ing no attention to his friend's last remark. I do. What of her?" Keyork Arabian glanced keenly at his companion,

What is she? She has an odd name." "As for her name, it is easily accounted for. She was born on the 29th day of February, the year of her birth being bisextile. Unor means February, Unorna, de-rivative adjective, 'belonging to February.' meone gave her the name to commemorate

"Her parents, I suppose." "Most probably-whoever they may have

"And what is she?" the Wanderer asked.
"She calls herself a witch," answered
Keyork with considerable scorn. "I do not know what she is, nor what to call hersensitive, an hysterical subject, a medium, witch-a fool, if you like, or a charlatan i you prefer the term. Beautiful she is, at east, whatever else she may not be."

'Yes, she is beautiful.' "So you have seen her, have you?" The little man sgain looked sharply up at his tall companion. "You have had a consul-

"Does she give consultations? Is she professional seer?" The Wanderer asked the question in a tone of surprise. "Do you mean that she maintains an establishment upon such a scale out of the proceeds of fortune-telling?"
"Pdo not mean anything of the sort. For

tune-telling is excellent! Very good!" Ke-york's bright eyes flashed with smusement. "What are you doing here—I mean in this church?" He put the question suddenly. "Pursuing-an idea, if you please to call

"Not knowing what you mean I must please to call your meaning by your own name for it. It is your nature to be enigmatic. Shall we go out? If you stay here much longer I shall be petrified instead of embalmed. I shall turn into dirty old red marble, like Tziho's effigy there, an awful warning to future philosophers, and an exworship here."
They walked toward the door, and the

contrast between the appearance of the two brought the ghost of a smile to the thin lips of the pale sacristan, who was occupied in renewing the tapers upon one of the side altars. Kevork Arabian might have stood for the portrait of the gnome king. His high and pointed head, his immense beard, his stunted but powerful and thick-set limber his short, sturdy strides, the fiery, half-bumorous, half-threatening twinkle of his bright eyes gave him all the appearance of a fantastic figure from a fairy tale, and the diminutive height of his compact frame set off the noble stature and graceful motion of his companion.

'So you were pursuing an ideo," said the little man as they emerged into the narrow street. "Now, ideas may be divided variously into classes, as for instance, ideas which are good, bad, or indifferent. Or you may contrast the idea of Plato with ideas anything but platonic-take it as you please. Then there is my idea, which is, in itself, good, interesting and worthy of the embalming process, and there is your idea, which I am human enough to consider altogether bad, worthless or trivolous, for the plain and substantial reason that it is not mine

'It is certainly not for my welfare that you are sacrificing yourself. You admit that you are pursuing an ides. Perhaps you are in search of some new and curious form of mildew, and when you have found it-or something else-you will name your dis-covery 'Fungus Pragonsis,' or 'Crypto-gamus Minor Errantis'-the Wanderer's toadstool.' But I know you of old, my good friend. The idea you pursue is not an idea at all, but that specimen of the genus homo known as 'woman,' species 'lady,' variety 'true love,' vulgar designation 'sweetheart.'

The Wanderer stared coldly at his companion. "The vulgarity of the designation is, indeed, only equaled by that of your taste in selecting it," he said slowly. Then he turned away, intending to leave Keyork

standing where he was.

But the little man had already repented of his speech. He ran quickly to his friend's side and laid one hand upon his The Wanderer paused and again looked down. "Is it of any use to be offended with my

speeches? Am I an acquaintance of yester day? Do you imagine that it could ever be my intention to annoy you?" The questions were asked rapidly, in tones of genuine "Indeed, I hardly know how I could sup-

se that. You have always been friendlybut I confess-your names for things are not

The Wanderer did not complete the sentence, but looked gravely at Keyork, as though wishing to convey very clearly again what he had before expressed in words.
"It we were fellow countrymen, and had

our native language in common, we should not so easily misunderstand one another," replied the other. "Come, forgive my lack of skill, and do not let us quarrel. Perhaps I can help you. You may know Prague well, but I know it better. Will you allow me to say that I know also whom it is you are seeking here?" "Yes. You know. I have not changed since we last met, nor have circumstances

"Tell me-have you really seen this Unorna, and talked with her?"

"This morning."
"And she could not belp you?"
"I refused to accept her help until I had done all that was in my power to do."
"You were rosh. And have you now done

"I have." "Then, if you will accept an humble suggestion from me, you will go back to her at

"I know very little of her. I do not altogether trust her-"
"Trust? Power of Eblis-or any other powers? Who talks of trust? Does the wise man trust himself? Never. Then how

ean he dare trust anyone else?"
"Your cynical philosophy again," exclaimed the Wanderer. "Philosophy? I am a mysosophist! All wisdom is vanity, and I hate it! Autology is my study, autosophy my ambition, autonomy my pride. I am the great Panego-

ist, the would-be conservator of self, the inspired prophet of the universal I. I-I-I! My creed has but one word and that word but one letter; that letter represents unity, and unity is strength. I am I-one, indivisible, central! O I! Hail, and live for-

Again the little man's rich bass voice rang out in mellow laughter. A very faint "You are happy, Keyork," he said. "You

must be, since you can laugh at yourself so "At myself? Vain man! I am laughing at you and at every one else-at everything except myself. Will you go to Unorne You need not trust her any more than the

natural infirmity of your judgment suggents."
"Can you tell me nothing more of her? Do you know her well?"
"She does not offer her help to every one.

You would have done well to accept it in the first instance. You may not find her in the same humor again."

"I had supposed from what you said of her that she made a profession of clairyoyance, or hypnotism, or mesmerism-what-

ever may be the right term nowadays." "It matters very little," answered Keyork ravely. "I used to wonder at Adam's ingenuity in naming all living things, but I think he would have made but a poor fig-

ure in a tournament of modern terminologists. No. Unorna does not accept remuneration for her help when she vouch "And yet I was introduced to her pres-ence without even giving my name."

"That is her fancy. She will see any one who wishes to see her, beggar, gentleman or prince. But she only answers such ques-tions as she pleases to answer." "That is to say, inquiries for which she is

already prepared with a reply," suggested See for yourself. At all events she is s

very interesting specimen. I have never known anyone like her." Keyork Arabian was silent, as though he were reflecting upon Unorna's character and peculiar gifts before describing them to his friend. His ivery features softened almost imperceptibly, and his sharp blue eyes sud-denly lost their sight, as though they no longer saw the outer world. But the Wan-derer cared for none of these things, and bestowed no attention upon his companion's face. He preferred the little man's silence to his wild talk, but he was determined, if

possible, to extract some further informa-tion concerning Unorna, and before many seconds had clapsed he interrupted. Keyerk's meditations with a question. "You tell me to see for myself," he said. I would like to know what I am to expect. Will you not enlighten me?"
"What?" asked the other, vaguely, as

though roused from sleen.
"If I go to Unorna and ask a consultation of her, as though she were a common som-nambulist, and if she deigns to place her powers at my disposal, what sort of assistance would I most probably get?"

