

TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH.] Winkelburg was a curious, old-time Ger-

man city. The principal streets, in which were the shops and other business places, were parrow and crooked, and in the residence part of the town the upper stories of the houses were built so far out over the sidewalks that the people on one side of the street could from their windows almost shake hands with their neighbors across the way. What quaint little windows, what curious wood carvings, and numerous gables were to he seen here! And nearly every house, regardless of size, was surmounted by a tower, on which was proudly perched a creaking

weather-cock. In this city there lived entirely alone, in a wonderful little house on the city wall, an eld man by the name of Martin. Strange stories were told about this man, who was noted as a magician, and when he, wearing a faded green coat and an old black hood, appeared on the streets, the boys and girls and even older people stopped out of his way, lest a charm should be thrown over them. It is said that one time, as Old Martin stood in the market place, a street boy more bold than the others had stuck out his finger, and while turning it three times, ongue at the old man, and the whole day, intil the going down of the sun, he was unable to stir from the spot, and was obliged to

stand there with his tongue hanging out.

In this same city, Winkelburg, there lived in a small attic room, a poor widow with her only son, Wendilin. Although living in a small house, and having but when the widow worked and was surprised to see standing before him three dwarfs, who have come at thy command."

"Why do you call me master?" asked Wendilin. little wealth, the widow worked early and late, and was thus able to send her son to the best schools. When Wendilin was but ring," was the reply of the dwarfs. "In what usy can we serve you?"

15 years old, his mother died, and the boy way can we serve you?"

was left alone in the world. Soon the "Provide a home for me," said Wendilin. knew that he must provide for himself. He

The dwarfs then set to work, and in three

poken falsely, and has taken this way to

one of the hour remained. Then, to his horror, Wendilin saw the master approach-ing the house. At the same moment the

the bird flying away, he cried out angrily: "You have released my raven."

"Yes," answered Wendilin, caimly.

The old man then began to practise his magic arts on the boy; but when he found that they took no effect, he cried: "You have the ring. Given to me."

treaties, and although his master offered a great weight of gold and many jewels, Wendilin would not give up the ring; but left the house and walked quickly through

closed his eyes least be should see some

Wendilin.



where he was rejused, until finally discouraged and without noticing where he was, he threw numseif down on Old Martin's doorstep and wept bitterly. Suddenly, he heard a window open and a thin, cracked voice said: "If you are hungry, Wendilin, come within and you will find plenty."

The boy looked up and was terrified to see the dread ul magician gazing down upon He w a about to run away when Old oes not please you, you need not remain."
Wendilin hesitated a moment, and then

decided to accept the invitation, although it was with fear and trembling that he entered the mysterious house. Old Martin led his slipe came, but the place was filled with a strange green light, which made the old man appear more wierd than when seen the light of the day. In the middle of the room stood a table, set for two; and at the ringing of a bell by the master, the door opened and an unseen hand food on the table. There were rare truits, old wines and many duinties tempting to the appetite of a hungry boy. Wendilin ate heartily, for he had had but little food for several days. After the meal was over, Old Martin invited his guest into the garden, where, although it was early spring, and other citizens had not thought of setting out their plants, roses and geraniums were blooming in profusion and the air, filled with sweet fragrance, was

soft and balmy. "I have long thought," said the magician, "that I could trust you to tend my flowers. Now that you are without a home, I offer you a place in my house, and shall pay you well for serving me."

Wendilin's great love for flowers decided the question for him, and he determined to take up his abode with Old Martin, the magician. A first life in the old house on the city wall seemed very curious to the boy. The meals were always prepared and served by unseen hands, and Wendilin was sure that he sometimes saw, peeping out through the great cracks in the floor, little men with small hodies and large heads Even the garden was not tree from mystery. Osten in the fily bells tiny faces would at pear and smile roguishly at Wendilin, and on the bushes, beautiful birds unknown to that land, would perch and pour forth rich melodies to the young gardener, busy with his work. But Wendilin soon grew accustomed to these scenes, and his muster treated him with such kindness that he had no desire to seek other employment. On the garden wall there hung a golden cage, in ich was confined a black raven, whose wisdom was very great, and which was much pleased with the magician's new serwant. At all hours of the day, it could be heard crying, "Wondillo, Wendillo."

