18

without a pulsation; without a breath. Yet I have uever succeeded, though I have made the artificial beart work on a narcotized rabbit, and the rabbit died instantly when I stopped the machine, which proves that it was the machine that kept it alive. Perhaps if one applied it to a man just before his death he might live on

thing, sensible or absurd which I can put into words makes the soul seem an impossibility-and yet there is something which I cannot put into words, but which proves the soul's existence beyond all doubt. I wish I could buy somebody's soul and experiment with it.

He ceased and sat staring at his specimens, going over in his memory the fruit-less experiments of a litetime. A loud knocking roused him from his reverie. He hastened to open the door, and was confronted by Usorna. She was paler than usual, and he saw from her expression that there was something wrong. "What is the matter?" he asked, almost

roughly. "He is in a carriage downstairs," she an-

swered quickly. "Something has happened to him. 1 cannot wake him-you must take him in-' 'To die on my hands? Not II'' laughed

Keyork in his deepest voice. "My collection is complete enough." She seized him suddenly by both arms,

and brought her face near to his. "If you dare to speak of death-"

She grow intensely white, with a fear she had not known before in her life. Keyork laughed again, and tried to shake himself free of her grip.

"You seem a little nervous," he observed, calmiy, "What do you want of me?" Your help, man, and quickly. Call your people, have him carried upstairs-revive -do something to bring him back."

Kevork's voice changed. 'ls he in real danger?" he asked. "What have you done to him?"

'Oh. I do not know what I have done!" cried Unorna desperately. "I do not know what I fear-" She lot him go and leaned against the

doorway, covering her face with her hands. Kevork stared at her. He had never seen her show so much emotion before. Then he made up his mind. He drew her into his room and left her standing and staring at him while he thrust a few objects into his pockets and threw his fur coatover him. "Stay here till I come back," he said

authoritatively, as he went out. "But you will bring him here?" she cried.

suddenly conscious of his going. The door was already closed. She tried to open it, in order to follow him, but she could not. The lock was of an unusual kind, and either intentionally or acci-dentally Keyork had shut her in. For a few moments she tried to force the springs, shaking the heavy woodwork a very little in the great effort she made. Then, seeing that it was useless, she walked slowly to the

table and sat down in Keyork's chair. She had been in the place before, and she was as free from any unpleasant fear of the dead company as Keyork himself. To her, as to him, they were but specimens, each having a peculiar interest, as a thing, but all destitute of that individuality, or that grim, latent malice, of that weird, soulless,

physical power to harm, with which timid maginatious endow dead bodies. She scarcely gave them a giance, and she certainly gave them no thought. She sat before the table, supporting her head in her hands and trying to think connectedly of what had just bayrened. She knew well enough how the Wanderer had lain upon the trozen ground, his head supported on er kuce, while the watchman had goue to call a carriage. She remembered how she had summoned all her strength and had helped to lift him in, as few women could ave done. How could Unorna tell that he was not already gone, that his spirit had not passed already, even when she was lifting his weight row the ground? At the despairng thought she started and looked up. had almost expected to see that shadow beside her again. But there was noth-ing. The lifeless bodies stood motionin their mimicry of life under the The swarthy negro frowned, bright light. the face of the Malayan woman wore still its raim and gentle expression. Far in the

the rows of gle grinned, as though at the memory of their 400 lives, the skeleton of the orangontang stretched out its long bony arms before it, the dead savages still squatted round the remains of their meal. The stillness was oppressive. Unoran rose to her feet in sudden anxiety. She did not know how long she had been alone. She listened anxiously at the door for the sound of footsteps on the stairs, but all was silent. Surely, Keyork had not taken him elsewhere, to his lodgings, where he would not be cared for. That was impossible. She must have heard the sound of the wheels as the carriage drove away. being wearied in that way." "Begin by opening your eyes to facts, then. She looked about for an instrument to her strength. She could see nothing— yes—there was the iron-wood club of the giant. She went and took it from his . The dead thing trembled all over the max and cry? Did you, or did you not, see mon and cry? Did you, or did you not, see Furiously she shook the door. It was use help her strength. She could see nothingno-yes-there was the iron-wood club of the black glant. She went and took it from his The dead thing trembled all over them move ?" "How absurd ?" cried Unorna. "You might and rocked as though it would fail and wagged its great head at her, but she was not afraid. She raised the heavy club and struck upon the door, upon the lock, upon the panels with all her might. The terrible blows sent echoes down the staircase, but the door did not vield, nor the lock either. When an ummy and a block of wood ?" "That, my dear lady, is precisely what we do not know, and what we most wish to know. Death is not the charge which takes place at a moment which is generally clearly defined, which add herself. Then she heard a strange, sudden uoise behind her. She turned and looked. The dead negro had fallen bodily from his pedestal to the floor, with a dull, heavy thud. She did not de-sist, but struck the oaken plank's again and again with all her strength. Then her arms and rocked as though it would fall and sist, but struck the oaken planks again and again with all her strength. Then her arms grew numb and she dropped the club. It was all in vain. Keyork had locked her in and had taken the Wanderer away. She went back to her sent and fell into an attitude of despair. The reaction from the great physical efforts she had made over-canne ler. It seemed to her that Keyork's ouly reason for taking him away must be that he was dead. Driven to desperation she sprang at last from her seat and cried aloud: "I would give my soul to know that he is safe!"

saw Keyork Arabian at her elbow. There was an odd smile on his usually unappressive face. "Then give me that soul of yours, if you please," hesaid. "He is quite safe and peaco-fully asleep. You must have grown a little nervous while I was away."

