18

that I would never quarrel with you again? You said so, but-

"But you did not expect me to keep my

word," said Keyork, slipping from his seat on the table with considerable agility and suddenly standing close before her. 'And do you not yet know that when I say a thing I do it, and that when I have got a thing I keep it!

"So far as the latter point is concerned, I have nothing to say. But you need not be so terribly impressive; and unless you are going to back your word, by which you seem to set such store, and quarrel with me, you need not look at me so hercely." Kevork suddenly let his voice drop to its

deepest and most vibrating key. "I only want you to remember this," he

said. "You are not an ordinary woman, as I am not an ordinary man, and the experiment we are making together is an alto-gether extraordinary one. I have told you the truth. I care for nothing but my indi-vidual self, and I seek nothing but prolongation of life. If you endanger the suc cess of the great trial again, as you did to day, and if it tails, I will never forgive you. You will make an enemy of me, and you will regret it while you live, and longer than that, perhaps. So long as you keep the compact, there is nothing I will not do to help you, nothing within the bounds of your imagination. And I can do much. Do you understand ?"

"I understand that you are afraid of losing my help.

my help. "That is it-of losing your help. I am not a raid of losing you-in the end."

Unorna smiled rather scornfully at first. as she looked down upon the little man's strange face and gazed fearlessly into his cycs. But as she looked the smile faded, and the color slowly sank from her face. until she was very pale. And as she felt herself losing courage before something which she could not understand, Keyork's eyes grew brighter and brighter till they glowed like drops of molten metal. A sound as of many voices wailing in agony rose and trembled and quavered in the air. With a wild cry, Unorna pressed her hands to her

wild cry, Unorna pressed ner nands to her ears and fied toward the entrance. "You are very nervous to-night," ob-served Keyork, as he opened the door. Then he went silently down the stairs by her side and helped her into the carriage, which had been waiting since his return.

CHAPTER XI.

not speak. A month had passed since the day on which Unorna had first seen the Wanderer, and since the evening when she had sat so long in conversation with Keyork Arabian. The snow lay heavily on all the rolling moorland about Prague, covering everything up to the very gates of the black city, and within all things were as hard and dark and frozen as ever. The sun was still the sun, no doubt, high above the mist and gloom which he had no power to pierce, but no man could say that he had seen him in that month. At long intervals, indeed, a faint, rose-colored glow touched the high walls of the Hradschin and transfigured for an instant the short spires of the unfinished Cathedral, hundreds of feet above the icebound river and the sepulchral capital sometimes, in the dim afternoons, a little gold filtered through the heavy air and inged the snow steeples of the Teyn Church, and vellowed the stately tower of the town hall; but that was all, so far as the moving throngs of silent beings that filled the streets could see. The very air men breathed seemed to be stiffening with damp cold. For that is not the glorious winter of our own dear North, where the whole earth is a jewel of learning crystals hung between two heavens, between the heaven of the day and the heaven of the night, beautiful atike in sunshine and in starlight, under the rays of the moon, at evening and again at dawn, where the pines and hemlocks are as forests of plumes powdered thick with dust of silver where the black ice rings like a deep-toned bell beneath the heel of the sweeping skate -the ice that you may follow 100 miles if you have breath and strength; where the harshest voice rings musically among the icicles and the snow-laden bouchs, where he quick jingle of sleigh bells tar off on the passes the love of woman." "That is true, indeed," said Unorna in a smooth, deep track, brings to the listener on of our own merry Father Christmas, with snowy beard and apple cheeks, and peaked fur cap, and mighty gauntlets, and hampers and sucks full of toys and good things, and true Northern jollity; where all is young and fresh and free, where eyes are bright and cheeks are red, and hands are strong and hearts are brave, where children laugh and tumble in the diamond dust of the dry, driven snow, where men and women know what happiness can mean, where the old are as the giant pines, green, silver-crowned landmarks him. in the human forest, rather than as dried, twisted, supless trees, fit only to be cut down and burned-in that dear North to which our hearts and memories still turn for re-freshment, under Indian suns, and out of the hot splendor of calm Southern seas. The winter of the black city that spans the frozen Moldan is the winter of the grave, dim as a perpetual afternoon in a land where no lotus ever grew, cold with the unspeakable frigidness of a reeking air that thickens a oil, but will not be frozen, melancholy as a stony island of death in a lifeless sea.

in silence at the man she loved. There was something gone from his face, she thought since she had first seen him, and it was to bring that something back that she would give her life and her soul if she could. Suddenly her lips moved and a sad melody trembled in the air. Unorna sang, almost as though singing to herself. The Wan-derer's deep eyes met hers, and he listened.

When in life's heaviest hour Grief crowds upon the heart One wondrous prayer My memory repeats.

The harmony of the living words Is full of strength to heal There breathes in them a holy charm.

Then, as a burden from my soul, Doubt rolls away And I believe—believe in tears And all is light—so light!

an easy tone—it was impossible that he could be making love. She remembered the vibra-She ceased, and his eyes were still upon her, calm, thoughtful, dispassionate. The color began to rise in her cheek. She looked tions in his voice when, a month ago, he had told her his story. She remembered the in-flection of the passionate cry he had uttered down and tapped upon the carved arm of the chair with an impatient gesture familiar when he had seen the shadow of Beatrice stealing between them; she knew the ring of

to her. "And what is that one prayer?" asked the Wanderer. "I knew the song long ago, but I have never guessed what that magic prayer can be like."

"It must be a woman's prayer-I cannot tell you what it is." "And are you so sad to-day, Unorna?

What makes you sing that song?" "Sad? No-I am not sad," she answered with an effort. "But the words rose to my

"They are pretty words," snid her com-panion, almost indifferently. "And you have a very beautiful voice," he added anything, which could give you pain. What I meant was this. I feel toward you and with you, as I can fancy a man might feel to a dear sister. Can you understand that?" In spite of herself she started. He had thoughtfully. "Have 1?" I have been told so some

"Yes. I like to hear you sing, and talk, too. My life is a blank—I do not know what it would be without you." "I am little enough to—to those who know

" said Unorns, growing pale and drawing a quick breath.