One day when Old Martin had gone out into the city, the raven cried: "Wendilin, come here. Be quick: I want von." The pay ran to the cage and heard the bird repeat these words: "I am about to tell you a great secret. The old magician as cruel and wicked. I know him well. In a short time his present kindness to you will turned into acts of torture. He wishes to he the greatest magician in the world, but in Italy there is one greater than he, who possesses a ring which gives him powerover three dwarfs, who have all knowledge. I am kept in this cage because I will not promise to steal the ring, but if you will open the door for me I shall secure the for you that you may be tree from old Mar-tin's power. I can go and return in an

After he had opened the cage door and the bird had flown away, Wendilin became the boy thought: "Perhaps the bird has

The minutes passed quickly, until only raven flew in at the window, and giving Wendilin the ring, said: "Put it on your finger and turn it three times."
As Old Martin entered the house and saw

have the ring. Give at to me."
But Wendilin paid no heed to his en the streets. It was not until he had left the city and reached the dense shade of the forest, that Wendilin dared take the ring from his pocket. He carefully examine

horrible mouster. But upon hearing no sound other than the twittering of the birds,

went from door to door begging that em- days a magnificent palace, surrounded by a ployment would be given him; but every-where he was rejused, until finally discour-treasure chambers were filled to overflowing, servants without number were present, and everything for one's perfect happiness was provided. When all was completed the dwarfs said: "You no longer need us; permit us to go where we can be of assistance t

Wendilin then thanked his faithful ser vants for their kindness to him, and, opening the window, placed the ring on the sill and a moment later the raven came and car-Martin continued: "Do not be so silly as to ried it away. From that time the three reuse food when you are suffering from hunger. Come in, and then if my house lived a long and happy life.

The same day Old Martin disappeared from the city, Winkelburg, and never again was heard of in that place. But his old house, now falling into roin, still stands or the mysterious house. Old Martin led his guest into a large room, into which no sun-

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

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

Address communications for this depart F. R. CHADROURN, Lewiston, Maine



1421-NUMERICAL. \$ How sad would be our wretched state, Without 6, 10, 11, 8: The women would to grief give birth Should they be banished from the earth.

Then that East Indian, dark brunette, Whose polished body shines like jet, What substitute could she contrive In lieu of 12, 1, 7, 5?

Though at such loss all would repine, Still would remain 4, 2, 3, 9; With all its various shapes, it would Subdus our melancholy mood.

The total, so writes Walter Scott.

Are the "provisions" one has got:
He puts the word in mouth of Phosbe;
If she is right, why should not we be?

MAUDE.

1422-TRANSPOSITION. Jones was in want, his means were spent.
His purse had not a paltry cent.
His purse had not a paltry cent.
His tannily was destitute.
And all his credit gone to boot.
No first he had, what; could he do
To keep starvation out of view?
In such a plight as this, thought he,
I will have feat to strategy.
From death and want to set me free. From death and want to set me free. He had insurance on his life, And so he plotted with his wife And so he plotted with his wife
In such a way to disappear
That death by drowning would seem clear
Then to his willing spouse he said,
"The company will think me dead,
And when the poincy they pay
You'll meet me up in Canada."
The scheming project came to naught,
For he was by detectives caught,
And then was placed by court's decree Where board and lodging both are free. NELSONIAR

1423-WORD BUILDING.

1. Join "a fist circular surface" and "the times in which we live," and make "to discountenance." 2. Join "a kind of cloth," "the juice of ripe fruit thickened by evaporation," and "an mythological deity," and make "to reject." 8. Join "a small mouthful." "an epoch." "a small sweet cake," and "to express pleasure by motion," and make "more than enough." 4. Join "a hotel," "an animal" and "due bills, and make "harniess." 5. Join "a pile to be burnt" and "a tuft" and make "a plant." 6. Join "two stupid fellows" and "oprners," and make "a despicable class of persons." 7. Join "to peruse." "a party" and "an allowance," and make "motive."

Zoe. Savior's Journey to the Cross.

How the Three Beloved Disciples Slept When Left to Watch.

JUDAS' KISS THAT BETRATED HIM

1424-CHARADE. If first should not itself disclose by "weight or violence of blows," You may in firearms look for it. If still the name you fail to hit, Go to a mine, 'tis there quite plain, You'll find it if you look in vein, You'll find it if you look in vein,
As for second, see him rage,
A valiant hero on the stage,
A noted fellow in his way,
To whom the crowd due homage pay,
Whole is a "cynosure," indeed,
Whom you may safely trust to lead,
A leader that moves not a jot,
But always stays in the same spot.
NELSO

1425-LIKENESSES. Like to the plains in the distant West, It is often covered over with sheep; Like lords and ladies, and persons of rank, It has always a title to keep.

It has pages attendant, therefore like a queen Like a tree, it has many leaves; And like to a messenger coming in haste, It often speaks false and deceives. Now tell me its name, for 'tis something you

know;
"Tis something you often have seen;
A something that's found with the rich and the

poor,
In the home of the peasant or queen.
Minnie Singer. 1426-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A monster with many heads, 2. Relating to morals or manners. 3. Like a kind of monkey. 4. Excursion. 5. Courses of ships. Initials, the inner or vital part; finals, continued parns; combined, deep sorrows.

