tions in a second of time. Then the ready excuse flashed upon herthe pretext which the heart will always find when it must have its way. Was it not possible, after all, that he was beginning to love her even now? Might not that outburst of friendship which had surprised her and wounded her so deeply be the herald of a stronger passion? She looked up quickly and met his vacant stare. "Do you love me?" she asked, almost be-

fore she knew what she was going to say. mere tonciess monosyllable breathed upon the murky air. But it stabbed her like the thrust of a jagged kuite. A long silence followed, and Unorna leaned against the creat slab of carved sandstone.

Even to her there was something awful in his powerless, motionless presence. The noble face, pale and set, as under a mask, the thoughtful brow, the dominating jeatures were not those of a man born to be a plaything to the will of a woman. The commanding figure towered in the grim surroundings like a dark statue, erect, unmoving, and in no way weak. And yet she knew that she had but to speak and the figure would move, the lips would form words, the voice would reach her ear. He would raise this hand or that, step forward or backward, at her command, affirm what she bid him offirm, and deay whatever she chose to hear denied. For a moment she wished that he had been as Keyork Arabian, stronger than she; then, with the half-concious comparison, the passion for the man himself surged up and drowned every other thought. She almost forgot that for the time he was not to be counted among the living. She went to him, and clasped her hands upon his shuilder, and looked up into his scarce-seeing eyes. "You must love me," she snid; "you must love me, because I love you so. Will you

not love me, dear? I have waited so long for you.

The soft words vibrated in his alcoping ear, but drew forth neither acknowledgment nor response. Like a marble statue he stood still, and she leaned upon his shoul-

"Do you not hear me."" she cried in a by you not need to a "Do you not under-stand me? Why is it that your love is so hard to win" Look at me? Might not any man be proud to love me? Am I not beau-tiful enough for you? And yet I know that I am fair. Or are you ashamed because people call me a witch? Why, then, I will people call me a wirel." Why then, I will never be one again, for your sake! What do I care for it all? Can it be anything to me— can anything have worth that stands be-tween me and you? An, love-be not so 

was as calm as a sculptured stone.

No. 1 do not despise you." Something er tone had pierced through his stupor. ad had found an answer. She started at he sound of his voice. It was as though he had been awake and had known the weight of what she had been saying, and her anger

rose at the cold reply. "No-you do not despise me, and you never shall" she exclaimed, passionately. "hou shall love me, as I love yon-1 will it, with all my live. We are created to be all one to theother, and you shall not break hrough the destiny of love. Love me, as I love you-love me with all your heart, we me with all your mind, love me with all your soul, love me as man never loved woman since the world began! I will it, I command it-it shall be as I sav-you dare sobey me-you cannot if you would She paused, but this time no answer came. was not even a contraction of the

mouv features. Do you hear all 1 say?" she asked. 1 hear.

"Then understand and answer me," she

1 do not understand. I cannot answer. You must. You shall. I will have it so. You cannot resist my will, and I will it with all my might. You have no will-you are mine, your body, your soul and your monghis, and you must love me with them all until you die-until you die," she repeated tirreely

Again he was silent. She felt that she had no hold upon his neart or mind, seeing that he was not even disturbed by her repeated efforts. "Are you a stone, that you do not know

yours, wake from the dream to life itselfwake, not knowing that you 'have slept, knowing only that you love me now and

dways-wake, love, wake!" She waved her delicate hand before his always. eyes and still resting the other upon his shoulder, watching the returning brightness in the dark pupils that had been glazed and fixed a moment before. And as she looked her own beauty grew radiant in the splendor of a joy even greater than she had dreamed of. As it had seemed to him when he had lost himself in her gaze, so now she also fancied that the grim, gray wilderness was full of a soft, rosy light. The place of the dead was become the palace of life; the "No." The answer came in the far-off voice that told of his unconsciousness, a great solitude was peopled as the whole world could never be for her: the crumbling gravestones were turned to polished pillars in the temple of an immortal love and the ghostly, leafless trees blossomed with the undying flowers of the earthly paradise.

she looked, it came gradual, in that it passed through every degree, but sudden also, as the fall of a fair and mighty building, which, being undermined in its foundation, passes in one short minute through the change from perfect completeness to hopeless and utter ruin.

passionless voice. "What were you going to ask me, Unorma?" It was gone. The terribly earnest appeal had been iz vain. Not a trace of that short

Between Two Tall Stones Stood a Man.

brain. leaned against the great slab of marble be-hird her and covered her eyes. The dark-no s of night descended upon her and with

'120 you despise me for loving you?" she d again with a sudden flush.

turned, more quickly than she. Between two tall gravestones, not a dozen paces away, despair.

