within a year the money must be returned, or great distress will fall upon you."

Julius was soon busy filling his pockets with the shining gold; but remembering

that the money was given him only as a loan, he was careful to take no more than he

thought he could repay at the appointed time. Then having again carefully noted

the situation of the cave, he was conducted by the old man through the torest, and was

not long in making his way through the streets of the city to his home in the old

tenement house, where his long absence had caused much anxiety; and the mother was

beginning to fear that her troubles had not

vet come to an end, and she must suffer the

loss of her dear son. But imagine the sur-prise and joy in that plain little room when Julius returned with his treasure, and told

his wonder ut story of the Black Forest, and

or the little old man who had been so gen-

erous with his gold. That night the bright

beaming faces of the happy family made a pleasing contrast with the sad, distressed

ones of the morning.

The early spring lound Julius and Belva with their father and mother in their old

home in the country, where the children

could once more play on the green grass and gather the daisies and buttercups. The mother's pale face grew round and was tinted with the glow of health, and the father soon lost his sad, care-worn appear-

ance.
The little garden was carefully cultivated,

and yielded such abundant crops that long be ore the time appointed the money was

ready to be returned to the cave in the

forest. And when the year had passed away, and the day had come on which Julius had promised to revisit the Black

countenances, he saw friendly faces smiling

upon him. When he reached the cave the old

man was not there: but he left the bag o

gold and returned home. As he approached the place where the cottage had stood, he

saw a magnificent palace, from whose windows poured forth a flood of light. At

the door he was met by his mother, who handed him a large golden key on which was written in jeweled letters, "Peace and plenty will always be yours. To Julius,

WHITTIER'S MOCKING BIRD.

The Benuty That Filled the Poet's Hom

With Song for 25 Years.

PAYSIE,

from the Old Man of the Forest."

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

In a narrow, not overly clean street, in one of the large cities, stood an old, rickety tenement house, occupied by many poor families, some of whom had known better homes; but were compelled by misfortunes to remove to this miserable dwelling. On the top floor lived 10-year-old Julius with his father and mother and little sister Belva. The children, small as they were, had known much trouble and suffering. They could remember their pleasant cottage in the country, with its trees and flowers, where they had been so happy and contented; and they knew how their father had, through the treachery of a pretended friend, lost all, and was obliged to take his family to this present wretched dwelling. Then followed sickness and poverty, till at last real want came, and often the good, kind parents would put aside their share of scanty food that the children might not go hungry.

One cold, blustery evening in midwinter, the father, sad and disheartened over the day's fruitless search for work, entered the dingy room, dimly lighted by a small fire in the grate, and said: "Wife, I think I shall go to your rich uncle that lives on the other side of the Black Forest, and ask aid from him."

"It would be useless, my dear husband," replied his wife; "you know his heart is made of stone, and he would only drive you from his door. Besides, you must not dare the horrors of the Black Forest, for at this time of the year the woodland sprites play their wildest sports. Perhaps to-morrow

The father sighed deeply, and with a heavy heart abandoned the project. But Forest, he placed the gold in a bag and set Julius had been an attentive listener to this out on his journey. To his surprise the conversation, and all night his brain was | forest, instead of bing dark, was bright and

ing a crust of bread which had been given

him for his breakfast, he ran down the

creaking old steps and out into the street.

After walking a few blocks, he met a kind

looking old gentleman, whom he asked: "Can you tell me the way to the Black

The old man seemed astonished, and then

pointed out the way. "But," he added, "my little man, do not enter those dark

shades; for only terror and fright await

hastened away to the gloomy woods, whose

giant oaks never lost thei dark green foliage, and through whose spreading branches the winter's wind whistled moura-

tully. The boy's stout heart almost failed

him as he entered the lonely place. He seemed to see hideous forms gliding among

the trees, and ugly distorted faces grinning through the bushes. But remembering the

trudged on, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the ground that he might not see the terrors about him. He had gone but a short

distance when he noticed lying directly ac-

which sat a very old man, whose shoulders

burdens. His old felt hat was drawn dow

were bent as it accustomed to carry heavy

over his eyes, and he seemed to be resting

from a long walk. He looked curiously at

Julius, and then asked: "Have you any bread or meat? I am half ramished with

Julius showed the crust, which in his ex-

citement he had forgotten to ent, and offered it to the stranger, saying: "I have not much; but you are welcome to this."

The old man eved the food for a moment,

and then ate it greedily.
"And now," he said, "how came you in the Black Forest; and why do you brave

Julius soon told his story of the poverty at

home, and of his intended visit to his rich

nucle. The old man laughed scorufully,

saying: "You will get nothing from him but harsh words. I know him well; and if

you are determined to make the attempt, I

shall accompany you to the end of the lor-

Julius thankfully accepted this protec-tion, and in the dark shades kept very close

to his guide. Although many curious faces peered through the trees and mocking laughter sounded through the woods, there

was no further evidence of elfish sport.
When they reached the end of the forest the

old man directed Julius to his uncle's house, and then suddenly disappeared.

the great stone mansion, and litted the heavy brass knocker. When ushered into

the presence of the stern old man, Julius

was so frightened by the keen, torbidding stare that he almost forgot his errand. But

there was no need to waste words, for when

his uncle had listened unmoved to Julius'

pititul story, he called the servant and

rdered him to chase the boy from the house,

breatening direful punishment should be

be found there again. Distressed over his

failure, the thought of again traversing the

Black Forest came to him with new horror; and, throwing himself on the ground, he wept bitterly. Hearing a hoarse laugh, he looked up and beheld his former friend

standing before him, who said: "I suppose

added: "Come, cheer up; I can help you, and you need not return to your home empty-

Julius smiled through his tears, and,

trusting his guide, followed him through the lorest, until he stopped be ore a large,

But when he observed the boy's grief, he

you have your gold?"

