"Do you recognize the prisoner as the man who entered your house on the night of November 3, last past, and stole a peck of potatoes?"

Corrected by the Clerk.

"Four pecks in a bushel, Your Honor,"

whispered the clerk,
"Certainly, sir; do not interrupt me. I
was about to say to the witness: Do you

recognize the prisoner as the man who en

Four Pecks in a Bushel.

tered your house on the night of November

3, last past, and stole a peck of potatoes in

each hand?"

It is nearly impossible to find a subject which a New York police justice does not thoroughly understand, if you give him leisure to tell you what he meant to say

Mrs. Flukes was willing to swear to the

prisoner or at him, as it pleased the Court. Every time she discovered a peculiarity of his features or clothing which she hadu't

previously noticed she recognized him by

that. Then the policeman on the beat was called, and he told what he had been dream-

ing about at 2 o'clock on the morning in

also gave testimony which was very damag-

ing-in fact there is no telling how damag-

ing, not to say damning, such testimon

may be when the records, which do not lie, are unrolled in a higher court, and Swagly

The Tramp Caught It Hard.

had been only half a bushel of potatoes in

the cellar on the night of November 3, and

consequently the tramp could not have stolen a peck in each hand, and left two pecks behind him. On learning of this

fact, Mr. Flukes, who was a scrupulously

just man, secured the release of the tramp through the influence of a ward politician,

and he also gave the unfortunate man his

forgiveness and the unused portion of a

meal ticket entitling the holder to three 25-cent dinners at a restaurant which had failed and closed up during the previous

In the case at hand, however, the damage

when he spoke the first time.

She grew calmer when she found berself alone, but in a manner she grew also more desperate. A resolution began to form itself in her mind which she would have despised and driven out of her thoughts a few hours earlier; a resolution destined to lead to strange results. She began to think of re-sorting once more to a means other than natural in order to influence the man she

In the first moments she had felt sure of herself, and the certainty that the Wanderer had forgotten Beatrice as completely as though she had never existed, had seemed to Unorna a complete triumph. With lit-tle or no common vanity, she had nevertheless felt sure that the man must love her for her own sake. She knew, when she thought of it, that she was beautiful, unlike other women, and born to charm all living She compared in her mind the powers she controlled at will, and the influ-ence she exercised without effort over every one who came near her. It had always seemed to her enough to wish in order to see the realization of her wishes. But she had herself never understood how closely the wish was allied with the despotic power of suggestion which she possessed. But in her love she had put a watch over her mysterious strength, and had controlled it, saying that she would be loved for herself or not at all. She had been jealous of every glance, lest it should produce a result not natural. She had waited to be won, instea of trying to win. She had failed, and pas-sion could be restrained no longer. "What does it matter how, if only he is

mine!" she exclaimed fiercely, as she rose from her curved chair an hour after he had

## CHAPTER XII.

Israel Kafka found himself scated in the corner of a comfortable carriage with Keyork Arabian at his side. He opened his eyes quite naturally, and after looking out of the window stretched himself as far as the limits of the space would allow. He felt very weak and very tired. The bright color had left his olive cheeks, his lips were pale and his eves heavy.

"Traveling is very tiring," he said glancing at Kevork's face. The old man rubbed his hands briskly and

laughed. "I am as fresh as ever," he answered. "It is true that I have the happy faculty of sleeping when I get a chance and that no preoccupation disturbs my appetite."

Keyork Arabian was in a very cheerful frame of mind. He was conscious of having made a great stride toward the successful realization of his dream. Israel Kafka's ignorance, too, amused him, and gave him a tresh and encouraging proof of Unorna's amazing powers.

By a mere exercise of superior will this man, in the very prime of youth and strength, had been deprived of a mouth of life. Thirty days were gone, as in the flash of a second, and with them was gone also something less easily replaced, or at least more certainly missed. In Kufka's mind the passage of time was accounted for in a way which would have seemed supernatural 20 years ago, but which at the present day is understood in practice if not in theory. For 30 days he had been stationary in one place, almost motiouless, an instrument in Kevork's skillful hands, a mere reservoir of vitality upon which the sage had ruthlessly drawn to the fullest extent of its capacities. He had been fed and tended in his unconsciousness, he had, unknown to himself, opened his eyes at regular intervals and had absorbed through his ears a series of vivid impresgions destined to disarm his suspicions when he was at last allowed to wake and move about the world again. With unfailing forethought Keyork had planned the details of a whole series of artificial reminiscences, and at the moment when Karka came to himself in the carriage the machinery of memory began to work as Keyork had intended that it should,

Israel Kafka leaned back against the cushions and reviewed his life during the past month. He remembered very well the Kevork to accompany the latter upon a rapid southward journey. He remembered how he had hastily packed together a few necessaries for the expedition, while Keyork stood at his elbow advising him what to take and what to leave, with the sound good sense of an experienced traveler, and he could almost repeat the words of the message he had scrawled on a sheet of paper at the last minute to explain his sudden absence from his lodging-for the people of the house had all been away when he was packing his belongings. Then the hurry of the departure recalled itself to him, the crowds of people at the Franz Josef station the sense of rest in finding himself alone with Keyork in a compartment of the express train; after that he had slept during most of the journey, waking to find himself in a city of the snow-driven Tyrol. With tolerable distinctness he remembered the sights he had seen, and fragments of conversation—then another departure, still southward, the crossing of the Alps, Italy, dream of water and sun an beautiful buildings, in which the varied canversational powers of his companion