CHAPTER X. Unorna let herself sink into a chair. She

indefinitely, grow fat and flourish so loug as the giass heart worked. Where would his soul be then? In the glass heart, which would have become the seat of life? Every-

the nervous. Why did you lock me in? I would have gone with you. I would have wohn have gote and see a soldent," answered "An accident-quite an accident," answered Keyork, divesting himself of his fur coat. "The leck is a peculiar one, and in my hurry I torgot to show you the trick of it."

"I tried to get out," said Unorna, with a forced haugh. "I tried to break the door down with a

club. I am afraid I have hurt one of your specimens." She looking about the room. Everything was in its usual position, except the body of African. She was quite sure that when she

had heard that unearthy cry, the dead faces had all been turned toward her. "It is no matter," replied Keyork in a tone of indifference which was genuine. "I wish some-body would take my collection off my hands. 1 should have room to walk about without elbow-

should have room to walk about without elbow-ing a failure at every size," "I wish you would bury them all," suggested Unorna, with a slight shudder. "Bo you mean to say that thore dead things frichtened yon," he asked incredulously. "No. I do not. I am not easily frightened, But something odd happened this evening. Is there anyone concealed in this room?" "Not a rat-meach less a human being. Rats dislike ereosote and corrosive sublimate, and as for human being..."." He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Then I have usen dreaming." said Unorna attempting to look relieved. "Tell me about him. Where is he?" "In bed-at his hotel. He will be perfectly well to-morrow."

"Did he wake?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. We talked together." "And he was in his right mind?" "Apparently. But he seems to have forgot-a something."

"Forgotten? What? That I had made him

"Yes. He has forgotten that, too." "In heaven's name, Keyork, tell me what you mean! Do not keep me-"" exclaimed "How impatient women are!" exclaimed



She Clutched His Coat.

"You cannot mean-" "I can and I do. He has forgotten Beatrice

"I can and I do. He has forgotten Beatrice. For 5 witch—well, you are a very remarkable one, Unorma. As a woman of business—" He shook his bead. "What do you mean this time? What did you say?" Her questions came in a strained tone and she seemed to have difficulty in con-centrating her attention, or in controlling her controlle.

"Your soul," he answered, with a laugh. "That was what you offered to any one who would tell you that the Wanderer was safe. I immediately closed with your offer, It was an excellet one for me."

men must die. Similarly we do not know cer-iainly-not from real, irrefutable evidence, at least--that the scal of any man or woman dead has over returned visibly to earth. We con-chide, therefore, that none ever will. There is a difference in the two cases, which throws a slight halance of probability on the side of the ghost. Many persons have asserted that they have seen ghosts, though none have ever as-serted that men do not die. For my own part, I have had a very wile, practical and intimate acquaintance with dead people-sometimes in very queer places-but I have never seen any-thing even faintly suggestive of a gbost. Therefore, my dear lady, I airnes you to take it for granted that you have seen a living person."

it for granted that you have seen a living person." "I never shivered with cold or fett my hair rise upon my head at the sight of any living thing," said Guorna dreamily, and still shading her eyes with her hand. "But might you not feel that, if you chanced to see someone whom you particularly dis-liked?" asked Keyork, with a gentle laugh. "Dislike?" repeated Guorna in a harsh voice. She changed her position and looked at him: "Yes, perhaps that is possible. I had not thought of that. And yet-I would rather it had been a ghost." "More interesting, certainly, and more novel," observed Keyork, slowly polishing his smooth oranium with the palm of his hand. His bend, and the perfect hemisphere of his nose re-flected the light like ivory balls of different sizes.

"I was standing before him," said Unorus "I was standing before him?" said Unorma, "The place was lonely and it was already night. The stars shone on the snow, and I could see distinctly. Then she-that woman-passed softly between us. He cried out, calling her by name, and then fell forward. After that the woman was gone. What was it that I saw?" "You are quite sure that it was not really a woman?"

"You are quite sure that it was not really a woman?" "Would a woman, and of all women that one, have come and gone without a word?" "Not unless she is a very singularly reticent person," answered Keyork, with a lange, "But you need not go so far as the ghost theory for an explanation. You were hypobured, my dear friend, and he made you see her. That is as timple as anything need be." "But that is impossible—because.—."Unorma stopped and changed color. "Because you had hypotized him already," suggested Keyork, gravely. "The thing is not possible." Unorma repeated, looking away from him. "I believe it to he the only natural explana-tion. You had made him sleep. You tried to

"I believe it to be the only natural explana-tion. You had made him sloep. You tried to force his mind to sometiling contrary to its firmest beliefs. I have seen yen do it. He is a strong subject. His mind rebelled, yielded, then made a final and desperate effort and then collapsed. That effort was so terrible that it momentarily forced your will back upon itself, and impressed his vision on your sight. There are no ghosts, my dear colleague. There are only souls and bodies. If the soul can be defined as anything it can be defined as Pure Being in the Mode of Matter. As it to the body-well, there it is, before you, in a variety of shapes, and in various states of pres-ervation, as incapable of producing a ghost as a picture or a state. You are altogether in a very nervous condition to-day. It is really quite indifferent, whether that good lady be alive or dead-"



and the second second

Kevork with exasperating calm. "What is that you most want him to forget?"

emotions, or both. "You paid a large price for the information," observed Keyork. "What price?" What are you speaking of? 1

WHERE BYRON LIES. A Neglected Tomb in an Obscure District Amid Low Surroundings,

SCARCE ANYONE KNOWS THE SPOT.

