

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 In the little village of Lorch the peasant people leved to show to travelers visiting their town the picturesque ruins of a stately old castle standing on the summit of the hill, and to tell the wonderful history of the renowned Count Gilgen, who in early years | sword." made his home here. The Count was a stern, severe man, bated by many and loved by none. His harsh, cruel ways were a constant source of terror to his servants and other members of his household. The only person who ever received a kind word from him or could cause a smile to appear on the gloomy face of this strange man was his only child Geriinda. Count Gilgen loved her with the greatest devotion, and for her

he coveted riches and fame. But in spite of all his efforts to gain wealth, the Count became poorer and poorer. One by one his possessions vanished, until only the old castle remained. He even robbed the poor peasant people of their hard earnings and deprived them of their fields crops in order that he might have an abundance for his daughter. But his treasures disappeared almost before he had gained them. At last, in despair, he determined to consult an old witch, who lived in a dark

and there on the top stood many little dwarfs and there on the top stood many little dwarfs
who laughed scornfully, and cried: "In
vain have we sought aid from you, and now
you shall receive nothing from us."

"I shall have my daughter," said the
Count, "and when I reach the top of the
mountain, you shall know the power of my
sword."

The dwarfs laughed, and made no reply. The witch's sprites then began to make the path for the Count. But he had gone only a few steps when the whole mountain began to smoke and burn with such a heat that he had to fice for his life; and all the time he could hear the mocking laughter of the dwarfs. Then Gerlinda's voice sounded sweet and clear: "Father, go to the hermit in the teacher had been a supply to the hermit in the teacher had been a supply to the hermit in the teacher had been a supply to the hermit in the teacher had been a supply to the hermit had been a supply to the her

in the torest; he will help you."

The Count followed this advice, and when The Count followed this advice, and when he had told his trouble the hermit said: "The dwarfs are very kind and good, but they are angry with you for defrauding the people, and denying shelter to the needy. For this reason they have taken your daughter and will restore her only on condition that you promise hereafter to deal justly with everyone, and devote your time to doing good rather than getting wealth."

The Count hesitated: for he loved riches, The Count hesitated; for he loved riches, and wished greatly to punish the dwarfs for carrying off his daughter. But his love for Gerlinda conquered, and he gave the re-

quired promise. "Go then," said the bermit, "to Mount



Castle Von Lorch.

Philadelphia Record.]

THEY MARCHED TO HIS SNORE.

A Philadelphian Who Gave Three Regi-

ments the Step While He Slept.

Select Councilman Franklin M. Harris

prides himseli on his proficiency as a snorer.

In lact, several committees, representing

the 75,000 people who have taken up perm-

anent residences in the Thirty-second ward.

have waited upon him with protests. This

story, however, is intended for family use

"I established my reputation as a nasal

trumpeter during the war," said the sage of

the Diamond Club. "Right after the Bat-

tie of the Wilderness we were marching

rapidly along hoping to reach a suitable place to camp before night. I had been

awake 48 hours, and fell asleep while marching. After several hours I swoke and dis-

covered that three regiments had marched by me, keeping step with my snores—fact, I

GEMS FOR SEALS.

The Engraved Signets of the Various Pec

nies at the Dawn of History,

Gems to be used as seals were engraved at

an early age of the world. A square signet

of yellow jasper, engraved about 1450 B. C.,

It has engraved upon it the horse, and the

name and titles of Amenophis II. Herodo-

tus informs us that the Ethiopians engraved

In Judea, the breast plate of the high

priest was adorned with 12 precious stones, with the names of 12 tribes engraved upon

them. Strange to say, however, no Hebrew engraved gems older than the fifth century

are known to exist. The Bactrians and the

Hindus are the other Oriential nations of

THE HEAD OF A HORSE

Most Hen Are Surprised to Find it as Long

as a Flour Barrel.

"Which is the longer, the head of a good

So the two men found an emply flour

barrel, measured the barrel and then stepped

over to the curb, where stood a big-boned draught horse. They measured his head. The man who had at first demurred opened

his eyes. 'Good gracious!' said he, 'cap, you are

But it was a fact. It you dont believe it'

A MATHEMATICAL PARROT.

He Har Learned to Count the Number of

Dashes in His Shower Bath.

H. Veit, the Eleventh street confectioner,

is endowed with a remarkable parrot, widely

admired for his beauty and intelligence.

The bird, just out of his teens, is still

young for a parrot, and is a brilliant con-

versationalist; but his strong point is his talent for mathematics. Mr. Veit adminis-

ters shower baths with a sprinkler, and

sized horse or of an ordinary flour barrel?"

"Why what can you be thinking of?"

"Yes, but let us measure."

noodcoing me! I won't believe it

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

vices in relief.

Philadelphia Press.]

"I repeat it."

