Ever since the death of his mother, Marzi had lived with his father on their little farm, helping to till the ground, carrying the produce to market and making himself very useful. Marsi was well known and much loved by the country people; for he was kind and generous, and was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need.

One time the father fell very ill, and, after many days of great suffering, he died, leaving his son without a friend in the world. Although Marzi did not expect any great wealth from his father, he was much surprised to receive as his inheritance only a bright new penny. He determined to leave his native village and travel in other lands. So, locking the door of his little home, he put the key in his pocket along with the penny, and set out afoot on his journey. He had gone but a short distance when he met an old beggar man, who said: "Sir, I am very poor and suffering from hunger Can you not help me?"

soldier, thinking he had killed the hare, was content to wait. In the meantime the poor wounded hare lay where he had been struck down, unable to rise, and enduring great pain. Suddenly the old beggar again great pain. Suddenly the old beggar again appeared and, bending over the suffering animal, said: "Hare, arise and hasten to the King, or you will lose your reward."

And before Marzi, his wounds being healed, could thank his 'riend, the old man had vanished. The boy hurried with all speed to the palace, where he arrived just as the reward was about to be given to the said. Marzi told his story to the King, who said: "If you can prove that you de-serve the reward you shall receive it; but if not, the reward shall be given to this man and you shall be hanged on the gallows in

the court yard."
Marzi then became the dove and told the treasure master to bring the three feathers which he had taken from his wing. When the feathers had been brought, everyone could see that they belonged to the dove. Then the fish appeared and called for the scales, which fitted exactly. But when the rhen he met an old beggar man, who said:

Sir, I am very poor and suffering from unger. Can you not help me?"

Always ready to do an act of kindness, with the false soldier, and ordered him to

so frightened at the thought of such a death that he fell on his knees and besought

mercy from the King. His lite was finally

granted to him on cendition that he would

at once leave the city, and never be seen

To the drummer boy, on account of the

wrongs he had suffered, double honors were paid, and the King wished him to remain in

his kingdom. But when Marsi had received his reward, he returned to his native village

and his old home, where he was welcomed with great joy by the people, who gladly received him among them; and they never tired of hearing how, by means of his new

BOSTON AT CARDS.

They Propose Loftly Intellectual Tumbling

nt the Game of Scat.

The coming game of cards in Boston

seems to be the German game scat; which is

by no means new, but which for some unac-

countable reason seems to be having a re-

vival, or rather to be in the way of being

taken up, especially among the young men.

As there is every prospect that during the

coming winter there will be an increase of

the interest, it behooves those who desire to

keep up with the times in this particular to

devote their leisure this summer to a con-

It is called a game, and so is chess; al-

though either might claim rank with the

abstruse science; and almost rival that

monster of iniquitous unlearnable involu-

tions, the Japanese go-bang. The funda-mental idea of the inventors of scat has

een to complicate and then again to com-

To begin with, the player is met on the very threshhold by a variable and elusive

creature called a co-efficient, a term so strongly suggestive of Sophomore year and

examinations that one should be at once warned to desist. It, however, he has the hard-

ihood to keep on befinds "froggies," "solos," "grands," "nelloes," and a dozen other things bristling about him like the point

of a chevel-de-frise. He is told to multiple

his coefficient by various numbers, and to "bid" for hands which he does not want, or

to receive bids which are not to be paid to

sums in addition to an extent which reduce

his brain to a pulp, while all the time he i

expected to imagine that he has five suits o

the knaves are always trumps, and that the

A DYNAMO DIFFICULTY

That is to be Remedied as a Result of Re

cent Investigations.

tion and noise from dynamos and engines,

have led to giving special stress to an in-

crease of the mass of machinery to be isolated

and its carriage by an elastic body, such as

rubber, says a writer to the Boston Adver-

tiser. In accomplishing this, the plan is to dig out a large trench, and at the bottom to place planking surmounted by a covering

of sheet-iron, on which are distributed a number of rubber cylinders, constituting at

the same time an elastic and electric insula-

On the top of these cylinders there is

placed a second plate of sheet-iron riveted to a framework, so as to give stiffness to the whole. Ou this is built a foundation in the

usual way, provision being made for the toundation-bolt, and sufficient space being left to suitably admit of periodically clean-

ing the trough of any extraneous matter without disturbing the elastic support.

Property and Electric Lights.

The effect which the electric light has pro

duced in the rental of buildings in the cen-

tral portions of large cities is somewhat re-

markable. A great many of the handsomest

restaurants in Chicago are now located in

basements. Before electric lights were in-

troduced the basements could not be used

for this purpose to any great extent, for the simple reason that no matter how many gas

jets were used, the rooms were all more or

less dingy. They could never be made attractive, and consequently it was not found to be a good investment to spend large sums of money in fitting them up. Within the

of money in niting them up. Within the last year or two, within which rents have enormously increased, there seems to have been a general realisation of the fact that by the aid of electric lights these basements

Recent investigations, made with a view

overcome the difficulties caused by vibra-

tens rank next to the aces.

cards in his hand instead of four, that all

him if he accepts them. He is forced to do

plicate, and vet once more to complicate.

sideration of the intricacies of this game.

penny, he saved the army of the King.