M. A. McK.

1427-ANAGRAM. Killing done in angry mood
And not in self-defense.
Or killing in the heat of blood
Of total is the sense.
The penalty by law decreed
Must certainly be paid,
And punishment for such a deed
Should not be "much delayed."
—NELSONIAN.

1428-CURTAILMENT. First is an antic Frolicsome, gay;
Next is a garment
Some may display.
Third is a garment, Third is a ga....
Also a cover.
I now leave the answer
For you to discover.
—C. A. PRICE.

1429-A CHILD'S RIDDLE. My mouth is bigger than my head, And I am always in my bed.

Now that is where the mystery lies, For I've been often known to rise. And though in bed I am not still But always moving down the hill And though I never leave my place,

Though this may seem plain contradiction Yet I assert this is no fiction.

ANSWERS. "One nail drives out another." 1411-In;Lap-land. 1412-Kin-d. 1412-Kin-d.
1713-Poetry.
1414-Remembrance.
1415-Some-what.
1416-Dis-patch.
1417-Lover, over.
1418-Plum, lump.
1419-Gain, Dane, stain, pain; plain, main,

SAILING IN THE AIR

Hopes For Aerial Navigation Which Have Recently Been Revived. IWBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH A

at experiments in Pitt eago have stimulated interest in the question whether it is possible for man to navigate the air by mechanical contrivance. A balloon is hardly more than a fery dangerous plaything, although balloons have been effectively used for military and meterological observations. But a balloon is nothing but a gas bag, at the mercy of every breath of wind, and is as uncontroll. able as a saw log in a cataract. Notwithstanding the discouragements and disasters that have attended ballooning, however, there is strong hope, even in scientific minds, that serial navigation may be within the compass of human ingenuity.

There are apparently only two problems in the question, and one of these was practically solved more than 100 years ago by the Mentgolfin brothers, French paper makers. The first problem, manifestly, is to sustain yourself in the air, and the second to go in any desired direction, regardless of wind or weather. The balloon accomplishes the first part; but the second part has puzzled the brains of inventors for many years. A French inventor has sailed over Paris with an airship apparently under good control, and very encouraging experiments have been made in our own country. Nitrogen gas for buoyancy and electricity for propulsion are apparently the means to which we must look for the realization of the dream of aerial navigation We know that nitro-gen gas can be made 12 times lighter than

ttmospheric air. The extreme lightness of this gas was discovered by an Englishman named Caven-dish, who published a small volume called "Different Kinds of Air." The perusal of this book gave the Mentgolfins the idea of confining a substance lighter than air in a bag and sending it skyward, although their eter, filled with nitrogen gas, has a lifting power of nearly eight tons. If an apparatus can be made that will weigh, for example, not more than two tons, it follows that it can

Electric Rallway Work in Hungary.

Definite particulars have arrived in this country of the proposed electric railway between Vienna and Buda-Pesth, which has long been talked of. The line is to be about 160 miles long, and current will be supplied by six generating stations, each furnishing power for the 12 or 15 miles adjacent to it on either side. It is intended to run trains at a speed of about 85 miles an hour. The current is to be conveyed on the rails, and express trains will make the run without

How He Watches His Force.

New York Times.] A New York restaurant has a dozen fine mirrors built into the wainscoting in such a way that they not only form a rich ornamentation to the place, but they enable a man at the cashier's desk to view every nook and corner of the room without turning his head. Thus the proprietor keeps his

A NIGHT OF SORROW

Scenes of the First Stage of the

THE PRAYERS IN GETHSEMANE.

"WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH." Back go the long centuries, and the past is present. The church walls grow dim and fall away. Above us is the sky of Syria; we tread the sacred earth which the blessed feet of Christ have touched.

It is night. The Paschal moon is shining. The last supper is just ended. The Master, taking upon Him the office of a servant, has washed the feet of His disciples. "One of you," He has said in bitter sorrow, "shall betray Me." Judas has gone out into the darkness, and the door is shut. The sacrament of everlasting remembrance has been Instituted. "This is My body which is given for you." "This is My blood which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins." Christ has spoken long and lovingly. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The conse-cration, prayer has followed. The sacrifice is ready for the altar of the cross.

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." The hymn was the appointed ending of the Pas-cal Feast, and we know what the words of it were. It was taken from the book of Psalms, "The snares of death compassed Psalms. me round about, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I shall find trouble and heaviness, and I will call upon the name of the Lord. O. Lord. I beseech Thee, de-liver my soul." "The Lord is on my side. I will not fear what men doeth unto me. "Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord was my help." "God is the Lord, who hath showed us light. Bind the sacrifice with cords, yea, even to the horns of the altar." So they go out into the night with darkness in their hearts, pondering these words.

Into the Lonely Valley.