"Preposterous!"

is in the possession of the British museum.

cave in a mountain, and who declared that Kedric, and you will have no trouble in if he would throw his daughter's jewels into a cauldron of boiling water that the air Joyfully Count Gilgen went his way, and would be filled with gold, and should bave all that he desired. But when, one cold. winding round the mountain. Following stormy night, Count Gilgen sought the dreary cave and threw the jewels into a black kettle hanging over a blazing wood fire, no gold was to be seen, but only dense, black smoke filled the place. The Count and his daughter returned to their was very angry, and would have struck the witch, but she cried, in her shrill, piercing voice: "It is not my fault; the dwarfs are to blame for this. They are the ones who steal your wealth. Your daughter invites

Count and his daughter returned to their home. Count Gilgen was never unfaithful to his promise; and the formerly stern and one or blading man became a friend and confidence of the people; and was loved by all. This is the story the peasants tell of the them into your house and feeds them from your table. Drive them away and you shall again be rich."

A few days after this, a furious storm raged in the land: the rain fell in torrents, and the winds whistled angrily around the castle walls. The beautiful Gerlinda sat at her window, and as she saw the flowers and trees bend under the force of the storm, she felt grateful for her safe shelter, and pitied any unjortunate traveler who might be abroad in such weather. Suddenly her quick eye detected one of her little friends, a mountain dwart, trying in vain to seek protection under some overhanging plants. Unmindral of the wind and rain, Gerlinda threw open the window, and leaning far out, "How do you happen to be so far away from home in such a storm? Come in here where it is warm and pleasant, and remain till the rain ceases,"

The ugly, wrinkled acc of the little man

grew bright with smiles. He climbed up the vines, and on to the window sill. "You are very kind, little friend," he said; "I seared I should perish in the storm. Can you give me wine and food that I may recover my strength?

"Certainly," replied Gerlinda; "I shall get them at once for you." But a rough hand seized the little girl, and the Count, pale with auger, cried: "How dare you bring this rascal into my house? It is he who has made me poor,' The dwarf looked up in astonishment and

anid, "If I had such a beautiful daughter as yours I should consider myself the richest man in the land.' But the Count, still very angry, answered:

"My daughter helps to make me poor; and you, scoundred that you are, rob me of my wealth." He struck with his sword at the dwarf,

but the little man disappeared; and, al-though the Count and his servants searched eagerly for him, no trace of him could be found. Gerlinda was much grieved that her guest should receive such treatment, and wished to join in the search, but feared the displeasure of her father.

The next morning when the storm had

passed away, and the sun shone bright and clear, the Count mounted his horse and, calling his dogs, started away to the chase. He was still displeased with his daughter, and at parting had said no kind word.
Often during the day he thought or her, and regretted his harshness to his beautiful child. When he returned in the evening he was met at the gate by one of the servants, who was weeping and seemed in great distress. He said that early in the morning distress. He said that early in the morning Gerlinda had gone into the valley to gather flowers and had not returned; and, although they had searched diligently, she was not to

The Count was almost beside himself with grief, and ran hither and thither, calling for his daughter. He commanded his men to ride over hill and dale, and not to return till they had found Gerlinda. He himself rode wildly over the country, asking every one he met, "Has Gerlinda passed by here?" A shepherd lad said he had seen a beaumaiden with long, golden hair and bright, blue eyes, riding on a white horse led by three dwarfs wearing long red cloaks. But he had seen them only for a moment, and could not tell where they had gone. The Count then went to the old witch on the mountain, saving, "You surely know where my daughter is, and must tell me where to

The old witch erooned some magic songs over the fire, and then said: "Your daughter is in Mount Kedric." Now the Count raged more furnously than sfore, and he knew he was in the power of the dwarfs; for the Kedric Mountain was as smooth as glass and as hard as flint. No human foot had ever been able to mount its

steep, slippery stope. Turning to the witch, the Count cried: "If you do not tell me how to ascend this mountain, I shall cut used to keep count of the number of times he threw the water over the parrot. how to ascend this mountain, I shall cut you in pieces with my sword."

"It is a very easy matter to ascend Mount Kedric," said the witch. "My band of sprites shall go with you, and with their fiery feet shall burn a path."

The Count went at once to the mountain,

THE SAVING POWER.

