

IWRITTEN POR THE DISPATOR. Little Jack was only a poor street arab the, like bundreds of other neglected chil-ten in the great crowded city, heard few kind words, and was used to rough, harsh reatment. His only home was a dark, lingy cellar where, with his two younger prothers, he staid at night. Every morning he cruel father would send his children out to the streets to beg or steal, and should bey be unsuccessful, hard blows and a ruised body was their reward.

One dark, gloomy day Jack went is usual rough the muddy streets, but no one pped to listen or to give a penny to the the beggar. Night came on, and the boy, wing the beating that was in store for

when he returned empty handed, ndered heedlessly. Finally he noticed all trees towering above him, reaching, as he thought, the sky. The earth under his feet jelt soft like a carpet, and he wondered into what strange land he had come. He had never before seen the country.

At last he could walk no farther, and

lying down on the damp ground he soon for got all his troubles in a deep sleep. In the morning a farmer crossed the field and came toward Jack. Surprised at the sight of the little raacmuffin he asked: "What are you doing in my field?"

When Jack had told his story, the kind hearted farmer pitied the boy and told him he need not return to the city if he was only willing to work in the field. Jack proved so industrious and helpful that the farmer declared he should never go back to his old, dreary life, but should make his home in the pleasant tarm house. One night when he had been several days in his new home, Jack looked from the window and saw in the distance the ruins of an old cas-

"I can tell you," cried an elf from another bud, "for I have seen the maiden. I was at her wedding. I saw her with the myrtle blossoms in her hair. I dwelt in the rose which she wore on her bosom at the marriage feast. She was very happy, and found another mother, for the good old people called her their sweet daughter."

"The most beautiful red rose you can imagine I chose as my dwelling," said the tiniest of the elves, "The dewdrops sparkled like pearls upon my velvet leaves, and the butterflies came from afar to admire us. My rose had opened at the right time, for on that day there was to be a great ball, and a charming girl placed it joyfully in her dark curls. The poor flower did not desire this honor, although she was much admired. The numerous lights and the stifling air in the drawing rooms made her fearful, and she drooped her pretty head and longed vainly for a return to the garden. It was thus with every rose present, and as the dance grew more and more rapid, my rose loosened its hold in the maiden's hair and fell among the crowd. Soon the proud flower was trodden in the dust, and I scarcely had time to soar alott on my tiny wines before it was crushed." two heaps of gold that the farmer would be-lieve he had found the hidden treasure. Soon the whole country had heard the news, and people flocked from far and near to see the poor beggar lad, who had sudden-ly become richer than any count in the land. In a short time Jack had the ruins of the old castle removed, and in its place. land. In a short time Jack had the ruins of the old castle removed, and in its place was built a large, handsome structure, where the needy and distressed could always find a welcome. And many of the poor, neglected children of the great city were made glad and happy by the bountiful gifts given them from the "Hidden Treas-"

PAYSIE. scarcely had time to soar alort on my tiny wings before it was crushed." PATRIE

Their Stories of Ginduces and Sorrow in

of Wee to the Bridg's Besom or to the Ballroom. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. In a large garden in which nearly all the

other flowers had faded, and quite hidden behind a thick hedge, there stood a beautito E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maune. ful rosebush. It was a cold night late in October, and the bush glanced anxiously at

Just at that moment midnight tolled from

has passed now, and we must wait until the sleep again. The resebush most gladly opened her



DIVIDING THE GOLDEN HEAP.

When he asked to whom it belonged lovely petals just far enough for thefelves to "It is many hundred years since that

castle was first built. It was owned by a very rich Count who was harsh and cruel and cared more for his gold than his people. After his death no trace of his great wealth could be found, and the next Count who lived there died in poverty. Since that time the castle has been deserted. It is said that a great treasure lies buried under the ruins; but those who have ventured to seek for it have seen such strange sights that now no one dares enter even the court yard."

Jack listened attentively to this story, an

although he made no remark, he determ that he also would seek for the treasure in the rained castle. Later in the night, when all was quiet, Jack stole noiselessly from the farm-house and made his way to the castle The boy mounted the crumbling stairs and entered the long, deserted halls, where the moonlight, pouring through the broken walls, showed on every side ruin and decay. The vacart rooms gave no sign of their former spiendor, one alone being protected by a roof. Here, by the light of a small lantern which he carried, Jack discovered an old clock hanging on the wall, a small stove in one corner, and on a table near by steed s

dish of smoking, hot broth. Just as Jack raised a spoonful of the broth to his mouth the clock struck 12, and a group of grotesque little figures, wearing scarlet robes and high-pointed caps, and carrying a small, black box, entered the room and stood before Jack. They spoke not a word, but placed the box on the floor and departed as quietly as they had come. Jack was too astonished to speak, and after looking curiously at the box, he tried, to raise the lid, which, to his surprise, he had no difficulty in doing. Inside, instead of the treasure which he boped to find, lay a little, old man, whose wrinkled face showed signs of great age. As Jack bent over the box the little figure sat up and said in a faint voice: "L am hungry; give me some

Jack set the dish before him, and when the old man had satisfied his hunger, he said: "I suppose you have come to seek my gold which lies hidden in the castle, Many a braver and wiser youth than you has tried and perished in this attempt; but if you will follow me, I will show you where the treasure is, and we shall see if

you are wise enough to carry it away."