They had been walking slowly forward, and Keyork again stopped, rapping the payement with his iron-shod stick, and

looking up from under his bushy, overhung-

ing eyebrows.
"Of two things one will happen," he answered. "Either she will herselt fall into the abnomal state and will answer correctly. any questions you put to her, or she will hypnotize you and you will yourself see— what you wish to see."

"I myself?"
"You yourself. The peculiarity of the woman is her duality, her double power. She can, by an act of volition, become hypnotic, clairvovante-whatever you choose to



Kafka Faced Her Resolutely.

call it. Or, if her visitor is at all sensitive, she can reverse the situation and play the part of the hypnotiser. I never heard of a like case."

"After all, I do not see why it should not be so," said the Wanderer thoughtfully.
"At all events, whatever she can do, is evidently done by hypnotism, and such extraordinary experiments have succeeded of

"I did not say that there was nothing but hypnotism in her process."
"What then? Magic?" The Wanderer's

lip curled scornfully.
"I do not know," replied the little man, speaking slowly. "Whatever her secret may be, she keeps it, even when speaking in sleep. This I can tell you. I suspect that there is some other being, or person, in that queer old house of hers whom she consults on grave questions. At a loss for an answer to a difficult scientific question, I have known her to leave the room and come back in the course of a few minutes with a reply which I am positive she could never have framed herself."

"She may have consulted books," suggested the Wanderer.

"I am an old man," said Keyork Arabian, suddenly, "I am a very old man; there are not many books which I have not seen and partially read at one time or at another, and my memory is surprisingly good. I have excellent reasons for believing that her information is not got from anything that was ever written or printed."

printed."
"May I ask of what general nature your ques-tions were;" inquired the other, more inter-ested than he had hitherto been in the conver-They referred to the principles of embalm-

ment."
"Much has been written about that, since the "Auden has been written about that, since the Gays of the Egyptians."

"The Egyptians!" exclaimed Keyork with great scorn. "They embalmed their dead, after a fashion. Did you ever hear that they embalmed the living t". The little man's eyes shot

fire.

"No,nor will I believe in any such outrageous impossibilities! If that is all, I have little faith in Unorna's mysterious counselor."

"The faith which removes mountains is generally gained by experience when it is gained at all, and the craving for explanation takes the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds, of a willingness to the place in some minds are placed to the place in some minds and placed to the place in some minds are placed to the place ons, nor to raise my little self to your highe

nechanically from left to right, from the top of the page to the foot. Having reached that point, however, she did not turn over the leaf. She was vaguely aware that she had not understood the sense of the words, and she returned to the place at which she had begun, trying to concentrate her attention upon the matter, moving her fresh lips to form the syllables, and pending her brows in the effort of understand ing, so that a short, straight furrow appeared. like a sharp, vertical cut, extending from between the eyes to the midst of the broad fore-head. One, two and three sentences she grasped and comprehended; then her thoughts wandered again, and the groups of letters passed meaningless before her sight. She was

wandered again, and the groups of letters passed meaningless before her sight. She was accessomed to directing her intelligence without any perceptible effort, and she was annoyed at thus being led away from her occupation, against her will and in spite of her determination. A third attempt showed her that it was useless to force herself any longer, and with a resture and look of irritation she once more laid the voiume upon the table at her side.

During a few minutes she sat motionless in her chair, her chin supported upon the back of her half-closed hand, of which the heavy, perfect fingers were turned inward, drooping in classic curves toward the lace about her throat. Her strangely mismatched eyes stared vacantly toward an imiginary horizon, not boanded by banks of flowers, nor obscured by the fantastic foliage of exotic trees.

Presently she held up her head, her white hand dropped upon her knee, she hesitated an instant, and then rose to her feet swiftly, as though she had made a resolution and was about to act upon it. She made a step forward, and then paused again, while a half-scornful smile passed like a shadow over her face. Very slowly, she began to pace the marble floor, up and down in the open space before her chair, turning and turning again, the soft folds of her white gown following her across the smooth pavement with a gentle, sweeping sound, such as the breeze makes among flowers in spring.

"Is it he?" she asked aloud in a voice ringing with the joy and the fear of a passion that has waited long and is at last approaching the fulfillment of satistaction.

No answer came to her from among the thick

Illment of satisfaction.

No answer came to her from among the thick

No answer came to her from among the thick foliage nor in the scented breath of the violets and the lilies. The murmuring song of the little fountain alone disturbed the stillness, and the rustle of her own garments as she moved. "Is it he? Is it he?" she repeated again and again, in varying tones, chiming the changes of hope and fear, of certainty and vaciliation, of sadness and of gladness, of eager bassion and of chilling doubt.

She stood still, staring at the pavement, her fingers clasped together, the paims of her hands turned downward, her arms relaxed. She did not see the dark red squares of marble, alternating with the white and the gray, but as she looked a face and a form rose before her, in the contemplation of which all her senses and faculties concentrated themselves. The pale and noble head grew very distinct in her inner sight, the dark, gray eyes graved sadly upon her, the passionate features were fixed in the expression of a great sorrow.

"Are you indeed he?" she asked, speaking softly and doubtfully, and yet unconsciously projecting her strong will upon the vision, as though to force it to give the answer for which she longed.

And the answer came, imposed by the effort of her imagination upon the thing imagined. The face suddenly became lummous, as with a radiance within itself, the shadows of grief

meited away, and in their place trembled the rising light of a dawning love. The lips moved and the voice spoke, not as it had spoken to her lately, but in tenes long familiar to her in dreams by day and night.

"I am he. I am that love for whom you have waited, you are that dear one whom I have sought throughout the world. The hour of our joy has struck, the new life begins to-day, and there shall be no end."

Unorna's arms went out to grasp the shadow, and she drew it to her in her fancy and kissed its radiant face.

its radiant face.
"Na veky vekuv! To ages of ages!" she "Na veky vekuv! To ages of ages!" she cried.

