me to make you aware of his dissatisfaction, as will be done moreover by the Minister of Schelm turned pale and trembled.

to know-The Count turned to the door, saying as he went out:

"I have nothing else to say to you!"
When both were alone Palkin at once drew himselt up and his arrogance returned doubly offensive. On his narraw line hovered a smile of triumph. He patted Schelm on his shoulder and said:

"Hu! hu! ha! What do you say now, Minister? But I am an honest fellow and bear no ill-will. To honor my new decoration I invite you to dinner.' Go to the devil," said Schlem.

"All right. I am going at once," replied Palkin, humming an air that was then very popular.

Your wrath rejoices, rejoices me highly! This song of triumph resounded a long time in the ears of the unfortunate head of division; long he sat at his desk absorbed in sad thoughts, throwing unconsciously his papers from one place to another.

Suddenly he rose, and supporting himself with his hand on the table, he said, look-ing at the Emperor's portrait, with a reso-"To win your favor we must discover or

make up a conspiracy? Very well then. I shall discover one and such a one that you shall tremble on your throne, you ruler of all the Russias." Then he took off his spectacles, wiped with

his dirty vellow handkerchief the large drops of perspiration that had gathered on his brow, took his hat, pulled it down over his face and nurriedly left the office. The official on duty in the antercom made

a deep bow and accompanied it with a scornful smile, which he did not even attempt to conceal, since Schelm never deigned to look at one of his subordinates. He then went into the office of the head of division, arranged the papers on the table and did not leave the Ministry till towards 8 o'clock.

Alexander Wernin was 60 years old. He was a Senator, Counselor of State and a knight of many orders. He had an income of 100,000 rubles a year and only one daughter, the fair Jana, who was to inherit his whole fortune.

Wernin was a favorite at court and dewoted heart and soul to the Emperor. In every reform or innovation he saw revolutionary tendencies and believed firmly that since the French Revolution of 1789 the reign of the Antichrist had begun. His respect for the hierarchy of the civil service was very extraordinary; subordination and etiquette were to him Christian virtues. As soon as he saw a Privy Councilor he rose; a General he accompanied bareheaded to his carriage in the bitterest cold, and always bared his head when anyone uttered the name of the Czar in his presence. He required, however, something like it from his interiors, also, for himself; he called every inferior officer by his christian and only became respectful with Privy Councilors. He often repeated the words: 'In my eyes no one is anybody who is not a

Counselor of State or a Colonel. The only exception he made was in behalf of the surroundings of the Czar. Whenever he appeared at court-and this occurred quite often-he bowed even to the lackeys who were the imperial livery. In spite of these eccentricities Alexander Wernin was one of the best men in the world; courageous, noble, ever ready to help others and benevolent. He won the love and esteem of all who came in close contact with him.

Jana, his only daughter, whom he loved

with his whole heart, was in every sense of the word a spoiled child, and the enormou fortune of her father enabled her to gratify every whim. Gradually she came to tyran ze over him entirely; he never ventured to check her in her caprices and he trembled at a look from her. Jana did not look at all like a fair daughter of the North. In her dark eyes, overshadowed by heavy, black brows, every moment flashes of impatience or wrath would shine forth; her gestures were quick, possionate, full of life and ener-Her beauty was enchanting, and everyody soon recognized in her the omnipotent woman, before whom all in the house knelt down. And Jana was by nature not bad at all; there was nothing devilish in her eyes as in those of George Sand's heroines; when she was at rest her features reflected the sat-is action of a queen whose every wish is almost wish to be unhappy to find you near she was at rest her features reflected the satsilently fulfilled by her subjects. was not infrequent, but it was short-lived Her heart was good and her joy greatest when she could make others happy. Unfortunately, she, the object of continuous dream, that can never be realized, for if you flattery, had become so proud that when she | should ever follow me to foreign lands it did a kind act or conserred a benefit she could only be to Paris or London, when I made the recipient feel that her presence am appointed Secretary of Legation! alone was a great favor.

seene took place at the Ministry of the In- and covered with stars and orders. He terior Jana was sitting in a large drawing shook hands with Lanin, kissed his daughter room idly turning over the leaves of an and said: The clock struck 4. Facing the fire sat a young man of very fine and prom-ising exterior, busily engaged in arranging visiting cards and writing addresses. This was Count Vladimir Lanin, Jana's be- cuses to the Minister. You see how your

kindly, though occasionally one fared not was kind enough to be interested in my fate. quite so well. One day, however, she met a oung diplomat who was presented to her by his uncle, the Emperor's first aid de filled her father's house. He was desperately in love with her, yet he did not venture to declare himself, although his position and his fortune would have justified the step. excuses, too, when you call on the Count and on Schelm: I have just played a good trick on the head of division!" Jana anticipated the confession, which the young diplomat did not venture to make.

The young man blushed, then turned pale,

in silent prayer. 'I love you also," continued Jana, and without ever having entered our house?

whelmed by his unexpected good fortune, ago he hinted at his intentions, although so kissed the hem of her dress and was so reoiced and so deeply moved that the liteness aughty beauty did not repent having given

him such vigorous encouragement.

The next day Jana informed her father of her engagement. The Councilor was unable greater is his guilt." to oppose any wish of his daughter, and moreover, Lanin possessed all that could be desired in a son-in-law and was certainly an excellent match. Alexander Wernin gave at home. To-day I shall explain the matter, his consent most willingly.

own, and as she never liked to wait, she determined to have the wedding at once. Wernin knew no difficulties and no impediments when his daughter's wish was made known I have sent Mr. Schelm an invitation to my to him, and he turned everything upside | wedding, giving him carefully all the titles down in the house in preparation for the ; on his ridiculous card.' wedding on the following Sunday.