The little man then left the room, and was followed by Jack, who, had it not been for his lantern, must often have lost sight of his guide, who proceeded so rapidly before him. Through damp, underground halls they went, down narrow winding stairways, finally pausing before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before a wall of solid rock which opened up before them, and revealed a long room built of white marble and lighted by many lamps suspended from the vaulted ceiling. On the floor was a heap of shining gold pieces, at the sight of which Jack's eyes shone brightly.

"Here," said the old man, "is my treasure. If you divide it in two equal parts you you are wise enough to carry it away."

ure. It you divide it in two equal parts you shall receive a reward; but if one piece remains over you must forfeit your li e." Jack thought this a very easy task, and at once set to work. Very carefully he took the gold pieces one by one, placing one on one pile, then one on the other, while the little man looked on with glowing eyes. But in spite of all his care, one gold piece re-mained which did not belong to either heap. Jack looked at it for a moment in dismay, then taking a small hammer which was ly-fing near he broke the gold piece in two, and threw a half on each pile. The little man gave a shout of joy, and danced about the room, clapped his hands and cried: "Brave room, clapped his hands and cried: "Brave boy, brave boy, now I am free. For hundreds of years I have been obliged to guard this wealth, and must stay here until someone came who could divide the gold as you have done. Now I am tree and can go back to my own people. I shall give you the key of the treasure room. Half of the gold is for you and the other half is to be given to the near."

LIVES OF THE ROSE ELVES.

the Busy World, Flitting From the Abode

the large number of her lovely buds.
"Will the keen autumn frost nip my

tender children," she thought, sadly, "or will the sun to-morrow morning kiss them awake again?"

a neighboring church tower. Suddenly a crowd of transparent little creatures flew around the garden on rosy wings.

"God greet thee, thou dear rosebush," whispered a soft, silvery voice; "please take us into the shelter of thy buds. Midnight

next sunset before we are allowed to go to

For the robber, softly creeping Into the room where he was sie ping. Unlocked a second, out then drew it— It was an easy thing to do it— And in short time—less than a minute, Stole everything that there was in it. There was much money, bank notes mostly. "Midnight has scarcely passed and it will be a long time before day dawns. I think it would be very interesting it some of you would tell about your early life. You must And jewels that were very costly
While the thief was feeling rapture,
The loser's thoughts were bent on capture
Hoping much to have the pleasure
Of getting back the stolen treasure.
Among the plans he was devasing
To gain such end was advertising.
And this he did with the reminder

certainly have seen and experienced a great Now, children, you must know that the elves are not at all like the people you know. They never gossip, and they can keep a secret; particularly those who live in rosebushes. Sometimes, on a beautiful moo light, they relate to each other, quite in con-fidence, what has happened in past times. So they did not let the rosebush plead in vain, and one of them began at once to tell

the story following: THE ARTIST GIRL.

"My home was, until lately, within the bud of a magnificent tube rose. The bush on which I grew belonged to a gardener who cultivated many rare roses for the market Very early in the morning, when the bud was only half open, the dewdrops glittered in the flower-cup like diamonds. These drops were not the most beautiful that I saw for upon the petals of every rose in which I dwelt, tears of joy have fallen. Very early every morning a sweet young girl came to the garden, examined the flowers and finally picked my rose. She then carried me tenpicked my rose. She then carried me ten-derly into a neat room and put me in a glass of water. To my great surprise she twined two sprays of forget-me-nots about me, sat down in front of us and began to paint on a finely tinted plate. She did it so skillfully, that scarcely a leaflet was lacking; the rose-

elves, however, no man can paint, and for this reason the tresh, natural roses are always far more delightful than the artificial or the painted. When it began to grow dark the "The young girl then rose from her seat, took the blossom from the glass and trod hastily down the steep staircase. When she had passed through several streets, she at

had passed through several streets, and at length turned into a very narrow one, and after mounting four steps entered a miserable house. I did not like the place and I resolved to fly, for we elves do not willingly linger in narrow streets and low rooms. On the bed lay an old woman who seemed very ill. When she saw the young girl enter her wretched abode with the fresh, beautiful rose in her hand, a smile like sunshine swept over her pale face. The maiden sat down by her, greeted her kindly and sym-pathized with her in her sufferings. When she was about to go she laid the flower by

the invalid, saying:
"'Alas! I have not much to give but you will accept this little token of my friend-

ship, won't you?"
"Tears of joy fell from the eyes of the old woman upon the lovely leaves; but I knew now that the maiden was richer far than many others, for she possessed something wherewith she could give pleasure to another, and only he is poor who has noth-ing to give away."