found constant material. As a matter of fact, the conversation was what was most clearly impressed upon Kafka's mind, as he recalled the rapid passage from one city to another, and realized how many places he had visited in one short From Venice southward again, Florence, Rome, Naples, Sicily, by sea to Athens, and on to Constantinople, familiar to him already from former visits—up to the Bosphorus, by the Black Sea to Varna, and then, again, a long period of restful sleep during the endless railway journey-Pesth, Vicuns, rapidly revisiting and back at last to Prague, to the cold and the gray snow and the black sky. It was not strange, he thought, that his recollection of so many cities should be a little confused. A man would need a fine memory to cata-togue the myriad sights which such a trip offers to the eye, the innumerable sounds familiar and un'amiliar, which strike the ear, the countless sensations of comfort, discomfort, pleasure, annoyance and admiration, which occupy the nerves without intermission. There was something not wholly disagreeable in the bazy character of the retrospect, especially to a nature such as Kaika's, tull of undeveloped artistic instincts and of a passionate love of all sensuous beauty, animate and inanimate. The gorgeous pictures rose one after the other in his imagination, and satisfied a longing of which he felt that he had been vaguely aware before beginning the journey. None of these lacked reality, any more than Keyork himself, though it seemed strange to the young man that he should actually have seen so much in so short a time, But Kevork and Unorna understood their

art and knew how much more easy it is to produce a fiction of continuity where an element of conjusion is introduced by the multitude and variety of the quickly succeeding impressions. And Kaika's imaginary journey was full of such impressions and almost destitute of incident. One occurrence, indeed, he remembered with extraordinary distinctness, and could have affirmed under outh in all its details. It had taken place in Palermo. The heat had | fully brought to a conclusion. His eyes seemed intense by contrast with the bitter North he had left behind. Keyork had gone out and he had been alone in a strange tel. His head swam in the stifling sirocco. He had sent for a local physician, and the oldfashioned doctor had then and there taken blood from his arm. He had lost so much that he had fainted. The doctor had been gone when Keyork returned, and the sage had been very angry, abusing in violent terms the ignorance which could still apply such methods. Israel Kufka knew that the lancet had left a wound on his arm, and that the scar was still visible He remembered, too, that he had often felt tired since, and that Keyork had invariably reminded him of the circumstance, attrib uting to it the weariness from which he suffered, and indulging each time in fresh

abuse of the benighted doctor.

Very skillfully had the whole story been put together in all its minutest details, care- and went out again. Scarce a hundred fall; brought out and written down in the paces from Unorma's door he met the Wan-

form of a journal before it had been impressed upon his sleeping mind with all the tyrannic force of Unorna's strong will. And there was but little probability that Israel Kafka would ever learn what had actually been happening to him while he fancied that he had been traveling swiftly from place to place. He could still wonder, indeed, that he should have yielded so easily to Keyork's pressing invitation to accompany the latter upon such an extraordinary flight, but he remembered then his last interview with Unorna, and it seemed almost

natural that in his despair he should have chosen to go away. Not that his passion for the woman was dead. Intentionally, or by an oversight, Unorna had not touched upon the question of his love for her, in the course of her otherwise well-considered suggestions. Possibly she had believed that the statement she had forced from his lips was enough, and that he would forget these days."
"You find it refreshing?" er without any further action on her part Possibly, too, Unorna was indifferent and was content to let him suffer, believing that his devotion might still be turned to some

taken place, of which he was destined to reealize the consequence before another day had passed. When Keyork answered his first remark he turned and looked at the old man. "I suppose you are tougher than I," he said, lauguidly. "You will hardly believe it but I have been dozing already, here, in

practical use. However that may be, when Israel Kafka opened his eyes in the carriage

he still loved her, though he was conscious

that in his manner of loving a change had

the carriage, since we left the station."
"No harm in that. Sleep is a great re-"No harm in that. Sleep is a great re-storative," laughed Keyork.
"Are you so glad to be in Prague again?"
asked Karka. "It is a melancholy place.
But you laugh as though you actually liked
the sight of the black houses and the gray
snow and the silent people."

"How can a place be melancholy? The seat of melancholy is the liver. Imagine a city with a liver—of brick and mortar, or stone and cement, a huge mass of masonr buried in its center like an enormous fetish exercising a mysterious influence over the city's health—then you may imagine a city

as suffering from melancholy. "How absurd!" "My dear boy, I rarely say absurd things," answered Keyork imperturbably. "Besides, as a matter of fact, there is nothing absurd. But you suggested rather a fantastic idea to my imagination. The brick liver is not a bad conception. Far down in the bowels of the earth, in a black cavern hollowed beneath the lowest foundations of the oldest church, the brick liver was built by the cunning magicians of old, to last forever, to purify the city's blood, to regulate the city's life, and in a measure to control

its destinies by means of its passions. A few wise men have handed down the knowledge of the brick liver to each other from generation to generation, but the rest of the inhabitants are ignorant of its existence. They alone know that every vicissitude of the city's condition is traceable to that source—its sadness, its merriment, its carni-vals and its lents, its health and its disease, its prosperity and the hideous plagues which at distant intervals kill one in ten of the population. Is it not a pretty thought?"
"I do not understand you," said Kufka,

"It is a very practical idea," continued Keyork, amused with his own fancies, "and it will yet be carried out. The great citles of the next century will have a liver of brick and mortar and iron and machinery, a huge mechanical purifier. You smile! dear boy, truth and fantasm are very much the same to you! You are too young. How can you be expected to care for the problem of problems, for the mighty uestion of prolonging life?"

Keyork laughed again, with a meaning in

his laughter which escaped his companion altogether. "How can you be expected to eare?" he repeated. "And yet men used to say that it was the duty of strong youth to support the trembling weakness of teeble old age." His eyes twinkled with a diabolical mirth.

