

[TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

On the banks of a clear, swift-flowing stream, stood a large water-mill, whose two great wheels turned busily, night and day, and with a roaring, splashing sound hurled the water from its immense paddles. The mill was built of red stone, and all the wood work about it was painted a bright green. Around the building grew tall linden trees, whose graceful tops were mirrored in the erystal brook, and the fragrance of whose blossoms, in the spring time, drew countless bees toward them.

May had come. The banks of the brook were covered with those little blue flowers, called forget-me-nots. The trees were put ting forth their tender green leaves, and the fish, who had lived all winter under the frezen stream, now in their joy over the return of spring, sometimes leaped clear out of the water. The birds were all home again after their visit to warmer climes, and the meadows rang with their voices, as they chatted to their mates and planned about the nests they were building. And at night when all was still the nightingale raised its sweet voice, and all the other birds awoke from their slumbers to listen to the rich melody, and then fell asleep again and

dreamed of paradise and sunny realms.

The swallows, because they so admired human dwellings, had, unlike the other birds, built their nests in the old mill, whose projecting gable roof afforded protection from the rain and the wind. This summer they had come in great numbers, and had built their small brown nests in long rows on the red stone, and the parent birds were kept busy trying to fill the ever-open mouths of their young with flies, gnats and other insects which swarmed over the mill pond. The miller's son was a fat, stupid boy,

one after the other, having in their flights through the forest made many friends, went with them to lands even more beautiful than with them to lands even more beautiful than their own and forgot to return to the fairy and the home in the old willow. Only one little swallow, whom the fairy called Faithful, remained true to her promise. Every evening she would tell the fairy of what she had seen during the day, and then the fairy would relate about fairyland and sing her sweeter to any promise. her sweetest songs. Even the old nymph grew to be fond or Faithful and would often invite her into his grotto, and listen with interest, while the little bird told of her travels.

One evening, when the long summer was drawing to a close, the fairy watched in vain for the return of Faithful. A heavy storm had arisen and the Fairy thought: "My little bird has sought shelter from the storm and will surely hasten home in the more-

But the next day came and still the swallow did not return, and in the evening she was yet absent. Then the nymph said: "I told you that those birds were ungrateful, and now this one, too, has gone, just as we were learning to trust her."

But the fairy said: "Some harm has come to my Faithful, and if I knew where

come to my Fsithful, and if I knew where she was I should go to her."

On the second evening, as the fairy was again watching for the bird, a great black crow flew to the willow tree, and said: "I come to bring you news from the little swallow. Last evening, when she was flying toward home, the miller's son struck her with a stone, and now, severely wounded, she lies among the bushes in the meadow. I have cared for her the best I knew; but she grows no better, and I have come for you."

The fairy lost no time in hastening to Faithful and in bringing her home, but al-though both she and the nymph lavished The miller's son was a fat, stupid boy, who cared for little else than eating and sleeping; but when he saw the swallows' nests be said: "What right have those lazy tree, and planted blue forget-me-nots over



THE MILLER'S CRUEL SON

birds to build their nests in my father's mill? I shall soon drive them away," and taking a stone he aimed it a swallow flying above his Th sweetest tones, he could gain no reply. Then a neighbor said to him: "Friend swallow, your mate is dead. I saw the miller's son strike her with a stone, and she fell into the

These words brought great sorrow to the awallow, and he wondered what would become of his motherless children. Near the brook stood an old willow tree, which bent over the water, and whose low-drooping branches dipped into the waves. In this tree lived a fairy, who was as good as she was beautiful. Her shining eyes were as blue as the heavens above, and in her long golden hair was entwined a garland of forget-me-nots. Early every morning, and in the evening, the fairy sang the sweetest songs; but no one heard her save the birds and by them only was she seen, with the exception of a water nymph, who had his home under the mill pond. The nymph was old and gray. He had green eyes with red lids, and he always sat in his stone grotto, where he seized all the crabs which by chance wandered into his den, and he trightened away all the fish which ventured into the cool grotto. For the nymph was a very thoughtful person and did not wish to have his meditations disturbed by any intruders. The swallows were especially disagreeable to him, for their continual flying back and forth and their constant chatter made so much confusion that the old nymph could scarcely think. Therefore the swallow in his trouble did not turn to the nymph in his grotto, but flew directly to the home of the fairy in the old willow and told his trouble. When the good fairy had heard all she was very angry indeed with the miller's son, and declared that he should suffer for his cruelty to the mother swallow. She then said: "In this