Not Enough That We Simply Refuse

to De That Which is Wrong:

NOR YET THAT WE CONFESS TO SIN. Turning to a Right Life Must be Accompa-

nied by Divine Pardon.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE SACRIFICE UPON THE CROSS

What is it which saves men? We all want to know that. We all need to know that. It is the question of questions. How can we be saved from sin-from sin past, from its guilt, from its penalty; from sin future, from the love of it, from the power of it-how can we be delivered from the guilt and from the love of sin? (1) If we could prove ourselves innocent

of sin, we would be delivered from the guilt of it; we would be acquitted. Some people try to do that. They do not attempt, of ourse, to make themselves out as altogether perfect. They have some faults. They have a brief catalogue of amiable failings, which lean decidedly "to virtue's side." But they say, "I don't do anything very bad. I don't do anybody any harm." There are a good many such people, and there are several things which ought to be said to them. These needful truths all begin with the word

Not to do good things is sin. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, in our Lord's picture of the Last Judgment, that is the sin. The men who passed by on the other side, the rich man who let the beggar on his doorstep starve; the people who saw their brethren have need, and failed to extend to them a compassionate and helping hand—these stand on the wrong side, when the race is parted right and left, before the Judge. To be unhelpful is to be unchrist-like. It is to be in sin. Among the mani-fold opportunities which crowd our lives, and the daily chances there are to put money and time, and kind words, and helping hands where they will do the most good, who will affirm that he who neglects them is innocent of sin? The sin of omission shadows even the saints.

THE OTHER NOTS.

(2) Not to love and serve God is sin Some people think that they are doing their duty when they keep five of the commandments. They honor their parents, do not kill anybody, nor commit adultery, nor steal (except perhaps in a commercial way), nor bear false witness (except occasionally for the sake of piquancy of conversation), nor covet (very much). But there are ten commandments. And the other five are both first and greatest. Christ said: "Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." No amount of love and well-doing toward our brother men can make an for vice. toward our brother men can make up for vio-lation or neglect of that. Whoever is not serving God, seeking to know His will and to learn His truths, rendering Him rever-ence and adoration, putting His service first (3) Not to be conscious of sin is itself evi-

(3) Not to be conscious of sin is itself evidence of sin. The holiest people have always been conscious of their sins. You cannot see the disorder of a closed room. But open the shutters, let the light in, and soon the dust is visible. Whoever is not conscious of sin must have a low idea of righteousness. And that itself is a grief and an offense in the sight of God. Not to have a high ideal of sin. "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to distruction." You can walk in the way without tion." You can walk in the way without any trouble, without thinking. "And many there be which go in thereat." "Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." You will have to mind your steps if you walk that road. "And few there be that find it." Whoever has a low ideal, whoever has a good opinion of himself, and is not trying very hard after any better way of living, and is not conscious of sin,—which road do you think be is walking in? "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves the father," the "Son," and the loving Son, by the offering of this fearful sacrifice, either purchases the Father's love or appeases the Father's wrath. We distinguish between the Father and the Son too widely. There are not two Gods. We may set that down emphatically. It may be too much to say that the "Father," the "Son," and the tion." You can walk in the way without that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." No; we may not think to escape the guilt of sin by plead-

THOSE CONSCIOTS OF SIN.

II.—But suppose we are conscious of sin. We plead guilty. May we not be delivered from the guilt of sin, if we repent and amend our lives?

our lives?

How many hard questions would be answered if we could set a "yes" to that! How many heavy volumes of theology that would send out to the dust pile! The mysterious, the miraculous, the supernatural in religion —how it would be minimized! Why, it would make Christianity as simple and as reasonable as arithmetic. What shall we do to be saved? Repent and re orm, every one of you; imitate the Master, follow His steps: abhor that which is evil, cling to that which

Many believe that. Many more would like to believe it. It is an attractive doctrine. And the best thing about it is that it is true—as far as it goes. Without re-pentance, without an endeavor to put away the bad with sorrow, and to seek with earnestness after the better, no man can be saved.
What is it to be saved—to be saved from what? From sin; from the guilt and from the love of sin. It is plain that no man can be saved from sin who does not try to put sin away. But suppose a man could put sin away, would he then be saved? From the power of sin, he would. But the guilt of sin, the stain of the past, the pen-alty of sin-would he be saved from that?

THREE IMPORTANT FACTS. (1) We turn to human law. Is the con vict pardoned who repents and tries to re-form? No; he has to bear his sentence.
(2) We turn to the universal legislation of nature. Will repentance and amendment save from penalty the man who has broken nature's law? Let a man unnerve himself with strong drink, and then sign a pledge, will nature pardon the past and make him

antiquity that engraved gems. The Chinese, early in their history, used gems, soapstone and porcelain for seals, with de-(3) We turn to the instructive belief of the race. In all lands and all times, men have erected altars and offered sacrifices, and had faith in prayers and sacraments. Never have men been content with their own endeavors after goodness; never have they trusted in the power of sorrow to wipe out the past; never have they been satisfied to regard salvation as simply a matter be tween the will and the soul. The thought of God has entered in, always. Somehow, God must be reconciled. God's pardon must be somehow gained before the guilt of sin can go away. Men have never been satisfied, and are not satisfied to-day, with any endeavors of their own. Reformation and amendment are not enough to save man.
III.—But pardon saves. God can pardon us, and so save us. Why not be delivered from the guilt of sin by being pardoned.