With besting heart the boy approached

est; for while with me you will be safe."

auffering at home, he whistled merrily

Unmindful of this warning, Julius

JULIUS MEETS THE OLD MAN.

busy making plans for the next day. Tak- | sunny, and instead of hideous, grinning

REVELATION A FACT Another of the Inferences From the

Existence of a Creator. TRUTHS WE CANNOT DISCOVER

God's Chosen People Learned Gradually, Not in a Single Hour.

TESTIMONY OF THE OLD PROPHETS

WRITTEN POR THE DISPATCH.

To-day the series of studies in the argument for God comes to an end. Our study began with the three stages of the argument itself-first cause, then nature, then man. The conclusion was that there is a degenerate.

But in the midst of these nations, as they effects as seen in nature and in man shows that this first cause is intelligent, self-determining, personal and righteous. For the effects of a cause are contained in the cause. Such an effect as personality argues personality in the cause. Then we took up three great difficulties

which lie in the way of this argument: doctrine of evolution; then, the difficulty which is urged by the agnostics, and which urged by the pessimists, and which ce. 13 rest of it—has not yet learned adequately.

about the problem of pain. These difficulties With Christianity the knowledge of these we examined, and found in them more help than bindrance. The stumbling blocks were discovered to be stepping-stones. Evolution was seen to emphasize the argument for God by revealing God as ever-present and ever-acting in the world's history. Agnostructure of the stumbling of t ticism was seen to emphasize the argume God by uplifting our conception of God, and revealing Him as one who is all the best that we can conceive of, and infinitely more. Pain, even, was seen to emphasize the argument for God, by revealing God's righteous, wise and loving purpose even in those events in human life which tempt us

THE THREE INFERENCES.

Finally we studied the inferences which ollow from the fact of God's existence. First, the inference as to prayers; then the inferences as to miracles, and finally coming to our subject for to-day, the inference as to revelation. Prayer we showed to be natural, heip ul and effectual. Miracles we showed to be not only possible and probable, but actually (citing one eminent instance) veri-fiable. Our studies in this subject are today with the inference as to revelation.

Revelation is the communication to a man of a truth which he either did not or could not find out for himself. There are two ways by which we get a knowledge of truth, by discovery and by revelation. The difference is in the person of the messenger who brings the truth. In discovery we are the messengers. In revelation somebody else is. Discovery is what we find out by our own senses. Revelation is what somebody

Now, revelation in the senses in which it is used in theology means truth which is com-municated not only to an individual, but to the race, which no man could have found out. Apart from all speculation, reasoning philosophy, discovery, are certain truths which were not only not aimed at along the path, but which were simply told by God to man. They came into the world from the outside. This is the assertion of religion.

WITHOUT IT ALL IS GUESSWORK. The importance of this assertion of revelation is plain at once. Revelation is solutely essential to assured religion. Because without it religion is only a series of guesses. It rests on the uncertain foundations of opinion and emotion. That is the very best that can be said of it. Without revelation, the whole idea of God is like the strange specters seen in the mists of the Brocken. God is only the reflection of man. God is but the magnified shadow which man a new discovery, by a change of feeling, all religion may be swept away. Without revelation, without an unmistakable assurance from God, all is uncertain.

Is revelation possible? The question is already answered when we affirm the existence of God. For who will doubt as to whether or not God can reveal Himself? Is God dumb? Cannot God do what we can? He who made the lips and voice of man, cannot He speak? And if it is further debated as to whether or not man could understand a revelation from God—could distinguish it, that is, from his own thoughts—this we see after a moment's thinking, is only another form of the first question. Can God make Himself underquestion. Can God make Himself under-derstood? is the same as, can God speak? To

such question everybody who believes in God can give but one answer. The answer is Revelation is possible?

From our parents, from our teachers, from our Bibles we learned what we know about

God. That, as a matter of fact, is the actual way in which this knowledge came to us.

Somebody told us. But go back behind that. Who told our teachers? And their

teachers-did these truths come to them by

find that these truths were revealed to them, how did the revealers find out truth? Back

and back we go, and, so far as the great truths of religion are concerned, it is revela-tion all the way, and nowhere discovery.

Here are five great assertions of religion: (1) the fact of God, (2) the fact of duty, (3)

(1) the fact of God, (2) the fact of duty, (3) the fact of providence, (4) the fact of salvation, (5) the fact of immortality. Who can name the discoverer of any one of these great truths? Is not discovery, indeed, unthinkable in regard to these? Columbus has an idea that there is land somewhere over on the other side and having the idea.

other side, and, having this idea, he pushes on day after day until he finds it. But

imagine, if you can, a man with no faintest idea of God discovering God; or

revelation or by dreaming? And, since we

AND PROBABLE, TOO. I was reminded recently, says a writer is Is revelation likely? Again the same the New York Herald, of an incident retruth about God answers the question. This wise, holy, loving and supreme Being, who lated to me on the occasion of a visit to the poet Whittier at his home at Oak Knoll a little over a year ago. It was the sage of Danvers' 80th birthday, and while he was wise, noly, loving and supreme Being, who has created a man with a conscience to discern between right and wrong, with an aspiration to know the will of the Most High and to do it—is it likely that He would stop there? Think what conscience means. It means that sin displeases and goodness receiving a group of literary dignitaries in his cozy parior. I was having a delightful chat with his charming little 18-year-old niece Phobe in the library.