its owners. Bring your children here and I shall help you care for them.' Very carefully the father bird carried the seven little swallows to the nest in the old willow, where they were warm and well fed. But the old bird grieved so deeply for his lost mate that he soon drooped and died, and the fairy buried him on the shore of

tree is a nest, which has been deserted by

And now the kind fairy did not neglect the orphan birds, and as the little creatures grew older and stronger they learned to love their good friend, and were always ready to obey her slightest call. They promised never to forsake her, but always their home in the old willow tree. The nymph, who very much disliked the chattering of the swallows, and who had little

faith in their promises, said to the fairy:
"Why do you trouble yourself about those noisy birds? They are ungrateful creatures, and as soon as they are able to take care o themselves, they will seek other homes, and will no longer remember you. And I, for one, shall be glad when they are gone, for their loud, boisterous ways trouble me."

The lairy only smiled at this illnatured

remark of the nymph, for she did not believe that the little birds, for whom she had so tenderly cared, and whom she loved so dearly, would ever leave her for other triends. But the nymph's prophecy proved true, for when the long summer days came, and the air was soft and warm and the fields abloom with flowers, then the young swellows learned to use their wings, and

the grave and watered the flowers with her

The nymph now declared that punishhead, and struck the bird with such force that the poor little creature fell lifeless into the mill pond. When the father bird returned from his search after food for his him, carried him into his grotto, and threw hungry children, he found the seven have swallows crying for the mother, and he knew not how to comfort them. Then he began to pinched with their sharp claws until the boy cried out with pain, and the men in the boy cried out with pain, and the men in the time the rich miller's son always had a large, red nose, and as he passed through the village streets the children would point their fingers at him and cry: "There goes the boy whose nose has become so large and red because he was cruel to the little swal-

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly-Home Amusements.

Address communications for this depart E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.



1373-A TRANSFORMATION. Jack Spray and On questions touching food; On other things both he and she Maintained a tiger mood. Jack Sprat and wife could well agree On questions touching food:

A friend told Jack the proper way Of curing all his cares Was just to keep the wolf at bay, And cultivate two bears.

But Jack, mistaking what was meant, Did ruminate a spell How Mrs. Peter was content Within a pumpkin shell.

And so he took his fretful spouse And put her in a bear, When, lo! a heaven was in his house, An angel dear was there.

1874-DECAPITATION. The man whose talk of scholes is full is one in conversation dull—
A fault, I think, that is more common in talking man than talking woman. In pagty platforms totals loom:
There they flourish, there they beom, For there they render potent aid By keeping principles in shade—
A mode of using language sought For purpose of concealing thought. Wide last is always given there
To words that nothing mare declare Than state wholes, though they about in pleutitude of empty sound.
The object of the demagogue Is to be wiider and befor.
To make what's policy his guide
And principle to shun or hide.
Such last to take is to benight
The class who seek to do what's right.
It should be plain to all, indeed,
That wholes are used but to mislead.
NELSONIAN.

1375-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. Equal value. 3. Bundles. 4. Tardy. 5. High dignataries in a sovereign's court. 6. The provinces of palatines. 7. Inflammable substances composed of rosin and bitumen. 8. Aking's councillors. 9. To hinder, 10. A termination. 11. A letter. CHARLIE.

1376-TRANSPOSITION. 1376—TRANSPOSITION.

Life is not a bed of roses:
Man proposes, God disposes:
Life is largely what we make it:
There's a blessing if we take it.
Wisdom is the best possession:
We should seek it with discretion.
Man doth first his work most bravely;
But the next observes most gravely;
Do you wonder then, in passing,
That there often is harrassing?
That the good, as oft man sees it,
Evil is, as next decrees it?
Let us make a study careful,
With a pious heart and prayerful.
H, C, Burgar.

1377 .- SYNCOPATION. As much alike as are two pins—
So much alike they must be twins—
Are these two words; in one we see
Four syllables—the other three.
Yet all the difference I can spy
Is in—here's siang—is in your i.
The question is, which I shall choose
When such a word I wish to use.
Perhaps each has its proper place,
For each is "a narticular case."
And "a peculiar case" is well,
The bother is, which way to spell,
My whole or last just at this time,
In shaping puzzles into rhyme; n shaping puzzles into rhyme; In this, as well as in my talk, On words I do not wish to talk. Indeed, I always tax my mind The most appropriate word to find. But where I have these two in sight But where I have these two in signt.
I know not which is nearest right,
And Webster's Unabridged, my guide,
Does not help me to decide.
'Tis my opinion, here expressed,
That the shortest is the best.