The Treatment of His Ashes Is a Disgrace to the English People.

WAKEMAN'S PILGRIMAGE TO HIS GRAVE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1891.

HUCKNALL TORKARD, ENG., Feb. 5 .-In a railway carriage between Bayreuth and Nuremburg, I once heard a little Bavarian school girl ask a traveled Philadelphian where the great and good Benjamin Franklin was buried. Gracious and prompt as we Americans always are in supplying effete Europeans with information, he promptly answered that Franklin's ashes reposed in

Westminster Abbey. This American man was undoubtedly born within half a mile of Franklin's tomb in his own city, and may have passed within a few feet of the meanly-kept, unhonored grave nearly every day of his own home life. Englishmen may cherish the heritage

to Britain of Byron's immortal genius; but Byron's grave is no more a shrine to them than was Franklin's to his townsman. This may seem incredible to intelligent Ameri-cans. The gradually acquired recognition

of its truth was astounding to me. Though I had come to know, in a geo-graphical sense, I found it was with similar vagueness any other hody knew at all; and so few knew even this poor bit about where Byron lay, that the repetition of the question and replies came to possess a melan tion and replies came to possess a melan-choly sort of fascination. Over 1,000 an-swered, "At Westminster;" half that num-ber, "At Newstead Abbey." Many be-lieved his remains rested in Greece. An astonishingly large number were sorely puzzled at the query and confessed complete

ignorance. Even Guide Books Unsatisfactory.

Of course, any English guide book would answer the question. But guide books are for strangers, not residents. And to whatever stranger may have accidentally seen the ree line statement that the tomb of "Indifferent," exclaimed Unorna, forcely. Byron might be found at the little church o

The Byron Tomb,

"Indifferent?" exclaimed Unorna, hereely. Then she was silent. "Indifferent to the validity of the theory. If she is alive you did not see her ghost, and if she is alive you did not see her body, because if she had been there in the flesh, she would have entered into an explanation-to say the least. Hypnosis will exclaim anything and everything --without causing you a moment's anxlety for the future." "Then I did not hear shricks and groans, nor

"Then I did not hear shrieks and groans, nor see your specimens moving when I was here alone, just now." "Certainly not! Hypnosis again. Auto-hyp-nosis this time. You should really be less ner-yous! You probably stared at the lamp with-out realizing the fast. You know that any shining object affects you in that way, if you are not careful. It is a very bright lamp, too. Is-stantaneous effect-houlies appearing in the nick of time! If your condition had lasted ten seconds longer, you would have had ine for his mejges-iy, and lived, in imagination, through a dozen years or so, of sulphurous purgatorial treat-ment under my persodal supervision, to wake up and find yourself unscorched-and unre-deemed, as ever." "You are a most comforting person, Ke-york," said Unorna, with a taint smile. "I only wish I could believe ave or renormer all "You must either believe me or renormer all

"Whenever we quarrel. It is easy for you

o count the occasions. "Easy, but endless. Seriously, Unorna, I am of the doyll. I can prove it to you conclusively

an theological grounds." "Can you? They say that his majesty is a lawyer, and a successful one, in good prac-

[To Be Continued Next Week]

A Japanese Doll.

The Pall Mall Budget gives this as ;

specimen of the dolls to be seen in the shop

windows of Japanese cities:

luckuall, in Hucknall Torkard, Notting "You must either believe me or renounce all ashire, there came a sense of repellant indefiniteacss; as though the guide book maker were not quite certain of the matter himself. Even if the statement were acepted as a true one, where then might one bunt for the unknown hamlet with so mysti-

"That was what you offered to any one who
"That was what you offered to any one who
would tell you that the Wanderer was safe. I
immediately closed with your offer. It was an
excellet one for me."
Unorna tapped the table impatiently.
"It is odd that a man of your learning sheald
never be serious." she said.
"I supposed that you were serious," he answered the list is and expression that
there were numerous witnesses to the transaction, the added looking round the room at his
dead apecimens.
Unorna tried to laugh with him.
"Bo you know? I was so nervous that I fanded all those creatures were aroaning, and the simal to any gine which can be investing at me, when you came to that exists, and the only sensible on that effect upon your excitement. Of course. If you have any special object in believing in ghosts—if it affords you any great and lasting pleasure to associate, in micious, and then they howled and shirneked at me. When you came to a person of soill nerves a banken may be an entertaining companion, and an apparition in a well-woon what great and an apparition in a well-woon which get may be a dright to you for any be an entertaining companion, and an apparition in a well-woon what standing on end at the unexpression that the means." bust for the unknown namies with so mysti-tying a name as Hucknall Torkard? While wandering in Robin|Hood's Land, I unconsciously passed many times within a few miles of the spot where repose the ashes of Byron. But there is no one in the region to call the stranger's attention to the fact. He would hardly discover it at New-stead Abbey, three miles distant, once the poet's property and home. Nobody at Arnoid, four miles away, even among the owners of the looms and spindles, can tell you how to find Hucknall Torkard, or why anybody should wish to find it. The colliery town itself is perhaps eight miles north of Nottingham. But one might ask a o feel your hair standing on end at the unex-pected appearance of a dead woman in a black thousand of that city's 100,000 people with loak between you and the person with who out ascertaining just where to find the coak between you and the person with whom you are engaged in animated conversation. All very well, as a nere pastime, I say. But if you find you are reaching a point on which your judgment is clouded, you had better shut up the magic lantern and take the rational view of the sease? place; and inquire of a good many more than that, before discovering that the town possessed anything but colliers and coal.