"No," said Kufka. "I do not care. Life is meant to be short. Life is meant to be storm-broken with gleams of love's sunshine. Why prolong it? If it is unhappy you would only draw out the unhappiness afternoon when, after a stormy interview with Unorna, he had been persuaded by joy only because it is quick, sudden, violent. "I have just rectified a min I would concentrate a lifetime into an instant, if I could, and then die content in having suffered everything, enjoyed every thing, dared everything in the flash of a a great lightning between two total darklesses. But to drag on through slow sor rows, or to crawl through a century of con-tentment—never! Better be mad, or asleep, and unconscious of the time."

"You are a very desperate person!" ex-simed Keyork. "If you had the management of this unstable world you would make it a very convulsive and rervous place. We should all turn into flaming ephemerides, fluttering about the crater of perpetually active volcano. I prefer the system of the brick liver. There is more durability in it."

The carriage stopped before the door of Kafka's dwelling. Keyork got out with him and stood upon the pavement while the porter took the slender luggage into the house. He smiled as he glanced at the leathern portmanteau which was supposed to have made such a long journey while it had in reality lain a whole month in a corner of Keyork's great room behind a group of specimens. He had opened it once or twice in that time, had distributed the contente and had thrown in a few objects from his beterogeneous collection, as reminiscences places visited in imagination by Kafka, and of the acquisition of which the latter was only assured in his sleeping state. They would constitute a tangible proof of the journey's reality in case the suggestion proved less thoroughly successful than was hoped, and Keyork prided himself upon this

"And new," he said, taking Kafka's hand, "I would advise you to rest as long as you can. I suppose that it must have been a fatiguing trip for you, though I myself am as tresh as a May morning. There is nothing wrong with you, but you are tired. Repose, my dear boy, repose, and plenty of it. That infernal Sicilian doctor! I shall never forgive him for bleeding you as he did. There s nothing so weakening. Goodby-I shall hardly see you again to-day, I fancy."

"I cannot tell," answered the young man, absently. "But let me thank you," he added, with a sudden consciousness of obligation, "for your pleasant company, and for making me go with you. I dare say it has done me good, though I feel unaccountably tired-I feel almost old."

His tired eyes and haggard face showed that this, at least, was no illusion. The fancied journey had added ten years to his age in 30 days, and those who knew him best would have found it hard to recognize the brilliantly vital personality of Israel Kafka in the pale and exhausted youth who paintuily climbed the stairs with unsteady steps, panting for breath and clutching at the hand-rail for support.
"He will not die this time," remarked

Keyork Arabian to himself, as he sent the carriage away and began to walk toward his "Not this time, But it was a sharp strain, and it would not be safe to try it again."

In his great room he sat down by the table and fell into a long meditation upon the most immediate consequences of his success in the difficult undertaking he had so skillwandered about the room from one speci-men to another, and from time to time a short, scornful laugh made his white beard quiver. As he had once said to Unorns, the dead things reminded him of many failures, but he had never before been able to laug! at them and at the unsuccessful efforts they reifresented. It was different to-day. With out lifting his besd he turned up his bright eyes, under the thick, finely-wrinkled lids, as though looking upward toward that power against which he strove. The glance was malignant and defiant, human and yet half-devilish. Then he looked down again

"And if it is to be so," he said at last, rising suddenly and letting his open hand fall upon the table, "even then I am pro-vided. She cannot free herself from that

bargain, at all events."
Then he wrapped bis furs around him

derer. He looked up into the cold, calm "You look as though you were in a very peaceful frame of mind," observed Keyork.
"Why should I be anything but peaceful?" asked the other. "I have nothing to disturb

me."

"True, true. You possess a very fine organization. I envy you your magnificent constitution, my dear friend. I would like to have some of it, and grow young again."

"On your principle of embalming the living, I suppose."

"Exactly," answered the sage, with a deep, rolling laugh. "By-the-by, have you been with our friend Unorna? I suppose that is a legitimate question, though you always tell me I am tactless."

"Perfectly legitimate, my dear Keyork. Yes; I have just left her. It is like a breath of a spring morning to go there in

breath of a spring morning to go there in

"Yes. There is something about her that I could describe as soothing, if I were aware of ever being irritable, which I am Keyork smiled and looked down, trying

with the point of his stick.

"Soothing—yes. That is just the expression. Not exactly the quality most young and beautiful women covet, ch? But a good quality in its way, and at the right time.

How is she to-day?"
"She seemed to have a headache-or she was oppressed by the heat. Nothing serious, I fancy, but I came away, as I fancied I was

tiring her "Not likely," observed Keyork. "Do you know Israel Kafka?" he asked suddenly.
"Israel Kafka?" repeated the Wanderer,
thoughtfully, as though searching in his

"Then you do not," said Keyork. "You could only have seen him since you have been here. He is one of Unerna's most interesting patients, and mine as well. He is a little odd." Keyork tapped his ivory forehead signifi-

cantly with one finger.

"Mad," suggested the Wanderer.

"Mad, if you prefer the term. He has fixed ideas. In the first place, he imagines that he has just been traveling with me in Italy, and is always talking of our experiences. Humor him if you meet him. He ences. Humor him, if you meet him. He

is in danger of being worse if contradicted." "Am I likely to meet him?" "Yes. He is often here. His other fixed idea is that he loves Unorna to distraction. He has been dangerously ill during the last few weeks, but he is better now, and he may appear at any moment. Humor him a little if he wearies you with his stories. That is all I ask. Both Unorna and I are interested

in the case. "And does not Unorna care for him at all?" inquired the other indifferently.
"No, indeed. On the contrary, she is annoved at his insistance, but sees that it is a phase of insanity and hopes to cure it before "I see. What is he like. I suppose he

is an Israelite?"