On Tuesday Lanin was already busy send- Wernin. ing out invitations, which he did very "Certainly, Councilor," replied Lanin methodically, having gone through all the smiling, "and we have actually committed eards of friends and acquaintances, select-ing those to be favored and now appending Old Wen their names to engraved invitations. Lanin paused for a moment in this occupation. Examining one card which evidently caused laughed aloud and asked, shoving it to his

"Who might this be?" Jana raised her eyes and said, smiling: "I must see the name; I cannot read it

from here." Onophri Schelm, Privy Councilor, Head of Division in the Ministry of the Interior, Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, L. Class of the Order of St. Ann, etc., Pres dent of the Society for the Protection of

Animals, etc. Caravan street, 55." Jana laughed aloud. "He is one of my adorers, who last Satur. day saked my hand through the agency of a

events, we must be careful not to offend him, and I shall at once go to the Minister and tell him that Mr. Schelm came too late Monday I shall call on Mr. Schelm him-"His Majesty the Emperor does not seem

"Do you know this admirer?" asked Lanin. "I never saw him," answered Jans. "To tease father I asked him if my unknown worshiper was handsome and young. 'He is not 40 yet,' was the answer, 'and has al-ready secured a high position; he looks very well, too, when he puts on all his orders and decorations. To punish father for saying this, I forbade his going to the Minister, and told him to use nothing but empty phrases of politeness and not to forget our wedding. He wanted to make excuses," continued Jana, laughing merrily, "but I did not let him get his breath, so that, to this day, I have no idea what sort of a man he may be

-nor do I care in the least." "Scheim! Scheim!" repeated Lanin. "I remember a tellow-student who had that curious name; he studied law. He was an untidy, malicious, poisonous sort of man whom nobody could endure. Perhaps it is

"What?" exclaimed Jana. "Such a man dared ask me to become his wife? We must punish him! Write at once his address on one of those cards of invitation, but do not forget to give him all his title. My father can afterward make his excuses to the Minister. Quick! Quick! Write to Mr. Onophri Schelm, etc., etc. Copy the card

Lanin was hesitating, but Jana frowned and he quickly did as he was bid. "What is now to be done with his visiting card?" he asked, after having copied it ex-

actly.
"Throw it into the fire," she said eagerly,
"even his memory shall perish. A man
whom I never saw in all my life, who did not even condescend to appear in person as a suitor for my hand, he dared ask my hand. I have indeed a right to be angry!"

Lanin tossed the card into the fire and

rang a bell.
"I sometimes see you, in my dreams, alone, forsaken and unhappy," said Jana after the letters had gone. "I see you in a far the letters had gone. "I see you in a far off country in a hut, hopeless and almost despairing. I step into the poor, wretched hut, but not in rice dresses and full of joy, not, as now, surrounded by flatterers and admirers, but tatigued by a long journey and in rags. And yet I am fair and you love me still. You were despairing mainly because you thought you would never see me again. My presence makes the hut look beautiful to your eyes; I bring you new hope, happiness, the best consolation, and I am myself happy. Oh, so happy!"

would not be a man to be despised. At all | money, no influence, can save us from ruin! Jana did not mind he forebodings in the least. "He must be a Chamberlain," she said ironically, "or you would not esteem him so highly. How is it that this title is not

on his card? Perhaps for the first time in his life the old man cast a stern look at his daughter. "My child," he said very seriously, "your jests are out of place here. No, Schelm is not a Chamberlain; he does not even hold a high place, but his power is great. I am not a Liberal, and I do not despise the men who are necessary in order to watch over the life of His Majesty, and who honorably do their duty. I know Schelm too little to say what sort of a man he is, but his hatred fills me with apprehensions for you, my child, my dearest Jana"—here the poor old man's eyes filled with tears, and he pressed his daughter to his breast. "I tremble for you, Vladimir, and for my own

The young diplomat, who had silently listened to the old man's words, looked proudly up and said: "Fear not, Councilor, for us! My life is blameless. I am loyal to my Emperor and

always shall be. I fear nothing, but against vile calumny the influence of my uncle, the Adjutant of His Majesty the Emperor, wil "And if he were the Adjutant of St. Nich-

olas himself he could not protect you against Schelm's denunciation! Do you hear that, voung Hotspur?" Never had the Councilor shown such excitement-never had he uttered the name of the Emperor and of St. Nicholas in such a way. Jana became at last aware that her

ill-timed jest might find result in evil conse-

quences, and as in the depths of her heart she loved her father dearly, she stepped up to him, kissed him tenderly and said: "Be calm, I beseech you, dear father! It this Mr. Schelm holds such a high position he cannot be a fool. He must see the real meaning of our invitation and look upon it

as a poor joke."
"Schelm is a vain, ugly and malicious man," replied Wernin; "lorgetting what he had just said. "He makes all the greater pretensions because he feels how little he deserves them. Perhaps it would be better for you if you had conspired against the Czar, than to indulge in such a dangerous jest. But this is no time for complaintswe must see what can be done. Tell me quickly where he lives."

"Father," said Jana, folding her hands,
"I have burned the cards and cannot remember the address. "What a chain of mishaps!" said the old

man. "Jana, my angel, what is to become of us? I shall hasten to see the Minister



I MUST SEE THE MINISTER.