"You cannot say that. You are not little to me.'

plants, and his gaze wandered from one to the other, as though he did not see them, being lost in meditation. His voice had been calm and clear as ever, but it was the first time he had ever said so much, and Unorna's heart stood still, half fire and half ice. She could

the idea that he can with impunity play at being a brother to a young and beautiful woman. I have always thought so, and I There was a long silence. He gazed at the suppose that in whatever remains of my in-dolent intelligence I think so still. But intelligence is not always so reliable as in-stinct. I am not young enough, nor foolish enough either, to propose that we should swear eternal brother and sisterbood-or perhaps I am not old enough-who can tell? Yet I feel how perfectly safe it would be for "You are very much to me," he said rain, at last. "Since I have been in this again, at last. place a change has come over me. I seem to myself to be a man without an object, witheither of us." The steel had been thrust home and could go no further. Unorna's unquiet temper rose, at his quiet declaration of his absolute out so much as a real thought. Keyork tells me that there is something wanting, security. The color came again to her cheek, a little hotly, and though there was a that the something is a woman, and that I ought to love. I cannot tell. I do not slight tremor in her voice when she spoke, yet her eyes flashed beneath the drooping know what love is, and I never knew. Per-haps it is the absence of it that makes me what I am—a body and an intelligence with-out a soul. Even the intelligence I begin to doubt. What sense has there ever "Are you sure it would be so safe?" she asked.

been in all my endless wanderings? Why have I been in every place, in every city? What went I forth to see? Not even a reed shaken by the wind! I have spoken "For you, of course there can be no danger possible," he said, in perfect simplicity of good faith. "For me-well, I have said it. I cannot imagine love coming near me all languages, read thousands of books, known men in every land-and for what? in any shape, by degrees or unawares. It is a strange defect in my nature-but I am glad of it, since it makes this pleasant life It is as though I had once had an object in it ossible. all, though I know that there was none. But "And why should you suppose that there is no danger for me?" asked Unorna, with a quick glance and a silvery laugh. She was I have realized the worthlessness of my life since I have been here. Perhaps you have shown it to me, or helped me to see it. I cannot tell. I ask myself again and again recovering her self-posse "For you? Why should there be? How what it was all for, and I ask in vain. I could there be? No woman ever loved me -then why should you? Besides-there am lonely, indeed, in the world, but it has been my own choice. I remember that I are a thousand reasons, one better than the had friends once when I was younger, but I cannot tell what has become of one of them. They wearied me, perhaps, in those "I confess, I would be glad to hear a few of them, my friend. You were good enough just now to call me young and beautiful. You are young, too, and certainly not repulthem. They wearine me, perhaps, in those days, and the weariness drove me from my own home. For I have a home, Unorns, and I fancy that when old age gets me at last I shall go there to die, in one of those old towers by the Northern Sea. I was born there, and there my mother died and my tether before. I beam them, it is a met sive in appearance. You are gifted, you have led an interesting life-indeed, I cannot help laughing when I think how many my father before I knew them—it is a sad place! Meanwhile, I may have 30 years, or 40, or even more, to live. Shall I go on living this wandering, aimless life? And if not, what shall I do? Love, says Keyork Arabian who never loved enviting but

reasons there are for my falling in love with you. But you are very reassuring-you tell me there is no danger. I am willing to believe.' [To be Concluded Next Sunday.] Arabian, who never loved anything but himself, but to whom that suffices, for it AN ANCIENT WINE MACHINE

Deceive the People. "And what he says might be true, also, if

Contrivance the Egyptian Priests Used to

Hero which involves considerable ingenuity.

together, thinking together, inseparable from birth and fall of an instinctive, mutual understanding. I do not know whether that seems an exaggeration to you or not.

Has the same idea ever crossed your mind?" She said something, or tried to say some-thing, but the words were inaudible; he in-

terpreted them as expressive of assent an

went on, if a musing tone, as though talk-ing quite as much to himself as to her. "And that is the reason why it seems as though we must be more than friends, though we have known each other so short a time.

Perhaps it is too much to say." He hesitated and paused. Unorna breathed hard, not daring to think of what might be coming next. He talked so calmly, in such

his speech when he loved, for she had heard it. It was not there now. And yet, the effort not to believe would have been too

"Nothing that you could say would be-" she stopped herself-"would pain me," she

added desperately, in the attempt to com-

He looked somewhat surprised, and then

"No. I shall never say anything, nor do

but just said that he would never give her

he was inflicting now. "You are surprised," he said, with intol-erable self-possession. "I cannot wonder. I remember to have very often thought that

there are few forms of sentimentality more

absurd than that which deceives a man into

He did not guess what cruel wounds

great for her strength.

plete the sentence.

smiled

An ancient contrivance is described by

over.

in the foreground.

name; it is a wholesome and necessary re-minder that anybody who criticizes the brute's personal appearance will wish he hadn't. It occurred to Maude that when hadn't. Beauty had won the prize all the newspapers would want to print his picture. This was intended as a hint that we ought to have him photographed or "mugged," as they say at police headquarters. To oblige her I had a friend bring his camera to the her 1 had a friend oring his camera to the house, and we took a snap-shot at Beauty. Unfortunately he yawned just at the criti-cal moment, and we obtained nothing but a misty view of his larynx, with a few teeth

Beauty Yawned in the Camera.

the surface. The likeness will not deceive

anybody who is not strongly prejudiced 1a his favor. However, he will be entered in that class; and if he doesn't win a prize the

judges will do well to absent themselves

from the city until the excitement blows

Maude calls him Beauty. I like the

It Was a Faithful Like

woke up everybody in the house except the the sacred gnu. Taking the Dog's Picture. This remarkable animal bears a general resemblance to an Irish setter, but it is only because that part of his nature is neares

per, and he discovered the truth about it just at the moment when his open hand was directly over the pile of flash powder. There came a dazzling flash, in the light of which I saw Beauty soaring in mid-air with his mouth wide open and fear and agony in his eyes. The next instant I heard him land with a crash on top of the camera, smashing it to fragments.