"From Moravia—yes. The wreck of a handsome boy," said Keyork, carelessly.
"This insanity is an enemy of good looks.
The nerves give way—then the vitality—the complexion goes—men of five and twenty years look old under it. But you will see for yourself before long. Goodby. I will go in and see what is the matter with He entered the house by a small side door

and ascended by a winding staircase directly to the room from which an hour or two earlier, he had carried the still unconscious Israel Kafka. Everything was as he had left it, and he was glad to be certified that Unorna had not disturbed the aged sleeper in his absence. Instead of going to her at once he busied himself in making a few observations and in putting in order certain of his instruments and appliances. Then at last he went and found Unorna. She was walking up and down among the plants and he saw at a giance that something had hap-pened. Indeed, the few words spoken by the Wanderer had suggested to him the possibility of a crisis, and he had purposely lingered in the inner apartment to give her time to recover her self-possession. She started slightly when he entered, and her brows contracted, but she immediately guessed from his expression that he was not

"I have just rectified a mistake which might have had rather serious conse-quences," he said, stopping before her and speaking earnestly and quietly. 'A mistake?'

"We remembered everything, except tha our wandering friend and Kafka were very likely to meet, and that Kafka would in all bability refer to his delightful journey

the South in my company."
"That is true!" exclaimed Unorna with an anxious glauce. "Well, what have you "I met the Wanderer infthe street. Wha

could I do? I told him that Israel Karka was a little mad, and that his harmless delusions referred to a journey he was supposed to have made with me, and to up equally imaginary passion which he fancies he feels "That was wise," said Unorns, still pale.

"How came we to be so imprudent! One word and he might have suspected-"He could not have suspected all," answered Keyork. "No man could suspect

"Nevertheless-I suppose what we have done is not exactly-justifiable."
"Bardly. It is true that criminal law has not yet adjusted itself to meet question of suggestion and psychic influence—but i draws the line, most certainly, somewhere between these questions and the extremity to which we have gone. Happily the law is at an immeasurable distance from science and here, as usual in such experiments, no one could prove anything, owing to the complete unconsciousness of the principal wit

"I do not like to think that we have bee near to such trouble," said Unorna.
"Nor 1. It was fortunate I met the Wan

derer when I did." "And the other? Did he wake as I or dered him to do? Is all right? Is there no danger of his suspecting anything?"

It seemed as though Unorna had momentarily forgotten that such a contingency might be possible, and her anxiety returned with the recollection. Keyork's roiling laughter reverberated among the plants and

nghter reverberated among the phoes. Hed the whole wide hall with echoes. "Your witcheraft is above criticism. Nothing of the kind that you have ever undertaken has "Except against you," said Unorna,

thoughtfully "Except against me, of course. How could you ever expect anything of the kind to suc-ceed against me, my dear lady?" "And why not? After all, in spite of our

jesting, you are not a supernatural being."
That depends entirely on the interpreta tion you give the word supernatural. But my dear friend and colleague, let us not deceive each other, though we are able between us to deceive other people into believing al-most anything. There is nothing in all this witcheraft of yours but a very powerful moral influence at work-I mean, apart from the mere faculty of clairvoyance which is possessed by hundreds of common somnambulists, and which, in you, is a mere accident. The rest, this hypnotism, this suggestion, this direction of others' wills, is a moral affair, a matter of direct impression produced by words. Mental suggestion may in rare cases succeed, when the person to be influenced is himself a natural clairvoyant. But these cases are not worth taking into consideration. Your influence is a direct one, chiefly exercised by means of your words and through the impression of power which you know how to convey in them. It is marvelous, I admit, But the very definition puts me beyond you power."

"Why?" "Because there is not a buman being alive, and I do not believe that a human being ever lived, who had the sense of inde-pendent individuality which I have. Let a man have the very smallest doubt con-cerning his own independence—let that doubt be ever so transitory and produced by any accident whatsoever-and he is at you

"And you are sure that no accident could shake your faith in yoursel!—"
[To be continued next Sunday.]

## NTO LEDIED IN GUUI

Howard Fielding Animadverts of the Personal Identification of Innocent Men.

STRANGE GIFTS OF WITNESSES

Clever Detective Work and Brilliant Swearing in a Bad Case of Bibulous Burglary.

TRAMP WHO FARED VERY BADLY

Positively Identified as the Man Who Stels Potatos That Never Were Stolen.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.! I should not think it worth while to tell o simple a story as the one which I now propose to grind out, if it did not give me n opportunity to speak instructively about two or three subjects on which I have long een a crank. The most important of these is personal identification as it is practiced in courts

Oh I have seen so much of it! Only last reek Policeman Schlob swore positively that the man seen entering the side door of Reinangel's saloon on Sunday afternoon was Reinangel's brother-in-law. He knew him because they had been friends from boyhood. It was shown by other evidence, however, that the man in question was feet 2 in his stockings and weighed 115 pounds, while Reinangel's brother-in-law was 5 feet 3, and so fat that he couldn't have been forced through the door by a hydraulic press. But the license was not revoked.

What a Woman Can Do. Then I remember seeing a woman pos tively identify the thief who stole half bushel of potatoes out of the back cellar of her house in the middle of the night. She



ecognized him by the color of his eyes. Cross examination failed to shake her certainty but it developed some interesting

It appeared that the husband of the wit ness, Mr. John Flukes, came home from the bery, and after unlooking the door with hi watch key, he paused in the hall a moment trying to decide whether the front stairs led up or down. It was quite essential to solve his problem in order that he might get up to bed without creating unnecessary dis-He removed his plug bat so that his foot-

steps might not awake his wife, and then took hold of the stairs to steady them. They kept still long enough for him to become convinced that they led up, in a general way, and as that was the direction in which he wanted to go, he ascended half a dozen steps. Here he sat down to reflect. He was aware of a slight noise, but the house was turning over and over so fast that he could not fell whether it came from the cellar or the attic. He bestowed so much attention upon listening that he forgot to hold on to the stairs, and, as a result, he fell to the bottom with a resounding crash.