THE UNHAPPY BOY MEETS A BEGGAR.

the boy drew out his penny and gave it to be hanged on the gallows. The soldier was the old man, saying: "If you will have this you are welcome to it.

When the man had taken the money, he said: "For this gift you shall receive great reward. Tell me what you most wish and it shall be granted to you."

Marzi was astonished to hear such words

from a beggar, and he answered quickly without thinking: "My good old man, I think I should most like, that whenever I wished I could become a hare, a dove or a

"It shall be as you desire," said the old man; and then be vanished from sight.
When he had been from home nearly a year, Marzi came one day to a large city, in which there was a great noise and confusion. The men were running through the streets shouting, women were crying and wringing their hands, and even the little children seemed troubled and grieved. When he was told that the King of the city wa going out to make war against a powerful enemy, and it was feared that he and all the brave men whom he was taking with him would be lost. Marzi asked and obtained permission to go with the soldiers as drum-mer-boy, and gaily marched away to war.

For many days the battle raged fiercely and finally the King and his loyal men be gan steadily to lose ground, while the enemy continued to gain, and must in time over power them and take them prisoners. When the King had called his men together he said: "In the treasure room of my palace is a magic ring given to me by an old magician, and which when placed on my finger renders me invisible. If I had this ring now, I could mingle with the troops of the enemy, learn their plans, and thus save our army. To the one who is willing to go to the palace and will bring me the ring I will command the treasure master to give

The men hesitated to perform this desire of the King, for to return to the city the lines o the enemy must be passed through, and no one wished thus to endanger his life. Finally, the drummer boy advanced to the King and said. "Your Majesty, I will in a short time bring your ring to you.

Now the promise of the old begga-proved true; for when Marzi wished to be come a hare he was changed at once, and darted away like the wind. When he came to the wide river over which the soldiers had been carried in boats he became a fish and swam rapidly to the other side. As soon as he reached the shore he was again changed into a white dove, and flew directly to the palace. There he lighted on the shoulder of the treasure master, who admitted the beautiful bird and led it with crumbs of bread and cake. When Marzi had assumed his natural form he told the treasure master his errand, and received the ring, with these words: "Be careful and allow no one to take the ring from you, or you may lose your reward." Marzi then changed himself into a dove

and said: "Now treasure master, plack three feathers rom one of my wings." When he had done so, the dove became a fish and said: "Take eight scales from my

This being done the fish became a hare "Cut off the tip of my right

The treasure master took the seissors and did as the hare commanded. Marzi then took the ring and was soon on his way back. He crossed the river in safety and was flying toward the camp when a great wind arose, blowing so violently that the poor dove was obliged to descend and become a hare in order to continue his journey. But a cowardly soldier, who had seen the drummer-boy set out in the form of a bare, now watched for his return, and as soon as he spied him leaping through the grass, he aprang upon him, beating him ustil he ought him dead, and then taking the ring he carried it to the King, saying! "Hope again, most noble ruler; for I

bring to you the magic ring." The King was greatly pleased and warmly praised the soldier for his bravery, and promised double the reward first offered. In a short time the enemy was put to flight, conquered by means of the magic ring.

Now the King and his men returned to the as victors. There were loud rejoicings, city ringing of bells, waving of banners, and sounding of trumpets. In the grand prothe little drummer-boy was not to be seen but the wicked soldier rode beside the King on a noble white steed, and was proclaimed the deliverer of the army. When, however: demanded of him, the treasure master said: "This is not he to whom I gave the ring."

The King was much astonished, and, turning to the soldier, he said: "Did you not return to the palace for the ring and bring it to me?"
The soldier declared that he and no other had saved the army. But the treasure mas-

ter said:
"Wait until to-merrow, and then if the true deserver of the reward does not appear, The King agreed to this plan, and the poses of storage. THE HEALING POWER

Lesson in the Miracle Performed by the Savior at Decapolis.

THE MENTALLY DEAF AND DUMB

Compared With the Sufferer for Whom the Multitude Pleaded.

THE REAL REWARD OF THE HELPER

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) At Decapolis, on the other side of Jordan, they brought to Christ a deaf and dumb man that he might heal him. Let us read the story over and get what truth and help we can out of it. "They bring unto him one that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech and they beseech him to put his

hands upon him."

What a parable such a man as this is, of the relation between utterance and knowledge. The ear is the organ of knowledge, and the lips of speech. Whoever has some-thing the matter with his hearing is pretty sure to have something the matter with his tongue. The two go together. The deaf have almost of necessity some impediment in their speech. And this is just as true intellectually as it is physically. We must listen in order to talk. We must learn betore we can teach. It is only out of disciples that apostles can be made. First hearers, then intelligent speakers. There are a great many people who have no need of a physician, and yet speak with a stammer and have an impediment in their speech—an intellectual impediment—because they are deaf—mentally deaf. They will not hear. In this "age of words," as our generation has recently been called, this parable is worth attending to. Some of the prevalent stammering and mistaken speech about the religion of Christ we may set down to the account of deafness. These speakers have not been listeners. They have not heard Christ. That is what is the matter with them. physician, and yet speak with a stammer

WHERE THE REMEDY LIES.