I heard Jack rush to the window yelling fire and murder, and as I made a dash to stop him I ran straight against Maude, who clasped her arms around my neck and screamed into my left ear. Jack meanwhile had torn the window open with a crazy notion of cooling his burned hand in the outer air. His howls attracted the attention of a policeman on the sidewalk opposite, who saw the smoke of the flash powder pouring out of the window, and at once pulled in an alarm

had extinguished the conflagation in the palm of Jack's hand, and had broken in their impetaous haste the few articles of fur-niture which Beauty and the rest of us hadn't had time to attend to, I discovered Maude and the prize dog seated on the back stairs consoling each other. The unfortunate Beauty had encountered a three-mch stream from a chemical engine, which had taken almost all the outer crust of Irish setter off Here him, and had made it somewhat difficult to

Jesus Christ was crucified for blasphemy Here is the trial-so far as such a tragic mockery of justice can be called a trial-and say just what part of a dog-show he was best ere is the sentence of conviction at the of it. He is to die for blasphemy. I called Maude's attention to this, and ing a man, they say, makes Himself God. And that was the honest truth about His claim. They were quite right about it. Jesus Christ did actually, as His accusers asserted, make Himself equal with God. It is in a hundred places in the gospels; now by implication, now by clear affirmation. We may take away all the miracles; still, this assertion of divinity remains. We may take away first one gospel, and then another and then a third, it matter not which one is left, Jesus of Nazareth is seen claimin equality with God. No question of docu ments enters into this conclusion; no posi tions of modern criticism touch it. So long as any history of the Prophet of Nazareth is left, still may be read this extraordinary claim of His. It is not from the theologians that we learn the doctrine of Christ's divinity. He teaches it Himself. The purest soul that ever lived; so holy that the holiest in all the centuries since have been content to fall in humility and reverence before Him; so wise so clear lighted, so true in judgment that after all these ages of progress, after all the profound thoughts of the philosophers, and the teachings of the saints and the sages, we are still term women behind Him. The ideal of the manhood, the one perfect hero, the one im maculate and supreme saint-what said He of Himself? He said such words that again and again men took up stones to stone Him as a blasphemer. He said such words that the high priest in borror rent His garments, declaring "He hath spoken blasphemy." He asserted His equality with God. What Must Be Belleved. In these days, when so much faith is of Peter's temper-slinking, afraid, easily passing into denial, let us make it perfectly plain to our own hearts what we honestly believe.

vation at will. The Hard Lot of the Half Dozen Female

ringes, which require at the least three horses to draw them where the country is at all rough. They consist of cylinders 38

which at one time reigned supreme. Fashion

PRETTY SHRUBS AND TREES.

Neat Little Growths That Are Suitable for

Lawn Ornamontation.

and yet which answer all of the require-

ments for beautifying lawns and gardens.

The West is prolific in many wild native

shrubs, while the East has acclimatized

many imported shrubs. The two combined make up a list of shrubs that are both orns-

mental for their foliage and fruit, and of

The Wahoo or Burning bush is a shrub found growing wild in the West on the

bound growing with in the west on the borders of woods, where when grown to perfection it is a great beauty. The dark brown blossoms of summer and the green of the folinge are quite attractive, but the true rnamental part of the tree is the brilliant coloring of the autumn fruit, which chal-

soloring of the automn from all. For this res-enges admiration from all. For this res-s on the trees are valuable for ornamentation The Rhamnus Carolinians is a neat, tree-like sheah of five feet in height. The shin-

ing dark green leaves, from three to five inches long, are beautiful in themseives, but the loads of brightly colored berries which adorn the shrubs make the trees especially attractive. The fruits are about the size of

like shrub of five feet in height.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1891. HE DENIED HIS LORD. together every day, that I can almost fancy our two selves having been together through a whole lifetime in some former state, living SNAP SHOTS AT A DOG.

IT

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Photograph

Their Candidate for a Show.

TROUBLE WITH A FLASH LIGHT.

Terrific Explosion Results in an At

tack From the Firemen.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

There is a valuable dog in our family,

and he is to be one of the principal objects

of admiration at the coming bench show. I

say this because I do not wish to contradict

my wife. He is her dog and I am her hus-

band, and we both mind her pretty well

when we manage to find out what she is

Personally. I know him to be an ill-

favored beast of defective intelligence and

miscellaneons ancestry. We took him into

the country last summer, on account of his

distinguished merit as a watchdog, and he

barked continuously for 13 nights, though

nothing else of a disagreeable nature oc-

curred. On the 14th he held his peace,

while a tramp entered our house through the

back window, and might have carried away everything we possessed if he hadn't at-tempted to refresh himself with the contents

of a pint flask of ammonia, which we used

for the alleviation of mosquito bites. The noise which he made trying to get his breath

driving at.

dog.

THE PET GETS THE WORST OF

long yearned to possess something which would remind me of that valuable piece of furniture after the dealer from whom I had pought it on the installment plan had taken it away. We chatted thus pleasantly while we prepared for another attempt to capture Beauty's likeness. Maude enticed him back into the room and posed him once more. In order to guard against a repetition of the mishap which had brought our previous efforts to naught, we arranged that Maude should conceal herself behind Beauty's pedestal conceal herself central Beauty's pedestail and detain him by encouraging words and a firm grip on his tail. Perhaps her own wild fear of the flash powder prevented her from exercising that soothing effect upon Beauty's spirits which we had hoped for.

She was pretty badly scared and she talked



Consolation in the Cellar,

to that unfortunate animal in a way that would have undermined the calmness of

A Period of Suspense.