Let us think of that.

(1.) Suppose that our heavenly Father, in His infinite love for us, His children, were pleased to forgive freely and at once all our offenses against Him. Suppose that after each sin we had but to kneel down, and holding up our offending hands to heaven, ask to be forgiven, and the guilt of sin would go away.

THE IMPORTANT CONDITIONS. That is true now, but under certain infinitely important conditions, one of which is that we ask in that sacred name which was written over the cross, and for His sake who bore that name, and upon that cross suffered and died. Suppose there had been no cross, and we had but to ask and be forgiven, do you not see that the standard of holiness would at once be lowered? Sin could not seem such a very grave offense against God if He were ready to pass it by. The denunciations of transgression in Holy Scripture would quickly come to be read as the language of Oriental exaggeration; and the declaration of the future punishment of the wicked would speedily be resolved into poetry and myth. We do not, and it is now even been to realize the sixty and the second speedily the second speedil and hourly, and wholesale, and easy par-don, we would be farther than ever from that need/ul realization. It would be the granting of a universal indulgence, without

granting of a universal indulgence, without even the necessity of doing penance.

Second—And do you not see, too, that this further result would follow. That if any realization remained of the sinfulness of the sin which God had forgiven, we would be utterly and miserably ashamed in His gracious presence! We would be pardoned culprits. Suppose a man owes a large sum of money, and his creditor, pitying such a poor bankrupt, tears up his notes, throws them in the fire and lets him go, would the debtor, he at ease in that presence afterthem in the fire and lets him go, would the debtor be at ease in that presence afterward? Or, suppose a man had been a traitor to his country and then been simply pardoned, would he not feel himself a branded criminal? Imagine Benedict Arnold forgiven, and living in the court of Washington and Jefferson! But God would draw us near to Him—not repel us. He wants us to be full of joy, not of shame, before Him; and to that effect something more than pardon, something more than more than pardon, something more than simple, unconditional, uncarned forgiveness is necessary. So we add still another nega-tive. Still the way of salvation is undis-covered. What saves men is not yet an-

swered. THE BEST PLAN. Fourth-How then? How can we be delivered from the guilt of sin? Suppose that God himself should say: "I will take upon me the burden of my children's sin. I myself will bear the penalty in their stead. I want them to know what a dreadstead. I want them to know what a dreauful thing sin is, and I want them to realize how I love them, even infinitely. I will teach them and save them by being manifested among them, and taking their sins upon me. I will be lifted up, for my children's sin, upon the cross. So will I draw them away from sin, and save them!"

them away from sin, and save them!"
Would not that meet the needs of men?
There would be no denial of the sinfulness of sin—rather an emphasis of it. There would be no separation set between God and the forgiven sinner, rather a closer union

made.
That was what happened. Here the question of questions finds its answer. There is still difficulty, there is still mystery, that we would expect when we try to understand the plans and deeds of God. But the main truth is perfectly plain. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Him-self.," Set aside all "theories" of the Atone-ment and take this. This is enough. ment and take this. This is enough. Christ "died for our sins." He was "crucified for us." He was "made sin for us." He "put away sin" by the sacrifice of Himself. He "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He "hath washed us from our sins in His own blood." He "gave His life a ransom for many." He "hath reconciled us to God by His own blood." He "is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." That throws light into some dark places. Shall the innocent suffer for the guilty we ask, and there is an infor the guilty we ask, and there is an in-stinctive negative. And if the question means "in the place of," then it is hard not to answer "No" and be done with it. One sins and another is punished for it. That is strange justice! But it the question means "for the sake of," shall the innocent suffer for the sake of the guilty? Why, inno-cence is suffering for guilt, in that sense, all the time. Every noble and who treads the the time. Every noble soul who treads the way of sel:-sacrifice that his brethren may be unlitted is an instance of it. Indeed, there is no way yet known among men by which there can be any saving of the guilty except by the voluntary suffering in some manner of the innocent. Down comes some Greatheart out of his home of comfort and sets his dwelling among the poor, denies himself almost everything that men account worth having, and gives his life for his brethren. That is the noblest sight which the sun looks down upon the wide world over. But it is only a faint reflec-tion and dim echo of the Incarnation and

ARE BUT NAMES

describing God in His different relations to us. Such a statement would need some qualification. It would be very much nearer the truth, however, than the duation or tritheron which colors our popular theology. It is not true that one God—the Father compelled the sacrifice of another God-the Son-before He would forgive the sins of men. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world uuto himself." It was God himself,

manifested among men, who for love of us endured the cross.