Phobe's love for the domestic pets is only pleases God. Conscience is an affirmation of personality. It is an instinct by which Phobbe's love for the domestic pets is only second to that for her uncle, and it was with intense pride that she exhibited the great black cat, whom she christened Rip Van Winkle in Joe Jefferson's honor, and the we know that there is a relation between us and a Personal Being above us, a relation strengthened by our righteous actions, and strained by sin. Conscience interprets virtue

mocking bird whose songs in many keys are scarcely less tuneful than those of the grayas obedience and transgression as disobe dience. Conscience points to God. bearded Quaker.

The cat and the bird are in perfect accord Now, this righteous God whom conscience declares, will He stop with only this much of a revelation of Himseli? Will He not and together with the magnificent New-foundland, who is always at Mr. Whittier's tell us what His will is, that we may do it? side, form, as Phobe says, "a perfectly happy family of three." Will He not somehow satisfy this aspiration which He has set in our hearts to know happy family of three."
"How old is he?" Phoebe repeated, when I asked about the Bird's age; "oh, he is ever so many years ahead of me," with a blush and a laugh, and then she told me of Him? That it so likely that if there were no further revelation of God, such a strange lack would prompt the great question, Why? If God is, why does He not tell us plainly? If God desires us to obey His will, why does He not feach us clearly? a visit paid to Oak Knoll some time before by a rather pretentions Boston gentleman, who had remarked as he entered the library. Nothing is more unlikely than that God should hide Himselt out of men's sight and hearing in an eternal and unbroken silence. Ah, I see you indulge in the luxury of a mocking bird. Well, sir, mark my words, you'll not keep him long."

That would be the difficulty of difficulties. To this sage observation Mr. Whittier re-plied dryly, "No, indeed, I fear not. He Revelation follows naturally along the lines of the affirmation of God. has been in the samily for more than 25 THE FACT OF REVELATION. Revelation then is probable and likely, but is it a fact? Is there anywhere a reve-Whether that bird is still in the land of the living is more than I can tell, but the lation of God?

It is evident, of course, that the great

fact of the possibility of a mocking bird's longevity is to my mind well established, if only on bright-eyed Phæbe's authority. INDIVIDUALITY IN IT.

years now.

Even the Typewriter Can't be Depended or to Concent One's Identity.

"Even typewriters cannot be depended ipon to shield the annoymous little writer who sends insulting messages" remarked Dr. Nofsinger, Postmaster of Kansas City, to a Times reporter the other day. "Every one has stock phrases and catch words which would be pretty sure to reveal him after swhile. Then a man's identity is discernible in his punctuation, in the measure in which he strikes the keys of the machine, in the very mistake. in the very mistakes made. It is pretty difficult for a man to get away from himself and to conceal his identity so that he would not at the same time be discovered."

CAUSE OF SEA SICKNESS

The Latest Theory is That the Blood Has Much to Do With It.

The causes and philosophy of sea sickness have always been a great puzzle; but the most the torest, until he stopped be ore a large, black cave cut in a rock. The old man lighted a pine torch that hung at the entrance, and bade Julius enter. The flaring light cast great shadows on the wall, and the sound of their tootsteps echoed again and acain in the empty hall.

"Here," said the old man, disclosing a strong from chest standing at one end of the production of a string. strong iron chest standing at one end of the pork on the end of a string.

of the race is parallel with our own history. The knowledge of the great truths of city of the SULTAN. religion came from the outside. RELIGION OF THE BACES.

For consider what it is that we see when we look out upon the religious knowledge of we look out upon the religious knowledge of the race. We see great tracts of people, having only a dim glimmer of these five great truths. Some put the emphasis on one, some on another. In China the im-portant truth is duty; in Egypt, immortal-ity. We see the greatest and wisest souls of these lands gaining only a little closer conception of these truths, and not able to make the common records understand even make the common people understand even the knowledge they have gained. The emphasized truth is grasped, perhaps, but all the rest is dim and vague. Here, we say, is revelation, but only a glimmer of revelation, such as might have come—as their own writings, indeed, indicate—from some ancient and far-away communication of truth from God to man, dimly remembered. In all these nations revelation is not only im, but unprogressive. It tends rather to

appeared upon the map of the world 20 centuries ago, is one quite different. In this nation the great truths of religion are far clearer. Every one of the five is recognized. Step by step we can trace in the old records, which we call the Bible, how these truths were emphasized, and confirmed, and made more clear. The unity of God, the rule of duty, the conception of God as one which lie in the way of this argument:

First, the difficulty which is urged by the materialists, and which centers about the doctrine of evolution; then, the difficulty all taught by the teachers of this nation as they are taught nowhere else on earth. which is urged by the agnostics, and which centers about the limitation of human thought; and finally, the difficulty which is the race—even that part which leads all the