ANOTHER ELF'S STORY.

"What a touching experience, cried one of the elves, and then proceeded to tell his story: "I lived a very short time in my rose and saw and heard little. A bad bey tore the branch I dwelt in away from the bush before my rose was quite open. In a few moments he carelessly threw us away. The branch fell on the street, and a little girl who was crossing picked it up. "Look, mamma, at these lovely buds," she cried joyously. The mother answered: 'Let it lie there, child, how can we tell who has handled it.' The little one threw it down contemptuously and walked on. A pretty poodle came running along, he stopped and sniffed at the poor rose on all sides.

dreds of years I have been obliged to guard this wealth, and must stay here until someone came who could div'de the gold as you have done. Now I am tree and can go back to my own people. I shall give you the key of the treasure room. Half of the gold is for you and the other half is to be given to the poor."

The little man then selzed Jack's hand, and having thanked him again and again for releasing him from his hatcul task, he disappeared and was seen no more. Jack then hurried to the tarm house to tell of his good fortune; but it was not until he had led the way to the castle and displayed the

she seemed to be a dear, good child, and I should like to have known what befell her."

THE LITTLE GIRL'S WEDDING.

shed."
F. K. R. WADE.

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep

1188-A PROVERB.

1189-CHARADE.

Il89—CHARADE.

Some sycophants may bend the knee
In homage to a worthy three,
For "a grand personage" is he.
But if he's two they'll not bestow
Such high respect on him, I know,
Nor be inclined to honor show.
For one, two, three is such one one
As those of lower rank would shun,
And from his presence likely run.
And if he's one whose very two,
Whose wicked deeds are not a faw,
Who has vile schemes in constant vie

Who has vile schemes in constant view, Then those who feel his harsh control May wish no better to his soul Than final dwelling-place in whole.

1190-A UNIQUE ADVERTISEMENT.

Jones, the grocer, inserted the following ad. in the morning papers. The blanks are to be filled with words that rhyme:

PERSONAL.—This morning when going to my place of business I — a — of coffee nestly — in one of my wrapping papers, and lying on the — near the steps to my store. No doubt one of my customers lost it last night. The owner can have it by calling — to the store and proving property.

I wish to state here that my goods are all —, and just what they are claimed to be, and the praises of my customers — far and near. I am — to keep ahead of anyone else in the county in the grocery line. ETHYL.

1191-TRANSPOSITIONS.

A first, although he was "a keeper"
And a "guard," was a sound sleeper.
Had he been tending to his duty,
The thief would not have got such
house.

That he would greatly third the

1192-REVERSED RHOMBOID.

Across: 1. The actual sitting of a court, 2. Dogs employed in the chase. 3. A command. 4. Thinks, 6. Sexes, male or female. 6. Kills. 7. Things treated.

7. Things treated.

8. Thouse 1. A letter. 2. A parent. 3. To plunder of contents. 4. Brisk. 5. The world. 6. One who hands. 7. Parts. 8. Those who finish. 9. Badges of rank. 10. Places. 11. Anger. 12. A bone. 18. A letter.

DELPHINE.

1193_WHMPPICAT

The pungent 4, 5, 6 and 7
Of musk, and many a strong complete
Does never hint to me of heaven—
Such odors are to me not sweet.

A lady—this is my opinion— Is simple in her every taste; Chooses plain hues, he'er wears a chignon, And in her choice of wholes is chaste.

1194-SQUARE.

1. Popular songs. 2. One to whom the title to property is transferred. 8. Small masses of metal. 4. Poricarps or seed vessels (Bot.). 5. A genus of plants. 6. Stops in a clock. 7. Taxest (Rare).

1195-ANAGRAM.

metimes I think that anagrams

sometimes I think that anagrams
Are only literary shams;
In shaping them 'tis my intent
To find appropriate sentiment
And have the transposition make
A meaning like the word I take.
But some words are perverse forse
Producing something quite unoon
As, for example: now I delve
Into a row of letters twelve;
A word that means a person who

A word that means a person who is brought into conspicuous view At college exercises, where The students show their talents rare

The students show their talents rare
By orations, grave or gay.
On what they call commencement day.
This person I would not defame
By transformation of his name,
So when I say "a devilcan riot,"
It is a source of much disquiet
To find my hero's high condition
Decraded thus by transposition.

1196-DECAPITATION

He, also, should be second To interest or amuse, That his total may be reckened Of use, and not abused.

The writer of a total
Should weave an air of trath
With his fiction, that a show 'twill
Have of truth, in sooth.

For oftentimes a total
Instruction will impart,
In a way one does not know, till
It charms by skillful art.
Bitter Sweet.

1178—1. Gable, bale, alb. 2 Wall, awi, la. labot, boat, bat. 1179—Heaven-kissing. 1189—Illustrate

The most predigious power of muscle is cossessed by the fish. The whale moves

with a velocity through the dense medium

of water which, if continued at the same rate, would carry him round the world in less than a fortnight. A sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon through

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try Angostura Bitters before meals. TTSSU

to 10; 2 to 10. 1185—Mend-i-cant, 1185—Cloth, loth.

the oak plank of a ship.