There are lights in the houses as they pass; within are cheerful companies joyfully pass; within are cheerital companies joyrully keeping their pleasant feast. The streets are empty, and the footsteps of the little company echo as they pass. Out of the north gate they go, and proceed "into a lowly part of the Valley of the Black Kedron, at that season swelled into a winter torter." rent." Over the bridge the road leads toward Olivet. Beside the base of the mountain is a garden. There olive trees, old, gnarled and twisted, growing even today in that little garden, which have sprung no doubt out of the old roots. We can still

stand where Jesus stood.

It was a favorite place with the Master. He went there often with the Apostles when He wanted to be alone. There, again and again, they had held swert converse together; there He had spoken His blessed words of in the shade of the trees, had listened. There Christ had gone to pray. Judas knew that very well. He knew that

he could find his Master here.
As they go Christ speaks a word of warning. "All ye shall be offended because of Me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered." They cannot understand it. Peter says: "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." And Jesus answers, looking into the black hours which must pass before the morning, "Verily I say unto thee, that this day, even in this night, before the cook cave, twice though that days Means the says. cook crows twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice." But Peter is still confident. "He spoke the more vehemently: If I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee in any wise. Likewise also said they all." And they all believed it with their whole hearts. So easy is it to be brave when danger lies still afar of! So easy is it to be loyal when no trial tempts to disloyalty! So easy is it to look with blind eyes into our own souls!

Into Prophetic Oniet. So they came into the garden. All is still. The moon shines overhead; the lights of the city glimmer in the distance; the murmur of the river, and the rustle of the wind in the branches of the olive trees sound in the ears of the little company. All seems ideally peaceful. Only a diredread and foreboding is in their hearts. Something is going to happen. It is the prophetic quiet which signifies some approaching danger. They know not what it is.

"Sit ye here," says the Master to the disciples, "while I shall pray." He takes Peter and James and John with Him, the three in the apostolic company who are spiritually nearest to Him, whose souls are spiritually nearest to Him, whose souls are most in accord with His soul; these three He takes, and goes on a little space, that He may pray. And then that mysterious terror falls upon Him. "He began to be sorrowful." "He began to be sore amazed." Darker and darker grows the blackness about His soul. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death," He says. Even the presence of those nearest ones He must escape. He must meet the woe alone, "Tarry ve here and watch; and He went forward : Upon the ground He talls.

The hour is come. Prayer after prayer, quick, appealing, agonized, comes from His lips. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." Again and again the same petition, coming out from beneath the shadow now and again, and seeking some comfort—but in vain—from the presence of His disciples, and then going back again, falling on His face, praying always the same prayer. "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as

Thou wilt.' In the Presence of Sorrow. experiments were made with fire balloons We stand with the Apostles afar off, even and heated air. A balloon 60 teet in diam-with those who waited by the gate, with still hearts, dimly conscious of some stu pendous spiritual struggle going on, and yet away on the outside of it. That is so often true of the sorrows which meet us along the take skyward a pretty tair railway carlond of people—about 40, if they don't average more than 100 pounds each. Then, if the balloon were long and pointed, so as to encounter the least possible resistance from the air, and then propelled by electric to enter into that bilter grief with some kind. power—well, even then we might wait a good while to hear an aertal guard announce simply conscious of our own inability. We are away of beside the gate, watching, and not even watching very well; praying,

but with heavy eyes, and distracted hearts. But here is the sorrow of sorrows. Here is sweat like great blood-drops, for tears; here is this exceedingly bitter cry, "the most bitter crv that can ever break from a human heart," and we are so far away! It is all so mysterious, so distant from our un-derstanding. Somehow it is for us that the Muster suffers, but we behold Him as the little child sees his mother's tears; not knowing what it means.

Before this agony of Christ we can only stand with hushed and reverent hearts. The burden of a world's sin lies upon Him. He only of all who have lived upon this He only of all who have lived upon this earth sees the sin of man and the heart of Gool, just as they are. And the sight crushes Him to the ground. Somehow He is to take this grievous burden o our sin upon His own shoulders. He is to stand in our place. "We all, like sheep, have gone astroy, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord bath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

And the Apostles Slept. And the Apostles Stept.

Three times has Christ come to the Apostles, the proprietor keeps his eve on his three-score employes without any effort.

Beying to Get It.

Philadelphia Times.

Philadelphia Times.

"Will you be offended if I kiss you?" he asked his Boston sancee after they were engaged.

"I cannot be offended until something is done to offend me."

"But dear, I don't like to run the risk."

"What is not worth risking for is not worth having."

And the Apostles Stept.

Three times has Christ come to the Apostles, the Apostles, the Apostles, the Apostles, the pink ribbons on the baby's nobe. Turning to the lady-in-waiting to t

like all missed opportunities, to the irreparable past. "Rise up," He says, "let us be going." "Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." "Behold, he is at hand that doth betray Me."

betray Me."