Then she covered her eyes as though to impress the sight they had seen upon the mind within, and, groping blindly for her chair, sank hack into her seat. But the mechanical effort of will and memory could not preserve the image. In spite of all inward concentration of thought, its colors faded, its outlines trembled, grew faint and vanished, and darkness was in its place. Unorna's hand dropped to her side, and a quick throb of pain stabbed her through and through, agonizing as the wound of a blant and jagged knife, though it was gone almost before she knew where she had felt it. Then her eyes flashed with unlike fires, the one dark and passionate as the light of a black diamond, the other keen and daring as the gleam of blue steel in the sun.

"Ab het I will!" the evel fined. "And what

and plassionate is the sight of a black diamond, the other keen and daring as the gleam of blue steel in the sun.

"Ah, but I will!" she exclaimed. "And what I will—shall be."

As though she were satisfied with the promise thus made to herself, she smiled, her eyelids drooped, the tension of her frame was relaxed and she sank again into the indolent attitude in which the Wanderer had found her. A moment later the distant door turned softly upon its hinges and a light footfall broke the stillness. There was no need for Unorna to speak in order that the sound of her voice might guide the newcomer to her retreat. The footsteps approached swiftly and surely. A young man of singular beauty came out of the green shadows and stood beside the chalf in the open space.

space.
Unorna betrayed no surprise as she looked up into her visitor's face. She knew it well. Unorna betrayed no surprise as she looked up into her visitor's face. She knew it well. In form and feature the youth represented the noblest type of the Hebrew race. It was impossible to see him without thinking of a young eagle of the mountains, eager, swift, sure, instinct with elasticity, far-sighted and unfiring, strong to grasp and to hold, beautiful with the glossy and unruffled beauty of a plumage continually smoothed in the sweep and the rush of hich, bright air.

Israel Kafka stood still, gazing down upon the woman he loved, and drawing his breath hard between his parted lips. His piercing eyes devoured every detail of the sight before him, while the dark blood rose in his leap, olive cheek, and the veins of his temples swelled with the beating of his quickened pulse.

"Well?"

The single, indifferent word received the value of a longer speech from the tone in which it was uttered, and from the look and gesture which accompanied it. Unorna's voice was gentle, soft, half-indolent, half-caressing, half-expectant and half-careless. There was semething almost insolent in its assumption of superiority, which was borne out by the little defiant tapping of two long, white fingers upon the arm of the carved chair. And yet, with the rising inflection of the monosyllable there went a rising of the brows, a sidelong glance of the eyes, a slowly wreathing smile that curved the fresh lips just enough to unmark two perfect teeth, all of which lent to the voice a meaning, a familiarity, a pliant possibility of fayorable interpretation, fit rather to flatter a hope than to chill a passion.

The blood beat more fiercely in the young man's veins, his black eyes gleamed yet more brightly, his pale, high-curved nostrils quivered at every breath he drew. The throbbings of his heart unseated his thoughts and strongly took possession of the government of his body. Under an irresistible impulse he fell upon his knees before Unorna, covering her marble hand with all his lean, dark fingers, and pressing his forehead upon them as though he had found and grasped all that could be dear to him in life.

"Unorna! My golden Unorna!" he cried, as The single, indifferent word received the

"Unorna! My golden Unorna!" he cried, as "Unorna! My golden Unorna!" he cried, as he kneik.

Unorna looked down upon his bent head. The smile faded from her face, and for a moment a look of hardness lingered there, which gave way to an expression of pain and regret. As though collecting her thoughts she closed her eyes, as she tried to draw back her hand; then as he held it still, she leaned back and spoke to him. him.
"You have not understood me," she said, as

quictly as she could.

The strong fingers were not lifted from hers, but the white face, now bloodless and trans-parent, was raised to hers, and a look of such fear as she had never dreamed of was in the wide black eyes.
"Not-understood f" he repeated in startled. broken tones. Unorna sighed, and turned away, for the sight

hurt her and accused her.

"No, you have not understood. Is it my fault? Israei Kafka, that hand is not yours to hold." hold."
"Not mine? Unorna!" Yet he could not quite believe what she said.
"I am in earnest," she answered, not without a lingering tenderness in the intonation.
"Do you think I am jesting with you or with the state of the same of the s

motionless and hardly breathing, like a danger-ous wild animal, startled by an unexpected enemy and momentarily paralyzed in the very act of springing, whether backward in flight or forward in the teeth of the fee, it is not possi-ble to guessa.

ons nor to raise my little self to your higher level, by standing upon this curbstone, in order to deliver a lecture in the popular form, upon matters that interest me. It is enough that I have found what I wanted. Go and do likewise. See for yourself. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. You are unhappy, and unhappiness is dangerous, in rare cases fatal. If you tell me to-morrow that Unorna is a charlatan, you will be in no worse plight than to-day, nor will your opinion of her influence mine. If she helps you to find what you want—so much the better for you—how much the better, and how great the risk you rue, are questions for your judgment."

"I will go," answered the Wanderer, after a moment's hesitation.

"Very good," said Keyork Arabian. "If you want to find me again come to my lodging. Do you know the house of the Black Mother of God?"

"Yes—there is a legend about a Spanish picture of our Lady once preserved there—"

"Exactly, it takes its name from that black picture. It is on the corner of the Fruit Market, over against the window at which the Princess Windischgratz was shot. I live in the upper story. Goodby."

"Goodby."

CHAPTER IV.

After the Wanderer had left her, Unorna continued to fiold in her hand the book she had again taken up, following the printed lines mechanically from left to right, from the top of the page to the foot. Having reached that

slippery memory, no word of yours have meaning for those who hear it?"

"I never gave you either piedge or promise," answered Unorna in a harder tone. "The only hope I have ever extended to you was this, that I would one day answer you plainly. I have done so. You are not satisfied. Is there anything more to be said? I do not bid you leave my house torever, any more than I mean to drive you from my friendship."

"From your Iriendship. Ah, I thank you, Unorna, I most humbly thank you! For the mercy you extend in allowing me to linger near you. I am grateful! Your friend, you say? Ay, truly, your friend and servant, your servant and your slave, your slave and your dog. Is the friend impalient and dissatisfied with his lot? A soft word shall turn away his anger. Is the servant over-presumptucous? Your scorn will soon teach him his duty. Is the slave disobedient? Blows will cure him of his faults, Does your dog fawn upon you too familiarly?

Does your dog fawn upon you too familiarly?
Thrust him from you with your foot and he will
cringe and cower till you suile again. Your
triendship—I have no words for thanks!"
"Take it, or take it not—as you will." Unorna
glanced at his angry face and quickly looked
away.

glanced at his angry face and quickly looked away.

"Take it? Yes, and more too, whether you will give it or not," answered Israel Kafka, moving nearer to her. "Yes. Whother you will, or whether you will not—I wil! have all, your friendship, your love, your life, your breath, your soul—all or nothing?"