The best thing which any mun can do whose tongue stammers when it touches the syllables of the Christian creed, is to come where this deaf and dumb man came where this deaf and dumb man came—to Christ. They bring this afflicted man to the Healer, and pray for him who cannot well pray for himself—or at any rate does not pray for himself—that He may lay His helping hand upon him. They bring the man and Christ together. What did Christ do? "He took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and health together to the health of and he spit and touched his tongue."

It is no use talking the English language

to a deaf and dumb man, nor even the Syriac language if that is the speech of the country. At least in those days, which were centuries before lip-reading was were centuries before lip-reading thought of, there was no use. Ordinary speech would not do with him. Whoever speech would not do with him. Whoever would talk to this deaf man must make signs. That is what Christ did. He put signs. That is what Christ did. He put His finger into the deaf man's ears. That was a piain enough sentence. And He touched the stammering tongue with His moistened finger. Nobody could miss knowing what that meant. Then they stood "apart from the multitude," the patient and the Physician the two together; the deaf the Physician, the two together; the deaf and dumb man looking at Christ, and Christ looking at him. That was the beginning of it. The first essential for this man it be war ted to be cured, was to understand that Christ was looking at that moment straight at him, and at nobody else. His back was against the whole world, and his face was toward Christ's face; and he said to himself; "Now the Healer is thinking about me, and is going to help me." And that thought helped him.

INDIVIDUAL RECOGNITION. That is a though; to help anybody. Religion, a ter all, consists mainly in standing thus face to face with God, knowing that God beholds and loves not only "us" but " and each one for our own self beholding, serving and loving God. When a man begins to say to himself-Christ came into this world for my sake; to set me an example which I am to follow in my life today; He lived to redeem me from death and to save me from my sins; He died upon the cross; above there in heaven—or, no, here, rather, close by myside—He loves and helps me. When a man begins to speak with himself after that fashion, making the great truths personal, and realizing that they are true for him, and then in his turn consecrat ting his life more closely to Him whom he knows as his Savior and his Lord, then that man discovers what Christ's religion is.

I take this dumb and deaf man, looking to Christ for help and understanding. The as the type of the beginning of personal re-ligion. "And looking up to heaven, He Looking up into that blessed home, where

Christ cares for and loves him. I take him ligion. "And looking up to heaven, He sighed." That is the next thing we are told. sorrow and crying, and de ect and pain are all banished, and then down upon this griefstained earth; looking up above where the will of God is periectly understood and perfectly and lovingly done, and then down upon this disobedient earth, peopled with the spiritually dear and dumb, none of us hearing as we might nor speaking as we might, He sighed

THE WORD OF HEALING. "And saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, be opened." It is a strange word. Even in the Greek it had to be transluted. It be longs to the language in which the people of our Lord's land and day uttered their thoughts—a language long passed out of the using of the greater nations of the earth. "Ephphatha, that is, be opened." So near we get to that scene of healing in Decapolis that we can hear the very sound of the Mas-ter's voice. These were the very syllables He uttered. After that the word had such a beauty of sound and such a richness of meaning that there was no transfering it out of that language into another. Something of Christ's voice, something of the associations of that hour clung to it alterward always. When St. Peter told this story of healing for St. Mark to write it down, he rememfor St. Mark to write it down, he remem-bered just how that word sounded. "Eph-phatha!" It called back the whole scene.

o it stands here even in our English Bible. "And straightway his ears were opened and the string of his tongue was loosed and he spake plain." And that is all that we are told about him. The veil of silence falls between him and us. We would like to know more about so many Bible people! About the Bethlehem shepherds who heard the angels sing in the Christmas sky, and about the little daughter of Jairus came back to life again, and about Lazarus. How far was the imagination of Browning true in that fine "Epistle of Karshish" which he wrote, in which the Arab physi-cian interviews that strange inhabitant of Bethany? And that other and even finer poem, "A Death in the Desert," about the poem, "A Death in the Desert," about the last hours of St. John, how far was that true, we wonder. And this deaf and dumb man, what did he afterward do with the hearing and the speech which Christ had given him? But that we know not.

EFFECT ON THE PEOPLE. Whatever is told more—and that is not much—is about the people. Around the patient crowded the people. Every deed worth doing or word worth saying divides the bystanders at once into classes, according to their appreciation. The day of judgment is all the time arriving, and we are continually being aspectated some on are continually being separated, some on the right hand, and others on the left. So the right hand, and others on the left. So here, to some, the healing of the deaf and dumb man was simply an astonishing piece of news, which they proceeded hence orth to spread among their neighbors, glad to have something quite new to talk about, not giving it any earnest thought at all, and altogether disregarding Christ's desire that they should keep it to themselves. No doubt He saw that the best thing they could do for their own profit—to mention no other consideration—was to keep silence and do more thinking than talking. To these people the miracle appeared only upon its sensational side.

And we can readily imagine that when could be made in every way suitable loca-tions for many kinds or business. A large amount of valuable renting property has thus been brought into the market which formerly was used for little less than pur-

the next surprising thing happened, and they had another theme for wondering gossip, they quite forgot this. The deaf and dumb man and Christ who had healed

and dumb man and Christ who had healed him went out of their minds together. And so these people upon whom the miracle seemed to produce the greatest effect were really the most affected by it. There were others who were more genuinely touched. We are told of these that they glorified the Healer. "He hath done all things well," they said. "He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." That is the reward of the helper—a part of his reward. REWARD OF THE HELPER.