Now notice (1) here is a nation which does somehow have a clearer knowledge of truth than any other. We study the great religious of history. We compare them all with this. We compare all other sacred books with the holy Scriptures of the Hebrews. The wonder is that there is so little in the other religious and the other books. These Hebrew prophets and poets stand among the sacred poets and prophets of all other creeds as Plato and Aristotle stood amidst the crowd of obscure cotemporary philosophers. Nobody can be blind to the difference.
There appears, then, in the history of the

race a nation having a knowledge of religious truth so much fuller and more adequate than is had elsewhere that we call it

special knowledge.
Notice again (2) that among this Hebrew people this religious knowledge is gradual and progressive. One of the objections which is made to the Old Testament is that there is so much imperfection in it. The heroes blunder and the saints err, and the standard of morality is not our standard. And some men make sharp comments upon this state of things. But the men who make the comments misunderstand the conditions. The revelation to the Hebrews was a progressive revelation. And it must be plain that there can be no progress without imperfection. Progress is simply an ad-vance from the less perfect to the more per-iect. Nobody who believes in evolution can consistently fault the Old Testament. It is the frank, straightforward record of the evolution of a record. the evolution of a people.

IT MUST BE GRADUAL. Revelation, indeed, must of necessity be

gradual. Because the revelation is made to man, and man can take in truth only in receptiveness to truth increases. Taking man as he is, the only way in which a revelation can be made to him is by revealing one truth at a time. After a truth is un-derstood, a second truth can be built up upon it.

It is perfectly true that God could have

taught all truths to man in the Garden of Eden. All civilization, all sciences, all re-ligions might have been unfolded to him at the start. But that could have been done in only one way—only be creating a different kind of man, only by creating a man in whose language there should be no such words as progress, growth or evolution. God could have revealed His will tully at once, but only as He could teach partial differential equations to a boy six months old-by creating a new kind of brain. Questions as to such possibilities as these and wonderings why God did thus and not so, can have no end and no answer. Why any such condi-tion as time at all? Why any race of men? Why any world? We might as well stop before we begin.

RELIGION IS A GROW H. Here is the point upon which I am insisting: In whatever way we may account for the gradualness of growth in religious knowledge among the Hebrews, its grad-ualness is a plain fact. Religion grew as the world grew. Here is a race, alone among the nations of the earth, which possesses not only a special kind of theological knowledge, not possessed elsewhere, but comes into this possession by regular,

steady, gradual growth.

And now (3) a third point. Step by step in the history of this race came new accessions of religious truth—where from? Here is Moses, here is Isaiah, here is Jesus of Nazareth, each with his new message, and the last with a message including and tran-scending all the other; what have they to say

for themselves? All along, century by century, the Hebrew prophets with one voice declare that God has spoken to them. The truth which they teach came to them, not by discovery, but by revelation. Were the men mistaken? Nothing can be plainer than their declarations. God has spoken to them. At last comes Christ to be the revelation of revelations. Was He mistaken? Or is it the people who deny that there is any reveation who are mistaken?

Here are the conditions of the question. God can make a revelation to man; it is al-together likely that God would make a revlation to man; some of the wisest, strongest, clearest-sighted and holiest men who ever lived said that God did make a revelation to them. The conclusion is that God has rerealed Himself, indeed.

GEORGE HODGES.

A BOY CARTOONIST.

Wonderful Work of 10-Year-Old Erskine Williams of London. Pall Mall Budget.]

An era of juvenile prodigies seems to have set it. We have child actors and actresses galore; Otto Hegner is by no means the sole child pianist; there is even a child violinist or two; but Erskine Williams, aged 10 years, truths of religion came to each of us as a revelation. They were not discovered by us. professionally known as "Little Erskine, the is probably the only artist of his age. He is Child Cartoonist," and his work is of a very remarkable discription. Little Erskine is the son of a sign-painter and letter-writter,

who lives in Stockwell road.

Ever since he could stand upright the pencil has been his chief toy. He used to draw flowers and ships, but latterly he has taken to faces. He uses snything—pencil, chalk, charcoal, oil, water-colors—anything he can get hold of, and recently he has been trying pastels, but he finds them difficult

Among others, he made a capital sketch of Mr. Gladstone, a face he is particularly fond of portraying. This sketch was sent by the secretary of the club to Mr. Gladne with an account of the precocious artist. By return of post came a postcard. with the following note in the Grand Old Man's own handwriting:

Pray present my compliments to the little artist, and my wishes for every success in his future operations. Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mary J. Holmes Writes Entertainingly of Her Visit to It.

DOGS RATE AS NECESSARY EVILS. How the Turkish Beauties Cast Sheep's

Eyes Over Their Veils.

ABDUL HAMID'S LIFE OF ANXIETY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) It had been raining for two or three days,

and when at last we anchored in the Bosphorus a white mist lay so thickly on the hills around us that we could see but little of the city, except its hundreds of minarets rising like mosts against the gray sky, and its tall cypress trees which mark the graves of the dead. As large ships cannot come very near the shore, we were landed in small boats, and were soon picking our way through what seemed to be a narrow lane, but was in fact a street, the dirtiest and muddiest I ever saw, with narrow sidewalks and tumble-down houses, which might have been standing when Constantine rebuilt the city in A. D. 328

later we started with our guide, George, to explore the town. Crossing the Golden Horn on the long bridge which was swarming with p cople, whose strange, Oriental costumes would have looked oddly enough to us if we had not just come from Cairo, we found ourselves in Stamboul, the oldest part of Constantinople, and more interesting to strangers than Galata or Pera, where the hotels are situated and the buildings more modern. Here in Stamboul you plunge at once into a labyrinth of dark, winding, dirty streets, many of them without a name and apparently leading nowhere in particular, so abruptly do they turn and so completely do they seem in the distance to be closed up by the houses, of which a writer has aptly said that they were dropped down any where and the people left to get round them as they could.

