, staggering gait, and peered into his face. It was ashen. My eyes glared in horrible apprehension as I placed one hand upon his forehead. The touch chilled me from head to loot like ice. He was

dead, unmistakably dead. Then I fled from the room, and for a time knew no more. I will pass over the hours of desperate agony that followed. Suffice it to say that, although I feel perfectly irresponsible for Jerome's death, I yet knew instinctively that I had murdered him. The empty vial, my unaccountable presence in the hall, my dream, all pointed to a shocking and loath

rested the burden of this horrible crime.

which my other self—that hideous phantom of myself—might lead me. Yet I dared not refuse this summons. More dead than alive that dimly-lighted room. Again I prescribed some remedy, just as I had done for Jerome. All the time my heart went out to the poor suffering girl whose anguish I had caused. I loved her more than ever. I other apocryphal writings of the first three contents of the restriction of the more than ever. rushed away and once more sought forgetfuness in sleep, and once more I dreamed. I saw myself steal on tiptoe along the dusky corridor, starting back affrighted when I thought to hear a sudden footstep; then emerging boldly from the moonlight to to Emily's apartment. Through the open doorway I saw the interior, reddened by the lamplight that streamed in flickering rays

the grave, and communication between those spirits which are here in the flesh and even a step further and think there are good many spirits of the dead that do not get away from the earth—at least not very far, or not very soon. A good deal of the actual crime and vice of the world is proba-bly due to the influence of these earth-bound spirits upon congenial natures here in the flesh. Third-No: I have no scintilla of evi-

dence in favor of such an opinion. Respecting the single case of Jesus of Nazareth alleged to have occurred, I have no means of coming to any valid conclusion. All nature seems to say "No" to any such unverifiable hypothesis.

LIKE GUARDIAN ANGELS. The Spirits of the Dead Stay on Earth, Says Alexander Wilder, the Occultist-

Edition of the Kademe. First-Miss Anna Maria Porter, sister of the author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "Scottish Chie's," relates that during her residence in Esher, in Surrey, England, an old gentleman was in the hubit of visiting her house of evenings, reading the newspaper and drinking a cup of tea. One evening she saw him enter as usual, and seat himself at the table, but without speaking. She addressed some remark to him, but he made no reply. After a few seconds she saw him rise and leave the room without uttering a word. Astonished and alarmed at this conduct, she immediately sent a servant to his house to make inquiries. The reply was brought back that the old gentleman had expired about an hour before. Prof. De Witte, of the university at Halle, in Germany, was preserved from deadly peril by the apparition of himself in his own spartment. Pastor Johann Frederick Oberlin, of Waldbach, saw and conversed repeatedly with his de-

ceased wie. Second—I doubt whether they really leave the earth. Human spirits do not part with matter and material conditions by the change called death. The nerxengeist, or linghamsaniam still remains, and that is not quite distinct from earthy matter. They follow their ruling loves, and if these lead them to earth, or rather to esoteric manifestation, then certainly they "come back." Some, too, are protectors, ministering spirits, and the like. Very generally we don't perceive, much less see them; yet, all the same they are about us and inflowing into our affections and thoughts. When we are alone, away from the presence and psychic aura of others, they sometimes make their presence and the same is good enough for him. The felt. The objective manifest action, however, though perhaps more convincing, is admirable in the character of the father and inferior to the subjective, as the external always suggests the reflection that if the knowledge of truth is lower than the intuitive. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his his little work, "The Guardian Angel," has the tamily in the past generation, the father admirably set forth certain modes in which spirits return, and he is right in his suggestion that this corporeal vehicle of ours is an outline that this corporeal vehicle of ours is an outline title has the one merit of being considered omnibus with many passengers.

omnibus with many passengers.

Third—This phrase is absurd. It is not found or even applied in the New Testament. The resurrection or anastasis can only relate to what doesdie. Even Paul de-clares that "flesh and blood doth not inherit the kingdom of God," or have any sort of station in it. Jesus is recorded as proving the resurrection, by the names of the Hebrew patriarchs, declaring that God is not God of the dead, but of the living. The body is but matter seized upon and put to use, every moment wasting and being supplied anew. That which is dust returns thither, never getting into celestial or spiritual conditions. Man was man before he was invested with it, and will continue such, perfect and entire, when he leaves mundage

I AM, I WAS, I SHALL BE. The Soul Has Existed Always, Now Exists and Always Will Exist-Suggestion of David Greenleaf Thompson, President of the Nineteenth Century Club. I might say that Bulwer's imagination

has suggested some remarkable flights in "Zanoni," and it is a strange story, but so far as the connection with anything actual or scientific is concerned, or so far as they are to be regarded as contributing to our knowledge, I think the effect is wholly negative. They do not contribute anything. "Seraphita," by Balzac, attempts to make a connection between the natural and supernatural on a Swedenborgian basis, in some beautiful descriptions in the book, but as a work of art the result is very unsatisfactory. Balzac's genius is almost that of Shakespeare in analysis of the human character-but it seems to have utterly failed when he has come to deal with such topics as relate to the supernatural or man's rela-tion to the supernatural. I am inclined to

believe that Bulwer's works on the whole are the best that we have.

In my work published in 1888, entitled "The Religious Sentiment in the Human Mind," I have endeavored to set forth considerations which tend to establish a belief in a future state, and in the continuity of a personal existence after death. I think there is a scientific warrant for this belief, and that the proofs for it are strong. It must be said, however, that if we believe in a future life, it is very hard to get rid of a belief in prior existence of the soul, and that, therefore, the doctrine of personal immortality entails very largely the doctrine of metempsychosis, which is held by millions of the human race to-day in the East. If I cannot be destroyed, I never could have been created. I am, I was, I shall be."

. This is the doctrine, and it is much harder to overthrow it then superficial philosophers of the present day seem to think. I am firmly of the opinion that we have a great deal to learn from the East; and genuine philosophy is not barbarous. It is much more profound than we have any idea of, and whatever may be the words and follies of the preachers of theosophy and of the kindred Eastern doctrines, it will be well for us to turn with some humility and a reverential spirit, or at least a spirit open to conviction to the results of the human thought as manifest in those strange Oriental nations of which we know so little and from which we can learn, I am persuaded, so

THE SIXTH SENSE.

Opinion of Seth Pauconst, M. D., an Emines Student of the Cabala. The spirits of the dead can only return to us as an esoteric presentiment; materialization is an impossibility. It we see them it is in their spiritual form, recognized by the intuitive sense. The physical eve cannot recognize anything but physical forms. To

ceive it, neither can we reason upon it. must, therefore, deny its existence, as the

Second—If there be a future life of the mind it has a material basis, but not the

same as that we now inhabit.

Prospective of Two-Story Cottage.

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