That is the least part of the reward of the real helper. He values it, indeed, It is precious to him to have the approbation of those about him, to hear the pleasant words of their appreciative speech, to have one and another say, "this or that which you did helped me"—no man may regard that without gratitude. Everybody prizes such friendly expression, and everybody is uplifted and helped by it, or ought to be. With these bystanders amazement passed into admiration. But I called that the least part of the reward of the helper. There were others who gave the helper his best reward. St. Matthew tells us that some who stood there "glorified the God of Israel." That was what Christ wanted.

The helper is rewarded when he helps. And he knows that he helps most when he stirs in the hearts of others not the sense

PITTSBURG

stirs in the hearts of others not the sense of mere passing admiration, not even the feeling of personal affection, but the act of looking up, past him, to God. To glorify God is the aim of the genuine helper. "Not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise," is the thought of his heart. "And they glorified the God of Israel." Nothing else in that Decarpalis visit gladdened ing else in that Decapolis visit gladdened the heart of Christ like that.

A COMPANY OF UNBELIEVERS. "The God of Israel!" The expression is worth noticing. These people of Decapolis were pagans. They had gods, as they thought, of their own. They were away outside the boundaries of the true religion. They were the worst kind of heretics, of un-believers, of infidels. Christ stood among a company of infidels that day. And what did he do? In these days of questioning and doubting and denying, when we find ourselves sometimes in unbelieving com-pany, we may well study this. What did the Master do?

Did He make an elaborate argument with premises major and minor and an ir-resistible conclusion, and so convince their minds? Did He make a declaration, as from heaven, of the truth about God and of the (alsehood of their notions about God and so try the persuasion of authority?
Did He ridicule the idols of Decapolis? Did He call down fire from heaven upon this company of idolaters? There are so many things which He might have done! so many things which we, if we had stood in His place, would have been glad to do! What did He?

He preached no sermon. He said no word at all about religion. He simply helped those people in their need, and did it so simply, so kindly, and so wonderfully that they loved Him on the spot. And love and faith go together. You cannot separate them. So they believed in Him, and be-lieving in Him they believed in the religion which he stood for. That was how those people of Decapolis found the light. THE MEANS ADOPTED.

No sermon could have effected that. They would have turned away, as the people of Athens did after the preaching of St. Paul, saying, "We will hear thee again of this matter," and that would have been the end of it. But the deed of love and helpfulness won their hearts.
"And they glorified the God of Israel."

Here is the conquest toward which the energies and prayers of the best souls in the world to-day can boast—to bring the un-believing into the knowledge of Christ, as Christ brought these heathen of Decapolis. How shall we do it? In the old days men tried the sword;

against false thinking set the inquisitor and the rack and the stake; tried violence, and that failed and will always fail. In these days the victory of truth over untruth is sometimes attempted by means of dis-putation, by logic, by battles of words. There may be some help in that for some people, but not much help for many.

The only invincible weapon is the one by which Christ conquered on the field of Decapolis-the sword of love. It is only by Christian kindliness, and help ulness an love that Christian truth can ever be commended to the minds of men. We must begin by doing all the good we can. The truth will follow after. He who helps, preaches the soundest doctrine and will win the most converts. The best argument for the Christian creed is the Christian character. The doctrine is commended by GEORGE HODGES,

WORRY AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

Why John C. Fremont Did Not Live a Ful

New York Telegram,] John C. Fremont who has just died at the age of 76, could have lived to become a centenarian had not his constitution broken down by worry and disappointment. He had just received a pension from the government a few weeks before his death, which changed his life from poverty to compe-tence, but it came too late to be of any use to himself. Fremont was the hero of a past generation

Old men can remember the whirlwind of enthusia m with which his name was greeted throughout the country in 1856. He was not elected to the Presidency, but he re-ceived a larger number of votes than Buchanan, as Tilden received more than Hayes in 1876 and as Cleveland received more than Harrison in 1888. Fremont probably saved California to the Union, and his name will not be forgottenl

An important discovery is reported from California in the shape of a new paint oil, which is stated to be superior to linseed oil and also to be much cheaper. It has the further advantage that on surfaces which are exposed to the weather it makes the paint wear more than twice as long as lin-seed oil. It is also claimed that "neither the heat and dryness of summer, nor the cold and wet of winter, will cause the paint to scale off or 'chalk.' It preserves its clasticity and gloss better and longer than The oleine used in the manufacture of thi new paint oil is extracted from fish oils.

MY LADDIES NO.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Was it up, or down our boat shot out? You who are oarsmen maybe know: There seemed no need that I should heed Aught save to watch my laddie row. The floating tresses of the trees Bent low to kiss the river's edge;

The swift turns of the curving course: The swirt turns of the curving course;
The tranquil nook where illies slept.
A luman flute, now sharp, now hoarse,
As low beneath the bank we crept.
The wet tips of the tiller ropes
Dripped silver in that magic air;
The river's edge, like giant hedge,
Grew dense with shadows black and bare.