1378-WORDS WITHIN A WORD. In a word of 11 letters, naming a kind of puzzle, find, without transposition of letters, words having the following meanings:

1. A worthless dog.

2. Crusty.

3. The hinder part.

4. To affect with pain or uneasiness.

5. Myself.

6. Males.

ROBERT.

1379-NUMERICAL.

NELSONIAN.

Some people always want an cli For everything they do: They are so easy to appail By anything that's new. Some one must 1 to 7, before To follow they're inclined; And then they look their leader e'er, As if some flaw to find.

'Tis either cowardice or pride Will 9, 7, 8, 6 to Make people want a constant guide In everything that's new.

If wise, is a great gain; But heart to wisdom must incline,

And then the way is plain.

BITTER SWEET.

1380-ANAGRAM. As whole defines itself, discern
This answer: "I am one return,"
That is to say, should you restore
All that is due, or something more,
That would be whole, and you would do
The thing that's right and honest, too.
'Tis what is claimed by those who say
They've worked for you and want their pay;
'Tis what you'll give them if you can,
Unless you're a dishouest man.

NELSONIAN,

> 1381-CROSS WORD. In "we must part;"
> In "lover true;"
> In "my sweetheart;"
> In "loving you;"
> In "last caress."
> Rislog, falling, almost dying,
> Grand in cadence, soft and sighing,
> Holding him enthralled who hears;
> Heart-inspiring, soul-entrancing,
> Mind enslaving, life enhancing,
> Sweetest sound for mortal ears.

ANSWERS. 1361—Henolulu knows no snows. (H en O. lu-lu, nose, nose, nose.) 1365--Directions, discretion, 1364--Dark, park, hark, lark, bark, mark, 1385--A riddle, 1366--Malapropos, 1367--Belles-lettres, PEBDOTER
DOTER
DELIVER
POLICEMANN
RETICULATED
REVELATED
RATED
NED

1359—Odoriferous. 1370—Quatrefoil. 1371—Sheep, Heep.

A REMARKABLE CAT.

Some of the Peculiarities of a Feline Epicure in Brooklyn.

"Broady" is a big Brooklyn cat. He is Maltese of the deepest dye. Seven years of life have passed over his shapely head, but each year has added to his store of intelligence. Now he is probably the best informed cat in the block in which he prowls.

"Broady," says the New York Herald, is very regular in his habits. When time rolls around he is always found meowing in front of the refrigerator in which his food is stored. And there he stays, crying and scratching, until somebody attends to his wants. This he does

three times a day.

Although particular about the hour at which he is fed, he is more so in regard to what he eats. Calves' liver, raw, too, is the only thing he indulges in. Nothing else, not even chicken, fish or other tidbits dear to the feline heart, can tempt him from the

His memory is strong, for he never forgets a friend or forgives a foe. When his master returns from business at the usual hour 'Broady" is at the door to greet him with his deep, musical purr. If his master is not on time "Broady" slinks away to his favorite place, on a chair near the kitchen range, but when his master returns he is all anibut when his master returns he is all animation, and springs up to receive a caress.
Outside of occasional incursions into the precincts infested by rats and mice, he seldom absents himself from home. And there he receives every attention. Nothing is too good for him, although his wants are few.
When he wishes a drink of water he climbs upon the sink and mews. Two plaintive cries notify the household that he is thirsty. cries notify the household that he is thirsty,

and water is soon forthcoming. At the dining table he is a favored guest. His chair is placed beside that of his master regularly, but he will not take it until it has been nicely cushioned with a newspaper. And the louder it crackles the better he likes it. There he sits, quietly gazes upon each member of the family in turn until the meal is concluded, and then he leaves the table promptly with the diners. Having been well and carefully trained, he is able to participate in conversations like these: "Hello, 'Broady,' are you feeling well this morning?" somebody asks.

Meow," he will respond. That means "Yes." Want some liver?" "Meow." This is always uttered with em-

Two cries are taken for a negative reply, and three, accompanied by the same num-ber of scratches, signify that he desires to ber of scratches, signify that he desires to have a door opened. He dislikes whistling, and if anyone does so, he "meows" twice and stalks out of the room in which his tor-mentor is. He sleeps in the same apartment as his master, is almost as valuable as a watchdog, and, taken all in all, is quite a remarkable cat.

Hot Lemonade the Thing. A very hot, strong lemonade is served by fashionable New Yorkers this winter in place of punch, even by those who are not strictly temperate. Judicious people are discovering that drinking punch at "after-noons" is exceedingly injurious to the dinoons" is exceedingly injurious to the gestive organs as well as to the nerves.