Lanin fell on his knees before her and and if they cannot tell me there I shall have covered her snow-white hand with ardent to call at every house near the Prospective Tears were in his eyes as he cried: "Jans, do not say such things or you will me, to live for you and in you and then to die at your feet, but I cannot imagine your

At this moment the doors opened and One the same day when the remarkable Wernin entered, dressed in his gala uniform

"Your obedient father reminds you that Jana refused to hear marriage spoken of till she was 20; she knew how to dispose of you like; I set you free. So that was the all aspirants to her hand very cleverly and | Minister of the Interior! Count Perowski I am exceedingly obliged to him:"

"You are forever jesting child, because you do not know what life is. You do not camp. She had known him now a whole know what trifles may suddenly become of year. She had early begun to lavor him among the host of admirers who constantly the rudder must never be offended!" Jana interrupted him: "You can take my

Old Wernin was almost beside himself. 'You are not in earnest, I hope, when you "Count Vladimir," she said one evening to him, calling him for the first time by his enough to offend a man who has never done

Christian name, "you are in love with me, you any harm? What frivolity that would are you not?" The young man blushed, then turned pale, and was barely able to fold his hands as if in silent prayer.

"He has done me no harm, you say, father? A man who dares ask for my hand through his Minister, without knowing me.

her voice, which was generally icy cold, be-came of a sudden soft and gentle. "Will you make me your wife?"

Who does he think I am? Dear father, you almost make me angry."

"For four years Mr. Schelm has been at Count Lanin fell on his knees over- every ball given in our house, and two years

Then, I suppose, he belongs to the ugly

and I beg you will not cause me any new

As Jana knew only one will and that her anxiety with your frivolity."

"But, dear father," said Jana, laughing "But, dear father," said Jana, laughing "Did she really do that?" asked Councilor

Old Wernin turned very pale.

"Foolish, impudent children!" he ex-claimed, "Do you know who that man Schelm is? Do you know that from his office in the Ministry of the Interior he disposes of our fortunes and our lives? Do you know that he decides questions which we dare not allude to in conversation? You all tremble when you hear the head of the gendarmes mentioned. Well, Schelm is a hundred times more dangerous than Co.

Here should be the comforts that the conforts the conforts the conforts that the conforts the conforts that the conforts t hundred times more dangerous than Count Orloff. Do your duty to the Czar and to Russia, and you need not fear the high officials. But tremble when those subordinate people approach you who have such formidable powers in their hands; tremble when you hear their names mentioned! This man Schelm disposes of an equal power with the head of the gendarmes, but it is hidden, mysterious, and he is capable of using his

to call at every house near the Prospective and inquire." He left the room hastily. "My father is so easily disquieted," said Jana. "I cannot see anything in this that

we should be so frightened."
"Unfortunately," said Lanin, "I, also, have become auxious. I never saw your father in such a state of excitement." Count Ivon, the owner of the house in which Schelm lived, had arranged it after French tashion. The portier inhabited a started that led to the different apartments of the tenants. As in Paris, he also received all that came by post for the inhabitants of

the vast building.

It might have been 7:30 whem Schelm came home and passed the portier's lodge.
"Here is a letter for you," cried the latter "Give it to me at once!" said Schelm

As soon as he had received the letter he stepped under the lamp that lighted up the hall. At the sight of the imposing address he began to frown; quickly he tore open the envelope and found this letter:

The Privy Councilor, A. A. Wernin, has the honor to inform you of the engagement of his daughter Jana with Count Vladimir Lonin, and at the same time, to invite you to be present at the wedding ceremony in the Cathedral of Our Dear Lady of Kasan, on November 2.

For a moment Schelm stood as if street by lightning; he grew fiery red, the perspira-tion covered his forehead and his knees trembled. With one hand he took off his With the other he sought his yellow silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, looked blankly at the portier, who smiled stupidly, and crushed the letter wrathfully and threw it down; then he rushed out into the street without his hat and spectacles. 'What a look that was!" said the porties bimself, "he must have gotten bad news."

Faithfully following the example of his Paris colleagues, he picked up the letter on the floor and tried to read the contents Schelm could not have gone far when a carriage drove up, and a gentleman covered with decorations called the portier and inuired for Scheln 'He has just left," answered the portier.

"Did he get any letters?" "Yes, Your Excellency; he had just re-ceived this note, and had thrown it, crum-pled, to the floor . . . so I thought . . ."
"Quick! hand it here! You ass!" oried Wernin, tearing the ball of paper from the portier's hand. "Too late!" he whispered, iter he had read the fatal invitation. Then he returned the letter to the portier, and stepped into his carriage, saying to him-

self, "I was not mistaken! We shall have fight a fierce battle!" (To be continued next Sunday.) Copyright, 1890, by Meta de Vere.

MAN LIKES TO BE BOSS. The Prudent Wife Will Set Apart a Room for

His Exclusive Use. Detroit Free Press.]

A man wants some one place in his home that he can call his very own, some portion of the house where his will is law, where no conflict of authority can arise. This is not altogether for the purpose of securing solitude, for his family is usually most welcome there, but the need for it springs from the

devises for himself; the lounging chairs, the desk and library, his smoking materials with license to use them. Here he should be able to teel absolutely at his ease, trouble by no fear of "mussing things."

The Old Proverb Exemplified. Philadelphia Press.

The Western Union is rapidly extending wery high personage. When father brought me his card he said very solemnly: 'This is a man recommended to us from high places, and you laugh! I tell you, if you have and if Lanin did not have our word he wounded his self-love, we are lost! No Its business of selling standard time in all

Persuaded to Invest by the Bicycle Prophet and Wiggins.