"You are wise to suggest the latter alternative as a possibility," said Unorna, coldly, and not heeding his approach.

The young man stood still, and folded his arms. The color had returned to his face, and a deep flush was rising under his olive skin.

"Ito you mean what you say?" he asked slowly. "Do you mean that I shall have not all, but nothing? Do you still dare to mean that, after all that has passed between you and that, after all that has passed between you and me?" Unorna raised her eyes and looked steadily

into his.
"Israel Kafka, do not speak to me of dar-

into his.

"Israel Kafka, do not speak to me of daring."

But the young man's glance did not waver. The angry expression of his features did not relax. He neither drew back nor bent his head. Unorna seemed to be exerting all the strength of her will in the attempt to dominate him, but without result. In the effort she made to concentrate her determination her face grew pale and her lips trembled. Kafka faced her resolutely, his eyes on fire, the rich color mantling in his cheeks.

"Where is your power now?" he asked suddenly, "Where is your witchery? You are only a woman, after all—you are only a weak woman,"

Very slowly he drew nearer to her side, his lithe figure bending a little as he looked down upon her. Unorna leaned far back, withdrawing her face from his as far as she could, but still trying to impose her will upon him.

"You cannot," he said between his teeth, answering her thought.

Men who have tamed wild beasts alone know what such a moment is like. A hundred times the brave man has held the tiger spellbound, and crouching under his cold, fearless gaze.

Unorna grasped the arms of her chair as though seeking for physical support in her extremity. She could not yield. Before her eyes arose a vision unlike the reality in all its respects. She saw an older face, a taller figure, a look of deeper thought between her and the angry man who was trying to conquer her resistance with a glance. Between her and her mistake the image of what should be stood out, bright, vivid and strong. A new conviction had taken the place of the old, a real passion

fire.

"You do not really love me," she said softly. Israel Kafka started, as a man who is struck unawares. The monstrous untruth which filted the words broke down his gaard, sudden tears veiled the penetrating sharpness of his gaze, and his hand trembled.
"I do not love you? Il Unorna—Unorna!"
The first words broke from him in a cry of horror and supefaction. But her name, when he spoke it, sounded as the death moan of a young wild animal wounded beyond all power to turn at bay.

young wiid animal wounded beyondar bower to turn at bay.

He moved unsteadily and laid hold of the tall chair in which she sat. He was behind her now, standing, but bending down so that his forehead pressed his fingers. He could not bear to look upon her hair, still less upon her face. Even his hands were white and bloodless. Unorna could hear his quick breathing just above her shoulder. She sat quite still, and her lins were smilling, though her brow was thoughtfu and almost sad. She knew that the struggle was over and that she had gained the mastery, though the price of victory might be a broken heart.

"You thought I was jesting," she said in a low voice, looking before her into the deep foliage, but knowing that her softest whisper would reach him. "But there was no jest in what I said—nor any unkindness in what I meant, though it is all my fault. But that is true—you never loved me as I would be loved," "Inorna—"
"No—I am not unkind. Your love is young, fierce, inconstant; half terrible, half boyish; affame to-day, asleep to-morrow; ready to turn into hatred at one moment, to melt into lears at the next; intermittent, unstable as water, fleeting as a cloud's shadow on the mountain side—"
"It pleased you once," said Israel Kafka in broken tones." It is not less love, because you He moved unsteadily and laid hold of the tall chair in which she sat. He was behind he tall chair in which she sat.

fleeting as a cloud's shadow on the mountain side—"
"It pleased you once," said Israel Kafka in broken tones, "It is not less love, because you are weary of it, and of me,"
"Weary, you sav? No, not weary—and very truly not of you. You will believe that to-day, to-morrow you will still try to force life into your belief—and then it will be dead and gone like all thoughts which have never entered into the shapes of reality. We have not loved each other. We have but fancied that it would be sweet to love, and the knife of truth has parted the web of our dreams, keenly, in the mids, so that we see before us what is, though the ghost of what might have been is yet lingering near."
"Who wove that web, Unorna? You, or I?"
He lifted his heavy eyes and gazed at her colled He lifted his heavy eyes and gazed at her collect

hair.
"What matters it whether it was your doing

hair.

"What matters it whether it was your doing or mine? But we wove it togother—and together we must see the truth—"

"If this is true, there is no more 'together' for you and me."

"We may yet glean friendship in the fields where love has grown."

"Friendship—the very word is a wound! Friendship—the very dregs and lees of the wine of life! Friendship—the sour drainings of the heart's cup, left to moisten the lips of the damned when the blessed have drunk their fill. I hate the word, as I hate the thought!"

Unorna sighed, partly, perhaps, that he might hear the sigh and put upon it an interpretation soothing to his vanity, but partly, too, from a sincere regret that he should need to suffer as he was evidently suffering. She had half believed that she loved him, and she owed him pity. Women's hearts pay such debts unwillingly, but they do pay them, nevertheless. She wished that she had never set eyes upon Israel Kafka, she wished that she might never see him again; even his death would hardly have cost her a pang, and yet she was sorry for him. Diana, the huntress, shot her arrows with unfailing aim—Diana, the goddess, may have sighed and shed one bright immortal tear, as she looked into the fast glazing eyes of the dying stag—may not Diana, the maiden, have felt a touch of human sympathy and pain as she listened to the deep note of her hounds baying on poor Acteon's track? No one is all bad, or all good. No woman is all earthly, nor any goddess all divine.

"I am sorry," said Unorna. "You will not understand—"
"I have understood enough—I have under-

"I am sorry," said Unorna. "You will not understand."

"I have understood enough.—I have understood that a woman can have two faces, and two hearts, two minds, two souls.—It is enough, my understanding need go no farther." You sighed before you spoke. It was not for me—it was for yourself. You never felt pain or sorrow for another."

He was trying to grow cold and to find cold words to say, which might lead her to believe him stronger than he was and able to master his grief. But he was too young, too hot, too changeable for such a part. Morcover, in his first violent outbreak, Unorna had dominated wantage.

him, and he could not now regain the advantage.

"You are wrong, Israel Kafka. You would make me less than human. If I sighed, it was indeed for you. See—I confess that I have done you wrong, not in deeds, but in letting you hope. Traly, I myself have hoped also. I have thought that the star of love was trembling just below the east and that you and I might be one to another—what we cannot be now. My wisitom has failed me, my sight has been deceived—am I the only woman in this world that has been mistaken? Can you not forgive? If I had promised, if I had said one word—and yet, you are right, too, for Ihave let you think in earnest what has been but a passing dream of my own thoughts. It was all wrong, it was all my fault—there, lay your hand in mine and say that you torgive, as I ask forgiveness."