THE ITALIAN FLOCKS

With Their Melodious Bells and Picturesque Shepherds

CANNOT BUT INSPIRE THE POET. Wakeman's Search for the Hero of Lorenzo

the Magnificent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Dec. 26 .- About the year 1480, at the dawn of the golden age in Italy, there were daily gathered at the table of the chief citizen of Florence, such men ns Pulci, Fillippino Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo. The host, whose wealth and matchless attainments made him known among the potentates and savants of Southern Europe as "Lorenzo, the Magnificent," wrote a pastoral poem of wondrous sweetness and power called "La Nencia Da Barbarlno." I was once in a position (being an editor, worse luck!) to have this little-known though surpassing composition translated for the first time into English, in the original meter, by no less a scholar and poet than Sir Edwin Arnold. The poem, comprising 300 lites, depicts in simple, though glowing words and imagery, the honeless and consuming the potential strain and poets to himself, is marvelous. When spurred by extreme hunger, all mountain moorland hirds are doomed where he sets his sare. It is a wild, strange, melancholy land he looks down upon, if he have the energy for looking. His wife and children around him are as voiceless as himself and his flocks. The very melody of the sheep-bells becomes a meaningless din. One carries away from his environment and companionship with him only a pathetic sense of his hopelessness and degradation. You can only remember him as another animal in hairy hide, insensate to the trumpetings of eternal nature around him. and imagery, the hopeless and consuming passion of the shepherd lad, "Ravella,"; for a dainty peasant girl, "Nencia." One cannot read this lowly life heart-cry without the awakening in his own soul of a thrilling and commisserative tenderness for the humble lives it so plaintively reveals; and it was with this feeling that I sought, perhaps over-much, for the poetic and romantic side

of Italy, My first wanderings were in Southern Italy, the territory of olden Apulia. Here the shepherds are not only a distinct class, but, though holding themselves aloof from all other peasant classes, are almost a distinct race. In ancient times all this country was subject to scourging depredations by the Saracens, to an extent requiring that people should herd together in walled towns for protection to life and property. Then nearly the entire population of old Apulia were shepherds. They drove their herds rom the towns to the mountains, returning

of the picture, to know the real every-day lives or those who tend the flocks and herds

for safety at night. Unchanged by Twenty Centuries. The descendents of these in a direct line for more than 2,000 years, are doing that identical thing to-day, not for safety but from traditionary custom. All those who exist in Southern Italy to-day who are not shepherds, goatherds and herdsmen, form the population of cities and towns and comprise the contadini or field laborers; and the ancestors of all these may be said to have gradually grown away from the shep-herd's life, rather than that the shepherd's of our time are a product of new forms of rural economic necessities. They rarely intermarry with other classes. When they do they instantly depart from the flocks, are

slender, supple figure, the oval face and shining skin the neck, tiny at the throat, spreading quickly and heavily in protuber-ent muscles, like a broad-butted tree, to the shoulders, the yellowish-blue tinge of the white of the eye, the distended nostrils, and the dazzling teeth, all pronounce the East-ern origin and retained physiological affini-

Like Our Western Stocktrails. In every part of outhern Italy von will come upon a broad, grass-grown highway. It is called the "trature." For 20 centuries it has served the same purpose. It can be nearly likened to our own vast Western stocktrails leading from "grass to grass" when herds are driven northward, fattening on their way to the great live stock markets. On this "traturo" occurs the yearly spring exodus from the lower valleys and coastwise moors and marshes to the Apulian

Mountain summer pastures. In the autumn hundreds of thousands return along these ancient ways. During the winter the herdsmen and shepheros live in town hovels or in huts near the towns and villages. The herds and flocks are then driven out to and returned from daily grazing. But in the summer time on the mountain sides is the real outdoor life of the guardian of the flocks and Whether he be herdsman, goatherd or shepherd, he is usually given charge of a flock or herd of from 50 to 100 animals. Among the cattle, and herding in common with them, are large numbers of a species of buffalo, smaller and less hairy than the nov

extinct American Sison. In a heid of 100 cattle, 20 will be provided with unmusical belis. In a flock of as many sheep twice as many will have bells, some of which are exceedingly melodious; and the quality of his bells are of more concern to the Apuliar shepherd than that of his sheep. The latter are odd little poddy creatures. Nearly all are black. Their legs and hoofs are black and shiny as ebony drum-sticks. Their eyes are exceedingly small and a brilliant yellow; while the little creatures are as agile

Weird, strange groups are these which follow the flocks and herds to the mountains. Nearly every shepherd of Southern Italy is married. He marries young. He rears, or rather there grows, seemingly all uncon-scious to himself. a large family. The sons marry other shepherds' daughters; the daughters, other shepherds' sons. Himself perhaps born in the grass by the side of the "traturo," in a cleit of some rock in the edge of a torrent's gravina, or in some low hut on hill or moor, he emerges from baby-hood to childhood a nomad; is a nomad in youth and manhood; he mates as a nomad; and never ceases a nomadic life until the quicklime of some village Campo Santo consumes his bones. So that to every flock

belongs a family.