Vicissitudes of Winter Traveling Across the Continent.

SURE IT'S A PROPHETABLE DEAL.

STORIES ABOUT THE PIUTE INDIANS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

I HAVE just bought some more real estate. It occurred in Oakland, Cal. I had the not overbalance the prophet. It occurred in this way: A prophet land suddenly a few weeks ago and began to ride up and down on a two wheeler and warn the people to flee

the high grounds and also the wrath to come, for, he said, the waters of the great deep would arise at about the middle of the month and smite the people of Oakland charges and everything else connected with and slay them, and float the pork barrels a first-class hotel could be found at this out of their cellars, and fill their cisterns place. So the Piute people locked up their with people who speered at the prophecy.



This prophet in this way did a good busi ness. He attracted much notice, and had all he could do as a prophet for several weeks. Many Oakland people were frightened, especially as Wiggins, the great intellectual Sahara of the prophet industry, also pro-phesied a high wave which would rise at least above the bills at the Pacific Hotel in San Francisco. With the aid of these two general, middle-weight prophets, I was en-abled to secure some good bargains in corner lots and improved property in Oakland at 10 per cent of the estimated value. In other words, I am putting my limited powers as a prophet against those of Prof. Wiggins, the painstaking and gifted ass of Canada, and and bicycle prophet of the Pacific slope. I am willing to stand or fall by the result.

WHY HE DON'T PROPHESY. As a prophet I have never attracted attention in this country, mostly because I have been too busy with other things. Also because there was so little prophesying to be done that I did not care to take hold of the industry; but I have ever been ready to purchase at a great discount the desirable residences of those who contemplated a general collapse of the universe, or a tidal wave which would wipe out the general government and cover with a placid sea the mighty republic which nature has heretofore, for some reason, smiled upon. I have secured some good trades in downtown property, and will await the coming devasation with a calm and entirely unruffled

breast. California at this season of the year is a miracle of beauty, as most every one knows Nature heightens the effect for the tender foot by compelling him to cross the Alpine heights of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and freeze to death in the cold heart of a snow blockade. Thus, weather beaten and sore, he reaches the rolling green hills and is greeted with the rich odor of violets. I subnitted to the insults of a tottering monopol for a week, in the heart of the winter, and tired and sick at soul, with chilblains on feet and liniment on my other lineaments, I burst forth one bright morning into this realm of eternal summer. The birds sang in my frozen bosom. I shed the gunnysack wraps from my tender feet even as a butterfly or a tramp bursts his hull in the springtime, and I laughed two or three coarse, outlaughs, which shook the balmy twittered in the dense foliage of the mag-

THE RAILBOAD'S POLICY. The railroad was very kind to us at first That was when we were buying our tickets. Later on it became more harsh and re-proached us at times. Conductors woke us

up two or three times in the night to gaze fondly on our tickets and look as if they were sorry they ever parted with them. On the Central Pacific passengers are not permitted to give their tickets to the porter on retiring. You must wake up and converse with the conductor at all hours of the night and hold a lantern for him while he slowly spells out the hard words on your ticket. I did not like this, and several times I murmured in a querulous one to the conductor. But he did not mind it. He went on doing the behests of his employer, and in that way endearing himself to the great adversary of

I said to an official of the road: "Do you not think this is the worst managed road in the United States-always excepting the Western North Carolina Railrond, which is

an incorporated insult to humanity "Well, that depends, of course," he said on what standpoint from which you view it. Well, if you were trying to divert travel to the Southern Pacific, also the rolling stock, the good will, the culverts, the dividends, the frogs, the snow sheds, the right of way and the new laid train figs, everything except the first, second and third mortgages, which would naturally revert to the Government, would you not think we were managing the business with a steady hand and a watchful eye?"

I said I certainly would. I then wrang his hand softly and stole away, as he also

began to do the same thing. CULTIVATING THE PIUTES.

At Reno we had a day or two in which to observe the city from the car platform while waiting for the blockade to be raised. We could not go away from the train more than 500 feet, for it might start at any moment. That is one beauty about a snow blockade It entitles you to a stop over, but you must be ready to hop on when the train starts. I improved the time by cultivating the acquaintance of the beautiful and picturesque utcasts known as the Piute Indians. They outcasts known as the Piute Indians. They are a quiet, reserved set of people, who, by saying nothing, sometimes obtain a reputation for deep thought. I always envy anybody who can do that. Such men make good Presidental candidates. Candidates, I say, mind you. The time has come in this country when it is hard to unive good qualifications as a candidate with the necessary

qualities for a successful official.

The Pints in March or April does not go down cellar and bring up his gladiola or remove the banking from the side or his villa.

He does not mulch the asparagus bed or prune the pie plant or rake the front yard or sait the hens. He does not even wine his

heart-broken and neglected nose. He makes no especial change in his great life work, because spring has come. He still looks serious and like a man who is laboring under the impression that he is about to be come the parent of a thought. These children of the Pinte brave never mature. They do not take their places in the history or the school readers of our common country.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE. The Piute wears a bright red lap rob over his person, and generally a stiff Quaker hat with a leather band. His hair is very thick, black and coarse, and is mostly cu off square in the neck by means of an adz, I judge, or possibly it is eaten off by moths. The Piute is never bald during life. After he is dead he becomes bald and beloved. Johnson Sides is a well-known Pinte who had the pleasure of meeting me at Reno. He said he was a great admirer of mine and had all my writings in a scrap book at home. He also said that he wished I would come and lecture for his tribe. I assistance of a prophet.