BITTER SWEET,

NELSONIAN.

1, 2, 3 their completes I know them— That is, if other things agree— And absence of whole may show them Refined and ladylike to be.

NELSONIAN.

Amusements.

Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week

if They Solve Them Correctly-Home

The Lesson in His Behavior on Two Different Occasions.

ONCE HE FEARED THE SAVIOR. And Again He Leaped Into the Sea in His Haste to be Near Him.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH BY KNOWLEDGE

Here are recorded the actions of Simon Peter upon two different occasions: Once it ts said of him-"When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying: Depart from me, for I am a sintul man, O Lord." He wanted Christ to be as far away from him as possible. But again it is said of him: "Now, when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he cast himself into the sea." Peter was in a boat, Christ was on the shore. Peter wanted to get as near to Christ as he could, and as soon as he could.

Thus Simon Peter behaved himself upon two different occasions very differently. Let were fishing, or had only ceased to fish through the weariness of failure; Christ speaks to the fishers and blds them try again; they do try, and immediately the draught of fishes is as much or even more than the nets can hold. So far all is the same. Now comes the difference. At the time of the first mireals. us see why the scene in both cases was the comes the difference. At the time of the first miracle the first thought in Simon Peter's mind is fear. He gets down on his knees. He begs the Master to go away. He wants a distance between himself and Christ. He cries: "Depart from me, for I am a sin-ful man, O Lord." But at the time of the second miracle the first thought in Simon Peter's mind is love. Instead of wanting distance now between the Master and him he cannot even wait till the distance is lessened by the slow rowing; he must get where Christ is, and that as soon as he can. He casts himself into the sea and swims ashore. You see how different his action

AN UNEXPECTED CONDUCT.

Now looking at the outward circumstances only, this difference of action is not at all what we would have expected. If Simon Peter was afraid before, there were emphatic reasons for fear now. Before he saw in Christ only a very holy man, a man who was not only very holy, but who was possessed of singular power, even over nature— a saint, and a prophet surely, yet a man. It is not likely that any notion of our Lord's divinity had at the time entered into St. Peter's mind. The holiness and power of this saintly man, made him disagreeably conscious of his own sinfulness, and made him afraid.

But now, on the occasion of the second miracle, there stood yonder in the dim light upon the beach, One who was more than man; that Being there had been dead and had come up out of his grave to walk the earth; that unearthly Being yonder in the dim light—who was He? A feeling of awe was over the whole company. They all wanted to ask the question, Who art thou? But not one of them durst ask Him. They knew, something in their hearts assured them, that it was the Lord. But who was the Lord? He was the long-promised and watched-for Christ, nay, He was God standing on earth in human shape. There was reason enough for tear, and for falling down

on trembling knees, that second time.

And then that confession, "I am a sinful man, O Lord." Simon Peter had sore need man, O Lord." Simon Peter had sore need to make that confession now. He who stood yonder on the beach had stood in the High Priest's house among his enemies, and heard this Peter thrice deny Him, once with an oath, declaring that he had never known Him. There was no lack of emphatic reason upon the occasion of that second miracle for the state of distance and for for tear, for desire of distance, and for but love and longing for nearness. Why? The circumstances are the same, or rather stronger in one case than in the other, but the actions are quite different. What made the difference? Beyond doubt, the differ-

ence was in the man. KNOWLEDGE OF THE MAN. Now, what had brought about this differ-What had changed this man? We look the record over, and we find that a space of nearly three years had elapsed between one miracle and the other. And three years' time is long enough to change any man. Alas for any man in whom the passing of three years makes no changel spent in the company of Christ. For three years Simon Peter had seen Christ's miracles, had listened to His words, had listened -and this means a great deal-to the silence of Christ's, noting when he spoke not at all, had journeyed about with Christ over the highways and by paths of Judea, had seen him in intercourse with men, and in communion with His Heavenly Father, had watched him amid privation and temptation, in weariness and disappoint-ment, when all men turned against Him; had perceived His tender, loving spirit, His wide tolerance; His brave, patient, unswerving self-sacrifice. Simon Peter for three years had lived with Christ. He had come to know Christ. And that made all the difference in the world, that made him love Christ and long to be near Him. Fear

had been driven out by love, and the love had grown by knowing Christ. You see that Simon Peter had grown a great deal during those years between the miracles. What I desire to point out to you is that he had grown by knowing Christ. It was knowledge of Christ that made a different man out of Simon Peter. I wish to emphasize that. Spiritual growth then and now is through knowlember a time when we were much like St. Peter at the first miracle. Religious thoughts made us uncomfortable. When-ever the deeper side of religion was brought in any way before us, there came upon us a strange, undefinable sensation, for which I can think of no better adjective than "un-comfortable." We felt thoroughly uncomfortable. We recognized the beauty of the life of Christ—at least in a measure. We had glimpses of it.