Created Several Vigorous Alarms

This frightful rumpus in the still watche of the night awoke Mrs. Flukes, who yelled "burglars" in a voice like fifty wounded elephants. Flukes, not desiring to contradiet his wife at a time when he felt himself to be somewhat at a disadvantage, also yelled "burglars!" whereupon Mrs. Flukes buried her head under the bedelothes, while a male servant, whose room was in the gar-ret, fired a double barreled shotgun through the roof, and locked himself into a closet. I do not pretend to know how the house hold straightened itself out, but nothing was done until morning, when a search of the premises revealed the fact that nothing

was missing but the half bushel of potatoes. With this clue to work on, the police soon arrested a tramp who was heard to say that e hadn't esten anything except one potate "Clever detective work, too," said the officer who made the arrest, to the reporters

at headquarters. Then he winked mysteriously and remarked that he expected to have a big story for the boys in a day or two.

Hard Lines for the Tramp. At the Central station Mr. Flukes unbesitatingly picked the suspected man out of a policemen who were all noticeably overfed, while the tramp-well, to judge by his emaciation, the potato to which he



had referred must have been a very small one. This identification left no doubt in the mind of anybody but the tramp, who began to wonder whether he might not be guilty after all. However, to make assurance doubly sure, the servant, Laggs, was sent for by the police in the course of the

He was loaded for an identification. He had heard Mr. Fluxes at lunch time describe appearance of the man with whom he had struggled in the dead of night in defense of their home. The villainous physiognomy pictured by Mr. Flukes made such a deep impression on the mind of Laggs that when he arrived at the station he promptly identified Ward Detective "Plug" Swagly as the criminal. The aileged feelings of Mr. Swagly were so much hurt by this mistake that he offered to prove that Laggs had committed burglary, highway robbery or treason in March, 1884, or on any other date that was convenient to the authorities.

Frightened Laggs Into Disappearance. All that Mr. Swagly asked was an hour and a half to collect his witnesses. This liberal offer was refused, but it frightened Laggs so badly that he couldn't be tound or the day when the tramp came up for pre-liminary examination. I am inclined to think that his alarm was nunecessary, and that the ward detective had over-estimated his powers; because a week later, when Laggs was clubbed half to death in an alley near the Flukes residence, Swagly was wholly unable to discover the perpetrator o THE SILENT BEAUTY But where Laggs failed, Mrs. Flukes was

But where Lagge failed, Mrs. Flukes was strong. At the preliminary examination she did not hesitate for an instant. His Honor saked her to fix her eyes on the prisoner, and she did so, with a severity that should have been good for a commutation of his sentence on the ground that he had been punished enough already. She was going on to tell how she happened to buy the bushel of potatoes, half of which were stolen, when the justice interposed, and said: and Incense to the Home.

PRUNING THE SHRUBS AND TREES.

HOW TO BUY AND PLANT SEEDS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The time for pruning deciduous shrubs is not decided upon by all horticulturists, and no general rule can be laid down that will apply in all cases. Shrubs and trees are pruned for different purposes, and no one would gainsay the statement that the tree or shrub pruned for ornamental purposes on the lawn requires different treatment from the tree that is pruned to induce a more abundant yield of fruit. In the same way shrubs are sometimes pruned to increase the yield of flowers, and again to make the general form more graceful and symmetrical.

That very few really understand the art of pruning properly, and for a purpose, is evinced by the ungraceful outlines of many of our shrubs and the poor showing of flowers and fruit. The practice of cutting off all the limbs of trees, leaving only ungainly looking forks and posts, which professional tree butchers do in many private and public grounds, and of shearing off the shrubs of a order to a uniform height the same as they would treat a hedge, making absolute evenness all around, is certainly to be deplored and deprecated. If they are flowering shrubs the very branches which are to bear the most perfect flowers as a rule suffer de-struction. Shrubs shoulds never be pruned o much as to impair their vigor, and they should never be pruned in such a way as to destroy the natural outlines of their beauty.

hypnotized him so that he gave the wrong kind of medicine or no medicine at all. My It is distorting nature, and not improving upon it, to prune a shrub into such odd and informant said that this baleful influence curious shapes that no one would know to what order it belonged. The object of prundown under it, and finally expired. The lady talking with me had coming is to cut out the weak shoots in order to give more vigor to the strong ones, and to cut back cautiously so as to develop the best murder, and, as a result, the woman who had siain her husband had, in a revengeful spirit, cast the same spell upon her, my informant. To escage these influences she had form. Shrubs should never be cut back to bare poles, for they will never again assume that flowing grace of outline which consti-tutes their chief charm.

question. Swagly, who made the arrest, was inflicted upon the tramp, and he was held in the sum of \$1,000. None of his triends came forward to give this bail, partly because he had no friends, and further, because if he had had any, they would not probably, have had so much money as that. He went to jail. I am happy to say, however, that before the trial Mrs. Flukes discovered that there

very early spring. Now is a good time to do the work before

week. The foregoing isn't the story I intended to tell when I began, but once get me started on the subject of personal identification, and I never know when to stop. I could tel half a dozen more stories without getting anywhere near the one I had in mind at first. They would all go to show that when a lot of people stand up in court, and tell how they recognize a man whom they never saw but once in their lives, and then when he was back to them, and half a mile away when they swear that they know him cause he has lost a back tooth, and has a scar on the sole of his foot-they are simply lying, in a way to make their moral char acters as unclean as the cover of the police court Bible, on which they take the oath.

how I was pursued by a mysterious negro, said to be seven feet high, but perhaps I can HOWARD FIELDING.