I hope the loss will scrap book at all. Also no home. Mr. Sides at one time became quite civilized. He now established a hotel up the valley in the Sierras and decided to live a life of industry.

on a bicycle, who was hard up, came to Oak-de-Poker-Hunt-us, and advertised in the Carson Appeal, a paper even the editor of which, Mr. Sam Davis, says fills him with wonder and amazement when he knows that people actually subscribe for it. Very soon Piutes began to come to the Shack to spend the heated term. Every Piute saw the advertisement, which went on to state that hot and cold water could be got into every room in the house and that electric bells, baths, silver-voiced chambermaids, overown homes, and, ejecting the cat, they spat on the fire and moved to the new summer hotel. They took their friends with them. They had no money, but they knew John son Sides and they visited him all summer. SOLACE IN THE BOWL.

> In the fall Mr. Sides closed the house, and taking a rubber cuspidor, with a capacity of two gallous, he resumed his blanket and went back to live with his tribe. When the butcher wagon came the next day the driver tound a notice of sale, and in the language of Sol Smith Russell, "Good reasons given for selling." Mr. Sides had been a temperance man now for a year, at least externally, but with the humiliation of this great finan-cial wreck came a wild desire to flee to the maddening bowl, having been moukeying with the madding crowd all summer.
>
> So silently he concealed a bottle of Reno embalming fluid and secreted himself behind a tree, where he was asked to join himself in a social nip. He had hardly wiped away an idle tear with the corner of his blanket and replaced the stopper in his tear blanket and replaced the stopper in his teating, when the local representative of the U. G. J. E. T. A. of Reno came upon his than the was reported to the lodge, and his character bade fair to be smirehed so badly that nothing but saltpeter and a consistent life could save it. At this critical stage Mr. Davis, of the Appeal, came to his aid, and not only gave him the support and encouragement of his columns, but told Mr. Sides that he would see that the Legislature took speedy action in removing his alcoholic disabili ties. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Davis, therefore, a bill was framed "whereby the drink taken by Johnson Sides, of Ne vada, be and is hereby declared null and

WORKING THE LEGISLATURE. On a certain day Mr. Davis told him that the bill would come up for final passage and no doubt pass without opposition, but a sack would have to be raised to de ray the expenses. The tribe began to collect what money they had and to sell their grasshoppers in order to raise more.

Johnson Sides and his tribe gathered on the day named and seated themselves in the galleries. Slim old warriors with firm faces



Looking Into the Land of Flowers. on them to speak o', sat in the front seats, not knowing anything that was going on any more than other people do who go to watch the Legislature. Finally, however, Sam Davis came and told Mr. Sides that the bill had passed and that he was now pure as the driven snow. I saw him last week, but it seemed to me it was about time to get some more special legislation for him. Once Mr. Davis met Mr. Sides on the street and was so glad to see him that he said, "Johnson, I like you first rate, and would always be glad to see you. When ever you can, let me know where you are.' The next week Sam got quite a lot of elegrams from along the railroad—for the Indians ride free on account of their sympathies with the road. These telegrams were dated at different stations along the way, and were hopeful and even cheery, all marked "collect." They were about as

Sam Davis, Carson, Nev.: WINNEMUCCA, NEV., March 31, '80. I am here. JOHNSON SIDES. Every little while, for quite a long time, Mr. Davis would get a bright, cheery telegram, sometimes in the middle of the night, when he was in bed, assuring him that Johnson Sides was "there," and he would go back to bed cheered and soothed and sustained. BILL NYE.

MASONS FOR EIGHT HOURS. The Fraternity Bound to Give Moral Sup-

port to the Movement. King Alfred the Great, who was an em nent Mason, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, first formulated the declaration that man should devote eight hours to work, eight hours to sleep, and eight hours to recreation. This declaration to-day is part of the Masonic teachings, and the working classes look to that fraternity for moral and active support when the time arrives for an open and general declaration in behalf of the eight-hour wage day.

GENIUS UNDER PRESSURE. One of Carleton's Best Poems Was Forced From Him by the Printers.

"Apple Blossoms," is one of Will Carleton's best poems, and he tells how it was written as follows: "As I was sitting in my editorial chair in a Detroit newspaper office one day there came an imperative office one day there came an accept to fill up the call for a little more copy to fill up the forms. I had to find or create something. I cannot tell how the idea came to me. I simply know that I dashed off the verses in a very few minutes, thinking more about space than anything else."

A Recommendation In regard to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, I am pleased to say that I can recommend it with confidence, and that it has done more for me than any other medicine for rheuma-tism, of which I have been a great sufferer. HENRY VALERIUS, Harper, Keckuk, Co.,

MIRACLES ARE MYTHS

The Consensus of Opinion of Eminent Scholars and Skeptics.

NATURE'S LAWS ARE IMMUTABLE.

Efforts to Explain Away the Phenomena Described in the Bible.

[PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A series of questions regarding miracles has been put to the writers on ghosts and Hindoo magic already well known to readers of THE DISPATCH. The replies given herewith are full of interest and suggestive. The questions were as follows:

First-Do you believe there is such a thing as a miracle, or that there has ever Second-What is your explanation of the miracles referred to in the Old and New

Testament? Third-Can modern magicians, i. e., the magicians of to-day, duplicate or equal those ancient marvels? The most concise answers come from Prof.

E. D. Cope, of the University of Pennsylvania, as follows: First-Interference with the laws of matter and energy is not to be expected. I have

never known of a case. Second-Careless observation, inexact recording and absolute fabrication. Third-They can perform some of them.