The tatterdemalion group possesses no home but that of the daily grazing land of the flock. Their sole possessions never equal \$5 in value. Their total earnings do no exceed 11 cents per day. Like Wallachian Gipsies they squat anywhere for rest and sleep, and eat anything that will sustain life. If they possess a single aspiration on earth, it is that secret one of so many other Italian field and moor laborers to "take to the hills;" that is, to become outright

brigands. A Picturesque Being. Universal indolence and repugnance to effort are safeguards against this. The Apulian shepherd himself is a picturesque fellow enough, despite your consciousness of his vacuous ignorance, his unvarying cruelty to his flocks, and his utter sodden, rather than setive, brutality to his wife and children, who serve as his pack-mules, like the dren, who serve as his pack-mules, like the American squaws, for transporting his slender belongings to the hills. Tall, and straight as an arrow, he is clad from head to foot in undressed skins. A bifurcated garment of untanned hide, fashioned after the pattern of that one so well known to American dress reform ladies, forms a sort of waistcoat and trousers combined.

The latter are opened at the sides, below the knees often displaying gandy buttons ornamenting the sides of his half-gaiter, undressed skin boots. Over his waistcoat is a long, losse armless jacket of hide, provided with numberless pockets, his rain-proof storehouse of measure transport.

neross his left hip by a broad band of hide, with occasionally the priceless treasure of a polished brass or bronze buckle, is the inseparable capsella or shepherds' pouch. A rusty carbine, which is never discharged, or a stout staff as high as his breast—but never the shepherds' crook of the olden tales and modern tableaux vivants—completely be nighted.

pleteithe picture. Awakened the Hallstorms. On the mountain sides the life of this shepherd family is a changeless one the whole summer long, unless the terrible hail-storms of Southern Italy fall upon the mountains, or the still more destructive THE MOUNTAIN SIDE AT EVENTIDE herds and flocks from the crags to death, come whistling over peak or howling through gravins. Then the human marmot awakens from his lethargy and accomplishes prodigious feats of strength and wondrous acts of valor, in rescuing endangered mem-bers of the flock or of his own terrified brood.

His food is polenta and chestnut-flour bread. He is the one Italian who drinks water instead of wine. His field-lore, though unconscious to himself, is marvelous. When

Shepherds of the North. But there are other shepherds in Italy of whom a sunnier picture can be drawn. These are the shepherds and shepherdesses of the peasants' lesser flocks in Piedmont, in Lombardy, in radiant Tuscany, and even in pestiferous, death-breeding Maremme, on the Tyrrhene sea. There are many among these who, like the Apulian shepherds, have descended from shepherd ancestors, and who all their lives soddenly follow the one vocation. But in the main they are the

little folks and the youths and wives of all

the peasantry.

In Northern Italy the peasantry are a happier folk than those of the South. The beauty of the cities, quaintness and peace-iulness of the villages and hamlets, the radiance of the valleys and the noble pic-turesqueness of the forests and mountains, seem to have given a reflexive peaceful-ness, sunniness and even virility to the people. Their shepherds do not possess the grave, sad, vacuous faces of the South. Companionship accounts largely for this. In the North the shepherd is always one of the villagers. He or she shares their every-day life. The feasts, espousals, marriages, fu-nerals, all are theirs for enjoyment and contemplation. Nearly every family has its own little flock. Otten several of these are merged into a larger flock and taken to the highest mountain lands for the entire summer. In such cases a shepherd and his family accompany them, and they live much as do their kind in Apulia. In October the same flock will be driven to the moors and marshes of Muremme, where the shepherd and his family subsist almost entirely on