And away down along the road, across the Kedron bridge, they hear the sound of trampling feet and the discord of many voices, and the gleam of torches shines among the trees. A crowd comes, part of them soldiers from the Roman Governor, part of them part of them servants from the high priest's house, part of them curious idlers gathered from the streets. They have been first, perhaps, to the house where the large upper room was, out of which Judas had hurried on his shameful errand. But the house was empty. The grades of the foots of the street was empty. empty. The garden at the foot of Olivet was the next place, and so they come, Judas at

The Kiss of Judas. Here is Christ; about Him stand the Apostles, some of them, like Peter, inspired with a rash and ill-considered boldness, others meditating flight. In comes the traitor through the gateway of the garden, the red glimmer of the torches mingling with the silver radiences of the moon. Which is the prophet of Nezareth? In this little company of silent men, confronting this noisy and disordered rabble, which is He? Judas will tell them. He has given them a sign. He has considered everything and planned itall out. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, the same is he; take him and hold him fast." So he advances the others followfast." So he advances, the others follow-ing, clubs and staves in their clenched hands, and approaching his Master he says, "Hail, Master!" and kisses Him. Christ utters no word of indignation. "Judas," utters no word of indignation. "Judas," He says, "betrayest thou the Son or Man with a kiss?"

And Judas, what says he, what thinks he? No word he utters; there is no answer either on his lips or in his heart. The deed is done, and there is no undoing it. But oh, that it had never been done! Oh, that the shameful thing had never been thought of! Judas, I believe, would have given all his life that minute to have taken back that traitorous kiss. The face which Peter saw before the night was over and whose look drove him out into the darkness to bitter weeping, Judas saw, too. And there was the same love in it, and grief intermingled. Judas looked into the face of Christ, and there was no more peace upon this earth for Judas after that. But it is done. The traitor's deed has gone where all things good and evil go, into the irreparable past. And They Fell to the Ground.

Jesus advances to the crowd of servants and soldiers. "Whom seek ye?" He asks.
"Jesus of Nazareth," they answer.

Back sways the crowd. The boldest beats Back sways the crowd. The boldest beats retreat. Christ, whom no little timid child was ever afraid of, to whom men sick and sintul cried for help, recognizing the face of a friend, and whom that little band of Syrian fishermen and peasants, the chosen twelve, loved with all their hearts—Christ had that about His face which filled mer with awe, too. Many times the Apostles hesitated to ask Him some anxious question, many times His enemies, against whom He tood as one man against a multitude, durst not lift their hands against Him. In the flickering light of the torches the rough soldiers beheld Him, and a sudden fear came upon their hearts. "They went backward, and fell to the ground;" Judas among

But this is their hour and the power of darkness. The Master yields Himself. Peter essays an ill-considered help. Some un-known beholder wrapt in a garment of white linen comes near to see, and the soldiers chase him away into the night. Ropes are bound about the hands of Jesus-those blessed hands, laid so often and so tenderly upon the sick and the afflicted! Away moves the company out of the gate of the garden. All the disciples have forsaken Him and fled. Christ is left alone. So ends the first stage of the Savior's

journey to the cross. GEORGE HODGES.

A Stage Illusion. A very pretty Illusion is being secured by neans of the electric light in a play now on the boards in Paris. A fatry story is being told, and in the course of the recital the wardrobe of the fairy is exhibited apparently shining with a light that never was on on land or sea, and the effect is startling. The illumination is ingeniously accom-plished. A little trunk containing the dresses is brought upon the stage, and it is so made that when it is set down the bottom falls out. At the same instant rays of an electric lamp placed immediately under-neath are directed on the mass of gauzy raiment, which is thus suffused with shining

The Works of Melssonier.

The man, the genius, the painter, Meisonier, who passed away a week ago, estimated his actual receipts from his lifetime's work at about \$1,000,000. This may be looked upon as a vast sum, but even so it is not his just due, according to the ethics of strict justice, when we consider that his collected works are valued at something in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000. Thus, the speculator, who is courteously termed a connoisseur, makes \$9 to every \$1 of the producer.

Did Something Desperate. New York Continent. Bertha-Harry has proposed to me and I have accepted him,

Maud-Indeed? He meant what he said, Bertha-Meant what? Maud-He proposed to me yesterday, and when I refused him he said he would do

something desperate. THE LATEST HOHENZOLLERN.

How Emperor William Won a Wager on the

Sex of the New Comer. ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. There is a pretty story connected with the arrival of prince number six in the royal household of Hohenzollern. This time a princess was expected by the Empress and her ladies, and accordingly all the baby's garments were decorated with pink ribbons istead of blue, the latter being according to traditional family custom the prerogative of the baby boys. When the Emperor was When the Emperor was ber 17 and arrived at the castle post haste to greet the new-born little

prince, he laughed heartily on seeing



DISHES

Ellice Serena Suggests an Almost Endless Variety for the Fast

MADE OF EGGS, OYSTERS AND FISH.