A sudden flash of gloaming lamps, Where sweet, shrill laughter pierced where sweet, sarni haughter pierced night;
A glint and glow on us below,
Then—stillness—and the rare moonlight.
A tawny head in crimson cap,
Eyes, honest eyes, most darkly blue;
Bare arms of snow, that come and go
Athwart a statue's pallid hue,

O Moon! what strange dementia breeds? What stirs this quiet pulse of mine? What vision sweet and incomplete Illumes the world with light divine? No answer! But the moon shines on Smiling, mayhays, with gentle glee. Why should I wish with her to kiss The rower, who is not for me?

Some day the statue will arouset
The marble arms with warmth will
Then in his boat another'll float,
And she will watch my laddle row.
"And why." you ask, "to other loves
Do I resign my gondoller!"
Because (ah, mei the orneity!)
I am his maiden aunt, my dear.
—Cora Siwar!

A Social Luxury That is Expensive, But Always Beneficial.

SOME LEADING ORGANIZATIONS.

Ladies as Expert as Their Brothers in Cross Country Riding.

RARE KENNELS AND PANCY STABLES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] "God made the country and man made the town." At least that was the opinion of a wise man not so many hundred years ago. If he was living right now and saw the country made over to suit the taste of city folks, it is just possible he might re-vise his estimate of landscape gardening. For the country as it comes from nature's hand is a mighty different thing to the country of seats and clubs and other appurtenances of millionaires and millionaireases. It augurs well for the future physique of this Republic that the folk in it who, by good hap, have leisure spend so much o it in cultivating the manners and muscles of English country gentlemen. Gentlewomen too. The "other sex of man," to quote Miss Baker, takes quite as kindly to country life with modern improvements as does the bearded one. Indeed it is quite as important a part of it, for the country club in its best estate is no mere selfish agglomeration of bachelors misanthropes, who go to grass and its delight free of social and feminine trammels, but an organization of persons reasonably well bred, more than remarkably well-to-do, whose object is sometimes sport with inciwhose object is sometimes sport with inci-dental society—oftener society with inci-dental sport. Tuxedo is the full-blown ex-ample thereof—so full blown indeed that it needs no jurther exploitation. Nearly every considerable city is circled with them. Boston knows them almost as well as she does beans. Philadelphia rates membership therein pretty well along with grand-fathers. Chicago was mighty proud of hers until she took them all within the city limits, and turned them into Browning societies.

SOME OF THE NOTED CLUBS. In New York terms, to be a country clubfee is to write yourself socially Brahmin, of Brahmin's. Notwithstanding the caste is not a narrow one, there are clubs galore. Within a radius of 50 miles from the City Hall, are the Rockaway and the Meadow Brook, up on Long Island; the Richmond County, whose local habitation is Mr. Erastus Wiman's principality of Staten Island; the Essex County habitat, the Oranges of Jersey; the Far and Near, up at Irvington; the Duchess County, the Queens County and the Westchester. A little further away come the Genesee Valley and Buffalo County clubs.

Boston has the Myopia, sportively so

named for her spectacular population and the Brookline. Philadelphia swears by the Radnor, of which that good sportsman, A. J. Cassatt, is president, and the Rose Tree, with Biddles and Wilmers a plenty. Out in Pennsylvania the Lima is but one of many. Baltimore has the Elk-ridge and the Maryland. At Washington the Dunbane hounds have set music in the air all winter-and even gone over the Potomac to teach Virginia rough-riders to hunt the fox in style. For almost all of them are hunt-clubs-have hounds an M. F. H. huntamen whippers in and other truly British appendages. The members talk of good going, finding, killing, drawing covert, drawing blank, chuks faults, being in at the death, and so on quite as though born in Leicester in Melton-Mowbrey. There is some hunting in the spring. Fall though is the real season. The dogs, whether hounds or beagles, are imported or bred from such or peagles, are imported or bred from such stock. Hunters for the most part come from Kentucky or Virginia, and if not thorough-bred show a good deal or blood. Fox-hunt-ing, though, is by no means the only diver-

WESTCHESTER IS NEW.

Bowling, cricket, tennis, polo, divide hon ors with it more than fairly. Some clubsthe Westchester, for instance—have no hounds as yet, though doubtless a park will soon be added to its other attractions. It has something over 400 members and one of the finest polo grounds in the country. The clubhouse is a stone's throw from Pel-ham Bay, so is accessible by yacht as well as by carriage. The grounds are not fin-ished yet. Many new houses are going up for the members, for much the larger half of them are resident. A few owners live there the year round. The clubhouse itself is long, low and rambling, built of brick and stone and wonderfully picturesque in its green setting. It has handsome parlors, a big dining room, library, billiard rooms, in fact everything you may look for at a well-appointed clubhouse. Besides there are suites of rooms for non-resident members. Albeit there are no hounds, the stable is a mighty important feature. It stands at the edge of the polo ground, is long and low and gray, and altogether a mighty comfortable place for the small steeds, as well as for horses of ordinary size and extraordinary merit. For there are riders of renown on

the club's roster—men and women a plenty who know and love a good horse and are willing to pay roundly for him.

A typical hunt club is the Meadow Brook.