Her agitation was increased when Jack walls. remarked that he proposed to make a sure thing of it by using a double dose of the illuminator; and by the time all was ready both she and the dog were in a state of nervous excitement bordering on hydro-phobia. Jack had brought some sort of an appliance for lighting the powder in an artistic manner, but he had lost it in the con-

fusion incident to the disappearance of Beauty, so he put the illuminator in the

is a pause while messengers go for wit-nesses and to summon the chief priests and scribes. Again, they begin to look at Peter out there beside the fire, and to wonder who

he is. Again somebody accuses him of be-ing a friend of this arrested mulefactor, and again he makes his denial, sealing it this time with an oath. And in a space of silence a ound is heard without-a cock crows. But Peter pays no heed. But here are hurrying feet, and there is riding to and fro across the courtyard. The witnesses begin to come. Here is a com-pany of scribes and eiders. Again the ex-

A Period of Excitement

locks up, startled at the memories which that sound brings him, and here is the Mas-ter passing by, and hearing it all. Peter locks into the face of Jesus. Jesus turns and locks upon Peter. Here is the apostle who had declared that though all should be offended because of Christ that night, yet would he never be offended. Here is the apostle who had cried out, "Though I die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee." And all that show of bravery has come to this. "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you like wheat!" "And the Lord turned and locked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the ful Night When the Savior WAS CONVICTED OF BLASPHEMY. The Insults of the Exultant Rabble Did Not Hurt Half So Bad.

wheat!" "And the Lord timed and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly." OUESTIONS THAT COME HOME TO ALL It is only an spostle that can betray his master. It is only an apostle that can deny his Lord. It is only one who has been in Christ's company that can forsake Him. Others may be hostile. Others may do their worst against Him. One may strike Him

The Conduct of Peter on the Fate-

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Out of Gethsemane goes the band of servants and soldiers back into the city, Christ bound in the midst of them. They take Him first to the house of Annas, and Annas seuds Him, still bound, to Caiaphas. Caiaphas is the high priest.

in the face, another may revile Him, an ther may spit upon Him. But who does not know that all this brutality and derision and Peter and John follow afar off. John goes in when they come to the house of Caiaphas, and presently, knowing somebody in the high priest's house, gets admission for Peter. Jesus is in the inner court, standing before Camphas. Outside in the outer court is a crowd of servants. The soldiers have gone back, their errand done, returning to their quarters. These are the servants who had gone out with clubs and staves to the arrest. They are cold and the night is chill. They have lighted a fire of charcoal on the stone floor and stand about it talking over the events of the evening. John stands apart beside the door which leads into the inner court where Jesus is. Peter stays with the servants beside the fire and warms himself. The red light flickers upon the bearded faces of the eager talkers, and the long, shifting shadows fall upon the

Christian congregations. "Lord, is it 1?" let us each one ask ourselves. Trials come, testing our loyalty and love. It is so hard sometimes to be a Somebody chances to notice this stranger

Christian! So hard to say a gentle word, when an angry word demands our utterance in their company. Who is this man with the unfamiliar face and the Galilean accent So hard to forgive when we are despitefully entreated, when malicious injury by deed or speech is visited upon us! So hard to be faithful in our Christian service when Where did he come from? The maid who kept the door, and had let him in, charged him with being a disciple of Jesus of Naza-reth. Peter's heart sinks with fear. All eyes are turned upon him. What will these temptations assail us, and the path of al-legiance is encumbered with difficulty! So hard to be a real believing Christian in au rough fellows do with him if the truth be known? He hides behind a lie. He denies unbelieving generation, to listen to the words of those who speak against our Mas-ter, and to show ourselves openly upon His saying: "I know not what thou sayest." Peter's Second Denial. But now the examination begins. Caia-

side! So easy to keep cowardly silence! "Lord, is it 1?" Am I in Judas' place, or phas questions Christ. He asks Him about His disciples and His doctrine. And in Peter's. GEORGE HODGES. the midst of His answer an officer strikes Him, strikes Him in the face. Again there THE ARMORED TURRETS.

Engines of Destruction That Can Be Moved by Three Horses. New York Herald. 1

The Betraval By Followers.

insult fell but lightly upon the soul of Christ as compared with the betrayal of Judas, and the denial of Peter, and the for-

saking of the rest; that hurt unspeakably. It is Christians who to-day can grieve Christ unspeakably. There are denyings

and blasphemings outside, among those who have never taken Christ's allegiance upon

them. But it is our disloyalty, who are numbered among His own disciples, which

hurts Christ most. When we betray Him,

setting ourselves upon the side of His enemies; when we deny Him in shame and fear, declaring that we know Him not and

are none of His; when we forsake Him, go-

ing away into the paths of sio, then we re-

peat the scenes of that night. Judas, the betrayer, Peter, the denier, ait to-day in

to flower more abundantly its deep, velvety red will be found more generally in the The attention of artillerists, and particugardens and drawing rooms. It is now larly that of the late Lieutenant Colonel quite an ornament to a room when speci-mens in full healthful blooms can be ob-tained. Robert Craig stands first among Schumann, of the German army, has been lately directed to the construction of a the scarlets, and its flowers are large and turret light enough to be transported by full of vivid richness. It fills all of the re troops in the field. This result, it was found, quirements for a good house carnation, both could be achieved only in part by sacrificing in color, size, prolificness and habits. to a certain extent the power of the turret to resist the enemy's hre. Two types of turrets were made and armed with guns of 1.25-inch and 2-inch calibre. The turrets, each of which contains a rapid firing gun, are placed

Criniams, Day Lilles and Other Noveltie in position in the infantry trenches. They are transported on specially constructed car

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 The beautiful crisiums, plants which may be made to bloom in either summer or winter. are seldom seen, either in the window garden or outdoor garden. Yet they are per haps as deserving of culture as many of the other kinds of flowers which are clung to for years. They can be made to flower twice a year, but it is not well to attempt to make them do this double duty. The old plan was to dry off the bulbs in fall, but as they are evergreens the better way is simply to transplant to large pots or boxes, and keep in the house through winter. Partially withhold water during this resting period, and begin to force them again in spring. The funkia or day lily is another plan

THE FLOWER WORLD

Standard Carnations Retire Befor

the Brighter New Ones.