A CITY FULL OF DOGS.

The streets are crowded with a motley mass of people, Turks and Greeks, Syrians and Egyptians, and dogs—300,000 of them, we were bid, and they are on the increase every year. No one owns them; no one pets them, although many feed them, and you will often see them prowling around a pile of refuse thrown out for their benefit, or lying in the middle of the street and on the sidewalks, where you step over them and around them and sometimes on them with impunity, for they are very good natured and quiet, except after nightfall when their privacy is intruded upon by one of their kind. These dogs live in wards, and as the Englishman's house is his castle, so a Turkish dog's ward is his fortress, and woe to the contract of the contr to the canine found near it at night, and woe to the tired tourist when a battle between the invader and invaded is going on. I have heard such a battle and know whereof I write.

Leaving the dogs, of which I counted to man, and man can take in truth only in proportion to his capacity for truth. Man is a growing animal, and accordingly man's receptiveness to truth increases. Taking and is the first object you see as you enter weapon yet constructed. It works someand is the first object you see as you enter the harbor and the last as you sail away. It was built by Mohammed II., and is shut in but instead of discharging cartridges by lofty walls and gates, and with its suites loaded with large balls it sends into the was built by Mohammed II., and is suit in but instead of discharging carringes by lofty walls and gates, and with its suites of apartments, its mosques and gardens and tall cypresses, all thrown together without the least idea of harmony or order, it covers about the size of shoe buttons, but peculiar about the size of shoe buttons, but peculiar a space nearly three miles in circumferer

MYSTERIES OF THE HABEM.

harem, which we were told sometimes consisted of several hundred wives, a goodly number for one man to manage, and it is not strange that his own private palace was outside the ware told sometimes consider the told for further duty. Now, a wounded man is more detrimental to an army in action than one who is killed outright. outside the gates, where he could flee for quiet and safety when the domestic cyclones, which must often have ensued, were at their height. Sometimes, it was whispered, when a wife was very retractory, or he was tired of her, she was sewed up in canvas and quietly dropped over the wall into the waters below, which tell no tales of the death struggles they have witnessed, or the dying moans they have smothered.

Occasionally a better rate, as sor might think, await the air rebel, who was bestowed upon one of the Sultan's officers, either as a reward of merit or a punishment, it mattered little which to the imperious man whose word was life or death to so many thousands. But the harem is no longer in the Seraglio; for when the palace was burned it was removed, and is now across the Golden Horn in the modern part of the city. Here the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid, leads a life of nervous dread and fear, second only to that of the Czar of Russia. Warned by the late of his prede-cessor, Abdul Assiz, who was murdered in his magnificent palace on the shore of the Bosphorus, he is in constant expectation that a like calamity will some day befall him, and so he secludes himself as far as possible from the public, and when on Fri-day, the Mohammedan Sunday, he goes, as he is compelled to do it he would avoid an insurrection, to the Mosque, just across the

GUARDED BY 7,000 SOLDIERS. each one of whom he looks upon as a possiofficers are gorgeous in their apparel, but the Sultan is very plainly dressed in black, with a cheap red fez upon his head, while his dark eyes, which look as if sleep were unknown to them, wander nervously over the shouting multitude, from which he shrinks in fear, only breathing freely when he is safe within the walls of his palace. Past this palace our party attempted to walk, but was ordered back by an official with fierce gestures, whose meaning we could not mistake, and so we contented ourselves with going down a side street where we could look at the building, but not speak aloud of it or its pitiable, cowardly occupant, for when we asked some questions, using the Sultan's name, we were promptly

hushed by our guide, who spoke only in whispers, with a furtive glance in all direc-tions. What he feared I do not know, but if ever we were glad for the religion founded on peace, good will to men, it was when we stood that sunny afternoon, not far from the Sultan's bandsome palace, and thought of all the superstition and distrust which cluster around the Musselman' faith.

AT BEAUTIFUL ST. SOPHIA.

The mosque of St. Sophia, which stands near the old Seraglio, is, perhaps, the most interesting building in Constantinople. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and the cen tral dome is 180 feet above the floor, and must once have been much higher, as the gilded cupola could be seen 100 miles out at sea, and was a landmark for ships coming the harbor. Inside it is very beautiful with its columns of marble and granite and porphysy, some brought from Heliopolis and Baalbee and Athens, and others from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Near the entrance is the marble tountain where the faith ul were washing their feet, while we, the infidels, the Gentile dogs, shuffled about in large felt shoes, closely tollowed by an attendant, who seemed to have a special antipathy to mysel: as the only woman in As a rule Mohammed women are not ad-