The Appetite Can Be Easily Satisfied and Need Not Be Satiated.

ANSWERS FOR A CORRESPONDENT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) To those who observe Lent, whether from conscientious or a hygienic motive, there is now one question of constant recurrence. 'What shall be the daily bill of fare during this season when meat and butter are used sparingly, if used at all?"

But with good management and the exercise of a little idgenuity on the part of the housekeeper, there should be no great difficulty in providing some very nice dishes, and quite a variety of them, from the articles of food which are commonly used while this time of abstinence lasts. Eggs, oysters and fish of various kinds can be cooked in as many ways as there are days in Lent; indeed, a good cook might place these foods prepared in a different manner on the table at every meal. A soup made, of course, without meat, as many good soups are, may be offered each day; and we must not forget that maccaroni, being an excellent substitute for flesh meat, is an admirable article of food at this seasou. It is obvious that any regimen which may be prescribed for Lent must be such that the natural appetite shall barely be Satisfied and Not Satis

and that the food should be nutritious rather than enticing. We recall an inci-dent to the point that the Lenten season

may offer the opportunity, on proper occasion, of gratifying the palate without degrading it by a carnal indulgence.

A French prelate invited his brethren to a Lenten dinner, at which five courses were served, all of them abundant, and in not a single dish were the values of the first single dish were the values of the single dish were the rules of the fast vio-lated. For the first course there was lentil soup, superior soup it must have been, since the plates, contrary to the general rule of table etiquette, were passed up a second time. Of hish there were two courses, one of boiled and one of baked, served with ap-For dessert there was an omelet souffice done to a turn and surprisingly light. This, with choice fruit, and coffee hot, strong, clear and sparkling, ended a very enjoyable

Here are some Lenten dishes suitable for breakfast, luncheon and dinner:

RICE DROP CAKES. Cover cold-boiled rice with milk and let soak for two or three hours.

Add to it two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder, or half teaspoonful of soda, and enough flour to keep it together.

Drop in hot lard and fry brown.

MUFFINS. Sift together one quart of flour, one tea-spoonful of salt and three teaspooufuls of bakspoonful of sait and three teaspoontuls of bak-ing powder.
Sitr in a pint of milk, two eggs beaten very light and one tablespoonful of melted butter.
Beat up quickly and bake in well greased gem pans in a hot oven.

EGG AND OTSTER OMELET Beat up four eggs and season to taste. Chop six large oysters, stir into a batter made of a haif cupiul of four and a half pint of

Add the eggs, mix well and fryslowly. APPLE PRITTERS. Beat two eggs (yelks and whites together)
until light, and stir into them a haif pint of
milk and flour enough to make a thin batter.
Sift in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder
and a little salt.
Pare and chop fine two or three tart appies,
mix with the batter and drop by spoonfuls into
hot fat.

Drain a can of shrimps in a colander and set aside in a cool place for an hour, covered with a little vinegar and olive oil blended together.

At serving time arrange crisp lettuce leaves on the salad dishes, with a large spoonful of the salad covered with mayonnaise dressing.

Sift together a quart of flour, three teaspoon-fuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful or salt, Rub in two tablespoonfuls of fresh lard, and add milk enough to make a soft dough. Bake on pie tins for 15 minutes, split and spread between and on top the following dress-

ing.

To a quart of oysters add a cupful of milk, a
lump of butter, seasoning of salt and pepper,
and a little flour to thicken. FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS. Boil 25 oysters in their own liquor and the Boil 20 systers in their own inquor and then strain.

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in a tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of liquor. Cook two minutes, remove from the fire and add the yelks of two eggs, salt to taste, a dash of cayenne, a little white pepper, a grate of nutmeg and a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Mix well and stir over the fire until the eggs are cooked—but do not let it boil.

Add the oysters and serve on buttered toast.

CREAMED SALMON. a can of salmon in a colander and miuce fine.

Put a layer of bread crumbs in a baking dish, then a layer of the salmon and so continue until the salmon is used.

Pour over all a dressing of one pint of boiling milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter and sea-

Strew with bread crumbs and bake brown. CELERY SOUP. Cut the celery into small pieces and cook un til quite tender.

Press through a puree sieve, and to each quart
of the mashed celery add half a pint of rich
milk, a small lump of butter and one beaten
egg—with seasoning to taste.

egg—with seasoning to taste. Serve with small squares of toasted bread. PUREE OF SALMON. Take a small can of salmon, free from skin Put in a double boiler with a quart of milk and seasoning to taste.

Cream together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour.

Thin with a half cupful of boiling water and

attr into the puree.

Press through a sieve, return to the fire for a few minutes and serve very hot. PANNED OYSTERS. Take the number of oysters required—have them fresh and large.