He was still standing behind her, leaning against the back of her chair. Without looking round she raised her hand above her shoulder

ake it.
"Is it so hard?" she asked softly, "Is it even harder for you to give than for me to ask! Shall we part like this—not to meet again—each bearing a wound, when both might be whole!

Can you not say a word?"
"What is it to you whether I forgive you or "What is it to you whether I forgive you or not?"
"Since I ask it, believe that it is much to me." she answered, slowly turning her head until, without catching sight of his face, she could just see where his fingers were resting on her chair. Then, over her shoulder, she touched them, and drew them to her cheek. He made no resistance.

no resistance.

"Shall we part without one kind thought?"
Her voice was softer still and so low and sweet
that it seemed as though the words were
snoken in the ripple of the tiny fountain,
There was magic in the place, in the air, in the
sounds, above all in the fair woman's touch.

"Is this trianghin?" saked largel Koffra sonues, above all in the fair woman's touch.

"Is this friendship?" asked Israel Kafka.

Then he sank upon his knees beside her and looked up into her face.

"It is friendship—yes—why not? Am I like other women?"

"It is friendship—yes—why not? Am I like other women?"

"Then why need there be any parting?"

"If you will be my friend, there need be none. You have forgiven me now—I see it in your eyes. Is it not true?"

He was at her feet, passive at last under the superior power which he had never been able to resist. Unorna's fascination was upon him, and he could only echo her words, as he would have executed her slightest command, with consciousness of free will or individual thought. It was enough that for one moment his anger should cease to give life to his resistance, it was sufficient that Unorna should touch him thus, and speak softly; his eyelids quivered and his look became fixed, his strength was absorbed in hers and incapable of acting except under her direction. So long as she might under her direction. So long as she might please the spell would endure.

"Sit beside me, now, and let us talk," she

said. Like a man iu a dream, he rose and sat down Like a man in a dream, he rose and sat down near her.

Unorma laughed, and there was something in the tone that was not good to hear. A moment earlier it would have wounded Israel Kafka to the quick and brought the hot, angry blood to his face. Now he laughed with her, vacantly as though not knowing the cause of his mirth.

"You are only my slave, after all," said Unorma, scornfully.

"I am only your slave, after all," he repeated.

peated.
"I could touch you with my hand, and you would hate me, and forget that you ever loved This time the man was silent. There was ,a contraction of pain in his face, as the

This time the man was silent. There was, a contraction of unit in his face, as though a violent mental struggle were going on within him. Unorna tapped the pavement impatiently with her foot and bent her brows.

"You would hate me and forget that you ever loved, "she repeated, dwelling on each word as though to impress it upon his consciousness. "Say it, I order you."

The contraction of his features disappeared, "I should hate you and forget that I ever loved you," he said, slowly.

"You never loved me."

"I never loved you."

Again Unorna laughed, and he joined in her laughter, unintelligently, as he had done before. She leaned back in her seat, and her face grew grave. Israel Kafka sat motionless in his chair, staring at her with unwinking eyes. But his gaze did not disturb her. There was no more meaning in it than in the expression of a marble statue, far less than in that of a painted portrait. But there was a doubt now, which constantly rose between her and it, the dark and shapeless shadow of a reasoning she hated and yet knew to be strong.

"I must ask him," she said unconsciously, "You must ask him," repeated Israel Kafka from his seat.

For the third time Unorna laughed aloud, as

from his seat. For the third time Unorna laughed aloud, as "Whom shall I ask?" she inquired contemptu-ously, as she rose to her feet.

The gull, glassy eyes sought hers in painful perplexity, following her face as she moved.

"I do not know," answered the powerless uau. Unorna came close to him and laid her hand

Unorna came close to him and laid her hand apon his head.
"Sleep, until I wake you," she said.
"The eyelids drooped and closed at her comnand, and instantly the man's breathing became heavy and regular. Unorna's full lips urled as she looked down at him.
"And you would be my master!" she explaimed. claimed.

Then she turned and disappeared among the plants, leaving him alone. [To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

A Cute Baby. lew York Sun.! Caller—And this is the new baby. Fond Mother—Isn't be splendid? Caller—Yes, indeed. Fond Mother—And so bright! See how

GETTING THE START.

Two Great Stumbling Blocks That Lie in the Path to Religion.

HYPOCRITES IN THE CHURCH And a Feeling of Unfitness, Personally, the First Obstacles Met.

ANALYSIS BY THE REV. MR. HODGES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH There are two stumbling-stones which vex the feet of beginners in religion. I would there were no more than two! The whole way, on both sides of the gate of entrance, is set-about, and narrowed, and encumbered with difficulties. Especially at the beginning. By and by, as the habits of the spiritual life are formed, and the soul gets used to facing temptation and climbing obstacles, and the light of heaven shines clearer and nearer along the path, the way gets easier. But it is hard at the beginning. There are questions, and problems, and hard lessons and persuasions of the devil. It is with religion as with every other habit or knowledge. It is begun with the initiation of difficulty. Anybody who expects to begin religion at the end is going to be disappointed. Whoever waits to start out in the religious life with the wisdom of St. Paul and with the love of St. John, will wait a long time. Children begin literature with the primer, not with Plato; and music not with Beethoven but with scales and exercises. And the primer is a great deal harder at the beginning than Plato is after awhile; and the notes which takes two fingers are longer in the learning than the pages which take ten. The religious life—by which I mean the conscious and definite living of it, beginning with the public confess Christian allegiance—the religious life be-gins amid the stumbling stones.

Two Obstacles at the Outset. And of these there are two which lie so close to the beginning that they are even close to the beginning that they are even outside the gate, and the beginner in religion comes to them almost before he begins, and sometimes, at sight of them, turns back, and never begins at all. "I am not good enough" is inscribed upon one of these stumbling stones. "Other people are not good enough" is placarded upon the other. Commonly the second of these comes first. The possible disciple is kept back by the un-Christitieness of Christians. Christlikeness of Christians.

I want to speak this morning about these two obstacles. Let us see if we cannot

somehow get them out of the road. There is no use denying that some people in the church are not as good as they ought to be, and the beginner in religion knows these people better than the parish priest does, because he sees them between Sundays, and in their working alabets. does, because he sees them between Sundays, and in their working clothes. The beginner in religion sees a great deal. And, very often, the little things trouble him more than the big ones. Little falsehoods; little, petty, mean cheats and over-reachings and nesties; little offenses against perfect reverence and perfect purity; little infirmi-ties of temper—these he discovers in the life of some church-member every day, and the sight turns him against religion. He mutters "Hypocrisy!" under his breath, and has his opinion of the Christian church.