mitted to the mosques, and when they are they usually sit in the gaileries, with their faces veiled and only their bright eyes visible to the masculine crowd below. We were fortunate in reaching the mosque at an hour when so many were prostrating themselves before the shrine of Mecca in prover while faintest idea of God discovering God; or with no glimmer of a difference between right and wrong, discovering duty; or in the face of the fact of pain, asserting as a discovery that God cares for the individual; or in the face of sin, that God will ofference of the fact of pain, asserting as a new poisoning is so common among vidual; or in the face of death, asserting that there is life after it. These rarely reach the patient in are undiscoverable. But truths which we are undiscoverable. But truths which we possess, and which we cannot trace to death, asserting as a new possess, and which we cannot trace to death only their bright eyes wisible to the masuline erous below. We were fortunate in reaching the mosque at an hour when so many were prostrating the mesque at an hour when so many were prostrating the most of the nucles of the usually sit in the galleries, with their faces of sensation, while the other branches are nerves of wisible to the masuline erow below. We were fortunate in reaching the mosque at an hour when so many were prostrating the most of the side that tracked along the nerve branch that tracked along the tracked along the nerve branch that tr

and forth of the body, as they kept time to the doleful singsong. THE SWEATING PILLAR

Here we saw the sweating pillar from Heliopolis, which in summer is sometimes covered with drops of water, and in which they told us were the bones of St. John. To this mosque the Sultan is obliged to come once a year, suffering torture at every step and looking years older on his return, so scute are his fears that some act of violence will be attempted on his person. The Hip-podrome is the most celebrated square in the eity, but nothing remains of its former grandeur, except the Obelisk of Theodosius, the pillar of Constantine and the serpentine column of three twisted serpents.

The bazaars are very attractive, and especially the grand bazaar, which is roofed over and is a succession of narrow streets and passages, gaily decorated with the wares to be sold. Here are crowds of tourists bar-gaining for goods, while the oily-tongued merchants smile and flatter and offer them coffee and eigarettes, and slwnys end by cheating them more or less, according to the shrewdness or credulity of the buyer. THE TURKISH BEAUTIES.

Here, too, are many Turkish ladies closely reiled, some on donkeys and some on loot, and some attended by servants, a part of whose duty it is to report any impropriety to the master at home. At these women, some of whom are very handsome, English and American men stare fearlessly, while the etiquette of the Mohammedan requires that he shall turn his eyes away from be-holding the charms which belong to But once out of the lane we were on a bis neighbor; consequently, a stolen broader, wider street, which wound up the bill to our hotel, from which an hour later we started with our guide, so careful, and their eyes, which often have a coquettish twinkle in them, as if challenging admiration, look curiously over the veils drawn seross the nose, and which, as they are often of some white, this material, scarcely conceal the features they are intended to hide.

It would take too long, in an article like this, to tell of all we saw in that strange city built on many hills, with one hand touching Asia, where Scutari lies, and the other holding a part of Europe in its grasp. The days we spent there were delight ul days and full of interest, and they come back to me over and over again, as does the lovely sunset which shown on mosque and dome and minaret and palace, and gave to sky and sea a brilliant coloring of violet crimson as we sailed in the golden light through the Bosphorus and out upon the Marmora on our way to Athens.

MARY J. HOLMES.

BOULANGER'S AMBITION.

With a Gan That Wounds, but Doesn't Kill, He Will Win a Crown in Africa. New York World.

"You were surprised to hear that General Boulanger intended to go to Africa?" asked a Frenchman of me at dinner a few nights since.

"I was indeed. What does he hope ac complish by such a move?"

My companion looked mysteriously wise for a moment, then, lighting a cigar, said:
"The world does not know Boulanger. He is the most ambitious man the race has seen since the First Napoleon passed away. Boulanger has not been quiet on the Isle of Jersey. He has conceived a great project whereby he hopes to win a crown. He has gathered around him many of the most desperate men in Europe. He has determined to drive the Germans and English out of Africa.

in shape. They are round at the base and taper down to a fine point. If three or four of them strike a man they give him such ex-Boulanger gun, as it has been named, a hundred thousand men would be powerles before a small company armed with the new weapon.

"I see. And what is Boulanger's plan of "He intends to take ten of the new guns with him to Africa and a force of 1,000 men. He will join the French troops now in action against the King of Dahomey, and by against that monarch will gain the adherence of all the French soldiers in the Dark Continent. He will then begin hostilities against the English and Germans and, when he has made himself master of Africa, he will set sail for France."

MAKING PLASTER CASTS.

How Copies of Famous Works Are Secured

For the Great Galleries. "We get our plaster casts of celebrated statues and other art works from the great museums of the world, in Rome, Berlin, Paris and London," said the curator of the Corcoran gallery to a Washington Star reporter. "In those great institutions-perhans not more than half a dozen in numberare gathered practically all of the important original antiques in existence. If it is a statue from the British Museum that we want we are obliged to send to a dealer named Brecciani, who is the only person permitted to make casts of art objects in that institution. A bust of Cæsar is worth ble assassin. On these occasions there is a great deal of ceremony and show, and the \$1 50, a tragment of an ancient trieze the same amount, a reproduction of the cele-brated 'Disk Thrower' \$37, a caryatid \$30 and a whole harpy tomb \$45. The last, of course, is a particularly elaborate piece. When we want anything in the way of a

cast we send on an order, just as for any other kind of merchandise. "The making of a cast from a statue is an exceedingly difficult affair. For the head and face alone 50 or 60 pieces are required to make the mold; the ear will very likely take 12 pieces. Work is begun, sa, by placing one scrap of moist plaster of paris over a small section of the face, taking care not to cover any more surface than the plas-ter when hardened can readily be withdrawn from without breaking. When this piece has become hard it is permitted to remain sticking to the statue, while another scrap of plaster is applied to an adjoining section of surrace.