to Hucknall Torkard, hunting Byron's grave, and was met by one of the inhab-itants with the rejoinder, "Byron? Ah niver 'eerd on 'im. Yer means Ben Caunt." niver 'eerd on 'im. Yer means Ben Caunt." Ben Caunt was a noted pugilist. Anybody in Nottinghamshire can tell you where his grave is in St. Mary's churchyard. A look of kindling intelligence and sympathy came into the draper's face as he handed me my change, while he told me that very many came to drop a tear on poor old Ben's grave. But as the draper had only been in Huck-nail Torkard for the matter of 18 months, he could not tell me shout "to ther un!" At the Dreary Churchyard.

After this I made my way in silence to the churchyard. A high iron ience sur-rounded it. The gate was locked, and the grave-bordered walk leading to the church entrance seemed suggestive of disuse of the

place either for the solace of the living or care of the dead. Dreading further inquiries of the villagers, I walked around the dark and drear old spot, hoping to find some way of entrance alone. This was unavail-ing. Returning to the gate, I saw across the open space below the square a crowd of bedraggied women and children watching

my movements attentively. One with a babe at her breast and three little ones pulling at her ragged skirts, held aloft some huge, jangling keys. Then the crowd laughed at the signaling and my shamefaced nod of acquiescence, and part of its hungry members advanced to the gate. They were scrawney, savage creatures all, with bare feet, breasts, heads and with a troop of wolfish young tagging after. I bought them all off save the one with the bought them all on save the one with the keys on condition that the gate should be locked after us; and by the time my guide and the prood had effected this, every one of her former companions had disappeared with shrill-voiced raillery into various dram shows of the source below dram shops of the square below.

An Incredible Belittlement.

That one could make such pilgrimage in England to the shrine of anyone of her mighty dead, and find it within such pitiably mean and abject surroundings, is a degrading reproach on the whole English-speaking race. Only the ghouls who have ceaselessly besmirched Byron's name and fame could come here and not cry out with pain and outraged grie! at the endless taunt and shame of this incredible belittlement.

shame of this incredible belittlement. The sodden woman, dawdling her keys beside me and staring vacuously at the meager light above the chancel, was fitting type of the insensate forgetfulness and ab-livion to which these poor relies of one pos-sessing sublime genius, have been doomed. Laskad hay fultarized if a most mast I asked her falteringly if a great many visitors did not come to St. Mary's. She "'ad not 'eerd it," if it were so. But were there not in, say, a year's time 2,000 or 3,000? She laughed outright, and informed me that not enough came to provide any decent family with "a pint a day." This was a new view of it. Byron's grave, not worth, for income, a pint of beer a day! Well, were there 1,000? She shook her head contemptuously. Did 500 come each year?

Were there 250? "Niver futty (fifty), mon, on'y w'en th' restoration do be."

One Memorial Tablet.

This "restoration" occurred in 1888. It is sounding, significant word. The little old church was then a ruin with the exception of the tower. Apparently not £1,000 was expended. The walls are up again. The roof is whole. A commonplace east window is standing above the altar. A tiny chancel was added, and little boxes of transept were put in. At the right of the chancel, above the choir, is this memorial tablet:

above the choir, is this memorial tablet: In the Vault beneath where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried Lie the remains of George Gordon Neel Byron, Lord Byron, of Rochiale, In the county of Lancaster. The Author of Child+ Harold's Fligrimage, He was born in London on the 221 of January, 1788 He died at Missoloughi, in Western Greece, on the 10th of April, 1894. Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her anxient freedom and renown. Wis citizen the Hannahle

But the most intense and solemn interes

Above the Leaden Coffin.

BYRON

Born January 22, 1788, Died April 10, 1834.

His sister, the Honorable Augusta Mary Leigh, Placed this tablet to his memory. There are also a small tablet in memory of Byron's daughter, Augusta Ada, who be-came the Countess of Lovelace, and died in 1852 at the age of 36, just her father's age at

give my soul to know that he is safe!"

The words had not died away, when a low groan passed, as it were, round the room. The sound was distinctly that of a human voice, but it seemed to come from all sides at once. Unorna stood stuit and instants, "Who is in this room?" she asked in loud clear topes.