Arrange in a shallow pan surrounded by their own juice and as much more.

Add a tablespoonful of butter, season with salt and pepper and dust with cracker meal.

Cook for five minutes or until the oysters begut to "minum." begin to "plump."
Serve at once on a warm dish, or, better still,

Serve at once on a warm aiss, or, better sin, without removing from the pan.

The oysters may also be panned in their shells, which should be well washed and placed in a pan in the oven—shallow side up.

When the shells begin to separate, remove the tops, season the oysters with butter, salt and pepper and cook until done. HOMINY PUDDING. Soak a pint of breakfast hominy over night. When about to cook cover freely with cold water and simmer slowly until done.

Drain in a colander, and then return to the vessel in which it was cooked.

Stir in a tablespoonful of fresh butter, a pint of new mik and two beaten eggs.

Stir in a table-spoodbal fresh butter, a pint of new milk and two beaten eggs.

Grease a baking dish, pour in the mixture and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Serve with cream and sugar. PRUNE WHIP. mmer slowly until tender a half-pound of French prunes.

Remove the seeds, sweeten to taste, and when come aid the braten whites of four eggs.

Bake in a moderate even for 20 minutes.

Serve cold with whipped cream. COFFEE JELLY.

Soak a half-box of gelatine in a little cold rater for one hour.

Dissolve with a pint of strong, hot coffee.

Add a small cupful of sugar and a half-pint of boiling water.

Strain, mold and when quite cold serve with whipped cream.

For this pudding use the best French prunes.

Cover a pound of them with holling water, and let stand until they become soft.

Drain, extract the seeds and spread the prunes on a large dish and dredge them with fieur. four.

From a quart of milk take eight tablespoonfuls, and sair into it gradually eight tablespoontuls of sifted flour.

Mix it until smooth.

Beat six eggs very light and stir them by degrees into the remainder of the milk, alternately with the batter just mixed; add the prunes, a few at a time, stirring the whole very rapidly.

The the batter, or pudding, in a stout cloth that has been wrung out of hot water and well floured.

Leave room for it to swell, and steam or bol ours. I from the vessel, immerse in cold

water, untile, and when ready to serve eat with dream sauce, or butter, sugar and nutmeg besten together. This is an excellent pudding and has been well tested.

A choice pudding is made after this recipe by substituting whole raisins for the prunes.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING. Butter the bottom of a pudding dish and strew with currants.

Put in a layer of bread, cut in very thin slices, and buttered.

Continue the layers until the dish is nearly test.

Make a custard of a quart of milk and three eggs.
Add a pinch of salt, and flavor to taste.
Pour over the bread, let stand one hour and bake. BEET SALAD.

Wash thoroughly some Bermuda beets, and avoid the use of the knife for the purpose of trimming them.

Boil until tender, plunge them into cold water, rub off the skins and set to cool.

Arrange on a dish, cut in cubes—not too large—with some cold boiled postoes, also cut in cubes, and a hard-boiled egg cut in small pieces. Place the egg on the top of the saind, pour over all French dressing, and garnish with paralley or celery tops. NEAPOLITAN MACCARONI.

Stew a pint or tomatoes with a small onton aliced, and a tablespoonful each of minced ce ery and parsiey.

Season with salt and pepper, add a tablespoonful of butter, and pour over a half pound
of cooked maccaroni, hot, strewed with
crumbled cheese. BEANS WITHOUT PORK.

Soak a pint of common white beans over Put to boil in the morning well covered with cold water, and when quite tender, drain, add a lump of butter, sait, a tablespoonful of molasses and a cupful of milk.

Bake until brown.

Rural Housekeeper says: "Will you please give a recipe for bouillon? How is it served—hot or cold, in bowls or plates? Is bread served with it? Would also like to know how to use soap bark for renovating woolen goods. What quantity is used for a dress? How is it used? Is soap required

For bouitlon the following will be found satisfactory:

Into a soup kettle—tinned iron or granite— put six pounds of chopped beef, covered with four quarts of cold water. Simmer slowly on the back part of the range for five or six hours, or until the stock is refor five or six hours, or until the stock is reduced to two quarts.

Strain through a broth napkin, and when quite coid remove every particle of fat.

Reheat, if it is to be served hot, and season with salt and pepper.

Pass with it bread (or crackers) and celery.

The broth should be covered while cooking and the scum removed as it gathers.

Bouillon is made more palatable ing to some tastes—by adding a few slices of onion, carrot and turnip, a blade of celery, a bunch of sweet herbs, a clove or two, and a few peoper coros. The vegetables should be left in just long enough to cook them. It is often served in the ordinary tea or coffee cups, without any infringement on good form, and tastes quite as good as when served in the bouillon cups, which are dis-tinguished from the others by having two handles. Place the cup in a saucer and set on a plate. Remove all three together. Bouillon is often served cold.