Effect of a Personal Wrong. All this is emphasized when the outsider is himself personally wronged, defrauded, meanly treated, spoken against by some in-sider. He looks out of his window, and one meanly treated, specified and results of the sunders and results of smart theft. There he goes to say his Christian prayers, and to put twenty-five the message of the Aposties, and at the same and to between the sinners inside the church is, that those who are inside confess, by their position, that they want to be helped out of their sin. The others do not say that.

Here is a great crowd of people listening to the message of the Aposties, and at the Christian prayers, and to put twenty-five cents out of that hundred dollars into the alms basin, and to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The looker-on sits down and stays at home.

This, however, is mevitable. Again and erfect saints. They never have succeeded. The sinners have somehow evaded all the examinations, and gained membership. The devil has sown tares among the wheat. Judas was a church congregation, and the minister was the Lord Christ Himself.

It is well that we should all be mindful of the grave responsibilities of church mem-bership. It is well that we should often consider what sort of lives we ought to live -who do actually, among our acquaintances who are outside the church, represent to them the Christian religion. We are epistles, known and read by all men. We cannot help it. We are like cities set upon the summit of the hills—we cannot be hid. We will surely be held accountable for every and whom we have kent back out of every soul whom we have kept back out of the church by our disobedience to our Master. The only dangerous enemy which the Christian religion has is an unworthy Christian. We ought to think often and seri-

ously about these grave responsibilities. Not for Saints Alone. Nevertheless it is true to-day, and will re-main true till Christ's kingdom comes, that the Church is composed of "saints," just as the congregations were at Rome and Corinth -"called to be saints, but not always answering. It must needs be that offenses come—that is inevitable; though woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.

What shall we say then to him who de-clares that he would join the church if all the members of the church were saints? We might say to him that he would very likely be as much out of place in suc celestial company as the rest of us would. We might remind him that the church is a club for the spiritual aristocracy, into which nobody shall be admitted unless he be attired in all the purple and fine linen of the garments of holiness. That is not what the church is for, at all. The church is meant for the ragged people, too. "The Lord added daily to the church such as were being saved." Some of them were, no doubt, only at the very beginning of salvation. They had just started in their fight with the devil. Without a doubt he would down them a hundred times before they got him under their feet finally. But the Lord did not wait for that. All who were "being saved" were let in. The church is not a soldiers' home for spiritual veterans who have been through all the religious wars and have now no battles more to fight The church is called the church "militant" because it is

Meant to be an Army. The people in it are supposed to be set against the evil of the world, in their own hearts first. But the church is not an "ever victorious" army. Somebody is always get-ting defeated. But everybody who is on our side, and is willing to help in our crussde

against the devil-we will make a recruit of him. The church is sometimes called our "mother," because she teaches us and trains us. But we are dull and refractory pupils, a good many of us. However, if anybody wants to learn, wants to be trained to resist temptation and to follow righteousness, wants to be instructed in the truth

of God, he may come in. The church is really not meant for the saints, stall. There will be no church in heaven, such as we have here. St. John came back from his glimpse into that celestial country, and reported that he could

discover no church spire through all the length and breadth of it. "I saw no temple there," he said. There is no room in the church for saints. We have nothing here which we can offer to such high company. Saints have no need of sermons; saints have no need of sarraments. The church is meant for sinners. If anybody is conscious of unworthiness, sadly aware that the ideal life is very different from his, knows how life is very different from his, knows how hard it is to resist evil, and how difficult it is to learn the real truth of God, and feels the need of help, the church is the place for him.

It's a Personal Matter.

The best thing to say to the beginner in re-ligion who is met at the outset by the un-Christlikeness of Christians, is that which our Lord said to Peter, when Peter, who was beginning to follow after him, turned about and saw another disciple also following, and asked a question about him. Our Lord said, "What is that to thee? follow thou Me."

If you are tempted to ask questions about other disciples, the Lord asks this question of you: What is that to thee? This one is dishonest, that one is bitter-tongued, these

are unworthy, those are un-Christlike. Well, take them for warnings, then.

First of all, remember that God knows their hearts, and is acquainted with their temptations, and is aware of all the efforts which they make or don't make, and hears which they make or don't make, and hears them at their prayers; and you are quite on the outside. Perhaps you are right in your stern judgment. Perhaps you are as mistaken as other people are mistaken in the hard thoughts they have of you. And then remember that Christ is the real church, and that He has set His face against all wrong-doing, and, chiefest of all, against wrong-doing which warrs a Sunday face, and for a pretense makes long prayers— chiefest and sternest against that. He will take care of all the Pharisees. You need not trouble yourself about them, "Follow Me," He says "What is that to thee?" The Question of Benefit.

The thing to be decided is whether joining the church is the best thing, or not the best thing, that you can do. Whether other people have proved to be good church mem-bers or bad, has really nothing to do with it. If there is a question about joining an army, the question is not decided for any thoughtful man by assuring him that there are a great many rascals in the ranks. What is the army fighting for? What is the cause which they are contesting or defending? If the cause is a righteous one and ought to win, why the more bad soldiers there are in the camp the more need there is of a good soldier, who will do some stout fighting; and though the new recruit should find himself, like the neophyte of Dore's picture in strange company that will need the sold of the so picture, in strange company, that will not deter him. Are there any bad Christiaus? Well, then, if you believe that the cause of Christ ought to win in this world, come in,

and be a good Christian.

No good work can be done on any wide scale for the uplifting of men without cooperation, without hearty and whole-souled co-operation. We want the help of every good man and woman in the world. If there is a question about joining a class for some special study, the question is not decided for any earnest seeker after truth, by showing him that several members of the class are lazy, and not learning anything. What is that to him? Can he himself learn anything? Is there an efficient teacher? Is there a

helpful lesson? Question of Personal Fitness. But "I am not good enough." That is the other stumbling stone. Let the other people go; they may be bad or good. At least, I know myself. I am not good enough to join the church. Not not if the church is a club of saints. But it is not. The church is a great association of sinners. Arn't you a sinner? The chief difference

to the message of the Apostles, and at the end of the sermon some stay and some go away. Those who stay, stay that they may be baptized and admitted into the church. This, however, is mevitable. Again and again, good, earnest, zealous men have tried to found a church to which nobody could help to be better. Do they stay because people? Do they ask entrance into the church because they feel that they are good enough? Is there any doubt about the mat-ter? Is it not as plain as the shining sun that ter? Is it not as plain as the shining sun that the people who considered themselves pretty good people walked serenely away that afternoon, and never thought twice about joining the church? They were not "pricked at the heart." They heard no accusations from their deaf and dumb consciences. They were not conscious of any particular need of spiritual help. They were "good enough." That is just why they did not join the church, because they were "good enough."