NOVELTIES IN FLORICULTURI

Some Wild Shrubs and Trees Desirable I

Lawn Decoration.

A COLUMN FOR LOVERS OF BEAUT

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

The old standard carnations look poor an

commonplace beside the reach-hued one

now offered by the florists in their fine co

lections of plants. Some of these, howeve

owe their beauty and richness of color :

the peculiar soil and climate in which the

have been grown, and seeds and slips from

the delicately-tinted ones displayed at flore

exhibitions do not always produce flowers

which are called novelties. They do no

possess the virtue of hardiness, and unles

they are cultivated very carefully the

soon loose the very qualities for which the

It takes many years for a new variet,

o become thoroughly acclimated, as i

were, so that it will perpetuat

its good qualities indefinitely. In the hand

of a beginner, or an unfaithful amateur

they soon revert to the old commonplac

types, and great disappointment follows

The beautiful royal purple carnation tw

ears ago was the novelty of the season, an

its beautiful soft violet hue makes it stan

out as a unique specimen of carnation. Te

day it is found in many drawing rooms, an decorates many astately dinner table. Thi

violet carnation marked a new step in th culture of this plant, for it has not a ting

of red or blue apparent. The Quaker City is a white, beautifu carnation, which looks well in a drawin, room group. It is a heavy bloomer an-

blossoms beautifully in the spring. The Century brings in its brilliant carmine to

decoration, and by gaslight emits rays o color that cannot but fuscingte all. Th Audalusia is a bright, straw-colored fringed

yellow carnation that has its appropriat

place in a group. To accent the harmon

of shading and coloring there are severa

other colored carnations that recommen-

themselves, such as the Lydia, buff dashed

with red, and the deep, rich yellow Pride o

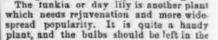
Penthurst. When the Black Knight can be induced

TEEY DESERVE CULTURE.

of Floriculture.

ELLA SPARR.

were bought.



middle of a sheet of paper and touched a match to one corner. The paper smouldered and was unwilling to burn. Several painful minutes elapsed. "Oh, this suspense is killing me," moaned Maude; and Beauty chipped in with a long, melancholy howl. "Can't you do something to precipitate the catastrophe?" said I to Jack. "This confounded paper has gone out." he muttered, fumbling around for a match. Now, Jack was in error regarding that pa-

from the nearest box. Halt an hour later when the department

The Assertion of Divinity.

they go across the outer court, stopping to answer the questions of the crowd of

"that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Sou of God." That was the supreme question. And Christ answers "yes." It is the end! It is the end!

Turret Sunk in Earthworks.

There is no more need of witnesses. The high priest sets the matter before the coun-cil. "Ye have heard His blasphemy," he says. "What think ye?" And they an-swer: "He is guilty of death." The sentence accordingly is given. Christ must

servants. And Peter listens. Witness after witness is examined, Jesus answers nothing. No wrong is proved against Him. At last up rises the high priest and calls the accused to witness against Himself. "I adjure Thee by the living God," he says,

amination proceeds. Witness after witness is examined, but no two agree together. Out

A month had gone by, and in that time the love that had so suddenly taken root in Unorma's heart had grown to great proper tions, as love will, when, being strong and real, it is thwarted and repulsed at every turn. For she was not loved. She had de atroyed the idol and rooted out the memory of it, but she could not take its place had spoken the truth when she had told Kevork that she would be loved for herself. or not at all, and that she would use neither her secret arts nor her rare gifts to mannfacture a semblance when she longed for a reality.

Almost daily she saw him. As in from he came to her and sat by her side is or after hour, talking of many things, wilm, apparently, and satisfied in her so-ciely, but strangely apathetic and indifferent. Never once, in those many days, had she seen his pale face light up with pleas ure, nor his deep eyes show a gleam of in-terest; never had the tone of his voice been was silent. disturbed in its even monotony, never had the touch of his hand when they met and parted, felt the communication of the thrill

that ran through hers. It was very bitter, for Unorna was proud with the scarcely reasoning pride of a law-less, highly gifted nature, accustomed to be obeyed, and little used to bending under any influence. She brought all the skill she could command to her assistance; she talked to him, she told him of herselt, she sought his confidence, she consulted him every matter, she attempted to faseinate his imagination with tales life which even he could never have seen-she even sang to him old songs and snatches of wonder/ul melodies which, in her childhood, had still survived the advancing wave of silence that has overwhelmed the Bohemian people within the memory of living man, bringing a change into the daily life and temperament of a whole nation, which is perhaps unpar-alleled in any history. He listened, he smilled, he showed a faint pleasure and a great understanding in all these things, and he came back day after day to talk and listen again. But that was all. She felt that she could amuse him without charn tug him. turu.

And Unorna suffered terribly. He cheek grew thinner and her eyes gleamed with sudden fires. She was restless, and her beautiful hands, from seeming to be carved in white marble, began to look as though they were chiseled out of delicate, transparent alabaster. She slept little and thought much, and if she did not shed tears, it was because she was too strong to weep for pain and too proud to weep from unger and disappointment. And yet her resolution remained firm, for it was part and narcel of her inmost self, and was guarded y pride on one hand and an unalterable be

by price on the other. To-day, they sat together, as they had so often sat, among the flowers and the trees in the vast observatory, she in her tall, carved chair, and he upon a lower seat before her. They had been silent for some minutes. I was not yet noon, but it might have been early morning in a Southern island, so soft was the light, so freshly scented the air, so peaceful the tinkle of the tiny fountain. Unorna's expression was sad, as she gazed

were capable of loving. But I feel that I am not. I am as incapable of that as of anything else. I ought to despise myself, and yet I do not. I am perfectly contented, and if I am not happy I at least do not realize what unhappiness means. Am I not always of the same even temper?"