"In this way the task slowly progresses

until the statue is covered with hard plaster, the bits being separated from each other by a sort of shellse on their edges, which pre-vents them from sticking together. After this has been accomplished it only remains to remove the pieces of plaster, which fit together, into the shape of the desired mold."

REFLEX NERVE ACTION.

How a Swallow of Ice Cream Will Cause Sharp Pain in the Temple. Why is it that upon taking an imprudently large mouth ul of ice cream one is apt to

teel a sensation of violent pain in the tenple? says a writer in the Washington Star. The ice cream, when such a big mouthful of it is incautiously swallowed, produces a chilling effect upon the nerves of the larvax or "voice box," and of the pharynx, in the throat. The sensation shoots back to the throat. The sensation shoots back to the center of those nerves in the brain; but there it finds a side connection with the great facial nerve that starts from in front of the ear and extends its branches over the side of the face.

One branch of this facial nerve, extend-

ing across the temple, is a nerve of sensa-

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for Home Cracking.

to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine, 1091-AN APOLOGY.



1092-CHARADE.

Bome sixty years ago a lass
Belonging to the peasant class—
A Polish girl—was dancing gay,
Alone, upon the Sabbath day,
When a schoolmaster, passing by,
Chanced this fair, lively girl to spy.
He watched her in her frolicking.
And while size danced he heard her sing;
The tune he noted down with care,
Because it seemed such pretty air. Because it seemed such pretty air. Such origin had, first, a dance Such origin had, first, a dance
That soon grew popular in France,
And thence it spread till it became
One that acquired a world-wide fame.
Last is a garment, one that's common,
And may be worn by man or woman.
Who e may be worn by ladies fair.
But it is what no man would wear.
In name of first we plainly see
The kind of last that whole must be.
NELSONIAN.

1093-TRANSPOSITION. Weary of the care and sorrow, Weary of the care and sorrow,
Weary of the constant pain;
I would pass away to-morrow
With the changes I might gain,
Short, at best, the life before us,
We must live it to the end—
Primal thoughts that hover o'er us,
Which like lightning strokes descent

True, there comes a strong temptation;
"Tis to end this ceaseless strife;
Whether rich or great our station,
Whether old or young in life.
Years cannot our hope once brighten,
When the jows of life have fled,
Naught can then our burdens lighten
"Till we're numbered with the dead.

Yet there is a silver lining,
Yet there comes a quiet morn;
Why this ceaseless, and repining?
Time will heal the heart-atrings torn.
And our spirit, final, soaring
To the realins of brightest day,
Shall in measures sweet adoring,
Pass the cycling years away,
H. C. BURGER.

1094-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. Angry. 3. Having long and heavy hair. 4. An arbor. 5. Mango-fish. 6. Low plants having fleshy roots, 7. Detracted. 8. Doomed. 9. Taught (Obs). 10. Gloomy. 11. A letter. DOMINIE.

The whole and last seemed to agree Like tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee; 'Twould bother Crabb to find in these A difference: they're like two peas. The variance is so slight and dim, Each seems the other's synonym; And yet I own, for it is true, There's some distinction 'twixt the two, Though self-conceit each seems to show In those who their own trumpet blow. One's self to ever aggrandize. Is just what whole, no doubt implies, Although one thinks he's number one, In talk 'tis best self-praise to shun. Loaf is self-love, the kind that leads To reference to other's deeds; 1095-SYNCOPATION. To reference to other's deeds;
To judging them with self in view,
And telling just how you would do,
For what it's worth take what I say;
I have defined in Webster's way.
NELSONIAN. o reference to other's deeds:

1096-DOUBLE CROSS-WORD. In "spare;"
In "square;"
In "prone;"
In "drone;" In "pray;" In "stray."

People rant about the total.

Published widely in our land.

Ministers and earnest Christians,
Others of the pious band.

Now we think them quite too swe In their efforts to reform: Yet they do it all sincerely, And the contest wares warm.

H. C. BERGER.

1097-DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Words of 8 Letters.

1. A dancer. 2 To acquaint with. 3. Elegant. (Obs). 4. A genus of small trailing plants including the ground ivy. 5. A player. 6. An exudation of spume found on some plants, especially about the joints of the lavender and rosemary. Primuts-A young servant, Finals-Notorious.

1098-ANAGRAM. I asked a per-on who seemed droll For information about whole. He said 'twas a fantastic part Of style employed in painting art. And then another one I heard Ask him the meaning of the word. He answered: "Its my conjecture That it refers to architecture, A kind that modern Roman taste Has materially debased." And then I listened while a third Inquired about this curious word. The man immediately replied, The man immediately replied, That 'twas to literature allied, And that it means what is romantic, I thought the fellow was pedantic, And nothing more I cared to hear. Because he seemed a "man so over.

A total takes part in a one
Where people or animals run;
He may not win the first
Though he strive till he burst;
Then his backers will yow they're undone.
Bitter Sweet. 1099-CURTAILMENT.