Others cannot be duplicated. Daviel Greenleaf Thompson answers in a similar vein, as follows: First-If by miracle is intended an arbitrary interference with the order of nature, I do not believe it. At the same time, I see

no reason why any power that makes nature cannot control nature and act in ways that we do not understand. The evidence is, however, of a complete uniformity of na-Second-Those statements in the Scripures which set forth facts commonly styled miraculous are, in my judgment, false; their falsity coming rather from mistakes of tact,

made in relying upon traditions with their primitive credulity, which is seen in all Eastern peoples.

Herrmann, the magician, answers the uestions as tollows: I think the "miracles" were simply sleight-of-hand tricks. I think for instance, that Moses was an excellent sleight-of-hand performer and adept presti-digitateur, who did not hesitate to use his skill in this direction to fortify and strengthen his position as a leader. I think that the magicians of to-day are the best magi-

cians the world has ever known. Seth Pancoast writes: For a miracle to oc-cur it would be necessary to suspend some one of the laws that upholds or sustains the perpetuity of movement observed in nature. Perhaps eight-tenths of the alleged miracles never occurred. We know very well that the sun never ceased to revolve or that Elijah never ascended to heaven in his physical body and in a material chariot. In both cases the laws of gravitation would have to

A small portion of the Old Testament and a larger portion of the New are purely cabalistic. The first four chapters of Genesis give an allegorical description of creation of the exoteric cosmos, the unsexual spirit and its individualization in organic forms; it also describes the fall of humanity by the bisexual division of the spirit and final redemption.

ABOVE OUR UNDERSTANDING.

firacles Are Not the Interruption of Nat-Not Comprehend-Biblical Stories Are Allegorical and Perhaps Cinirvoyant. First-I believe in a Supreme Will, which

maintains the universe in order and intelligently brings out results. If there was no supernatural, or perhaps to speak more precisely, no superior natural, I cannot under stand or even suppose that any natural world would exist. Nature makes no laws, but passively receives and operates according to orce and energy in, by and upon her. Every creature, plant, animal and doubtless earth. mineral, metal and other material subsists by virtue of its inhering life; and certainly the life is prior and superior to that which it sustains. All life is one essentially, and netudes in its scope the energies which pervade and operate upon nature. These energies may and often do operate after modes bove our power of perceiving, causing marvelous things to take place which science imposed upon by miracles. cannot account for, and for that reason are superciliously denied or an honest acknowledgement evaded. With this explanation, I

reply that I do believe in miracles; that they have always existed in this natural world, and will continue to exist.

Second—The wonderful occurrences menoned in the Old and New Testaments are essentially religious legend rather than historic narrative. The Apostle Paul represents many of the accounts as allegoric The Apostle Paul repretypical, figurative, symbolic. We shall be reasonably safe if we bear in mind that all religions have sacred books, which will b found upon candid examination and an intelligent comprehending of their ulterior meaning, to relate to the spiritual career of man and his intimate connection with the superior powers. Believing this to be the key, I respect them all as I apprehend their merits.

FOUNDED ON MYTHOLOGY.

The book of Judges is probably the oldes of the collection known as the Old Testa-ment. It can hardly take higher rank, however, than as a group of legends, traditions and folk-lore, which may not be scrutinized too critically. What little is known of cotemporary history, if we may make any ac-count of chronology, disposes pretty effectu-ally of any historic pretensions. Indeed the book of Joshua narrates the conquest of numerous kings and cities that other books indicate as never conquered. The accounts of the "greater prophet.," Samuel, Elijah and Elisha, are more significant in relation to the matter under consideration. The story of Samuel is apparently a reflection of that of Samson. The names have a simi-lar meaning, and both are nazirs, or consecrated, from their birth. One was the Samus, or Sun, whom Da-Lila, or Lilith, the Night Queen, overcame; the other set up and deposed Saul, or Sheol, the Lord of Darkness, placing in his power David, or Dud, the Eros, or Adonis, of the coming day. David and Eros have the same mean-ing. Nevertheless, that Samuel, while Judge and Chief Magistrate of Israel, should not be known by Saul and his servant in that capacity, but only as a seer who might be consulted about lost animals, indicates a levity in story telling that shows the tale to be untrue. There are so many palpable contradictions in the accounts of

must discard all or most of them as veracious istory.

The encounter between Elijah and the prophets of the Tyrian Baal, or Bacchus, is evidently a disguised account of the celeoration of the Adonis worship of Phonicia. The account of Moses is of an analogous character. On Mt. Sinai had been "holy ground," consecrated from the time of the ground," consecrated from the time of the first monarchy in Egypt. Moses, having been adopted into the sacerdotal tribe of Kenites, repaired thither, and was inducted into higher mysteries. The luminous tree, or "burning bush," from which came the voice, was part of the paraphernalia. The care in which Elijah abode may remind us of the mystic Sekos at Eleusis and the initiatory cares of Mithras. The portents were analogous, but Elijah is represented as were analogous, but Elijah is represented as excelling others. His apocalypse was not by a wind like Job's, by earthquake as with the Israelites at Sinai, by fire like Ezekiel, but by a voice like Moses. Those who are

this personage, as the records read, that we

skilled in the Grecian and other ancient obervances can easily perceive the analysis. MESMERIC OR CLAIRVOYANT.