JUST AS PETER PELT. But we desired discance between us and

Him. We had a longing, too, after the joy of holiness. We envied some to whom Christ seemed very near, and heaven open, and faith clear, and prayer a delight, and adoration a blessed privilege. And yet some-how we hung back. The thought of the nearness of Christ to us touched only a chord of discomfort. We wanted to be an earnest Christian, and at the same time we didn't want to be an earnest Christian. We thought of our own faults and sins; we felt that somehow we must get rid of them bethat somehow we must get rid of them before we could approach Christ; we lelt, too,
that we were making very little progress in
the work of putting them away. We were
dissatisfied; we were restless; we were uncomfortable. And we know now, and can
say confidently to any who are still looking
thus askance upon the following of Christ—
we know now that our trouble was Simon
Peter's expetly. We did not know Christ. Peter's exactly. We did not know Christ. What a book this Bible is! The longer we study it the more it fills us with admira-tion and wonder. Even if it were all talse, it would be the greatest book in the world. For it would still be true—true to human nature, at least. In all other ancient books, even the greatest, even in Homer, the men and women are lay-figures, made out of wood, ingenious mechanisms contrived to talk as if by clock work. But the men and women of the Bible are alive. They are clothed in flesh and blood. They have

How natural and true are these two pic-How natural and true are these two pictures of St. Peter. One of them is our own self, too, as we move or perhaps are—the presence of Chirst, the voice of His religion making us undomfortable, making us cryout for distance—"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O, Lord." And the other, ourself also, as we may be, if we are not already, with our heart full of peace, and love.

and faith, and the only longing in it a long-ing for nearer closeness. Simon Peter's ex-ample is our hope. Every soul here can have that joy and love and perfect trust which he had. It will grow in each of us, as it grew in him, through knowledge of Christ.

WHAT THIS KNOWLEDGE IS.

What is it to know Christ? There is What is it to know Christ? There is nothing mysterious or very difficult about it. To know Christ does not mean to know theology. You may be utterly ignorant of all the dogmas, even quite heretical, measured by some of them, and yet you may know Christ to your soul's health. Men have misrepresented Christ, and so put some difficulty in the way of knowing Him. They have insisted that He is only theologically discerned. But that is not true. "They have represented Him," says one, "as a partial Christ, whereas he is the universal Christ; as an ecclesiastical Christ, whereas He is a spiritwhereas he is the universal Christ; as an ecclesiastical Christ, whereas He is a spiritual Christ; as a Christ of gloom and anguish, whereas he is a Christ of love and joy and peace in believing; as a dead Christ, whereas He is the risen, the living, the ascended Savior; as a distant Christ, a Christ who has gone law and in the christ. who has gone lar away into the dim realms of space, whereas He is a present Christ, with us now, with us always, with us individually, with us as a perpetual comforter, a very present help in trouble, with us even to the end of the world; as a Christ of wrath and vengeance and dreadfulness, whereas He is loving, tender and of infinite com-

of Him as you think of your heroes in history or fiction. Remember that Christ does not belong only to Christianity and the Church. He belongs to history just as much as Coser does. He lived in Palestine a eertain number of years ago, just as actually as Gladstone lives to-day in England. He walked this earth, and lived this human where the carrin, and revening and action in the carring as your riend does whom you see and reverence and are influenced by every day. Think of Christ as saint and hero. Read His life in the gospels as you read the life of Savonerola in Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence" just to see what kind of man He was.

THE SAVIOR'S OBJECT.

Study that brave, pure life. Follow Christ as Simon Peter followed Him through the streets of cities, along dusty roads, on the beach beside the sea; observe what the purpose of that life is—is it to make money? Is it to get power? Is it to be comfortable? Is it to gain fame? No; it is only to uplift and help men. It is an absolutely unselfish life. Consider that. Listen as he talks with men; whom does He seek out—the rich and powerful? Yes, when occasion offers. He does not prefer poor and miserable men to rich and prosperous men just because they are poor and miserable; and yet, neither does he love the rich for their riches. Mark how He looks only at the man, not at any man's position or lack of position, not at any man's house or dress or occupation, not at any man's popularity or lack of it, but always solely at the man. There is something to think of. A man who measures men by the standard of manliness. And with all this, how grandly hopeful about men, how quick to see whatever good is in men, and to touch that. How gentle and patient. What a true and tender friend. And then watch the ending of it all. Willing to suffer for the good of his brethren, in no wise deterred from his sublime unselfishness and helpfulness to the pain of death; even in the mo-ment of crucifixion calm, peaceful, pa-tient and making all possible allowance.

Behold the man! Put aside all connection Behold the man! Put aside an connection of Christ with any system of religion. Set him among the saints and heroes of the world. Choose among them whom you will follow. Where will you find another leader, half so brave, earnest, high-minded, pure, noble, unselfish—where will you find another like this Christ of Galilee?