SECRETS OF A COSTUMER. Some Points From Szwirschins, the Great est Man in His Line,

However, let that pass. I started to tell

Detroit News, ] Prof. H. Szwirschina, of Detroit, is the most extensive costumer of America. He says: "I rented out 55 Santa Claus suits on Christmas Eve last for Sunday school entertainments. The two best days in the year in our business are Mardi Gras Tuesday and the Monday preceding. I have about 3,000 costumes in use at New Orleans. Our best customers, however, are the amateur minstrel companies. They do not care for expensr and take the best we have. We furnished 1,000 costumes for the 'Fall of Babylon,' recently produced in Cincinnati, and made them up on short notice, too, keeping 32 of our girls working night and day on them. But a more expeditious piece of work was for the Shakesperean pantomimes, for which we made 250 complete new costumes in ten days, the material used being heavy, clumsy and hard to handle. We are now making 250 costumes for the Robinson circus, some of them being very expen-

sive, the goods alone costing \$6 50 per yard."
"What costumes bring the highest rent-"Historical. They are the most expensive to make and we charge from \$5 to \$10 each per night for them. For ladies' costumes we charge even more. Then we charge users for all damage and never let a beard of wig go without first demanding full seenrity, as customers are not so apt to take as We used to import all our wigs and beards from Germany, but now there is a factory at Findlay, O., which turns out even better goods at a much less cost It is generally supposed that because most of the masks used in America are made in Germany that Germans are the greatest users, but such is really not the case. The Americans are the greatest mask users on the globe, and they usually rent the most expensive ones, while the Germans content themselves with the theapest they can get.
"And now I will tell you something which

may appear strange, but it shows the popular appreciation of two well known historical personages, Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. It is a fact that we rent more than double the number of the latter costumes than the former, which I consider a beautiful tribute paid by American society adies to the unfortunate Princess."

GETTING MOONSTRUCK.

In Australia a Sieeper's Face Will Always
Turn to the Pretty Orb.

Conversing lately with a friend who had pent some years in Australia, he remarked that certain headaches from which he had suffered were due to his having been "moonstruck" while sleeping out at night in the bush, says Dr. Wilson in Illustrated News of the World. He further added that it was is belief that no matter in what position one went to sleep under such circumstances

on awaking, the face of the sleeper wa turned toward the moon. By the way, I have heard it also argued that meat exposed to the rays of the moon, or fish so exposed, acquired poisonous properties. This is, perchance, a belief which owes its origin to the general opinion of the moon's baneful action on life at large.

That Brings Freshness to the Lawn

Vines and Flowers for Decoration, Both Out-

door and Indoor.

The time for pruning shrubs depends largely upon the kind of shrubs and the purposes for which they are pruned. Shrubs that bloom in the fall on wood grown the same year, such as the aithaes, the great paniclod hydranges, and some species of tamarisk probably need a hard cutting back between late autumn and early spring so as to encourage a strong growth of flower-ing wood for the next autumn. On he other hand shrubs that bloom early in the year on wood of the previous year should be pruned immediately after the blooming season, and not in autumn or spring. Another class of shrubs are those which bloom late in the season on the wood of the present year, and the best time to prune these is between late autumn and

the sap begins to awaken them in the spring. Shrubs that do not flower, or whose flowers are not their chief mark of beauty, should always be pruned cautiously and sparingly, for the charm of such plants is found in their winter garb of delicately tinted leaves, often combining the colors of the rainbow in a beautiful way. Such a mass of shrub-bery is far more beautiful than bare poles f shrubs cut back ungracefully. C. S. WALTERS.

FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES. ines and Plants Suitable for Outside Incide the Home. CWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.

The art of outdoor decoration of our farmhouses and suburban homes is one that can be greatly improved upon in this country. One may ride for mile through the country without seeing a comfortable home gracefully and carefully shaded and fringed by some beautiful and well chosen vines. The neglect is more apparent when the number of desirable plants and vines for this purpose is noted. Our country and even city homes could be made much more graceful by festooning them with the Virginia creeper, which with its thriftness and crowning excellence of rich autumn color, make it a most desirable plant. The ground nut is a twining perennial that is ornamental throughout the season, but late in the autumn when the flowers of other plants and climbers have died it reaches the beight of its beauty with its beautiful flowers. It has the odor of violets, and the blossoms are of a chocolate hue. It will sometimes

grow 16 or 20 feet up a tree, or alongside of Another desirable vine for outdoor decoration is the moonseed, which has beautiful twining stems and abundant foliage. The marmed smilax should not be neglected for this purpose, and the beautiful Virgin's bower, one of the most graceful Northern clematises, should be rescued from the woods and highways to ornament the sides and trees of our homes. In deep rich soil it

transforms an object by its leaves. But indoor decorative plants are just as essential at this time of the year as those grown out of doors. Plant decoration is coming more fashionable every year, and with improved methods of cultivation the price of flowers is falling so that at nearly every reception of any note plants and salms are features of the rooms. If one has a conservatory attached to the house, or a small bay-window devoted to the cultivation of flowers, all such plants can be grown at home, and if many entertainments are given during the winter quite an item of expense will be saved, besides having the pleasure of enjoying the fragrance and beauty of the plants all through the winter

There are three of these useful plants which are especially useful for decorative purposes, owing to their beauty, and hardiess in standing heat and dust. The aspidistra elatior is a plant that is well known, and very old, in spite of its long name. It is easily cultivated when potted in good loam, and given plenty of water and a tem-perature of 50° or 60°. In the summer time needs partial shading, but in the winter it makes a good plant for decorating dark halls in the dwelling house. They are propagated by dividing the rhizomes at any time of the year, but generally the spring is the best time.

The variegata form of the coprosma banriana is a plant that originally came from New Zealand, and after being popularized in Europe it found its way here. It is now considered one of the best plants for indoo decoration. When the young plants are once established they are easily grown. They make beautiful plants either for cool house culture or for outdoor work in the garden. They have large, glossy green leaves, with broad marginal bands of vellov running through them.
HELEN WHARBURDON,

CLUBBING FOR SEEDS.