I think we can see here why it is that the death of Christ, rather than the life of Christ, is set forth as the act which won salvation. All that the life meant, and more also, is included in the meaning of that death. Here is set forth pre-eminently the love which God has for us, and the hatred which God

Explain it as we may, here is the fact. The sacrifice of Christ has made salvation possible for every child of man. The cross has bridged the gulf which seemed impassable between sin and pardon. Fortunately, it is not the "doctrine" of the Atonement which saves men. Salvation does not de-pend upon our understanding of the atone-ment, or our "views" about it, or our belief in any particular interpretation of it. We are saved, whatever we may think about it —by the fact of the Atonement. We are saved by the fact that "Christ died for our GEORGE HODGES

GETTING EVEN ON ICE

People Practice So Much Economy That High Prices Will Not Bring Profits. New York Press.]

I heard a club steward talking vesterday about the economies that are now required in such institutions on account of the high price of ice. He said: "We have been extravagant beyond any sense in this country in the use of ice, because we have had such a bounteous supply of it. In all the leading clubs cracked ice has been kept in great bowls on the tables and served in glasses for the cooling of water to drink. In our club all that has been stopped.
"A member can have the ice by asking for it, but it is not set around to melt and go to waste. If the same economy we practice takes effect all over the city, the ice companies will make less money this year than any year of which I have any knowledge,

COLLEGES A FAILURE.

even at the high prices they charge.'

An Old Gentleman Sticks a Senior Class on a Couple of Questions.

An eccentric old gentleman recently knocked out a whole graduating class in a Western college. He got the boys together, the day before commencement, and told them that he would give \$10 to every man who would answer correctly two plain, everyday questions. The questions were as fol-What is the origin of the common phrase, "to hope against hope?" And, why is the human ear shaped as it is, instead of being flat?

Not a man answered the questions cor-

rectly, and the old gentleman went away declaring that colleges are a failure.

New War Vessel for the Jans. A Japanese steel war vessel, the Chiyoda, was launched recently from the Thomson yards, Clyde Bank, near Glasgow. Her dimensions are: Length, 300 fee t; breadth 42 feet; depth, 24 feet. She has twin screws, carries 28 guns and 3 torpedo tubes, and is of 2,450 tons. The Chiyoda is manned by a as it is now, even begin to realize the sin-fulness of sin; but if the guilt of trans-gression were to be done away by daily, Viscountess Kewass, a Japanese lady.

WEALTH IS NOT ALL

Inventions Fail if They Only Increase Labor's Productiveness.

HAPPINESS IS MORE IMPORTANT. Will Electricity Serve to Make the World Brighter and Better?

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE INTELLECT

IWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The great advances made in electrical cience during the last few years have drawn many thinking men to look forward in contemplation of its probable results. Science, they say, has hitherto increased only the effectiveness and productiveness of mankind, but added nothing to its happiness. The men and women who lived and toiled before the great forces of steam were utilized were doubtless as happy, if not happier, than they who fill the factories and workshops of to-day. The shoemaker at his bench, the blacksmith at his forge, the village miller in his mill, the farmer in his fields, worked longer hours perhaps, and made less money than do the wage workers of the great manufacturing concerns of today, but they were more independent, and therefore more contented.

At least, so we are told by those whose memory goes back to the day when the shoemaker could stop to gossip with his visitors, or sing songs as an accompaniment to his own industry, and when the blacksmith could crack jokes with the village pundits and shower them with sparks from his anvil and his wits. Nowadays the "no admittance" signs on the mills and factories preclude the social intercourse so dear in days of old.

LORD SALISBURY'S GLOOMY VIEW. But as the old times can hardly be expected to return, the present business is to so adapt the new force as to avoid the failures that have followed the adoption of steam power and the vast inventions that have revolutionized society in the past century. In a recent speech, Lord Salisbury, who in the leisure of his ministerial duties makes a study of electricity, expresses himself as doubtful that its effects will tend any more to the happiness of mankind than have the great labor-saving inventions of the present century. He has an idea that if electricity could be so diffused that work could be done in the rural districts and villages instead of the great cities, much happiness would result. This would do away with the evils and miseries of living in tenement houses, back alleys and the haunts of vice and crime. If it does not do this then his fears outweigh his hopes.

But if Lord Salisbury knew it, this is what is being done, or at least something

akin to it, around Pittsburg, not so much as the effect of electricity, perhaps, as of the growing taxes of great cities. The large corporations, while said to have no souls. have pocket nerves so susceptible of compe-tition that in self-defense they are establish-ing their great works and manufacturing interests in the rural regions.