Not a breath stirred. She glanced from one specimen to another, as though suspect-ing that among the dead some living being had takes a disguise. But she knew them all. There was nothing new to her there. She was not afraid. Her passion returned. "My soul, yes!" she cried again, leaning

all. There was nothing new to her there, She was not atraid. Her passion returned, "My soul, yes!" she cried again, leaning heavily on the table, "I would give it if I could hnow, and it would be little enough!" Again that aw ul sound filled the room, and rose new almost to a wail and died away. Unorna's brow flushed augrily. In the direct line of her vision stood the head of the Maiavan woman, its soft, embalmed eves

Malayan woman, its soft, embalmed eyes fixed on hers.

Unorna fiercely, "let them show themselves; let them face me. I say it again-I would give my immortal soul!" This time Unorna saw as well as heard.

The groan came, and the wall followed it and rose to a shrick that dealened her. And at explanations-and generally at all post factor she saw how the face of the Malayan woman changed; she saw it move in the bright lamplight, she saw the mouth open. Horrified, she looked away. Her eyes fell upon fied, she looked away. Here eves fell upon the squarting savages-their heads were all urned roward her, she was sure that she could see their shrunken cheve betwe as they took breach to utter that terrible cry again and again-even the fallen body of the African surred on the floor, not five paces from her. Would their shricks never stop? All of them -every one-even to the white skulls high up in the case-not one skeleton, not one dead body that did not mouth at her and stream and mean and scream again. Unorma covered her ears with her bands to shut out the bileous uncertably noise. She closed

"Under the circumstances, that is not extra

ordinary." Unorma stared at him rathe, angrily. He was-jesting, of course, and she had been dreaming, or had been so overwrought by excitement as to have been made the victim of a vivid hal-lucination. Nevertheless, there was something disagreeable in the matter-of-fact gravity of his jest.

"Perhaps you are right." "Well you allow me to say something frank Unorma?" asked Keyork with unusual diff his jest. "I am tired of your kind of wit," she said.

"The kind of wit which is called wisdom is said to be fatiguing," he retorted. "I wish you would give me an opportunity of being wearled in that way.

a hawyer, and a succession one, in good prac-tice." "What caused Satan's fall? Pride, Then pride is his chief characteristic, Am I proud, Unorna? The quesiton is absurd. I have nothing to be proud of—a little old man with a gray beard, of whom upbody ever heard any-thing remarkable. No one ever accused me of pride, How could I be proud of anything. Except of your acquaintance, my dear lady." be added, gallantly, laying his hand on his heart, and leaning toward her as he sat. *I have Continued Next Work* 1

"Notaing?" "Nothing short of seeing and hearing." "But you have seen and heard." 'I was dreaming." "When you offered your soul?"

"Not then, perhaps. I was not mad then." "And on the ground of temporary insanity you would repudiate the bargain?" Unorma stringged her shoulders impatiently and did not answer. Keyork relinquished his

fencing. "It is of no importance," he said, changing his tone. "Your dream-or whatever if was-seems to have been the second of your two ex-periences. You said there were two, did you not? What was the first?"

This time Unorna saw as well as heard.

stand. "I am good at that. I am particularly good

wisdom." "Keyork, do you believe that the souls of the drad can come back and be visible to us?" Keyork Arabian was elient for a few

"I know nothing about it," he answered.

But what do you think?" "No bing. Either it is possible or it is not, and until the one proposition or the other is proved I suspect my judgment. Have you seen

again-even the failed body of the African work of the failed body of the African body that did not mouth at her sand scream and here are covered ber ears with her bands to be the case-act of the white skulls high of here are covered ber ears with her bands to be the case-act of the same scale body of the failed body here are been been and there and scream and here are the should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able should see those dead things here are list able able to a list able to a list all but conclusive. We do not know of any case, in the 200 generations of how of any case, in the 200 generations of how of any case, in the 200 generations of how of any case, in the 200 generations of how of any case, in the 200 generations of how of any case, in the 200 generations of how of any case are are applied easth. We conclude that all who has escaped death. We conclude that all

A Long and Weary Search.

two fect square. After I had finally made sure Hucknall Torkard was near Nottingham, and that perhops some man "of quality was buried there, as it was "famously unhealthy," I nce. 'If you can manage to be frank without being "If you can manage to be trank without being brutal." "It will be short, at all events. It is this. I think you are becoming superstitious." He watched her closely to see what effect the speech would produce. She looked up quickly. "Am 1." What is superstition?" "Gratuitous belief in things not proved." "I expected a different definition from you." was then twice sent over wrong railway lines to find it. Then 1 tramped. A twohours' walk through the dreariest of English half-manufacturing villages, over the worst highway in England, brought me, past dreary, moor-like reaches and scraggy, un-lovely fields to an utterly cheerless collection of half cottages and shops. These were low, "What did you expect me to say?" "That superstition is belief." "I am not a heathen," observed Keyork cramped, inadequate, unsightly. The houses were pinched sidewise, endwise, up "Far from it," laughed Unorna, "I have heard that devils believe and tremble," "And you class me with those interesting beings, my dear friend?" "Sometimes: when I am appry with you." and down. The windows and doors were pinched, Passageways, wynds, closets, alleys and shops all were pinched and mean and small. "Sometimes; when I am angry with you," "Sometimes; when I am angry with you," "Two or three times a day, then? Not more than that?" inquired the sage, swinging his heels, and staring at the rows of skulls in the

Everything exposed for sale seemed sparse, little and shriveled. The faces of the old women, slatternly wives and hosts of dirty children rolling in doorways and on pavements with pinched and ragged-haired curs, were pinched more sadly than all else in the poor, pinched place. It was one of those many places in Europe, and, less credit to us, in our own country, where coal barons huddle and herd families at profit, after first profiting to the extent of human endurance from the use of vast aggregate dependent labor. It was Hucknall Torkard, where 3,000 miners dig 1,000 yards "below grass" for coal, at 21 shillings a week for half the weeks in the year, and starve, with their families, the other hal'. Every structure was of brick. Every object was besmeared

One Huge Norman Tower.

with the taint of coal.