snared wild fowl, which come here in

myriads to escape the winters of the British

Isles, the Baltic regions and the German

by tens of thousands of little flocks led shepherdesses for their class, in the long line of shepherd ancestry they can trace, amounts almost to a passion. It is practically the one pride they possess. This isolation of blood and interest has preserved interesting traces in physiognomy. They are wonderfully Saracenie in their look. The tall, slender, supple figure, the oval face and shining skin, the neck, tiny at the control of thousands of little flocks led shepherdesses leave the village gregia or sheepiold and home every morning for the higher glades. Sometimes a dog, often a pig trained to herd the flock, goes with them. It a maiden has charge of the flock, she will have her spindle or knitting, and will work and sing and tend her flock, the whole day long. If a lad or string a flock, he will leave the village gregia or sheepiold and home every morning for the higher glades. Sometimes a dog, often a pig trained to herd the flock, goes with them. It a maiden has charge of the flock, she will have her spindle or knitting, and whole day long. If a lad or string a flock, he will leave the village gregia or sheepiold and home every morning for the higher glades. Sometimes a dog, often a pig trained to herd the flock, goes with them. It a maiden has charge of the flock, she will have her spindle or knitting, and whole day long. If a lad or string the flock, the will leave the village gregia or sheepiold and home every morning for the higher glades. Sometimes a dog, often a pig trained to herd the flock, goes with them. It a maiden has charge of the flock, she will have her spindle or knitting, and will work and sing and tend her flock, the will have her spindle or knitting and will work and sing and tend her flock, the will have her spindle or knitting and will work and sing and tend her flock, the will have her spindle or knitting and the spindle A Day With the Flocks birds, all of which are eagerly eaten save those of the swallow and hawk, snares forest fowl, or pipes on his flute in idle fantasy.

Both mist bring a backload of lerns, grass, oak, elm or vine leaves, with the flocks at night. Some of this is for tem-

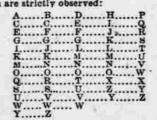
porary use; but the winter store is chiefly thus gathered. I have counted more than 100 of these little flocks descending from the mountains with the shepherds at eventide. The valleys are voiceful with thousands of tinkling bells, with the notes from hundreds of shepherds' flutes, with the trilli of scores shepherds' songs. Then, as the shadows fall softly upon the hamlets, comes the housing of the sheep in the greggia, and the pastoral yields to the prosaic while "Ra-vella" and "Nencia" gain new strength for the morrow from their bowl of steaming polenta, or porridge of crushed white beans.

YOUR NAME BY MAGIC.

A Simple Device That Will Reveal Any Number of Secrets. St. Louis Globe-Democrat,]

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

By use of the table given below you can ascertain the name of any person or place, providing the rules below the lettered dia gram are strictly observed:



Have the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of the name is contained. If it is found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of the col-umns in which it is to be found, the sum being the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in the way outlined above, the whole word or name may be plainly spelled out. Take the word Jane for example. J is lound in two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J. the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears but one column, the first, where it stands at the head. N is seen in the column headed B, D and H, which are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet; added, they give the fourteenth, or N, and so on.

HEREDITY AND DISEASE.

The Common Theory Is a Cruel Fetich Quast-Science as the Facts Show. Philadelphia Press.]

"Do not think you are going to cough your life away because 'consumption is hereditary in our family,' " says a famous Philadelphia physician. "Facts show that the decided majority of victims of this terrible malady are the original cases; no taint can be discovered in ancestry. The majority of consumptives, I reassert, are the first cases in the family. I have it on good authority in pulmonary maladies that de-cidedly the vast majority of the offsprings of consumptives finally die of other diseases. It is not to be denied that there is a law of heredity in disease. But the children pre-disposed to consumption, for instance, being forewarned, are forearmed to caution; tak-ing excellent care of themselves they out-last their more thoughtless neighbors. Probably over 80 per cent of the insane are original cases; that is, in neither branch of the family, within three generations, can be found an insane ancestor. ornsmenting the sides of his half-gaiter, undressed skin boots. Over his waistoat is a long, loose armless jacket of hide, provided with numberless pockets, his rain-proof storehouse of meager treasures. A jaunty, brigandish hat sets perkily upon his fine, curly head, and brings into striking relief his clive skin, his large, grave eyes and crinkly, curly beard—a half Egyptian type, one would say, to see it reproduced in painting. Slung from his right shoulder

Lesson of the Wise Men Who Came

TO WORSHIP THE INFANT KING.

It Was Not a Mission of Gain, but of Sublime Unselfishness.

WHAT THEY SAW IN THE HEAVENS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) "We have seen his star in the east, and re are come to worship him." They saw, they came, they worshiped; and then they went away again into their own land, leaving behind them the memory of their good example.