EXAMPLES HERE AT HOME. Homestead, Jeannette, Wilmerding and Homestead, Jeannette, Wilmerding and Creighton are examples here at home where careful, well-doing working people can secure pleasant homes and rural surroundings at low rates. The quiet, rustic village life of the old days, when "mute inglorious Miltons," and "village Hampdens," and "guiltless Cromwells" were laid away in the village churchyards with "names and years spelt by the unlettered muse."

the people still live in the most primitive Puritan style. In spots it is picturesque, and artists would rave over it, but while i might be pretty in a picture, in reality it is about as ugly as it could be made. Its plain, nconvenient houses are built in most cases out to the clay road that in winter is a deep expanse of mud, and in summer dusty yond description. This state of affairs requires a locked front door and closed win-dows, shaded by blue paper blinds. Around the corners may be seen, perhaps, a half decayed lilac bush, or a hopeless looking grapevine struggling with abounding weeds. No convenience for the housewife is dreamed of; the well may be 40 feet from the kitchen, and the coalshed even further, while the pig sty may be located where its odors fill interior with sickening smells. Here frowsy women live, and "raise children," and when they die go to the neglected churchyard over the hills. Their one amusement, perhaps, is talking to their neighbors over the broken teries of Providence in decreeing that so many children shall die of the "summer complaint" and "dipthery." Those in the village who have a little pride are derided as trying to be people of quality.

THE MODERN VILLAGE. What a contrast is such a village to that where intelligence, cultivated taste and science have united in providing healthy drainage, comfort and beauty. Each house is set back among trees and shrubbery, the water is in the house, and the streets are lighted by electricity. Pigs are shut off, and cows confined to proper pastures. Such towns are growing common, and they will become more so when corporations and capi-talists find that such surroundings make

their employes more contented, cheer ul

and less given to strikes, that despoil both

masters and men. What men need and desire is to enjoy the earth and all that therein is, and this, those can never do who have to grub and drudge for long hours under the hardest conditions for barely enough to keep themselves alive. If by means of electricity some abatement in working hours can be made, if the util-izing of nature's forces can bring its beneficence into the working-women's kitchens and deliver the toilers therein from martyrdom, it will be a most blessed boon. But if, as Henry George affirms, "discovery after discovery, invention after invention have not lessened the toil of those who most need respite, nor brought plenty to the poor, nor diminished the deadening pain and keen maddening anguish that fill the world with distress," nor given the highest and noblest qualities in man full scope to grow—if, in short, progress has made wider and deeper the gulf between poverty and wealth, and if the new forces of electricity will only form part of "the immense wedge, not underneath society, but forced through society, to that these above the point of separation. so that those above the point of separation are elevated, while those below are crushed down," then the new force will only make the misery of the masses deeper and the doom of the world nearer. In this pessimistic view Lord Salisbury seems to share, but then he is on the "conservative" side, which ever looks back to the glories of the past, rather than to the bright promises of the luture.

FROM AN INTELLECTUAL STANDPOINT. Another writer upon the same subject has not so much lear as to the evils of the present being intensified in the future by electricity as he has of its being a curse upon the intellect. He thinks the hurry-scurry of the daily telegraph, in serving up the world's news in a sort of a hash every day, will be destructive of reasonable thinking and sober judgment. The telegraph, he thinks, reduces the world to a vil-lage, in which gossip and rumor lage, in which gossip and rumor are ever on the wing. This, he claims, muddles the brains, overexcites the mind and uses up the emotions to an injurious degree. This view will perhaps account for the fact that only a few have time or interest for the books that require thought or careful reading. Life in too short, they say, to waste upon Walter Scott or Thack-

eray, or even Charles Dickens. A study of Addison, Bacon, Shakespeare or others o-great name and fame, did very well for a former generation before the telegraph was invented, when people had time for contemplation, but now, with all of the history of the world to take in in the daily papers, the great masters of the mind must be content to return to dust upon library shelves, unopened save by the few. The emotions, the passions, the sensations all find plenty to keep them going by the telegraph and telephone, and if not, they have the authors of the present, whether wise, or witty, or wishy-washy, or nasty, notorious or sensa-tional to fall back upon.

IT'S WITH US TO STAY. But does electricity tend to injure the conscience or deteriorate the intellect? Is "its universal result to over-fill the mind with undigested and indigestible scraps and sensational items, the ultimate outcome of which will be to paralize reflective power?"

Will the blessings of electricity power?" Will the blessings of electricity balance its blights?

However these questions may be answered

However these questions may be answered, it is manifest that electricity is with us for weal or for wee. The world could not go on without the telegraph, although it did do so pretty well 100 years ago. The powers of electricity must be developed even if its results are immoral and injurious to intelligence and refination. The children of Israel and everybody else must "go forward" whether to plunge into gulf of dark despais or to realize Utopian dreams of happiness.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

RACING BULLOCKS IN INDIA. They are Very Speedy but Can't be Taugh to Run in Straight Lines.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. 1 In India the favorite animals, both for speed and for endurance, are the native buleocks. The animals are small, wiry, muscu lar and swift. They are trained to race and run well, not only under the saddle, but in harness. The Indians are fond of racing

their beasts, and the sport is encouraged by the English part of the population.