But one object within the horizon disk gave relief to the hard miscrable feature of every visible thing in Hucknall Torkard. anyone of the line could come so supreme a battle against the accursed taint of hered. Away down the long, coloriess street, nearly a mile away, rose a huge Norman tower. It ity, enabling the enmeshed blood, brain and soul, in so brief a struggle, to add such surpassing luster to the pages of genius. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. was dark and grim, and frowned upon the town and the mean little church beneath it as if sensitive of its sodden and insensate

One of the First Bicycles.

surroundings. You will see a hundred towers like it, ecclesiastic brothers of heary The bicycle here shown is on exhibition age, from Penzince to Penrith, all over England. They dely time like the Round now in London. It is the first machine Towers of Ireland and their origin in essenmade using rubber tires. It was made in tial or decorative architecture is almost as 1860, and looks decidedly clusosy as cominscrutable. Picturesque they are, against the horizon of an English landscape as the pared with the perfect machines of the present:

suggestive spire in the glorious gloaning of Millet's "Angelus;" but their age and strength are all else of merit they possess; for, like this one o. St. Mary Magdalen's Church at Hucknall Torkard, they are all of more consequence in space than the little broken-backed, chapel-like churches they quite overshadow. If it was in that little church with the

big tower where Byron lay buried noboay in Hucknall Torkard seemed able to disclose it. I inquired here and there of those I met, and was either laughed at, or in ormed that while they would not deny, it was very wide of their habit to assert what they did not know.

Everybody Was Ignorant.

"Ah (I) could na tell ee, mon. Vicar Phillips mean tell ee!" came from all who would speak. At little snops as I pro-gressed along the street, I was fold to ask at the next door; and groups gathered behind me to tap their noses and shake their heads gravely. To be badgered thus when search-ing for the grave of one known to all the world, yet unknown to the thousands within rifleshot of his own sepulture, was confusing in indignation and regret. Haw way up in indignation and regret. Has, way up the street I took refuge from curious and suspicious eyes in a draper's on metense of some slight purchase, and engaged the pro-prietor, a man of apparently good intelli-

gence, in conversation. Explaining my dilemma, I apologetically related how another upon a time had come 25c for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

death; mural monuments of the second Lord Byron and his six sons; and the hatchments of the poet's mother. These are the only adornments of the bare walls of St. Mary's,

the dreary place is where you will kneel. just within the chancel-rail, upon the raised stone floor. Set in this chancel-pave is a square block of rare Rosso Antique marble, a gift of the King of Greece. It is about Upon this marble, within a wreath of lanrel wrought in brass, is the simple inscrip-

Beneath this is the Byron vault, now hermetically scaled. Besides the scattered bones of his wild and reckless ancestors the Fuel the Bear Uses.

vault contains the remains of the poet, pre-served in a lead coffiu, which rests directly underneath the tablet, and the body of his unhappy-tempered mother, to the right hand, and of his daughter Ada—"sole He responds to this warning by gorging imself as a pig does in futtening time. In the case of the bear he gets so stout at the beginning of winter that his body is covered with a layer of fat sometimes an inch thick. This is the fuel chiefly whose consumption is to keep him alive until the warmth of early hand, and of his daughter Ada-"sole daughter of my house and heart"-on the All this can be learned from the parish pring will enable him to earn or steal his

register, a quaint old parchment book, dat-ing from the time of Henry III., "Defender living again. As an evidence that bears and the like are of the Faith." The fact and date recall that on the dissolution, in 1540, a certain Sir John Byron, Lieutenant of not actually torpid in winter, we know that a "warm spell" will always cause them to come out of their dens and skirmish about Sherwood Forest, was given the priory of Newstead and all its tithes and possessions, for something to est. After an exceedingly cold winter a bear, in his spring debut, is so The old abbey being ruined by the snyage brutality of the Roundheads, this eau and weak that he can hardly walk. He is like a man who is physically run down by insignificant chapel of that time became the long illness. But he soon recovers from this condition if he can find some nuts or succuplace of worship, and, finally, as the ownership of the seat of the Byrons twice passed ent roots, or a convenient hen roost or pig

into the hands of straugers, the burial place of the fited line. Go back through all its history and there will be nothing found but iraseibility, insanity, homicide and regi-cide. The wonder is not that the post Byron was a no more calm and steadfast soul. The marvel is that from the heart and brain of Day-the 2d of February. Then if he sees his shadow he returns to winter quarters, Day-the 2d of February. Then if he sees his shadow he returns to winter quarters, knowing that the shudow portends many more days of winter. The trouble with this tradition is that it was handed down to us wroag end foremost. The groundhog pokes his nose out of his winter door just as the bear does, as soon as he thinks there is a possibility of finding something to stay his empty stomach. If the conditions are favor-able he will go in search of 100d, as the bear does, but if there is no encouragement he

does, but if there is no encouragement he goes back in disgust like a hudgry and dis-appointed tramp. J. H. WEBB. appointed tramp.