The prophet Elisha is described with a

career full of marvels, apparently of the mesmeric and spiritualistic order. He sweetened brackish waters with salt, and when some boys rail at his bald or tonsured head he curses them and they are torn by bears. The accounts of increasing the widow's oil, feeding a hundred men with 20 cakes of bread, are probably legendary. I do not credit them as literal, nor will I sucer at them. There is probably some meaning behind which will explain their purport. The episode of the Shunamite woman's son FEATS OF MODERN WONDER-WORKERS is more transparent. The prophet com mands his servant to go forward, neither saluting any one nor answer-ing a salutation, and to lay his staff on the face of the sunstruck child. This is parallel to the direction of Jesus, to "salute no man by the way." In such case there will be a parting with energy and spiritual force which is required at the opportune moment. Many persons around a speaker often draw away his vitality. The servant fails, the magic staff of the prophet does not recall the child from apparent death. Then the prophet goes himself. The child lies in his room, and he enters it alone, that no one may drain him of the required akasa-lorce. He lies down by the child in close contact, mouth upon mouth, eyes to eyes, hands joined to hands, and the whole body in most joined to hands, and the whole body in most intimate nearness. "And the flesh of the child waxed warm." He then rises up and walks the house; then returning, lies down again on the body, "Aud the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes." The healing of Naaman, the Syrian General, of leprosy is in the same category. He too, believes in healing by category. He, too, believes in healing by the magic touch. "I thought," says he, "he will surely come out to me, and fix his eyes on me, and call on the name of Yava, his god, and put forth his hand over the diseased spot and take away the leprosy." This is evidently mesmeric manipulation, or perhaps massage, not to say outright "mind cure." In the further account of

> tinct clairvoyance, like that exhibited by Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn. POSSIBLE PHYSICAL EXPLANATION. Elisha is also recorded as causing an iron ax to float upon the water. To explain this would require a superior knowledge of nature. Gravitation we may regard as a form of potarity. Bodies positive and negative to each other will have a mutual attrac-tion, while those of like polarity repel each other. It the prophet had the occult power to change the magnetic condition of the metal he could make it float. Perhaps the rapid darting upward of birds may be explained by this power of reversing their polarity. Jesus is recorded as walking on a lake on a stormy night, and Ismblichus the philosopher, tells us of persons who were elevated above the ground and moved in the air. I am not willing to dismiss thes stories with the arrogant denial that these things ever happened. The wonders recorded of Jesus are of like nature to those credited to the Hebrew prophets. We are informed that prophets. We are informed that he healed persons from a distance. Perhaps this is no more marvelous than Elisha disclosing the secret designs of the King, Ben Hada. The gospels explain how these cures were effected. Those who received or pro-cured them are described as having "great faith." while as to Jesus Himself, "virtue," or dynamic force,"went out from him," even when He put forth no conscious volition or energy. The mind world, whatever it is, has its own atmosphere, with laws analogous to those of physical nature. As sound

Gehazi, the prophet's servant, there is dis-

will pass on the telephonic wire or the ray of light, so vital force may pass from one to another in the mental atmosphere without regard to distance by the medium afforded by a concentrated will and a receptive tem-Third-I do not believe that such men as Houdin, Heller and other adepts in legerdomain can "duplicate or equal the ancient marvels." But that these "ancient mar-vels" can be duplicated, and perhaps sur-passed, I do confidently and reverently be-

ALEXANDER WILDER, lieve.

SIMPLY UNEXPLAINABLE.

Editor of the hadems.

Miracles Are What We Cannot, but May Some Time Understand. First-Webster defines a miracle as "an event or effect contrary to the established constitution and course of things, or a deviation from the known laws of nature." That an event or effect ever occurred contrary to the established constitution and course of things I do not believe. On the other hand, phenomena are constantly occurring which are deviations from the known laws of nature. All forms of mesmerism, hypnotism telepathy, psychometry, psycography and psychic vision come under this head. At the best, we can only regard a miracle as an unexplainable occurrence. The firing of a cannon would be to a savage who knew nothing of powder or guns a miracle. The

Second-So far as human intelligence is a large percentage of the miracles of the Bible never occurred, except in the imof the writers of these stories. Take, for instance, the statement that at the command of Joshus, in the name of the Lord, "the sun stood still, and the little of astronomy he probably would have killed off the enemies of Joshua's people in some manner not so likely to be a fatal strain upon the faith of any one who wishes to believe the story, but at the same time understands the dire effects that such a staying of the moon and sun would cause throughout the entire planetary system. Many of the Old Testament miracles are plainly symbols of natural truths, more or less of an occult nature. This seems also to be true of some of the statements of wonderful phenomena in the New Testament. Yet if Jesus was the master that his disciples declare, it cannot be denied that much of the phenomena described as His miracles in reality may have

been worked by him. Third-Anything that was possible 1,000 or 5,000 years ago, so far as the production of "miracles" is concerned, is equally as

possible to-day.

JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE,

JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE, President of the Boston Theosophic Society. A CAUSE FOR EVERY EVENT. Kellar Malutains That Christianity is a New