One good thing about these "wise men" was that they saw the star-saw it, that is, in the right way. Everybody saw the star. You cannot hide a star. But a great many people who saw it did not see it-did not see it in the right way, did not recognize it. For real sight is not the reflection of an object in the eye, but rather the sort of reflection that goes on in the mind behind the eye. It is the mind that sees. The eye is only an optical instrument which the mind uses. Every-body saw the star-with their eyes. But out of all the world, only this little company of wise men seem to have seen the star with their minds.

How they came to be different from other men, and to recognize the star, we know not. Perhaps there was some dim tradition in their country, handed down from the days of Balaam, about a star and a sceptre. Some think that Balaam was a "wise man," one of the magi, past master in the astrolo-gical fraternity. And that Balaam, off there in the east, did say something about a star of Jacob and a sceptre of Israel, is plain enough. Perhaps there were more devou the wise men about the old prophecies, and so given them a sort of preparation for reading the gospel in the stars.

What Astronomers Say.

Perhaps, and perhaps. The truth is, we know nothing about it. None of the ex-planations begin to explain it. There was a star. The wise men who study the sky in our own day will tell us that. Every 800 years, three great planets meet within the boundaries of a single constellation. And their meeting is a sight which everybody who has eyes looks at. We will never see it with our eyes for the last meeting was in the winter of the year 1603. But the wise men saw it. They saw it two years before the date which is agreed upon for the birth of Christ. If they looked up into the sky in May, or October, or December of that year,

they could not miss it.
Three times that year, Saturn, Mars and Jupiter stood together in the constellation Piscis. And in 1603, when Kepler saw that sight, a fourth star, bright, glowing, peculiarly colored and evanescent, joined the siderial company. These was a star, and the wise men saw it, and they said one to another, "there is the King's star; He is born in the West," and they came and worshiped Him. And that is all of the story

that we know.

The truth of God shines in this world a clear as the everlasting stars. And we all see it—with our eyes, and hear it—with our ears. But a great many of us somehow miss of the recognition of it. And those who do recognize the truth are very often ears. But a great many of us somehow miss of the recognition of it. And those who do recognize the truth are very often quite unable to tell us why or how they know it. There is a great difference between their seeing and our seeing. Certain phrases seem to mean a whole world more to them than they do to us. But there does not appear to be any adequate explanation. We are as much in the dark about it as we are about the wise men. But it is a fact. are about the wise men. But it is a fact. currence.

They do see—and we don't see.

Sometimes religion is nothing but pious

A Bace of Blind Men. thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or wither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the spirit." so is everyone that is born of God, and to have forsaken all and followed thee; what have therefore?" Even the apostles be born of the spirit of God, are very much the same thing. What a difference in peo-ple, in their perceptions — intellectual, gesthetic, spiritual! How many, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not! Up above, the star, and down below, a whole race of blind men! Here, close before us all, the truth of God, "and few there be that

Few there be, perhaps, that really try to find it, that would account for it. The wise man tried; we may be sure of. That they were honest men, and earnest men, desirous of truth, keeping their hearts and minds open to it. We know all that about them, because they found the truth. God never tells His truth to any other sort of men.

But to such men always. We want to know the truth of God. If there are any remarkable stars up there in the sky, we want to see them. God is our Father. The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. Is that really true? Is it true for you? Follow the best religious light you have; and you will learn whether it is true or not. Why, those wise men were but pagaus, and yet God spoke to them. Make the most of all the truths you know; do the will of God, as you understand it, fully as you can; put yourself within reach of all the uplitting, spiritual influences which you can find; pray God for light. And God will give you light. You will he like the wise men-you will see will be like the wise men-you will see.

Seeing Is Not All. Another good thing about the wise men there. They did something. They came Nobody knows just where they came from From Arabia most scholars think. Anyhow from some long distance, over a hard and dangerous way; a two-years' journey, some figure it. They must have been very sure before they started out on such an adventur-

Faith and works always go together Faith is never unfruitful. If there are no fruits of the spirit in a man's life and con versation something is the matter with the man's spirit. There is only one way to be sure that a man has faith, and that is the way by which we discover that a field has been planted. The harvest shows it. No harvest, no seed; or no good soil for seed. No works, no faith. The man who sees the star separates himself at once from the com-pany of blind men and proceeds to do some thing. And you know that he has seen the star by the testimony of his deed. Whoever saw that star and sat still did not see it, ex-

ous quest us that.

cept with the eye.
You can always tell the good Christians, the men and women who have seen the star, they are at work. They are not disobedient to the heavenly vision. They are doing something. People took note of the disciples that they had been with Jesus. They knew that by the behavior of the disciples. Whoever knows Christ, as the example of our daily life, as the Savior from the burden of our sins, as the manuestation of the love of God, of the nature of God, cannot sit down idly as if he had seen nothing. He must follow Christ, as the wise men tollowed the star.