"Indeed you are." She tried not to speak bitterly, but something in her tone struck "Ah! I see! You despise me for apathy. Yes, you are quite right. Man is not made to turn idleness into a fine art nor

to manufacture contentment out of his own culpable indifference! It is despicable-and yet here I am." "I never meant that!" cried Unorna with sudden heat. "Even if I had, what right

have I to make myself the judge of your "The right of friendship?" answered the Wanderer, very quietly. "You are my best friend, Unorna."

Unorna's anger rose within her. She remembered how in that very place, and but a month earlier, she had offered Israel Kafka her friendship, and it was as though a beavy retribution were now meted out to her for her cruelty on that day. She remembered his wrath and his passionate denunciations of friendship, his scoruful refusal, his

savage attempt to conquer his will, his fail-ure and his defeat. She remembered how she had taken her revenge, delivering him over in his sleep to Keyork Arabian's will. She wished that, like him, she could escape from the wound of the word in a senseless lethargy of body and mind. She knew now what he had suffered, for she had suffered it herself. He, at least, had been free to struggle. She must sit still and hide her agony, at the risk of losing all. She bit her white lips and turned e lips and turned her head away, and

"You are my best friend," the Wanderer repeated in his calm voice, and every svilable pierced her like a needle. "And does not friendship give rights which ought to be used? If, as I think, Unorna, you look upon me as an idler, as a worthless being, as a man without as much as the shadow of a purpose in the world, it is but natural that you should despise me a little, even though you may be fond of me. Do you not see

Unorna stared at him with an odd expression for a moment. "Yes, I am fond of you," she exclamed.

almost harshly. Then she laughed. He seemed not to notice her tone. "I never knew what friendship was be-fore," he went on. "Of course, as I said, I had friends when I was little more

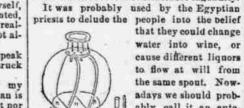
than a boy-boys and young men like my-self-and our triendship came to this, that we laughed and feasted and hunted together, and sometimes even quarreled, and cared little, thought even less. But in those days there seemed to be nothing between that and love-and love I never understood, that I can remember. But friendship like ours, Unorna, was never dreamed of among us. Such friendship as this, when I often think that I receive all and give nothing in re

Again Unorna laughed, so strangely that

Again Unorna laughed, so strangely that the sound of her own voice startled her. "Why do you laugh like that?" he asked. "Because what you say is so unjust to yourself," she answered, nervously and scarcely seeing him where he sat. "You seem to think it is all on your side. And yet, I just told you that I was fond of you." "I think it is a fondness greater than friendship that we feel for each other," he said, presently, thrusting the probe of a new home into the tortured wound. hope into the tortared wound. "Yes?" she spoke faintly, with averted

"Something more-a stronger tie, a closer bond. Unorna, do you believe insthe mi-gration of the soul throughout ages, from

one body to another?" "Sometimes," she succeeded in saying. "I do not believe it," he continued. "But I see well enough how men may, since I have known you. We have grown so inti-mate in these few weeks, we seem to under-stand each other so wholly, with so little effort, we spend such happy, peaceful hours



matic bartender, because it is supposed to operate so as to give back a particular kind of wine in consideration of a coin or other object of certain weight dropped into

receptacle. It consists of a large jar divided by two partitions into three compartments as the picture shows. Closing the mouth of the bottle is a sieve, and through this sieve

extend three little tubes, one entering each compartment. At the bottom of the vessel s a cylinder which communicates with the three compartments; but the openings into, the cylinder are located at different piaces. In the cylinder is a tube also having three openings in it. But these are so disposed that only one

opening at a time in the inserted tube can coincide with a cylinder opening, so that if the inserted tube is partly rotated it will let the liquid flow out of one compartment; if it is turned a little further it will let the liquid in the next compartment flow out, and if it is turned a little further still i will allow the last compartment to empty itself, but will not allow the liquids in all three compartments to escape simultaneously. Now on the end of the inserted tube is carried a little bex into which the leaden weight or coin which turns the tube may

be dropped. And also connected with the inserted tube is a counterweight which tends to return it back to its original position, and so shut off the flow entirely, when there is no weight in the cup. The mode of operation is quite ingenious

The three little pipes in the neck of the bot-tle are closed by the fingers of the operator who pours a certain kind of wine directly into the mouth and upon the slieve. He then uncovers one of the little tubes, which acts as a yeat to allow the escape of air from one of the compartments, so that the wine can enter it. The other tubes being

closed will prevent the escape of air from the other compartments, and hence the wine

will not flow into them. By uncovering each tube in turn, the three compartments are filled. Now suppose the three compartments to be filled with different liquors; all that the user has to do is to drop into the little box or cup a weight sufficient to turn the tube around enough to carry the opening in it to such a position as will allow the liquid to flow out of the proper compartment. It he wants another liquor he puts in a heavier weight.

PHYSICIANS VERSUS DRUGGISTS.

Between the Two Belligerents the Poor Patient Fares Badly.

St. Louis Chronicle.]

A prominent physician: "There is very curious warfare going on between druggists and doctors. The druggists have been cutting the doctors' throats, figuratively speaking, by usurping their functions and prescribing for every ailment of their customers, from a stomach ache to spinal meningitis. "The doctors, in revenge, have taken to

prescribing patent medicines. The result is that the occupation of the prescription clerk is almost cone, and nine-tenths of the

drug store's profit lies in prescriptions. The extent to which doctors are using patent medicines is something astonishing.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee. omerville Journal.)

The difference between modesty and bash fulness is, of course, that you are modest, while the other fellow is bashful-and ho

itted to adorn.

My friend understands the photograph business as well as a professional, and when he presented the proof of this picture to Maude he tried to convince her that the pose was easy and natural, and the expres-

sion characteristic and amiable. He said that he considered it quite unnecessary to have another sitting; he was sure that all Beauty's triends would be greatly pleased with the portrait. Having thus done his duty as a representative of the photographic profession, he suggested that if Maude abably call it an auto solutely refused to be satisfied with this triumph of his art it might be well to try

the flash-light next time. Perhaps something sudden and suprising, like the explosion of flash powder under his pose, might give to Beauty's expression that appearance of animation which was posably the one thing lacking in the first pre-We decided to try the flash light,



Maude posed Beauty in a big chair, and she bestowed an amount of painstaking atten-tion upon him equal to that which she would have given to her own toilet if she had been about to display it in the presence of her bitterest enemies. When she had put him in position she withdrew into the next room, cause she knew that the flash powder would frighten her hall to death. It was so ireadfully like a flash of lightning.