In the three years between the two miracles, Simon Peter had come to know Christ. And when he saw Him on the shore in the dim morning, his heart was filled with gladuess as ours is at the sight of a friend. There was his friend. There was the man whom he knew, and whom by reason of his kindness he loved to the very depths of his soul. And he cast himself into the sea and swam ashore.

MAKE HIM YOUR HERO.

And in measure as we know Christ, we also will delight in closeness to Him. Get down your New Testament and read that life again. Try to know Him as Simon Peter knew Him. Try to know him first only as your ideal and your hero, before all heroes of the novels or the historian. By and by you will know three years, we discover, had been three years, we discover, had been three Ged. For to know Christ is the condition of spiritual growth. In one way spiritual growth and knowledge of Christ are the same thing. We cannot know Christ with-out growing spiritually. Knowledge and growth act and react one upon the other. The more we know of Christ the more will we grow spiritually; and the more we grow spiritually the better we will be able to

He who knows Christ knows all the ethics and all the theology he needs. Christianity is not a system of ethics. Christianity is not a system of ethics. Christianity is not a system of theology. It is not a system of anything. Christianity is essentially a personal religion. It is the creed not of a book, but of a life. Christianity is Christ. To know Christ is the way to grow in faith. There is no permanent and availing defense of the Christian faith to be built up out of syllogism, and arguments, and "evidences. The proof of the Christian faith is the char acter of Christ. I believe in the Christian religion because I believe in Him. Study His life; try to know Him; see if He is not worthy of evidences; see if you cannot take the word of Christ.

NOT A RELIGION OF RULES.

To know Christ is the way to grow in holiness. Christianity is not a religion of rules. It is the religion of the Divine Examply. We come again to the same truth— Christianity is Christ. Try to follow the blessed steps of Christ's life. Take His advice. Ask yourself in all time o plexity and temptation, What would Christ do it He were here? Nothing else can so effectually lead us into the paths of holy living. What did Christ do when enemies thwarted and assailed Him? What did Christ say about purity even of mind and heart? How did Christ meet temptation? How did He pray? How did He bear trouble? In what spirit did He look up to his Futher in Heaven? What kind of a friend was Christ? What was the purpose of the life of Christ? How would Christ like me to live?

Christ like me to live?

To know Christ—you see how it helped Simon Peter. You see how Simon Peter loved him, and longed to be near to Him. That will be our mind also when once we know Him. To know him—perfectly to know him—to the devout heart of St. Paul that was the bright thing to be desired. count all things but loss," he said, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things—that I may win Christ and be found in Him—that I may know him."

PRESSURE IN DEEP WATER.

Some Fishes Bear Up Under What Would Burst Some Stenm Bollers. averages about one ton per square inch for every mile of depth. Thus, at a depth of 3,000 fathoms, which is a very general one, the weight borne by the floor of the ocean is about 550 tons on every square tool. At that depth there are always forms of animal life, and a crustacean, like a shrimp, is found,

which passes its existence under the sam

THE SAVORY STEWS

Dozens of Ways to Make Meat and Vegetables Into One Dish.

THEY ARE RELIABLE AT HOME

But in Public Houses One is Often at Sea as to ingredients.

FOOD THAT MADE SPARTANS BRAYE

Of the ten principal perts into which Prof. Pierre Blot, the founder of the New York Cooking Academy, divided the science and art of cooking, he reckons that of stewing as one. This method of cooking meats and vegetables as one dish is probably the most common one practiced; for with some immaterial differences in the particular mode of preparing it, or in such things as are peculiar to the locality or the people, it is the method universally used in many families. The national dish of the Spaniards, their olla podrida, will be recalled by those who have read "Don Quixote." and it will also be remembered that a like dish, the Ka-poos-ta, is the favorite one of the Rus-Ka-poos-ta, is the favorite one of the Russians, which fact may have been learned

from Tolstoi's novels. For being so varied and so generally accepted a dish in one form or another as this dish is, it would naturally be inferred that there is much in it to commend it. As to the various ingredients which enter into its composition it would, we suppose from all accounts, be much easier to imagine what does not enter into it than to say what does. Travelers of Continental Europe bear testimony generally to the universal prevalence of stewed dishes at houses of public entertainment. Unfortunately—or rather for the sake of delicate stomachs, shall we say fortunately?—it is not at all times perfectly clear what articles enter into these stews, and this recalls how Gil Blas had some doubts whether the meat in a certain ragout was rabbit.

AN ACQUIRED TASTE. The Spartans, the greatest warriors of the Greeks, had their famous black broth, Greeks, had their famous black broth, which, according to Plutarch, was in the highest esteem among them. The old men were so fond of it that they ranged themselves on one side of the table, standing, and ate it, leaving the meat to the young people. The taste of this broth or stew was not at all agreeable; to strangers it was indeed distasteful, and the liking for it was acquired. It is elsewhere related that a more refined Greeins and Athenian on make more refined Grecian, an Athenian, on mak-ing an effort to eat of it, said that he had now discovered the reason the Spartans were such brave soldiers and so ready to die, for any one who was obliged to live on such diet would certainly find it more de-

sirable to die than to live.