NEW BLEACHING MIXTURE.

A German Preparation That Is Cheap and Considered Reliable.

A German technical journal describes new bleaching fluid called ozonin, which has recently been patented, and the composition of which is as follows: In 200 parts of turpentine 126 parts of rosin are dissolved. To this are added 22.5 parts of caustic potash in 40 parts of water, and also 90 parts

of peroxide of hydrogen. This mixture forms a jelly, which, after two or three days' exposure to light, becomes changed to a this fluid to which the name of (z min has been given. Oue gramme of ezonin in one litre of water torms an effective bleaching liquid for fibers, wood, straw-paper, etc., and also for gum solutions and toalis.

Curious Ornamentation of Teeth. Chamber's Joarnal.]

The Malays and Siamese use a preparation for the blacking of their teeth which consists of cocoanut kernel charred with great care and worked into a paste with oil. This is carefully applied to the teeth again and again until a black varnish hides the natural white. Some Malay tribes are not content with this simple adornment, but first file down their teeth until they resemble those of a shark.

10.00

nature has made provision for helping them through the winter. Thus all reptiles, series that the reptile is constantly used is the week and some fishes also pass the winter in a state of torpidity.
The Difference in Blood.
It is commonly believed that such of our well-known mammals as the bear and the ground bog hierante in winter in the same sense that the reptiles do, but that is a mist take. Many a hunter has verified the truth of this statement by his experience in string up a bear family in midwinter. The difference between the hibernation of the statement by his experience in string to a bear family is midwinter. The difference between the hibernation of the statement by his experience in string the Arctic circle. In this respect there is not much difference between the addit to blooded the reptiles is very great. The latter may return blooded animals and the cold blooded temperature is really as low as that of the statement is really as low as that of the traditoros of my family, as well as my own the states life pleasant and inforesting for many which is about 98°, no matter that of man, which is about 98°, no matter that of man, which is about 98°, no matter the sten alter of the gayset of the gay set of the gayset and the cold blooded that the steenees the sent of the regular and information of the regular gas on which is the fuel that must c From the moment the bear houses up in his winter quarters be begins to lose flesh, which is the fuel that must constantly be consumed by both man and bear when fast-ing. This is necessary to keep up the high temperature of the blood. Of course, if you should go into a bear's den, "with kind permission of Mr. Bear," as a theater mana-ger might say, yon would probably find the place comfortably warm. But remember that this warmth was generated by the con-sumption of bear flesh, just as the heat of your comfortable room has been generated by the consumption of coal. Instanct tells the hibernating mammal in the late autumn that he must make preparation for the time when snow and ice will prevent him from gathering food. various systems of domestic government we have promoted during the 20 years since our ascension to the throne are now almost com-pleted. We carnestly pray that we, aided by the virtue inherited from the imperial founder of our house and from our other im-perial ancestors, and with your co-operation,

"If it be indeed you," he said, "one sign will not fill me." He looked at her search-

ingly. "Your sign has falled," she said, "my

THE BEAR'S WINTER. THEBELLE OF THE SEASON

People Might Follow His Example The Strange but True Story of a

Beautiful Woman.

MADE NEW THROUGHOUT.

A Beautiful American Lady Who, After Reign-

ing as a Belle for Several Seasons, Found

Her Sealth Broken and Her Loveliness

Gone, Tells How She Was Restored to Bet-

ter Health and Greater Seauty Than Ever.

A beautiful American lady had grown pale and thin. "The belle of the season" was tired, Each passing whiter had found her in the fore-front of social gayety, and each recurring sum-mer had tossed her like a straw from gity to seaside, from seaside to mountains and from mountains to country. It was very plea-ant while it lasted. There were balls and dinners in the winter, with hosts of admitring friends to bear witness to her social triumpls. A black and dismal day came when she was forced to admit, even to herself, that her influence was gone and th take was merely a belle of the ablood and nerves had stood the strain as long as they could, and then they went to the wald. The decome to an end, and knowing how hopeless it was to doctor shattered nerves and a wornout constitution, she took up the broken threads of her soldened existence and sought in some neglected corner of

nd sought in some neglected corner of

and Save Great Expense.

WHAT SUCCES FAST SUGGESTS.

Fat Accumulated in Fall is the Fuel of the

Cold Months.