The Whole World Sneered.

The wise men followed the star alone out The wise men followed the star alone out of all Arabia. None eise joined their company. Among all the star-gazers these only began a journey. They sat out alone, and nobody joined them all the way, even to Bethlehem. The hardest part of it must have been in Jerusalem. "Where is He that is born Kiug of the Jews?" they asked in the streets. And nobody could answernobody knew that any King of the Jews had been born anywhere. And the very possibility troubled them—the King was born; the Savior has come into the world; the the Savior has come into the world; the Messiah, looked for slong the years, was at last among them, and the reigning king "was troubled" (that was not unnatural) and "all Jerusalem with him." That was

the hard part of it.

This company of pagans enters the Holy city and asks for the King of the Jews, and everybody is troubled. By and by the leaders of the Jewish religion answer the pagan

question. Bethlehem, they say, is the place. But nobody starts for Bethlehem. The King, indeed, says that he intends to start as soon as the wise men bring him word again. (Yes, and with a sword in his hand!) But no one else even makes so much as a lying promise. There is the difference again

between seeing and seeing. The priests and the Pagans are possessed of the same infor-mation. But the priests stay in Jerusalem. They point the way to Bethlehem if anyone cares to journey thither, but they take no step. The Pagans go along alone.

Faith That Is Brave. And that, as I say, was a pretty hard test of the pagaus' faith. People like the encouragement of majorities. It helps us to have the company of the wise and the good. And when we find that we are alone, and that the company of the way are alone, and that the company of the way are alone, and that the company the company that t that the wise and the good, as men think, do not seem to be touched by the spirit which moves us, we hesitate. It is so hard to go on alone. But the men who saw the star did. And everybody who sees the star to-day sloes.

to-day does.
"This I know," the man says who sees the star. "Obstacles? Arguments? Criticisms? Majorities? What care 1? I know!" And then, to find the King of the Jews in And then, to find the King of the Jews in a little, mean, cheap lodging-house—no palace, no retinue, no surroundings of state—a baby, in the arms of a Galilean peasant woman, whose husband is a carpenter—that was another test. That was another hard thing in the way. And after the weariness of the long journey, and after the troubled faces of the people of Jerusalem and the solitary pilgrimage over the hills between, what wonder if their hearts had failed them as they der if their hearts had failed them as they stood in the narrow street and looked at the poor, small house!

The Discovery of Discoveries. The greatest discovery in the whole world is to discover God. God comes in ways most unexpected, under forms most unlikely.
There is a deep significance in the old legends. Where the cloak of rags falls away from the beggar's shoulders, and behold, the Christ! To recognize Him always—in His brethren who need uplifting and betheatly hands held out; in temptation in brotherly hands held out; in temptation, in affliction, in sore pain and trouble, to find

Him ministering to us, bringing a blessing —it is the discovery of discoveries. The wise men found Him. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped Him." First they saw the star, and then they saw the child. That is the order of spiritual perception. The reward of knowledge is more and better knowledge. Whoever learns one truth of God, and follows that, shall find another and a kicker.

God, and follows that, shall find another and a higher.

And they worshiped him. That is the third good thing about the wise men—they saw, they came, and they worshiped. And they evidenced their worship by giving something. "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh." Some say that they gave gold as a symbol of his royalty, and incense as a symbol of his divinity, and myrrh (which was used at funerals) as a symbol of his humanity. Probably they brought gold because that was one of the products of their country, and frankincense and myrrh for the same reason—as the natural tribute which reason—as the natural tribute which strangers would offer at the court of a King. The essential and important fact is that they brought something the best they could. Not to Ask a Favor.

Here is a company of men who have come a long journey, and faced dangers and met hardships, not to get anything, but to give something. Why, you would have thought that there was a fortune at the end of all that hard traveling! "Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen

selfishness. We give—we give money, and the time and trouble which our presence wanted to know that

But here are the wise men, kneeling down in the presence of the Christ, and worship ing Him, and offering Him gifts. They have no eyes and no mind for any sight but the sight of His face. And just to see Him, just to be near him, satisfies them. Their hands are held out toward Him, not that He may put something into them, but that He may take something out of them—a good example for all of us.

God first, and our own selves a long way afterward; to do something for Him, first and chie; to kneel down and worship Him, the supreme purpose of our church going; to serve Him, for His own sake, that we may please Him, because we love Him, the supreme purpose of our life—that is religion.

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