The Good People Don't Join. You will never find anybody who is "good enough" joining the church. It is the people who are bad enough who come into the haven of the church. It is those who are weary and heavy laden with a burden of sin, who seek rest in the church. It is those who are sadly conscious that they are not approaching their ideal, who come for help

If you mean when you say that you are not "good enough," that you have no real desire, and longing to live the life which our Lord wants us to live, that is another matter. Then you are not good enough, indeed. But if you mean that you are not yet as strong a Christian as you want to be; it you mean that your love and devotion to Jesus Christ is not so deep and tender as you wish it was; if you mean that there are a hundred lessons in the Christian there are a hundred lessons in the Christian life in which you cannot pass a good examination-why, you are beginning at the end. The purpose of the Church is to help you in all this. If you had learned it all there would be no need for you to join the Church.
"Follow me," Christ says. And what you are to do is just that, day by day, trying always to get a little closer. But do not think that you may not enroll yourself among the followers of Christ until you have

come up as close behind Him as the Apostle
Paul. Everybody is a follower of Christ
who is trying to follow Christ.
To housestly and earnestly desire to live a
Christian life is all the "good enough"
which Christ asks at the beginning. GEORGE HODGES.

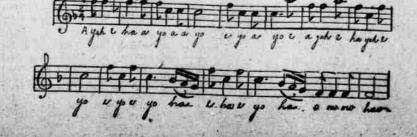
THE FIRST COIN OF SCOTLAND That Bore a Date Went Under the Odd Name of the Bonnet-Piece.

t. Louis Globe-Democrat.1 The "bonnet-piece," a gold coin of James V., of Scotland, was the first Scottish coin

bearing dates. It was called the "bonnet-piece"on account of the King's head being decorated with a bonnet instead of a crown. The coin in the illustration carries the inscription-"Jacobys 5, Dei G.

Bonnet-Piece. "Jacobys 5, Dei G. R. Scotary, 1539." The pieces were struck of native gold, and were regarded as very beautiful. They are now priced beyond beautiful. price, as but few specimens are in existence.
James V. was the first sovereign who increased the thickness of gold coins and decreased the size.

(58:30)



THE PARROT REASONS

No Longer Possible to Draw the Line at Instinct in Animals.

PRETTY POLLY ISN'T A FEMALE.

Nature's Arrangement by Which the Birds Can Sleep Standing.

WATCHING THE FORMATION OF ICE

As late as half a century ago it was hardly safe to claim that any animal below the level of man was endowed with reasoning taculties. What we call intelligence in man was only instinct in the brute. Probably a majority of people in our day believe that there is an impassable gulf between the intelligence of mankind and the instinct of the bird or the beast. But within three feet of the hand that is writing these lines there is a little animal that will be of voting age next autumn (21 years), and that has more intelligence than many a voter that you will see

It is a handsome yellow-head Mexican

about the polls on election day.

parrot. He is sitting demurely on the swing at the top of his cage watching the movement of the pen, and occasionally looking up quizzically at the writer's face looking up, quizzically at the writer's face as if to ask, "Are you writing anything about me?" If you want a test of bird intellect, give Paul (he spells it P-a-oo-l) a bit of cracker that has been quickly dipped in coffee. He will first politely say "Thank you," then he will take the cracker in one of his foot-hands and leisurely eat the outside portion which has been critically be the of his foot-hands and leisurely eat the out-side portion, which has been soitened by the coffee. Then he will stop. He doesn't eat hard cracker, and so he will moisten this piece by putting it in his water cup. But how can he do it? He cannot get from his swing to the cup, eight inches below, with-out climbing down the side of the cage, which necessitates the use of both his beak and his hand-feet. He has neither pocket nor hat in which to store the cracker, and he can't drop it into the cup because in the top center of the cage, while the cup is below at the side. But Paul knows how to do it. He drops the cracker to the bottom, then reaches the side of the cage with his beak, climbs down, and soon has the morsel in his mouth again. He then can easily clamber up to the water cup, in which he drops the cracker and eats it when it is softened enough to suit his taste.

Polly Isn't a Female. Don't use the feminine gender in speaking of a parrot that you have seen. It is ex-tremely unlikely that you ever saw a semale parrot. The females are not nearly so hand-some as the mules, their vocal ability is ouly on a par with that of the temale canary birds, and they don't breed in our canary birds, and they don't breed in our climate. Hence they are not imported. You see, then, that it is a misnomer to cail your parrot "Polly." The first parrot seen in England was brought there by a sailor who, knowing nothing about the bird's sex, named it Polly in honor of his sweetheart. This name has strangely stuck to the species, and has led most people to speak of the parrots we see as if they were females. And don't make the greater blunder of saying "poll parrot" unless you have some reason for particularizing the fact that you are talking about a bird that has not been beheaded. Poll simply means nead. Of all the thousands of species of birds

there are only three that can climb, and the parrots are the only one of the three that use the beak in climbing. There is a species of small parrot that is found in the southern portion of the United States, but these birds are yearly growing more rare and no doubt they will soon be extinct. The only climbing bird that is "nating and to the manner born" of our country is the woodpecker, one of the three species of climbers I have mentioned. These beautiful, intelligent and harmless birds are annually slaughtered in great numbers by thoughteen as both the second state of the second stat great numbers by thoughtless or brutal gunners, and they, too, will be extinct in against their slavers. The woodpecker's eak, unlike the parrot's, is a long and sharp instrument which serves the bird as a sort of combination auger, chisel and hatchet. With this it strikes a blow that in the still woods can be heard half a mile away. It makes a hole in a decayed tree in search of worms, and then introduces its long tongue, which has a glutinous sub-stance on the end and transfers the squirming prey to its mouth,

Birds Sleep Standing.

Have you ever wondered how a bird can be constantly on its feet without tiring its legs, or without falling when it sleeps? The legs of a canary bird, for example, are but little thicker than a knitting needle, yet the little creature hous about on them all day without apparent weariness, and "sleeps standing," without danger of tumbling from

its perch.

Here is the explanation: In front of the bird's thigh-bone there is a large and very strong muscle, with a long tendon, or cord, extending down the leg to the foot, where it divides into branches and goes out to the ends of the toes. Now, when the bird is still its weight causes a pulling movement on the big muscle: this contraction is com-municated all the way down to the toes, and the latter are therefore drawn up tightly around the perch. By this queer arrange-ment the bird's claws cling involuntarily to the perch while it sleeps. You can den strate this with the severed leg of a fowl.