It is the oldest of them all. In 1877 a lot of hard-riding rich men brought over a pack of barriers and established them in kennels pear Hempstead, L. l. The late William Belmont Purdy, master of hounds. There were 40 members in all, who soon got themselves a clubhouse and club colors, and the reputation of being excellent good fellows. The pack was ten couple of fairish hounds and the drag was laid over lines of light

THE MEADOW BROOK TO, DAY. Things are different nowadays. Colonel William Jay, who holds the seat left vacant by the death of Mr. Travers, may reasonably be proud of his sporting palatinate. Its lohour of New York City, yet wild and lovely enough to arouse all the half-savage hunting instinct. It is an ideal country to ride over, when not too wet. By consequence everybody does ride, not merely in the hunt, but at all times and for all reasons. The members spend the autumn and make merry with dinners and dances, lawn meets, hunt breakfasts, and so on, with an occasional ball at the clubhouse by way of variety. It is a double wooden building, quaintly picturesque. There is an archway be the two halves, under which carriages drive to deposit guests. Inside there are the usual apartments and a big ballroom, used also for hunt dinners and as a place to tell or hear something new. The pack has grown to 20 couple, all bred from imported stock. The present master of hounds, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., is one of the most ardent sportsmen in the club—possibly in the United States. That is saying a good deal, since the club includes such notable personages as Theodore and Elliot Roosevelt, the Rutherfords, Woodbury Kane, F. R. Apple-Rutherfords, Woodbury Kane, F. R. Appleton, James Gordon Bennett, the Havemeyers, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Boyal Phelps Carroll, Oliver Belmont, Stanley Mortimer, Edwin D. Morgan, the Potters, A. Belmont, Robert W. Stuart, William R. Travers, James M. Waterbury, George Work, Center Hitchcock Eagerton and Dudley Winthrop, P. F. Collier and plenty more. Good follows all and saveral arcellantly mounted fellows all and several exceliently mounted and riding without flinching or craning at the stiffest fence or wall. The stable, is of course, filled with the choicest horseflesh.

OTHER LEADING CLUBS. OTHER LEADING CLUBS.

The Queens County Hunt is an association of gentiefolk who follow the private pack of Mr. Frank Gray Griswold. The Richmond County, upon Staten Island, is a new club that has as yet not got to the hunting stage. The Rockaway Hunt, which divides honors with the Meadow Brook, has somewhat the same habitat—the plains of Long Island. It is especially fortunate in its M. F. H., Bene La Montagne, Esq. He is ably

seconded by Foxhall Keene—confessedly the prince of cross-country riders. Nearly always there is a good field—from which the ladies, God bless 'em, are never conspicuous by absence. Miss Metcalf, Miss Emmett, Miss Keene and plenty more, sit as firm, ride as straight as the best and are rarely absent from the covert-side and often in as the death.

absent from the covert-side and often in at the death.

While the Pelham County Club's harries were in commission they had even more feminine followers. Mesdames Potter, Bull, Harriman, Iselin, Miss Carey, Miss Cooley are habitues, and keep abreast of husbands and lovers and brothers no matter what the pace. In point of picturesqueness the Essex County Hunting Club is behind none. It has some great names in its history. No less a person than General George B. McClellan was once its President. The clubhouse is a thing of accretions—an odd, clubhouse is a thing of accretions—an odd, rambling, roomy affair that has grown around an old stone farmhouse. The pack around an old stone farmhouse. The pack is but ten couples strong—a small allowance of dogs to near 200 members. As not a quarter of them hunt, though the disproportion is more apparent than real. Most of the members are resident. Henry W. Page is President; John A. Stewart, Jr., Master of Hounds. Great things are promised in the near future, new horses, hounds, kennels, and so on. Besides there are a toboggan slide, tennis and polo grounds, as well as a crack polo team under Captain Powers

CHASE THE REAL FOX.

Happiest of huntsmen are they who follow the Genessee Valley hounds. They ride over a good grass country after the real foxes. That is after October. Up to that time the drag prevails. Wadsworth's Home Farm is drag prevails. Wadsworth's Home Farm is headquarters for it, a Wadsworth master of hounds and the leading spirit of the hunt. Among those who ride in it are Messra. Howland, Carey, Potter, Martindale, Buckly, Watson, Colt, Drayton and Miss Fitzhugh. Boston's crack hunt club, the Myopis, is nearly equal with the Meadow Brook. Master or Fox Hounds Seabury has both drag-beagles and fox hounds who can upon occasion rout out a real fox. Wenham occasion rout out a real fox. Wenham Swamp knows well the soft pad of their feet. Swamp knows well the soft pad of their feet. Vineyard Hill echoes their music on a soft autumn morning. The cream of Boston blood goes streaming after them—Appleton, Abbott, Dodge, Merrill, Peabody, Shaw, Sargeant, Agassiz, Wright are but typical names. What need to be more specific? The Country Club is but the outward and visible sign of the growth among us of that love for free, fresh air and healthful pastimes that is so hopeful a feature of our national life. They are costly luxuries to

national life. They are costly luxuries to be sure, but bring large dividends of strength and wholesome pleasure. May they grow and increase until the morbid mind is banished, the weakling taught that it is his duty to be strong. Though as yet there is somewhat of crudeness in their methods, o affectation of Euglish ways and aping of English speech, they cannot help but influence social life for good. Our great exemplar Washington took the trouble to set down in his diary that he "went a hunting with Jackey Curtis and catched a fox." It is unlikely that any follower of the drags will ever have Washington's opportunity any more than his ability—but for what fate does bring he will be all the better prefate does bring he will be all the better pre-pared i. he has the eye and hand and bal-ance of the trained cross-country rider. M. C. W.