1100-NUMERICAL. More is 5, 6, 1, 78
Than meets the eye, I here will state.
If you 4, 2, 3, 6 your views
On others, a good rotal choose;
For shallow proofs are mere pretense,
And may to wise men give offense.

BITTER SWEET. ANSWERS.

1081-Locke's Essay on the Human Under

1082—Cannon.
1082—Cannon.
1083—Sum-mar-y.
1084—D I S M E M B E R
I N T E R I O R
S T O N E R S
M E N A C E
E R E C T
M I R E
B O S
E R 1085—Discontinue.
1086—E, cat, amaranth: The Catamaran,
1087—S H U N L E S S
H O E N F I S H
A S S I N E G O
M O N A E O H O 1088—Rarefaction. 1089—1. Crapes. 2. Scrape. 3. Capers. 4. acers. 1000—Main, man.

CRAMPS AND STITCHES. The Cause is Contraction of the Muscles

From Either Cold or Fatigue. Washington Evening Star.]

Doubtless you have on occasions waked up in the night with a fearful pain in the caif of your leg and found the muscles drawn up in a knot. This "cramp, "as it is called, is simply a contraction of the muscles caused by cold or fatigue. Irritation of any sort, however, may bring it on, by an electric current, for instance, which will render the subject experimented upon incapable of extending the limb affected. A "stitch in the side" is the same sort of a cramp attacking other muscles; a "crick in the neck" is a contraction of the muscles of

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. MOST

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

NEW STORY -BY-

WILLIAM BLACK. A NEWSPAPER NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE

Specially Secured for the Columns of

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

THE DISPATCH.

We have pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have secured for publication in the columns of THE DISPATCH a new work of fiction by Mr. William Black-an author universally admired-bis forthcoming work being, moreover, specially written for newspaper publication and designed to interest all classes. The story is altogether new and unpublished,

events and characters, its publication from week to week will arouse the utmost attention. WILLIAM BLACK'S

and as it deals to some extent with present day

WILL BE ENTITLED "STAND FAST,

NEW NOVEL

CRAIG-ROYSTON.

And the story it will tell will be as unconven tional as the title of the work. "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston," is the family motto of one of the characters introduced by the author-and a very interesting, original and breezy sort of individual he proves himself to be. But his greatest claim upon the reader lies in the fact that his daughter is the heroine of the story. William Black's heroines are among the most delightful creations in our literature, and the heroine of the present story is equal to the best of her charming predecessors. "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston," whatever else it may be, is

first and foremost, A LOVE STORY. Introducing Scotch Poetry and Saxon Prose, American Girls and English Aristo crats. Theoretical Socialism and Practical Politics.

A STORY TO BE READ. THE AUTHOR OF "STAND FAST,

CRAIG-ROYSTON."



MR. WILLIAM BLACK. Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, the author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," etc., was born a little short of 50 years ago, in Glasgow. His youthful ambition was to become an artist, but eventually be drifted into journalism, of which he may still be considered a distinguished and successful representative. He located himself in London in 1864. As a newspaper representative he went through the Prussia-Austrian War of 1866. "In Silk Attire," produced in 1869, dealt with peasant life in the Black Forest, "Kilmeny,""The Monarch of Mincing Lane" and "A. Daughter of Heth." followed in the order named and ran through many editions. Next came "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," which literally described a driving excursion the author made from London to Edinburgh, with

a thread of fiction interwoven. It is said that a good many people, Americans chiefly, have adopted this plan of exploring the English counties, and have taken these "Adventures" as a sort of guide book. A glance through the author's list of published works reveals that his "A Princess of Thuie," "The Maid of Kileena,"
"Three Feathers," "Madcap Violet," "Green
Pastures and Piccadilly," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings: A Yachting Romance," "Sun-rise: A Story of the Times," "That Beautiful Wretch," "Shandon Bells," "White Heather,"

"The Wise Women of Iverness," Zembra," "In Far Lochaber," "STAND FAST. CRAIG-ROYSTON,"

Wil I prove to be as clever and as success as any of the works preceding it from the POINTS OF THE NEW SERIAL,

Publication of which begins in THE DISPATCE ---on---

3UNDAY, JULY 6, 1890.

The heroine is a young American girl of Scotch descent, who has traveled much and who has a charming simplicity and independence of The story is full of interest and the movement is steady and continuous. The perusal of the opening chapters gives promise of some surprising situations in the near future. The hero is a young fellow of means, with brilliant prospects in the political world; his father is a

millionaire with socialistic theories.

The love story which the author has to tell is of a most original kind, and requires for its claboration several interesting personages, in-cluding a family of Americans and several fashionable notabilities in London.

The political characters introduced can al-

The political characters introduced can almost be recognized as counterparts of people now living. We have copious references in the mouth of an old Scotch poet to the claims of Scotland in song and story, and as a background we have fashionable life in Mayfair, at Henley and Brighton, labor and co-operative and acceptance are the construction. congresses in various parts of the country, and a characteristic leader of the masses in a North Country man named Ogden. "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston" possesses a powerful and exciting plot, and will appeal strongly to all classes of readers.

WILLIAM BLACK'S LATEST, BEST AND MOST POWERFUL STORY.

CRAIG-ROYSTON."

WILL COMMENCE PUBLICATION IN THE COLUMNS OF THE DISPATCH ON

"STAND FAST,