The Economical Way to Buy and the B Way to Plant Them. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

In ordering seeds from the florists, clubs should always be formed at this time of the year in order to save money. Very few will require a whole package of seeds, and those that are left will be wasted or given away. Many new flowers and plants will be tried, but this is very expensive. Variety is desirable, and to make a good garden this is absolutely necessary. If a club is formed, however, variety may be obtained at very little expense. It seldom pays to buy the mixed varieties of seeds in one package. As a rule they are poor seeds to begin with, and

one can never tell what are flowers and what PILATE AND HEROD one can never tell what are flowers and what are weeds when they come up.

Many of the seeds are very sensitive about germinating and the very fines. Independent mixed soil should be given to them. The best preparation of the soil for all delicate flower seeds is to make successive layers of coarse and fipe soil and sand. Take a deep pot or box, and fill it three inches up with broken crockery, or very coarse sand; then add two or three inches of coarse soil, making it finer gradually as you get up toward.

know, require constant moisture during the

germinating period, and such a pet filled with soil in layers can be kept moist by set-

ting it in a tasin of warm water. Let the water come up to the top of the layer of broken crockery, and then the moisture will

gradually be absorbed by the coarse soil. If the top is covered with a pane of glass

the moisture will soon collect on it, and re-tain it for some time. This is the ideal way

of raising flowers from seeds indoors.

ELLA SPARE.

A VICTIM OF HYNOTISM.

She Brings Her Fancied Trouble to Tal-

mage, and Gets Good Advice.

A few months ago a lady called at my

business, said Dr. Talmage in a recent lect-

ure. She appeared refined, intelligent and

pleasing. There was nothing in her appear-

ance to indicate anything unusual. She

began by saying that she was from Indian-

apolis, Ind., that she had come to secure my

interference in her behalf. She said her

to decime the taking of food. A physician

ip her behalf and have her wrongs and tho

of her deceased uncle ventilated in the

courts of law. Although the recital of the incident may to you, who did not confront

the case, seem bordering on the facetious, to

me the conversation was a fearful tragedy.

I could see no sign in her face of mental aberration. There was nothing like an en-

largement of the pupil of the eye that gen-

erally indicates intellectual shipwreck. After she had done speaking, I said:

"Madam, I am very sorry for you, but why do you not try to have your wrongs

righted in Indianapolis, where there are as skillful lawyers and as good judges of court

had been called in, and the wife had also

As They Sat in Judgment on the Reviled King of the Jews.

Remorse of Judas and the Tragedy of the

CASTING AWAY THE BLOOD-MONEY

It is the early morning of Good Friday. Out of the house of the High Priest they lead Jesus to take Him to the palace of the Governor. The chiefs of the Jews are in the company. These are the religious leaders of that day-none more zealous for the Church than they. None more exacting in observance of her ritual than these blind guides. God is manifested in the flesh, and they who are accounted the men of God reject Him, "Hecameunto Hisown and Hisown received

So they came to the palace of Pilate, the Governor. Pilate's consent must be had before Christ can be put to death. The crowd stands before Pilate's palace. It is a house and desired to see me on important heathen's house, and they will not set foot within it, because this is a holy season. So

careful are they about the infinitely little, so blind to the infinitely great!

It is in the gray dusk of the early morning. The street before the door is thronged with priests and elders. Jesus is led within. into the hall of judgment. Pilate comes uncle had died in Indianapolis. He had been slain through a spell put upon him by his wife. The uncle had suffered from a long and distressing disease. His wife had, will weigh with Phlate, Blasphemy, if they through hypnotic influence, compelled him affirm that, will count for nothing with him., "If He were not a malefactor," they cry

The Charge of Sedition. Then the telling accusation comes into their minds. They charge Him with sedi-tion. "We found this fellow perverting the was continued until the Invalid went nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying that He Himself is Christ, a

Jesus is called before hinf. "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" asks Pilate, half in scorn and half in awe, looking into the face

there, and I have come all this distance confident that you would help me out from this awful influence which haunts me day and

him to life. There is only one person that you have to look after and that is yourself. I do not say that the people of Indianapolis are right when they declare you insane. Now go straight home and seek out a good and quiet your brain. There is no spell upon you. You are under a dreadful hallucination. If you will accept a doctor I will get one, but not a lawyer. Go right home! With the close of that conversation ended my acquaintance with the case until the newspapers informed us a few days ago that that unfortunate lady had been arrested in

her and she sent to the insane asylum. THE TREE OF LIFE

Strange Ideas Regarding it Among Ancier Peoples. Here is an illustration of a tree of life from Pall Mall Budget: The ancients in the different parts of the world had each a story about this tree, which represented to them either the whole world or human life. Of course, you know the story of the "tree of life" in the Garden of Eden. That is one of the sacred trees; but the peoples who knew nothing about the Bible story had all legends about similar trees. The Greeks. the Romans, the Indians, the Assyrians



The Tree of Life.

told about this tree said that its roots were in a deep abyss below the world. Serpents and monsters were forever gnawing at the roots, trying to destroy the tree. The branches are the sky, the leaves, the clouds, and the buds and truits the stars. An eagle, who represents the air, perches on the top branch; a squirrel, signifying hail and storms, runs un and down the stem; and in countain in the warm South swim two wans, one of which is the sun and the other the moon. The Mahommedans have a tree of life which is so large that a man ould only travel round it in 500 years, and t would take him 100 years to ride round t on a switt horse.

A Political Nomination in Church Detroit Journal, 1

Some Genesee friends of Justice Champlin tell a good story at the expense of Judge Newton that seems a little too realistie to be true. They say that a certain preacher, and they don't give his name, was in the midst of an impassioned harangue, when he stopped a minute and with explosive force asked, "Who shall be able to stand in that great and swiul day?" A porishioner, who was a warm friend of Judge Newton, had been sleeping up to this time, but hearing the question, jumped to his feet and shouted, "I nominate Judge Newton, of Flint, for that position."