SOAP BARK. A small box of ground soap bark may be bought at the drug store for a trifle. Take half the contents of the box, steep in Take hair the contents of the box, steep in boiling water and strain.

This will be sufficient for one dress. Add enough warm water to the strained bark to cover the goods.

Wash well, rinse in clear warm water, hang to dry and press on the wrong side while still damp.

damp.

Soap bark will remove grease, oil, and some-times stains from clothing, carpets and other Soap is not used with it.

Useful Hints To soften water and to improve the bath, fill a finnel bag, or one of thin muslin, with cat-meal. Tie it well and put it in the water some time before bathing. It is also recommended for cleaning wall paper. The modus operandi is to take a finnel cloth, dip in oatmeal dust and rub the paper one way—up and down.

OATMEAL paste, with two parts glycerine, is much used as a face lotion. Apply at night OATMEAL powder is a safe cosmetic for the OATMEAL powder is a sale complexion fine and soft. The the powder in a flannel bag and dust the hands and face after washing them—while they are still moist.

ELLICE SERENA.

Not So Easy to Suit. Married Man-Why don't you get mas ried, Miss Jones? You are getting to look like a "back number"-will soon be an old Miss Jones-If I was as easy to please as

rour wife was I would have been married ong ago. SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills. SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver l'ills.

SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills. SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills SEE MY SPONGE?



EVERY Thrifty Mechanic EVERY Body able to hold a brush BROULD USE PARTEZ PARABLE TRY IT. WILL STAIN OLD'& NEW FURNITURE WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE

WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BAST'S COACH
WOLFF & BANDOLPH. Philade COMPLEXION POWDER

is an absolute necessity of a refined toilet in this climate MEDICATED

SPONGE AND WATER.

VERY Counting Room

EVERY Carriage Owner

FVFRY Housewife

Combines every element of beauty and purity. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



gy, thin and weak. But you can for-tify them and build them up, by the

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Of Lime and Soda. They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PRE-VENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT 13 UMEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

MEDICAL.

DOCTOR

814 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.
As old residents know and back files of Pittsurg papers prove. is the oldest established
ad most prominent physician in the city, de-From respon-NO FEE UNTIL CURED NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical decay, nervous depility, lack of dizzness, sleeplessness, pimples, ernot povershed blood, failing powers, organ

dizzness, sleeplessness, pimples, eraptions, impoverished blood, failing powers, organic weakness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, unfitting the person for business, society and marriage, permanently, safely and privately cured.

BLOOD AND SKIN diseases in all blotches, failing hair, bones, pauss, glandular, swellings, ulcerations of tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly eradicated from the system.

URINARY kidney and bladder deranged trainful signatures, weak back, gravel, catarrhal discharges, inflammation and other cainful symmoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real cures.

Dr. Whittier's life-long, extensive experience insures scientific and reliable treatment on common-sense principles. Consultation free. Patients at a distance as carefully treated as if here. Office hours, 9 a. M. to 5 P. M. Sunday, 10 a. M. to 1 P. M. only. DR. WHITTIER, 814. Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. ja8-49-Dsuwk



NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. Specific for Hysteria, Dimines, Fits Neuralgia, Wakes fulness, Mental Deprecision, Sottoning of the Brain, resulting in impanity and resulting to misery deary are dearth, fremature the Barrenness, Loss of Power country of the Barrenness, Loss of Power and the Committee Loss of Power and the Committee Comm

EMIL G. STUCKY, Druggist, Futton st., PITTSBURG, PA.

DR. SANDEN'S **ELECTRIC BELT**



"LUCK IS PLUCK" OUR NEW BOOK

"PLUCK WINS LUCK!" Sook's Cotton Root COMPOUND Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price 21, by mail, zealed, Ladies, ask your drurgist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for scaled particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

#37 Sold in Pittsburg, Pa., by Joseph Fleet ng #300, Diamond and Market sts, se21-167-TISUWKEOWK ABOOK FOR THE MILLION FREE OME TREATMENT
WITH MEDICAL ELECTRICITY
For all CHRONIO, ORGANIO and
NERVOUS DISEASES in both sexes.
Buy so Resk till you read tale book. Address

THE PERU CHEMICAL CO., MIL WAUKEE, WIS ALWAYS ON TIMETANSY COMPOUND PILLS. Perfectly Safe, and Sure when All Others Fall. All bruggists everywhere, or by mail Send to storm for WOMAN'S SAFE-GUARD REGULATOR PHILADELPHIA, PA.

no23-1su

TO WEAK MEN

redical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPI-LEPSY or FALLING SIGN NESS a life-long study. I warrant my retackly to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not new receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bestie of my infallible remedy. Give Erness and Port Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Peuri St., N. V. de20-55-suWK THE SELECTIONER