Form of Solar Worship. First-No. I believe there is a natural cause for every event, although we may be ignorant often of the cause of the phenomenon. As we all have a grain of superstition in our nature we are prone to ascribe to some supernatural power things that we do not

understand. Second-My opinion is that Christianity is a new form of solar worship; that Christ is a sun god, and that all the miracles ascribed to Him in the New Testament are merely a history of natural events veiled in allegory, caused by the sun's action on the earth. For instance, the changing of water into wine is the transformation by the sun's warmth of the waters of January into the grapes of September; the changing the five small loaves into sufficient to feed 5,000, and when they had all eaten there remained fragments sufficient to fill 12 baskets is a miracle performed annually by the sun, when his rays fecundate the earth and change the grains sown by the husband-man into the autumnal harvests. Christ': death and burial, and his resurrection or the third day, is in my opinion allegorical of the winter solstice, when the sun is further south and apparently stands still as far as his north and southward motion is concerned for about three days, before he starts on his northern course again and rises toward the zenith of his glory. There are many reasons for believing that Christ was the sun personified; He was born on the 25th of December, when the new sun is born; Christ was ushered in by John the Baptist, who baptised with water; the new

oun is also ushered in by Janus, or Janarius (January), and the sign of January is the waterman. Christ had 12 apostles; the sun passes through the 12 signs of the zodiac. One of the apostles was a doubter; his name was Thomas, also called Didemus, which being interpreted means a twin; the doubting stars in the zodiac are called the twins. Regarding the miracles of Moses, some of them now take place every year. The changing the waters of the Nile into blood occurs every season; when the waters rise they turn to blood red, caused by the flood washing down the red mud from the upper countries.

KELLAB, the Magician,

THE MIRACLES OF TO-DAY. Wonders in a Great Church as Remarkable

as Those of Olden Times. First-I confess that many of them are incredible, but, then, so are the miracles that happen to-day. The Roman Catholie church has always cultivated the mystic and the occult, just as the prophets and disciples of old were wont to do, consequently miracles are of constant occurrence in Catholic countries. The phenomena connected with the grotto of Lourdes, the annual liquefaction of the blood of San Tennaro, in Naples, are two noteworthy instances of this fact. The Catholic church will not admit that any person having belonged to it is worthy of canonization until he or she has performed a prescribed number of miracles. But who ever heard of miracles among blue Presbyterians, or Mathodists or Profestants generally? The Methodists, or Protestants generally? The miracles performed in Roman Catholic countries at the present time are fully as wonderful as any that are recorded in the Bible, and for my part it is just as easy to believe that the Virgin Mary appears to a lot of French peasants and instructs them as to the proper method of glorifying her divinity; or that the miracle of the transubstantiation is a fact, as to believe that Christ

walked upon the sea, or turned water into wine. If we admit the possibility of one miracle, we admit the possibility of 29,000. Second—Modern magicians are quite capable of duplicating, or, at least, equaling these extraordinary feats. There are persons whom we all recognize as being endowed with exceptionally fine perception and a wonderful sensibility. Now, following strictly the law of natural selection, it is possible that in the course of centuries this receptiyity and highly cultivated intuitive knowledge might be evoked into we know not what marvelous capability. And if, as we are told in the New Testament, faith can remove mountains, faith might eventually fill Mme. Biavatsky's cash drawer, as she

CAN'T SUSPEND NATURAL LAWS. Miracles Either Did Not Occur or Must Have

MARQUISE DI LANZA.

claims, with money whenever she needs it.

Been Misunderstood. 1-I do not believe there is or ever has been such a thing as a miracle in the vulgar sense of the word, as something out of or contrary to the established course of nature. There is no room for the supernatural or the miraculous in the schedule of things which any sound, sane mind can conceive. If I should see one arise from the dead I should suppose that either he had not quite died, or else that his arising was an entirely reasonable, natural, proper and indeed necessary event. I do, indeed, know that many things considered by the ignorant as miracles, and cherished as such by designing persons for purposes of their own, happen in the shad-owy border-land between mind and matter. But I am bound as a scientist to consider them as natural as any other occurrences, to

study, investigate and explain them to the best of my ability.

2-Our traditional alleged miracles are the inventions, lies and forgeries of priesteraft for theocratic purposes; partly the myths which grow out of the honest delusions of unlearned populaces; but they postly have a high and true meaning, a

allegories, parables, or veiled representa-tions of possible or actual events. 3-I know that the same spiritual powers and occult forces which have formerly proved adequate to the production of phenomena miscalled miraculous are operative to-day. Natural magic, or practical occultism, is a science which may be studied and an art which may be practiced. But it is always easier to produce a spurious or counterfeit marvel, by some dextrous tricks,

than to cause a genuine manifestation of psychical effects. PROF. ELIOT COUES.

PALPABLE DECEPTIONS.

A Rather Uncomplimentary View of the Religious History of the World, First-As I understand a miracle to be the occurrence or performance of an impossibility. I certainly do not believe such a thing has ever taken place, and of course this means the total disbelief in many socalled holy things. The elder Disraeli, in guide it seems reasonable to assert that a large percentage of the miracles of the scribes the thousand and one instances of Bible never occurred, except in the imrelics, mentioning in particular the Glou-cestershire miracle of the blood of Christ, which was visible only to those who were not in mortal sin. It turned out to be the moon stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies." If the writer of this miracle had known even a side transparent, and the monk upon whom side transparent, and the monk upon whom devolved the duty of showman, turned the

side he thought desirable to the pilgrims, being governed somewhat by the size of the offerings made by the latter.

The religious history of the Middle Ages is so full of these instances of trickery that there is usually no difficulty in divesting the so-called miracles of their supernatural significance. Personally I believe there are no miracles that cannot be repeated or ex-plained in these days of the telephone and phonograph. I can very easily imagine how a person in a state of religious enthu-siasm, which borders on insanity, can be-

lieve in a communication from heaven, and I see such cases every day.

DR. ALLAN MCLANE HAMILTON.

A Flock of New Parties. New York World.1 The Bellamyites nominated a State ticket n Rhode Island, which was voted on last week. The Ibsenites think of organizing a political party in Massachusetts, while the Laura Jean Libbeyites may decide to

nominate a Presidental candidate in 1892.