Overcoat and trouser material, of the best quality at Anderson's, 700 Smithfield street. Cutting and fitting the very best. su

DEMANDS OF THE ANGRY RABBLE. and two or three inches of coarse soil, making it finer gradually as you get up toward the top. The two inches of top soil should be as fine as it can be made; in fact, it should be sifted through a flour sieve. The finest flower seeds in such soil will often germinate if they are simply sown on top without being covered. The seeds, as all know require constant moisture during the

Valley of Hinnom.

Him not"

out, gaining a little time, "we would not have delivered Him unto thee."

plained of the treatment of her uncle, and had pronounced it a case of Pilate returns into the judgment hall.

of this strange criminal. "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" And Jesus answers, gone clear out into Oregon, but distance had no relaxing effect and she could endure this malign pursuit no longer and had come to make making pursuit no longer and had come to a truth over which he rules. Everyone that is of the truth heareth His voice, And Pilate goes out, pondering this strange answer, saying to himself again with that intermingling of scorn and wonder: "What is truth?" Pilate goes out and gives his verdiet to the waiting crowd. This man is in-nocent. "I find no fault in Him at all."

At once goes up a great disorderly cry. The crowd is in an instant passion, execration, epithets, shouts of accusation, all sorts of fierce speech, and threats, and lies, and slanders, and words of hatred are hurled at the silent and guiltless prisoner. Among the riot Pilate hears the name of Galilee. He asks if the man is a Galilean. And when they tell him that He is, at once there occurs to Pilate a way of escape out of responsibility. Hered is in town. And Herod is the ruler of Galilee. Christ belongs to Herod's jurisdiction. He must

as we have in Brooklyn?

"Oh," she replied, "they say in Indianapolis that I am not responsible, that I am insane, and I could get no justice done me be taken to Herod. Herod Demands a Miracle Away moves the procession through the quiet streets. It is still the early morning. Herod is in his palance. Herod has heard of Home She said: "I think I will."

Then I said: "My advice is for you take the first train for home. Your uncle is dead. No amount of fuss in the courts will restore him to life. There is only one person that Away moves the procession through the Christ returns no answer. Outside stand the chief priests and the scribes and vehemently accuse Him, but not a word breaks that determined silence. Again, Christ is derided. The scenes of the house of Caiafamily physician who will give you some phas are repeated. "Herod, with his menof-war, set Him at naught, and marked Hi

and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate." Christ has not spoken once. "He was on pressed and He was afflicted, yet opened He not His mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." What a significant silencel To Indianapolis, deadly weapons taken from Pilate He will speak, but not to Herod. To Pilate, who has a little gleam of justice in him, a little purpose to do right, weak, easily persuaded, yet with fair impulses, with a possibility of good in him, to Pilate Christ will speak. But for Herod, foolish, curious, sneering, He has no word. To him

Christ has only stern and most significant silence. So they go back again. And What of Traitor Judas? Where is John? Where is Peter? Where are the others? Have they hidden themselves? Have they sought some upper room and set the barrier of barred doors and win dows, as they did a little later, against the hostile world? Or do they follow afar off? We know not. We know where one of the apostles is, and what he is doing as this pro-

ession passes, but all the rest are out of The end is near at hand for Judas. Christ is condemned; somewhere from afar off Judas has seen that they strike Him, and mock Him, and spit upon Him, and He mock Him, and spit upon Him, and He utters no word. He puts forth no effort of power. He is in the hands of His enemies. It has all come to pass as He predicted, and the cross is the next step in the way. Judas, watching, sees that. Whatever dreams he may have had that the Messiah would at last in His extremity declare Himself, are gone now. The fatal deed is done. Judas has betrayed his Master, even to the death of the cross.

of the cross. A fearful revulsion of feeling comes over him. Sin looks so different on its two sides— so revolting, so shameful when we look back upon it! Judas, at last, opens his eyes and sees. What can he do? Here is the bloodmoney; the price and symbol of his treachery. He cannot keep it; he will appeal to the men who gave it. He hurries into the temple, and a great and bitter cry breaks from

Remorse of the Betrayer. "I have sinned," he cries, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." But he gets no sympathy, and finds no pity. They give him not so much as a hearing. "What is that to us?" they say. "See the to that!" Who can help but pity him! He is reaping what he has sown, as we all do, but what a dreadful harvest! The but what a dreadful harvest! The man is friendless upon the earth. There is but one among all men who might speak a word of kindness to him, and to that one Judas dares not go. Christ passes down the street, led by the priests and the servants, clothed in the garment of mock-ery, thronged by the blasphemy rabble of enemies and idlers. But Judas does not dare to look at Christ. Down he flings the money at the feet of the chief priests, and as it rolls ringing over the temple pavement,

he tafns away. What shall he do with him-self? Where shall he go?

Away he burries beyond the city wall, out of the sight of men's hateful faces. Down he rushes into "the horrible solitude of the valley of Hinnom," a place accursed. They burned the refuse of the city there, and the tainted smoke rose up above it al wavs.

Tragedy of the Potter's Field, Across the valley goes the traitor. Up he climbs along the steep side of the opposite hill. Behind him is the city, beneath his feet the mire and clay and projecting rock of that barren hillside. It is the potter's field,

Here is a dead tree, gnarled and twisted.

Fiere is a girdle about the traitor's watst. The 30 pieces of silver were hidden in it but an hour ago.
Judas knows now what he will do. With that long, accursed girdle he will hang him-self. The tree shall be the gallows. So down he falls, with the sky black above him and hope dead within him. The girdle slips. The sharp rocks receive him. The life of the traitor goes out in pain and deep darkness. And he goes to "his own place.