But as for our own tables we may have no such scruples about "the mystery of things," for a great variety of good stews may be made by any woman who will take the trouble to familiarize herself with the formulas, and who has the desire to have an agreeable change for her table. This mode of preparing the food is also, as we see, one of the most economical. Many grown up people are very loud of stewed food, and almost all children are. In the preparation of food after this method there is many a lesson to be learned for one who strives to be proficient in that most desira-ble qualification of how to prepare a palatable meal from little or nothing.

GOOD AND ECONOMICAL. Stews when properly made are savory and enjoyable dishes. The office of much of the spicery and herbs, which are part of the dish, is to satisfy and delight the taste. That they are to be classed with the economical dishes is apparent, for they are made from such articles and substances as are ordinarily the cheapest and are always available, and that they are made to per fection, either from fragments of meats and what are known as "left-overs," or from what the marketing woman will know as cheap cuts or the odds and ends of choice meats purchased at a cheaper rate. For a large family in health and hungry enough to enjoy their food, nothing could acceptable than a well-made stewed dinner: or could take its place; for like the pot-aufen of the French peasant, this one cours with bread and beverage, makes a full

The accompanying recipes and directions are on the subject of stewed food. It is to be observed that if larger, or smaller meals are wanted the quantities of the materials must be increased or decreased, always maintaining the proportion given in the respective recipes. If it is possible to have respective recipes. If it is possible to have stock ready, or if the remains of any good vegetable soup is at hand, either of these should be used, instead of water in certain of these dishes which call for herbs, spices and vegetables.

BEEFSTEAK STEWED WITHOUT WATER. Get three or four pounds of rump steak, which must be cut about an inch thick; put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan large enough to hold the steak; rinse the steak quickly in cold water and put in the pan, covaring closely.

aring closely.

As soon as it is thoroughly heated, season with a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white peppar; then push the pan back on the stove where it will simmer—not boil—keeping it covered all the time and a weight on the cover. cover. It will be found to be cooked and perfectly tender in an hour and a half.
Put on a hot dish and add half a teacup of
tomato or two teaspoonfuls of walnut catsup
to the gravy in the pan and pour it over the In the beginning be careful that the butter in the pan does not become scorched.

A few onions may be added to this stew, if liked.

The neck and breast of veal are generally The neck and breast of veal are generally used for stewing.

Cut into pieces four or five pounds of fat, finely grained veal; peel eight or ten large potatoes, and cut then in slices; line the bottom of a pot with thin slices of salt pork, sprinkle lightly with pepper, powdered sage and minced only.

onion.

Now add a layer of potatoes and a layer of veal, add pepper, sage and onions; continue the layers till the veal and potatoes are done; then over the whole lay thin strips of salt pork; cover with boiling water, put on a tight fitting lid and siminer slowly for two hours. STEWED FISH.

A very excellent fish stew may be made from the fragments of fish left over.

Separate the fiskes from the bones and remove the skin.

Boil or mash six or eight potatoes (even in size), add a little butter and milk, mix with the fish, and season to taste.

Heat to the boiling point a pint or more of rion milk and stir in gradually two beaten eggs. Add one tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flour rubbed together, a little minced parsiey and a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Turn in the fish, add more seasoning, if necessary, simmer carefully for a few minutes, and serve hot.

STEWED LIVER, STEWED LIVER.

Take three pounds of liver, remove the skin, rinse in cold water, wipe dry, gash in two or three places, insert in the gashes thin strips of sweet bacon, place in a stewpan, cover with stock, or, better still, with soup left over, which will give all the flavor necessary. It soup should not be used, add spaces and herbs to taste, with a little onion and carrot grated.

Simmer slowly for three hours, add thickening of brown flour and butter, serve the liver on a hot platter and pour over it some of the grayy.

boll till tender; separate the meat from the bones and cut in pieces about one inch square. Prepare two throut sweet breads as follows: Soak them for one hour in cold water and oc-

casionally change it.

Then plungs them into boiling water for four or five minutes, and again into cold water for 15

or five minutes, and sgain into cold water for 15 minutes.

Drain on a clean towel, remove the skin and bloody veins, cut in pieces to correspond with the chicken and mix with it.

Heat to the boiling point one quart of rich milk, to which has been added a grating of nutmer and onton, and a cash of cayenne.

Rub together four tablespoonfuls of butter and five tablespoonfuls of flour, stir into the boiling milk, add the chicken and sweet bread, salt to taste and serve with a garnish of half-inch squares of toasted bread.

SAVORY BEEF STEW.

IRISH STEW.

Trim neatly three pounds of mutton chops, plunge for a moment into boiling water, then into cold water. Lay them in the bottom of a pot or pan, with a little water.