Beauty Made His Escape.

While she was escaping I carefully darkened the apartment, producing a gloom so deep that I tell over several pieces of furniture in andeavoring to .reach a place of safety while my friend was preparing to ignite the powder. He was rather slow in getting it to burn, and when it finally blazed up we secured a fine picture of the chair in which Beauty had been sitting, but

he, meanwhile, had wandered away. I turned up the gas and hastily summoned Maude, who stumbled into the room with her handkerchief over her eyes, asking in

nervous tones if that harrid stuff had gone We replied that it had, and Beanty also. A careful search of the room faile to reveal him. Maude hysterically accused us of burning him up with our incendiary flash-powder, but we repelled the accusa-tion with scorn. Then she said that Beauty must have escaped through my imbecile carelessness in leaving a door open. I called her attention to the fact that they were all closed except the one which she herself had just opened. This led to a tearch of the apartment in which she had taken refuge; and in a remote corner of it we found Beauty fast asleep. He had just natvally followed Maude out, and she 'hadn't seen him because she had kent her eyes

shut through fear of the flash-powder.

Willing to Try It Again.

Jack, the photographer, was considerably annayed by this incident. He objected to having his camera made the subject of prac-tical jokes. I mollified him somewhat by telling him how glad I was to get a really satisfactory picture of that chair. I had

said I feared that his disjointed and frag-mentary appearance might subject him to the ridicule of the judges. "If they are human," said she, caressing the unhappy animal, "they will pity and forgive him." HOWARD FIELDING.

HENRY IRVING'S FIRST NIGHT.

Description of the Great Actor in the B

ginning of His Career. Mr. Alfred Davis, a well-known provin

cial actor, relates as follows in Pall Mall Budget the circumstances attending Mr. Henry Irving's "first appearance on any stage," on the opening of the new Lyceum Theater: "As promised, the theater was opened in September, 1856, and on the 29th of that month. Among the names of a carefully selected corps dramatique was that of a youthful novice just 18, 'his first appearance on any stage,' called Henry Irving. Making his first appearance, he spoke the first word in the first piece (played for the first time in Sunderland, I believe), on the first, or opening night, of the new theater, from which he has, by his industry and genius, worked up to the proud position of the first man in the first theater of the first city of the world! How's that for an A 1 record? The words of the speech itself, 'Here's to our enterprise!' have in them almost a prophetic tone of aspiration and success.

"I was compelled to notice the great and most minute care which had been bestowed by our aspirant on the completion of his costume. In those days managers provided the mere dress. Accessories, or 'proper-tics,' as they were called, were found by every actor. Henry Irving was, from his splendid white hat and feathers to the tips of his shoes, point device, a perfect picture; and, no doubt, had borrowed his authority from some historical picture of the Louis XIII, period. From the very outset of his he gave an earnest of that attention Career to detail, in its microscopic points, which has culminated in his being facile princeps among stage directors, and the best arranger of realistic theatrical pictures in the world.

TWO TALES OF LOST PICTURES.

Both Found After a Long Search in Out the Way Places.

Brodkiva Standard-Union.] The story is told of a collector of paintings

who was very anxious to find a certain picture. He sent his agents to all the leading art centers of Europe, but without success. After a time one of his servants came to him and said: "I have found the picture."

"Where did you find it?" was the eager rejoinder of the collector. "In the garret of your house, with the face turned to the wall.

A somewhat similar experience has just been made kuown in New York. Commis-sioner of Public Works Gilroy has had his attention called to the fact that in the attice of the county Court House, stowed away with a lot of old lumber, there was a portrait of Commodore Decatur, painted by Sully. This picture is now to be restored and placed with the pictures of other great men in the Governor's room.

A Rich Field for Lawyers. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Is there much litigation in Oklahoma? was asked of a Judge from that Territory. "I aever saw anything like it. The three Supreme Court Judges also sit as District Judges for the three judicial districts in the Territory, and I have been holding District Court at Guthrie. I opened court on Sept-ember 1, and have not yet adjourned it.

Jesus of Nazareth was either divine, o

else he was not good or not sane. "Eternal Jesus, it is Thyself who has bidden us either despise Thee or worship Thee. Thou woulds thave us despise Thee as our fellow man, if we will not worship Thee as our God. Gazing on Thy human beauty and listening to Thy words, we cannot deny that Thou art the only Son of God Most High. Disputing Thy divinity, we could no longer clearly recognize Thy human perfections. But it our ears hearken to Thy revelations of Thy greatness, our souls have already been won to Thee by Thy truthfal-ness, by Thy lowliness, and by Thy love. Convinced by these, Thy moral glories, and

by Thy majestic exercise of creative and healing power, we believe that Thou hast the words of eternal life. Although in unveiling Thyself before Thy creatures Thou lost stand irom age to age at the bar of hos tile and sceptical opinion, yet assuredly from age to age, by the assaults of Thine ene-mies no less than in the mith of Thy believ-ing church, Thou art justified in Thy sayings and art clear when Thou art judged. Of a truth Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of Father.'

God, manifested among men, stands here before the judgment seat of Calaphas. The judgment is given. It is a sentence of death. Peter's Third Denial.