The animal is guided by a cord through the nose, but the driver places more reliance on whip and voice than on the cord. The Indians are natural gamblers, and will bet their last rupee on the result of a race, taking so much interest in it that a penniless native has been known to wager his liberty and that of his family for an entire year, and sell himself into voluntary slavery as the result of losing a bet. The races are frequently attended by serious accidents, from the fact that, although the bullocks may be trained to great swiftness, it seems almost impossible to teach them to run in a straight line. They will bunch together and thus frequently smash one or more of

the vehicles. Exciting as are the bullock races when the beasts are harnessed and driven by native drivers, they are far more so when the bullocks are ridden by European soldiers or sailors. The chief danger in a race of this description lies in the falls which are ride these awkward animals.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS

A Few That Are to be Found Near Chelten ham in Engiand. The following epitaphs are to be found in the vicinity of Cheltenham, Eugland: Here I lie with my five daughters, All along of the Cheltenham waters; If we had stuck to Epsom salts We would not now be lying in these cold vaults.

Here I lie, and no wonder I'm dead, For a broad-wheeled wagon went over my head. Here lies my wife; here let her lie For she's at rest and so am I, Here lies the body of Sallie Gray, She would if she could, but couldn't stay; She had two sore legs and a baddish cough, But 'twas her legs as carried her off.

Here lies the body of Susan Lyon She was so very pure within, She broke the outward shell of sin And hatched herself a Cherubim, Here lies the body of Charlotte Hexton Who as a wife had never vext one.

A DOCTOR'S NOVEL SUIT.

While Being Hauled to a Patient. At Philadelphia Dr. John P. Parthenheimer has brought suit in the Common Pleas Court against H. L. Cooper to recover \$25,000 damages for injuries sustained on September 2, 1889. The doctor alleges that he was practicing medicine in Philadelphia and was the family physician of the detendant, who was residing near Ard-

On the date given the doctor went to Ardmore in answer to a call, was met there by defendant's carriage, and while being driven to defendant's house the horses ran away and the doctor was thrown out and se

AN ONION-EATING CONTEST.

A New York Colonel Gets Away With Eight in Nine and a Quarter Seconds. New York Press,]

Last night there was an onion-eating conest at No. 288 Front street. Five contestants entered the arena. Half a dozen onions were laid on each plate, and the man who ate them in the shortest time was to be declared the winner. Salt, pepper and vine-gar were furnished gratis.

At 8 o'clock the word was given. Colonel Brown cleared his plate first and started on the second batch. He had made eight onions disappear in 91/4 seconds, and was far ahead of any of his rivals. Colonel Brown was told to call on Monday for the \$50 purs

THE STORY OF MOSES.

Pretty Stories Sometimes Found in the School Examination Papers. Popeka School Journal, 1

While visiting one of the schools in Kansas city, I had occasion to look over a few examination papers of the scholars of the fifth grade, in a branch which is 'dubbed" ethics, and which in this particular case included some lessons from the Old Testament. One paper contained this statement: "Moses was born in a manger, and the king's daughter found him and took him down to the water and raised him." In another paper, in answer to the question, "Name three of the ten plagues," a little boy of 11 wrote: "Frogs, fleas and

Getting More and More Cranky. Count Tolstoi is just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. During his illness he refused all medical attention, believing it impious to interfere with the designs of Providence. The author of "The Krentzer Sonata" grows more decidedly a erank all the time. Shipping Ice East.

Shipments of ice from Chicago to New York are now being made over the Michigan Central Railroad. This is a new departure, and the first time in history that ce has been sent from the West to the

Riches Make Him Economical When Mark Twain was worth \$10 or \$12 week, less the price paid for meals and lodgings, he smoked real Havana eigars. But now that he is worth a million or so, he has taken to a 5-cent corncob pipe.

Eastern seaboard.

Tell me, O thou gentle west wind— Linger here and whisper low— Of the "girl I left behind me"— Didst thou on her soft cheek blow. What, O lostering wind, what said she-What the message she gave to thee, Charging thee to swiftly bear it Eastward, many a mile, to me?

And the cruel west wind, howling Round me, o'er me, roaring, yowling, Answered, with his hoarsest bollow, "Slie has married another fellow," T. K. HEDRICK. THE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

> Home Cracking. ddress communications for this departmen e E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Manne.

D. M. H.

1102-ANAGRAM.

My whole is that they always try
To shun the fault of being dry;
When writing flats 'tis a good plan
To be as spicy as you can.
For puzzle-making, I divine,
Gives incate wit a chance to shine.
There should be harmonious chimes
And melody in all your rhymes;
The measure should be faultless, too,
The sense unto the subject true;
The senstement so pure and chaste,
As to please fastidious taste.
Though it may be deiusive hope,
Try, if you can, to rival Pope—
That is in diction and in grace,
Where every word has proper place.
When one who loves the poser's trade,
And fain would elevate its grade,
Finds a producer who has skill
All these requirements to fulfill,
He "discovers a poet" then
That can delight us with his pen.