THEY WEAR BIG HATS. Costumes of a Peculiar People of the Indo-Chinese Poplasnia.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) In Annam, an empire occupying the eastern portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, with a population of 15,000,000, men and women wear their hair in the same way and dress almost alike. Like the man the woman wears a turban, a long tunic, wide, loose trousers and a bright sash, the ends falling below the knees. The physiognomy is almost the same, as the men are beardless



and have their hair done up like the women The only clew to distinguish them is the ear-rings and finger-rings, worn by women only. The ear-rings are like double shirt studs, and among the lower orders are of colored glass. The wives and daughters of Mandarins alone are allowed to wear gold jewelry. The rings are of spiral wire, fitting tight and standing out to some height. Some women of the upper class wear also necklaces of strings of gold or silver beads. The hat of the women is monumental. It is like a large barrel cover, three-quarters of a yard in diameter. Six or seven silk cords as thick as a quill are fastened on each side, and when worn fall down below the waist. Where the ends are fastened to the hat on each side is a huge black or brown silk tassel. Some of these hats are artistically made of carefully selected palm leaves and lined with neatly plaited flag leaves. These are expensive, especially when they have chiseled silver clasps at the tassels. Many women fasten a little round mirror in the hat, before which they arrange their turban when they go to town. The hat is the article most prized by the stylish ladies, and often costs \$10 or \$15.

A FOSSILIZED PARTISAN.

Uncle Tobe's Opinion of the Australian Bal-

loting System. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 "De whole worl' is gittin' strangled to def wid new things," remarked Uncle Tobe Armstrong, with a look of unspeakable dis-gust. "Now, jes look at dat Australian bill. Why, dey tell me dat when dat bill git to to be a law a man's vote won't be wuf 10 cents. De folks is already cramped to def wid low prices, an' ef a vote ain't to be wuf mo' an a ashcake wut is we comin' to? Jes answer me dat. Dat's de p'int I's arter. Ef a man's got 'nough sense to vote he got 'nough sense to know what dat same vote is wuf. No use tryin' to structify dis nigger in politics; I bin dar befo'." J. A. MACON.

Banqueting in Church. Cooking and banqueting in the church would have been accounted sacrilege by our Puritanie forefathers, says the Rev. John L. Scudder in a sermon printed in the Christian Union, yet to-day no one thinks of building a church without a commodious kitchen and facilities for feed-ing the faithful by the hundred. We are the creatures of habit in all these things. What one generation condemns as unand utilizes to the glory of God.

> WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. I truly love a manly boy— Of beings he's the pearl. But this doth irk and much That harrid manly girl.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

Ellice Serena's Tempting Dishes for Persons in Ill-Health.

TRICKS NURSES SHOULD KNOW.

Gruels, Teas and Jellies That Are Appetizing and Digestible.

DAINTIES FOR REBELLIOUS STOMACHS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. The sick, like the poor, we have always with us, and if we had no other reminder of our duty to the ailing, the common instingts of our humanity indicate that it is not selfish in us to be unmindful of theseeven if they are not of our own household. Some suggestions for the preparation of food which may be used in the sick-room, is therefore important. It is no easy matter to feed the sick, as those who have had any experience may know. In some instances it is with great difficulty that the patient is induced to take food at all; in other instances, the sick person may wish for food which is forbidden. It is thus apparent that the nurse is called upon to exercise peculiar traits. She must be gentle, forbear-ing, fertile in resources and persuading. Sometimes a choice bit of food being offered Sometimes a choice bit of food being offered the sick person his appetite is encouraged by the surprise, whereas it the patient were consulted beforehand his appetite is gone before the food is ready.

The quality of the food to be used should be of the very best. At no other time is this consideration of more importance. Food should not be allowed to stand in the sick

room, either waiting to be served or after it has been partly served. All remains of it should be removed when not wanted. No dish or glass should be used a second time without having been cleansed of all vestiges of its former contents. A first consideration in serving the sick is thorough neatness. It matters little of what quality the napery or ware may be, but it does matter much that they should be without spot or blemish. It is scarcely necessary to add that the sanitary condition of the room, the appearance of the nurse, and the manner of serving have much to do with tempting the appetite of the sick one. There should be everything

the sick one. There should be everything in the appearance of the surroundings to induce, and nothing to repulse him.

The pernicious habit of tasting, in the presence of the patient, food intended for his use, should be avoided. If any article of food is prescribed by the doctor to be used either hot or cold, it should be so oftered. The temperature of the food may be of much importance, and the doctor, of course, in this matter is the best judge. It should be a matter of conscience that all cooking utensils used for the sick should be of the best material and absolutely clean.

Here are some recipes for the sick room: Here are some recipes for the sick room; RICE JELLY.