Now Christ is given over to the hands of anybody who chooses to insult Him. Blind-folded, and with hands tied behind Him. the servants and menials of the high priest's court make Him the victim of their brutal merriment, striking Him with the palms of their hands and crying out as they dance about Him, "Prophesy now, thou Christ; who is he that smites you?" And they spit

in His face. And when they are weary at last, and have no more breath for insults nor strength for blows, they lead Him out across the outer court that they may take him to the Goy erpor. Again the servants have been assail Finally the terrified upostle breaks out with base of the terrified upostle breaks out with coaths and imprecations declaring that he has never so much as seen before this convicted blasphemer of Noz reth. And Christ passes by! Outside, the day begins to break. A second time the cock crows. Peter

inches in diameter, protected by steel armor in the shape of cupolas or cases one inch in ground over winter, and the clumps may thickness. The gunner sits upon a saddle like the seat of a bicycle, and can turn the then be divided in early spring for propoga-tion. For pot culture the bulbs should be cower on its pivot and change the gun eletaken up in the fall and rested a month of taken up in the fail and rested a month or two, but they should not be allowed to get wholly dry and withered. This is to take the place of the usual winter's rest. Then pot and bring them gradually to heat in a way similar to that of hyacinths. Novelties in floriculture means now to a large extent a return to the old favorite flowers, which a tone time reigned encreme. Eaching

FAIR WOMAN'S LIVING DRATH.

Life Convicts at Sing Sing. Brooklyn Standard-Union.]

extent a return to the old favorite flowers, which at one time reigned supreme. Fashion in flowers, like fashion in garments, appears to go in circles, and after a certain period the once favorite flowers return to their former popular place. Many of the sold flowers ad-mired so much by our carly, parents are now competing successfully for popular favor with the newest productions of the floristi's skill. The amaryllises have not lost their early pres-tige, and during the coming summer they will be found holding their own among the many other competing plants. In many a conserva-tory they relign among the first, and never fail to attract statution. Better ciltivation is bringing out deeper and rich colors, and this is probably one reason why did flowers are admired so generally. They are hanced their beauty. The amarylises that are not need for pot culture should be packed away in dry sawdust at this time of the year, and they should be taken up later and prepared for the conservatory or window garden should be in the height of their floy ynov. The quan-tity of water fed to them should be gradually lessoned after they have begun to flower freely. MELEW WHARDURDON. The thought of the condition of the woman life convicts is harrowing. No wonder thoughtful minds preter hanging or even death by the dynamo to life imprisonment. The pale, furrowed faces and muffled voices of those women is a sight not easily forgotten. To prolong a conversation with them would be cruel, unless one was in a position to help them get out. The one ray of cheer-fulness in their desolate, monotonous lives is the consideration which they get from the fficials and matron. After a woman has been there 10 or 15 years, she is regarded as a member of the family, so to speak, and if she proves obedient she gets many little attentions and privileges not granted short-All the life prisoners have two cells at

their disposal; one for sleeping, and the other, nicely fitted up with carpet, chairs, pictures and curtains, is used for a sitting room. Outside the cells of the long-term prisoners man potted plants were to be seen. The cleantiness of the cells, tiers, both lower and upper, in male and female prisons was remarkable.

CARRIED A BULLET 30 YEARS. A Colonel Had One Lodged in His Nose, but

It Is Finally Removed. There are many ornamental shrubs and trees found growing in different parts of the country, both in a wild and cultivated state, After carrying a bullet in his face for nearly 30 years, Judge Calvin E. Pratt, of which are hardly known in other sections,

the Supreme Court, who received it in a battle in the war, has at last had it removed, and will bereafter preserve it outside of his person, says the New York Tribune. Judge Pratt was a colonel commanding the Thirtyfirst New York Volunteers when he was wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., in 1862. In the course of it he was struck by the bullet in the left cheek an inch below the eye, and it passed back of the nose and lodged the check bone, close to the nose. It was several days before the wound was dressed. For the last 25 years Judge Pratt has had

to spray the place where the bullet lodged just above his nostril twice a day, and he has suffered more or less from neuralgia and local irritation. About three years ago Dr. S. Fleet Spier tried to remove the bullet, but found that a portion of the bone of the nose had grown over it and it would be dangerous to remove it. The case has been carefully watched, and it was found recently that the bone had degenerated and the bullet could be easily reached and removed through the nostril.

Where the Poor Spend Their Pennies. Roston Traveller, 1

There is a little cake and candy shop opposite a large grammar school in the suburbs of Boston, and the keeper of it told me recently that on school days he takes about \$6 a day, mostly in pennies. He says that the most curious thing about his customers is a day, mostly in pennies. He says that the most curious thing about his customers is that the poorer clad the children the more pennies they seem to have for candy. "Oh," explained one, "Marm says dad don't ever give her enough money to buy us clothes, and we might as well have what she does get to spend."

> She Lived Near Boston. merville Journal. 1

Rienkenson has just returned from church

said:

in a dim religious frame of mind, and for the instruction of his 4-year-old daughter he told her in graphic style the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale. When he had finished Ethel looked up in his face, and eagerly 25 cents.

"Now, papa, you listen, and see if I can't STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland. tell you a bigger lie than that! rican and European plans.

attractive. The fruits are about the size of cherries, and grow in clusters of from three to six. About the first of August they have a searlet color, and from that they pass on to a sort of dark crimson, and finally, late in autum, become a wary black. The dark polished leaves bring out the beauty of the fruit by contrast and form a background of exquisite hue for them. The tree is well worth extended cultivation, not only for its foliage, but for its ornaimental fruit. extended cultivation, not only for its foliage, but for its ornamental fruit. One of the most difficult of all our native shrubs to cultivate, and one which well repays all work given to it, is the Viburnum Lantan-oides, or, as it is commonly called, the Hobble-bush or Mossewood. It delights in rather moist soil and thrives best in the deep shade of de-ciduous treet. It makes a fine ornamental shrub, and occasionally reaches 12 or 15 feet in height. It has show white flowers late in sum-mer, and coral red fruit in autumn. Its autumn foliage is unsurpassed and gives tone and ra-riety to all of the other shrubs. It may ret prove one of the leading ornamental shrubs. C. S. Waltruns.

COMPETITORS may ery it down, but it will not "down at their bidding." We refer to Salvation Oil. It is abead, Price