1103-RIDDLE. We're sometimes made of paper good, And sometimes made of gold; We're also made of polished wood, And heavy burdens hold.

Oftimes the treasures we contain
You never would resign;
And though we're bound, beneath the strai
We never dare repine.

Again, we are free as air-A lightsome, merry crew, That live and die without care

> AIDYL. 1104-DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. The conical ball of thread formed on the spindle of a wheel, 3. A village in Servianwoiwode, Austria (Bij.). 4. A Chinese toy. 5. One who secretes. 6. (Bot.) A small herb of the genus prosotis, 7. Ornamental hangings of a state department. 8. The first day of each month among the Romans. 9. A town in Germany. 10. River in Russia, 11. A letter.

1105-CHARADE.

When Mother Hen would call her brood In language by them understood, And bring them to her with a flutter, First, oft repeated, she will utter. A human mother firsts her child Beneath the chin in manner mild, And then a pleasant smile will trace Its outline on the infant's face.

In last we have a pit or cell, Also a cavity or well; A hunter lasts a fox or hare, Ani he may last a wolf or bear, But never the fleet-footed doe, The moose, the elk or buffalo. When public roads neglected are,
And stand in need of much repair,
And when their surface show the cuts
Where wheels have sunken in the ruts,
There, to obstruct the travel more,
And rack the traveler till he's sore,
The totals help to rack the sides,
And wrench the frame of him who rides.
NELSONIAN,

1106-A PROMETHEAN TASK. If you kindly will find for me, somewhere, head
(A commonplace cranium will do, if well-bred!).
And join to it it someway—it matters not how—
The tail of a bird and the heart of a cow,
And give your creation a husband, you'll find
Her a lady of very high station and mind.
HESPERUS.

1107 .- COMBINATIONS. 1. A common article. 2 To diligently consider.
3. By.
4. Within,
5. A prefix denoting repetition.
The words defined on the left of the brace combined with the one defined on the right form words with the following meaning:
1. To reach up.
2. To plot against,
3. One of the things warm weather causes us to do. 4. To take in the air.

. To breathe. ETHYL. 1108-SYNCOPATION. Whole.

Unlimited is my domain; To heavenly regions I pertain; To the whole universe I may Apply in a descriptive way, The rising with the sun I name, Last. How different am I from whole!

I am diverting, sportive, droll, A circus clown I may describe, And all the laugh-producing tribe. My name has reference, in short, To anything that's down for sport.
NELSONIAN. 1109-DECAPITATION. The whole is simply beautiful

And vigorous with youth; So delicate, touch will dispel Its freshness, too, in truth. Behead, 'twill be machinery,
With noise and use combined,
Where threads in many ways, you'll see,
And patterns, are entwined.
BITTER SWEET.

1110-CURTAILMENT. The monarch has an all;
Curtail, a sound does fall
Upon the ear—
Both shrill and clear—
Which us from sleep does call.
ANIBE LANG.

ANSWERS. 1091-Excuse excesses; I am in exuberant -Polka jacket.

M A D D M A D D M A N E D L M A N D R E L M A N D R E L S D D E R O G A T E D D E V O T E D L E R E D S A D 1095—Egotism, egoism. 1096—Sunday papers. 1097— KICKSHOE NEIGHBOR 1098—Romanesque 1099—Racer, race. 1100—Argument.

COURTING IN PERU.

It Would be Scandalous for a Beauty to be Alone With Her Lover. ouis Post-Dispatch.]

When a Peruvian lover desires to see his sweetheart, he calls upon her father and is at liberty to gaze at her during any brief moments in which he can divert his attention from her parents, who are entertaining him. If his loved one's residence has a window opening on the street, he may converse with her and other members of the emily through the iron grating with which the lower windows of houses in Spanish countries are alwas surrounded to protect

against robbers, lovers and the like.

After he is accepted he is asked to dinner at 7, and as this meal lasts two hours and is followed by tea at 11 he can feast his eyes upon his charmer for five consecutive bliss-ful hours; and if there be a number of guests he may get a 'ew minutes' talk with her in a corner. Here if a young lady is alone with a young man she is seriously compromised. A moonlight buggy ride would be cause for public scandal, the young lady being the only one to suffer in reputation.

MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT NEW STORY

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-BY-

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THE AUTHOR OF

"STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON.



Mr. WILLIAM BLACK.

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 he 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 Beth," 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 later stories appeared in the following sequences: "A Princess of Thule," "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," "Sabina

Zembra." "In Far Lochaber." "STAND FAST,

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