Wash through several waters a half cupful of And through several waters a nail cupful of close and soak for two hours in tepid water. Add three pints of cold water and cook the close till the water is reduced to two pints. Strain, season with a little salt and sweeten This is excellent for children with bowel RICE CREAM.

Mix together one-half cupful of rice flour and some cold milk.

Have in a double boiler one pint of rich milk.

Story boiling
Stir in the mixture, sweeten to taste, flavor and add a pinch of salt.
Stir constantly until done.
Turn into a dish and cover with a meringue made of the white of one egg and pulverized sugar beaten to a stiff froth.
Set in a cool oven until the meringue is set.
Can be eaten cold with cream, or warm with tart ielly. RICE MILK.

Prepare rice in the usual way, and when it becomes soft and the water is boiled away, add new milk, sweeten with white sugar and grate over it a little nutinez.

By use of the stee mer, the rice may be boiled entirely in milk, which improves it very much.

For the invalid this simple dish is delicious RICE GRUEL.

water, or equal parts of boiling milk and Beason with salt, or add sugar and a little CAUDLE.

To one pint of rice gruel boiling hot add the beaten yolk of one egg gradually, one table-spoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cold water, a wine glass of wine and a little grated BOILED RICE.

Boil a half cupful of rice after washing it in a quart of boiling water.

When quite tender drain in a sieve.
Place on buttered toast and cover with the uice of roast beef or mutton. ARROW ROOT.

Dissolve four teaspoonfuls of arrow root is a cupful of cold water. Add by degrees to a pint of boiling milk, Boil five minutes, sweeten to taste, add a little wine or essence. BARLEY GRUEL.

To one quart of cold water, add a half tea-cupful of well washed barley. Let slowly simmer for three hours. Strain, sweeten to taste and flavor with nut-WINE WHEY.

Put in a porcelain pan a pint of new milk. When it boils add a wine glass of sherry. When it boils again remove to the back part of the stove.

Separate the whey from the curd when it forms and sweeten. BEEFSTRAK TEA.

Belect a piece of good beofsteak, remove the fat, and broil for three minutes over a hot fire.
Lay in a deep dish, sesson with salt and cover with a cupful of boiling water.
Cut into small pieces while in the water.
Cover closely and place on the stove, where it will keep quite hot without cooking.

BEEF JUICE AND WINE. Warm over the fire, on a gridiron, a tenderon beefsteak.
Cut into pieces and press out the juice with lemon squeezer into a wineglass of good For a very weak patient give one teaspo

BEEF TEA. Free from fat one poundof lean beef, chop fine, cover with cold water and let stand for one hour.

Put into a clean fruit jar, without water, clover closely and set in a pot of cold water.
Let boil slowly for several hours.

Beason with salt.

INDIAN MEAL GRUEL To one quart of boiling water add one-half cup of Indian meal and one teaspoonful of flour mixed to a paste with cold water. Let simmer slowly for an hour in a double oiler. Beason with salt, or sweeten to taste. BARLEY WATER.

To two tablespoonfuls of pearled barley, washed in cold water, add six blocks of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and two quarts of boiling water.

Let stand for six or eight hours in a cool

Piace, and then strain.

CHICKEN TEA.

Remove the fat and skin from a young chicken, cut in small pieces, cover with cold water—a little salt added—and bell 30 minutes.

Strain, and when cold remove the fat, should there be any. MUTTON BROTH. Cover two or three pounds of the neck of mution with cold water and boil unceasingly for six or eight hours.

Strain, put on ice, and the next day or when quite cool, remove the fat.

To a cupful of boiling water add two tablespoonfuls of the stock or jelly and season to

CREAM TOAST. Toast evenly to a light brown a slice or two
of stale bread, which is sweet and light, and
Hemore the crust, butter slightly, place in a
baking dish and cover generously with boiling
milk salted to taste and a small piece of butter

added.

Cover closely, bake ten minutes and serve in the baking dish. LIME WATER.

Take a piece of unslaked lime about as large

as a walnut.

Cover it with two quarts of boiling water and mix until slacked.

When clear put in a bottle. This is frequently given with milk to correct acidity of the stomach. JELLY WATER.

Put a tablespoonful of tart jelly in a glass of old water and mix theroughly. . This is a refreshing drink for fever patients. Take two large apples, tast and of

Place the apples in a pitcher and thoroughly mach them. Cover with a pint or more of boiling water, set aside for 30 minutes and then strain. Sweeten to taste, add a grating of nutmeg and serve when quite cold

TOAST WATER.

Toast very evenly a slice or two of stale bread, break into small pieces and cover with bread, dream and same pieces and cover was boiling water. Let stand 15 minutes, strain and serve cold. Rice water, barley water and oatmeal water, with sugar and lemon juice added to taste, should be frequently used during the warm weather for children. These beverages are much better than poor milk and impure water. DRIED FLOUR.

Tie in a muslin bag one cupful of flour. Plunge into a pot of boiling water and cook for eight or ten hours. Repicaish the pot when necessary with hos Remove the cloth when done, and set the ball of flour in the sun or in a cool oven to dry. Grate in boiling milk until thick. This is especially good for children with weak bowels.

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