THE FACTS ABOUT GROUND-BOG DAY

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Southey, the famous poet laureate of Eng-

land nearly a century ago, said: "Inclina-

tion would lead me to hibernate during half

the year in this uncomfortable climate of

Is there any good reason why man should

not pass the winter in a state of hibernation.

if he feels like it, us well as the bear or the

ground hog? To hiberante, be it remem-

bered, simply means to pass the winter in a

state of seclusion-"housed up," as we might

expressively put it. No man could hiber-nate for six months, as Southey felt inclined

to do, but neither could a bear. Our

winters, say in the latitude of Pennsylvania,

are comparatively short. The season of snow and frozen ground does not, in the average, begin before the 20th of December, and it doesn't often last later than the 1st of March. It may safely be said at least that the hibernating period of the bear and other manuals in our latitude is not more than

mammals in our latitude is not more than

ten weeks. Now there are well nuthenti-

cated cases of men fasting six weeks or more while taking considerable exercise

every day. Every movement in the way of exercise drains the surplus vitality to a

certain extent, just as every revolution of a

locomotive wheel requires some consump-

If a healthy man were to fatten himself,

as the hibernating mammals do, and then keep as quiet as the bear in his winter den, possibly he might live through a ten-weeks fast. Succi, the Italian, lately fasted 634 weeks in New York, in a badly ventilated

room, and while taking liberal exercise every day. Three and a half weeks more,

ing and warmth necessary to earry him through the period of excessive cold. This is not so with many other animals, and so

nature has made provision for helping them through the winter. Thus all reptiles, ser-

under such conditions as the bear fasts, might therefore be possible for man. No doubt there are many poor people in the United States who could indorse Southey's mentiment, but the majority of us, fortunately, get a great deal of enjoyment out of the winter season. If nature had not be added to be and the name of the broken-hearted creatures who had once been the social favorite. In mem-ory of happier days some friends made hasts to call upon her. Among them was her cousin, who had a young physician's belief that his skill in medicine would cure her. Upon enter-ing the awing room he was greeted by the medful to hercreatures. Man is so consti-tuted that he can provide the food and cleth-ing and warmth necessary to earry him through the period of excessive cold. This

If a Man Would Fatten.

tion of fuel in the furnace.

Great Britain."

Well, why not?

"As I expected, the drinking did not make

"As I expected, the drinking did not make me feel any better and I consulted a physician, He went over my case very carefully and finally asked me if I wished to place myself under his said he, 'you will please continue drinking the Spradel water, as you have been doing." There said he, 'you will please continue drinking the Spradel water, as you have been doing." There was no help for it, and I went on as before, tak-ing the water regularly, although I seemed to hose weight. But the physician kept me at it mercilessiy. "I was a long time at it, it seemed to me, and then, to my great surprise, I began to gain in strength. This was more than I had looked for, but it was true. I felt better, men-tally and physically, and above all, I be-gan to gain in weight. I seemed to be an en-tirely new creation. My old fiesh had in some mysterious way entirely disappeared, and new for feah was forming in its place. This was hore could or would continue. But it did continue, atthough a new stage of growth. I gained in weight pretty steadily, and, after a time, I feit much stronger. At the close of the senson might have imagined that I was a young giri again." "I think yon have found the spring of eternal

sty. The hibernation of the ground hog is similar to that of the bear. Of course you know the tradition that the groundhog always emerges from his hole on Candlemas Carlsbad?" Carlsbad?

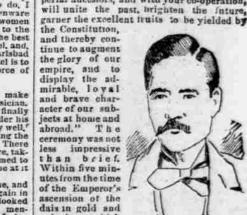
this country in bottles brought direct from Carisbad. In Carisbad I found any number of prople who babitually added the saits in powder form to the water from the spring, in order to give it greater strength. All persons cannot go to Carisbad, of course, but they can accom-plish as gool results by using the imported. Carisbad Saits in powder form here at home. I would advise you to try a few experiments for your own information on some of your pance.us. It will do these no harm, in any event, and it is pretty sure to surprise you with its good results." "It is certainly worth consideration," said the young man. A clear, lovely complexion! How to obtain Whyt use Madama A. Ruppert's Wo Renowned Face Bleach. It will positively all that is claimed, will remove all b moth freckles, discolorations or any moth freckles, discolorations or any skin di case. It is harmless for external use, is not connetic, but a skin tonic, leave the skin sol smooth and white. Call or send 4 conta stamps for scaled particulars. Price, 42 p hottle, three bottles for \$5, the usual amon

Rooms 203 and 204 Hamilton Building, 93 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Perhaps I shall find the opportunity to make







Oak Pegs for Paving.

A system of wood-paving is being tried in Bristol which, although not new, is said to

the whole well rammed, and in this way a very compact and solid surface is obtained.

he delivered his President Nakashima, address, cannon the House of Repre-were belching sentatives, forth to the outer world of Tokyo that the

promise so solemnly uttered more than score of years back had at last been fully fulfilled.

the trial that you suggest. Meantime I must

<text><text><text><text>

States for the products of the Carisbad Springs. The pamphlets issued by this house give a great deal of interesting information

concerning Carisbad, and will be mailed fre

THE JAPANESE PARLIAMENT.

Portraits of the Presidents of the Two

Houses of the New Body.

The opening of the Japanese Parlia-

ment took place November 29, says

Pall Mall Budget, in the presence of a

gathering rendered intensely spectac-

ular by the pompous habiliment of

JUD T

Count Ito, President of the House of Peers.

vernacular officialdom, and the assertive

accoutrements of diplomacy. The Emperor Mutsuhito delivered his message in person, declaring—"that the leading features of the

upon application.

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Chambers' Journal.]

possess several advantages which more modern methods cannot boast. It is called the Elli system, and consists of planting upon a bed of gravel 5 inches deep a layer of oak pegs varying from 2 to 4 inches in diameter and 4½ inches in length. The interstices are filled with sand, watered, and



MME. A. RUPPERT.