When they begin to simmer, put in one teaspoonful of salt.

Remove the soum, add herbs and season to

Remove the soum, add herbs and season to taste.

Simmer for 20 minutes, add six or eight small onlous, and a thickening of two teaspoonfuls of flour and cold water mixed together.

Cook slowly for one hour, add eight or ten potatoes, cut in pieces the size of the onlons.

When the potatoes are cooked, take the chops from the pot arrange neatly on a warm platter, with the onlons and potatoes, add a little minced parsley to the gravy and strain over the stew.

A FAMOUS FRENCH STEW.

A PAMOUS PRENCH STEW. Put six pounds of beef into a pot containing four quarts of water; set it near the fire and skim.

Skim.

When nearly boiling add a teaspoonful and a baif of salt, haif a pound of liver, two carrots, four turnips, eight young or two old leeks, one head of celery, two onlons (one of them fried brown), two cloves and a piece of narmain.

them fried brown), two cloves and a piece of parsnip.

Skim again, and simmer four or five hours, adding a little cold water now and then: skim off part of the fat, put slices of bread into a soup-tureen, lay half the vegetables over them, and pour in half the broth; serve the meat separately with the other half of the vegetables.

ELLICE SERENA.

THE MASQUERADING COUNTESS.

A Learned Professor Looks Into the Cust of Eccentric Sarolta Vay. New York Sun. 1

The young Hungarian Counters, Sarolta Vay, closed her mad career last January. Without money and without credit, shattered by dissipation and disheartened by disappointment, restrained at every turn by the inflexible hand of the law, and notorious beyond any other European woman of her generation, she then took refuge in the eclusion of a friend's house in Pesth. She abjured drinking, betting and gambling, fighting, duelling and debt-making. She continued to wear trousers and cutaways, but ceased to woo and win young women under such false pretenses. Her retirement caused the revival or many reminiscences of her bizarre record in the high life of Vienna, Pesth, Prague. But the Countess and her family and friends kept their ouths shut so tight that only desultory bits



Counters Sarolla Vay. Recently, however, Prot. Von Krafft Ebing got at the records of the Vay family, from the tenth century founder down to Countess Sarolta, and collected from them the facts for a "psychological and physic-logical study," which he has just published. His book is far from being as heavy and abstract as its title might indicate. It conpure gossip in the finer drawing rooms of

Emperor Franz Joseph's subjects. Countess Sarolta Vay was born in 1866, just nine years after her mother's marriage Her father was Count Ladislas Vay, a General and Imperial Chamberlain. He had waited so long and with so great anxiety for the birth of an heir that when Sarolta came her mother feared to tell him that his firsther mother leared to tell him that his first-born was only a girl. With the aid of the nurse she concealed from him the sex of the child, and, as time passed, took all the necessary precautions that occasion demanded to keep up the de-ception. Sarolta went into kniekerbockers and roundabouts at the age of 5, played boys' games, got the elements of a boy's ed-ucation, and when 12 years of age could hunt, fish, and fence as could few boys of her age. In her 14th year her father de-cided to send her to a military school. To prevent this her mother was obliged to con-fers all

The Count swallowed his anger and chagrin and tried at once to repair the topsy-turvy condition of his family affairs by putting Sarolta into girl's clothes, calling her Sandor, and sending her to a girls' school. Sarolta refused to be transformed. She stole into her trousers and jackets whenever she got a chance and carried on such "high jinks" that her notoriety is world-wide.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S DUEL

A Man Who Accompanied Him to the Field Describes the Meeting. In Mr. Commissioner Philips' "Life of Curran," there is the following anecdote connected with the celebrated duel between Mr. Daniel O'Connell and Mr. D'Esterre: "Being one of those who accompanied O'Counell, he beckoned me aside to a distant portion of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. 'Phillips,' said he, 'this seems to me not a personal but a political affair. I am obsoxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretense to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promise you. I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having as a public man con-sidered it a duty to prepare for my own pro-Simmer slowly for three bours, add thickening of brown flour and butter, serve the liver on a hot platter and pour ovot it some of the gravy.

The flyer may also be boiled till tender, cut in small pieces and cooked in this same manner.

Delicious Chicken Stew.

Put into a frying pan four tablespoonfuls of fresh butter, add to it one minced onion and a clove of garlic; ffy ill brown.

Prepare two spring chickens for cooking, cut in pieces two inches square, cook for 20 minutes, turn into a colander to drain, and then dredge with flour.

Take out the onion in the frying pan, lay in the pieces of chicken and fry to a delicate brown.

Strain the liquor in which the chickens were boiled over them; add the juice of one lemon, one sour apple pared and imineed, one teaspoonful of curry powder, sait to taste, and one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of butter rubbed together.

Himmer slowly for one hour.

Veal may be substituted for chicken in this recipe.

ANOTHUR WAY.

Prepare one large (iken for cooking, and

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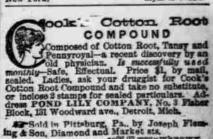
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