Pull the tendon of the leg and the claws will close just as they naturally do under the bird's own weight.

How Ice Is Formed, A person who has never closely observed the operation of nature's great ice factory will be surprised to find how interesting it is. You need not go outside of a comfortably heated room to do this. Just place a pan of water on the window sill, when the temperature is below the freezing point, and you will soon see something that cannot fail to interest you. If you happen to have a magnifying glass, a single lens, so much the better, for the magnifying power will reveal much of the delicate work of ice making that is invisible to the naked eye.

Anyway, as you closely watch the surface of the water you will soon see tiny little lances, very beautiful when seen under the microscope, shooting hither and thither on the surface of the water. If it is cold enough to make ice in the sunlight the crystal lances will glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and as they dart about the rapid changes of color will remind you of the wonders of the Kaleidoscope. As the water continues to chill the little lances come together, and then smaller and still more delicate crystals will be seen forming between the lances and welding them to-gether. This process goes on until the sur-face is covered with a beautiful film of ice hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a mosquito. But the process goes on under this superficial layer, and a smooth and solid

this superness layer, and a smooth and solid surface is the result.

Water is affected by changes of temperature differently from all other, liquids. It seems to be a natural law for all liquids to expand in proportion to their increase in temperature, but there is a strange exception to the rule in the case of water. For expanding takes a quantity of water when ample, take a quantity of water when exactly at the freezing point, 320 above zero, and place it over a fire. As the temperature rises the volume will contract, contrary to the rule, until the water is about seven determined that it was at the beginning grees warmer than it was at the beginning of the experiment. At that point, however, of the experiment. At that point, nowever, there is a sudden change. Contraction ceases, expansion begins, and the volume increases until the water is converted into steam.

J. H. Webb.

It one of the House pages put a tack

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

uzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Wee if They Solve Them Correctly-Home Amusèments.

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

1391-TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

1392-A STEALTHY FORCE. In this era of science, to all things applied,
Among forces well known to which we surrender,
There is one that is strong, and has often been
tried.

Its touch is so light, its treatment so tender. The burglars are bunglers with all their fine And tools that are keen, and wits that are keener: This power to rely on is stealthier still, It banishes fear, and quiets all tremor.

t is felt some by day, but seldom is seen; It evades the police with their vigilance keen But attacks them in turn when quite unsus

Much safety and comfort would befall us in time Could we but use it on all the night stalkers, much crime.

And close the resorts of base planners and plotters.

1393-TRANSPOSITION. When proud Chicago, city doomed, Was by devouring flames consumed, Then, when the fire had done its worst, The ground was covered o'er with first. And scattered everywhere it lay, Sad relic of the fire-flend's sway. Torn we from this gloomy theme, Which seems like half-forgotten dream. To one more cheerful, one that tells Of happy greatings, marriage bells;—
Of marriage belles I ought to say,
My real meaning to convey.
Here second shows itself so plain
That future telling would be vais.

1394-DIAMOND. I. A letter. 2. Offered. 3. Successor or vicar.
4. Figs. 5. Bodies of peers. 6. Ribaldry. 7. A court of justice. 8. Drudges. 9. Dries up. 10.
A place of Sestial debauchery. II. A letter.
GWENDOLINZ.

1395-CHARADE. In youthful days I loved the Arst,
A feeling now no longer nursed;
I loved it then because I found
A boyish bliss in roving round
Mongst fields and forests free from care,
And buoyant as the mountain air.
And the old whole, I loved that too,
Unsightly as it was to view. sightly as it was to view Howe'er uncouth it might appear To other eyes, to me 'twas dear. That rustic lust, it was the place Where friends and kindred, face to face. Were wont to meet in conc

> NELSONIAN. 1396-NUMERICAL

To while the blithesome hours away

If you would be 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 1,
Upon with skill this is what should be done;
Get a complete, and let the 5 to 10
Who passed the dishes wait on other men.
No word is spoken, it is 1 to 4;
Simply, its inner workings you explore,
And serve yourself, while sitting at your ease—
A simple thing to do, if you're not hard to
please.

Bittek Sweet.

1397-SQUARE.

 A character in "The Arabian Nights."
 Progeny. 3. An opiate, 4. Derived by logical process.
 Upper stratum of coal.
 To kindle. (Rare.)
 Slonder bars of steel. 1398-SYNCOPATION

What a strange thing the human mine How can its workings be deficed? What attributes to it belong! How it discerns the right and wrong! In it tunultuous passions may Their overwhelming force display; In it employed refer ties. nit emotions tender rise That glow and sparkle in the eyes; Must in the mind originate. As a last being man is classed; Naught would he know were he not last

The streets now run in —, And 'tis since daylight disappeared, Dark as a brace of —. Where are the bright electric lights, Our hamlet's joy and -? The storm has disarranged the wires; We in the dark must -.

1399-RHYMING DECAPITATIONS. O, how the rain comes pelting down!

The linemen should use greatest care, When they the wires shalr—, Or they'll suspended be in air. And thus their lives they'll—,

But see, the stars are peeping out,

The storm, I think, is -, Our ride will, after all, you see, Be quite a pleasant — 1400-ANAGRAM. Whole is an adjective, a word Referring to a thing absurd, By which I mean it has relation

To superstitions divination— A sort of fertune-telling way Allied to sorcery, I should say, It is some kind of drawing lot, I make of it "religious sol. J. McK.

ANSWERS. 1882-1. "Poverty parts good company." 1
"Put that in your pipe and smoke it."
1883-M-ill-iner, miner.
1884-Pert, pet.
1885-Nice, Hague, Berlin, Reading, London,
Paris, Trey, Rome, Cork, Berne, Bristol.
1888-1. Ronion, onion. 2 Gill, ill. 3 Grab.

-a pair of "jougs." They are nothing more or less than an

iron ring or collar fastened by a short chain to a pillar or wall in some public place. They were used years ago in Scotland and Holland in a form of pillory. The ring or collar opens at the back so as to inclose the culprit's neck, and it is then fastened with a padlock. The jougs were used

Jougs. to punish ecclesias-astical offenders as well as civil. They were small end heavenward in the chair of common several centuries ago, and, although common several centuries ago, and, although not known to have been used in the past 100 years, may still be found hanging at country churches. The name is taken from a root of similar shape.

9—Spiritual seance. 9—Restrain. A SCOTCH PUNISHMENT. Offenders Were Once Chained to a Wall by Means of Jougs. At the gate of the church at the little hamlet of Duddington, about a mile from Edinburgh, Scotland, hang