The Wanderer looked from Unorna to Kafka with profound surprise. He had never seen the man, and had no means of knowing who he was; still lest of guessing what had brought him to the lonely place, or why he had broken into a laugh, of which the harsh wild tones still echoed

through the wide cemetery. Totally uncon-scious of all that had happened to himsel during the preceding quarter of an hour, the Wanderer was deprived of the key to the

situation. He only understood that the stranger was for some reason or other deeply incensed against Unorna, and he realized that the intruder had, on the moment of his appearance, no control over himself. Israel Kafka remained where he stood, be-

tween the two tall stones, one hand resting on each, his body inclined a little forward, his dark, sunken eyes, bloodshot and full of a turbid, angry brightness, bent intently upon Unorna's face. He looked as though he were about to move suddenly forward, but it was impossible to foresee that he

ed one hand upon the slab, and faced her. As when many different forces act together at one point, producing after the first shock a resultant little expected, so the many pas-sions that were at work in his face finally

sions that were at work in the twisted his lips into a smile. "Yes," he said, in a low tone, which did "Yes," he said, in a low tone, "Leave me not express submission. "Leave me to her! Leave me to the Witch and to her mercy. It will be the end this time. She is drunk with her love of you and mad with her liatred of me." Unorna grew suddenly pale, and would have again sprung forward. But the Wanderer stopped her and held her arm. At the same time he looked into Kafka's eyes and

raised one hand as though in warning. "Be silent!" he exclaimed. "And if I speak, what then?" asked the Moravian with his evil smile. "I will silence you," answered the Wan-dercr, coldly. "Your madness excuses you, perhaps, but it does not justify me in allow-

humor.

One moment only, and then all was gone. The change came, sure, swift and cruel. As ing you to insult a woman." Kafka's anger took a new direction. Even madmen are often calmed by the quiet opposition of a strong and self-possessed man. And Kafka was not mad. He was no coward, either, but the subtlety of his race was in him. As oil dropped by the board in a wild tempest does not calm the waves, but

All the radiance, all the light, all the glory were gone in an instant. Her own supremely loving look had not vanished, her lips still parted sweetly, as if forming the word that was to answer his, and the calm, indifferent face of the waking man was

already before her. "What is it?" he asked in his kind and

have been somewhat rude, yet may I be for-given for the sake of what I have suffered. For I have suffered much." Seeing that he was taking a more court-cous tone, the Wanderer folded his arms and



With a smothered ery of agony Unorna

it the fire of a burning shame. Then a loud and cruel laugh rang through the chilly air, such a langh as the devils in

hell bestow upon the shame of a proud soul that knows its own infinite bitterness. Unorna started and uncovered her eyes; her suffering changed in a single instant to ungovernable and destroying anger. She passion. made a step forward and then stopped short, breathing hard. The Wanderer, too, had

stood a man with haggard face and eves on fire, his keen, worn features contorted by a smile in which unspeakable satisfaction struggled for expression with a profound

The man was Israel Kafka.

learned and you will learn before you die." He looked at the Wanderer as he spoke. His hollow eves seemed calm enough and in his dejected attitude and subdued tone there was nothing that gave warning of a coming storm. The Wanderer listened, half inter-ested and yet half annoyed by his persist-

Unorna herself was silent still [ To be continued next week .] ence.

fore.

PARDONED THE WRONG MAN. A Curlous Blunder Committed by a Michi

gan Governo . Detroit News, ]

Bob McKinney tells this story about ex-Governor Begole and himsel. When he was in Jackson prison a strong and .numerously signed petition fo his pardon was presented to Uncle Josiah who was then Governor. One day the Governor called at the prison and in a long talk with him gave

FINE OLD FAMILY

THE

The Original American Rockefellers Were German Brothers.

MANY MEMBERS WERE FAMOUS.

Descendant of the Pennsylvania Branch Died in Pittsburg.

STORIES OF THE STANDARD OIL KING

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH .!

The Standard oil king, John D. Rockefeller may feel proud of his ancestry. As genealogies run in this country the Rockefellers are an old family. The original Rockefellers were four brothers, who came from the Rhine provinces about the middle of the last century and settled in New Jersey. They formed quite a settlement in the vicinity of Plainfield, but toward the momentarily prevents their angry crests from breaking, so the Israelite's quick tact close of the eighteenth century they began to separate. One branch of sons and grandveiled the rough face of his dangerous sons went to New England. Another weat to New York State, while the third came to "I insult no one," he said, almost deferen-Pennsylvania. John D. Rockefeller and tially. "Least of all her whom I have wor-shiped long and lost at last. You accuse me his brothers come of the New England unjustly of that, and though my speech may branch. Very little is known of the New York Rockefellers. As for those who remained in New Jersey, they grew and multiplied. One great-grandson of one of the four brothers is still living at Plainfield, N. J., at an advanced age.

left Unorna tree to move, awaiting her com-The leader in the Pennsylvania migration mands, or the further development of events. He saw in her face that her anger was not was Godfried Rockefeller, who, with his subsiding, and he wondered less at it after brothers and sisters, traveled by wagon to bearing Kafka's insulting speech. It was a pity, he thought, that any one should take Northumberland county and located in the vicinity of Shamekin. Coal in abundance so seriously a maniac's words, but he was nevertheless resolved that they should not was found in great quantities under the old Rockefeller homestead, but Godfried died in be repeated. After all, it would be an easy matter, if the man again overstepped the 1818 in ignorance of the black buried treasures. bounds of goutle speech to take him bodily

Eastern Pennsylvania Members

away from Unorna's presence. "And are you going to charm our ears with the story of your sufferings?" Unorna asked, in a tone so cruel that the Wanderer Scores of Rocketellers are now living in the eastern part of Pennsylvania whose lineage can be traced back to the original brothers of the line provinces. A enrious expected a quick outburst, of anger from Kafka, in reply. But he was disappointed in this. The smile still lingered on the thing is the mutation which the family name has undergone; the queer ways of spelling and the pronunciation. In Phila-delphia alone half a dozon or more families Moravian's face, when he answered, and his expressive voice, no longer choking with passion, grew very soft and musical. of Rocke:ellers live, and the name is spelled in nearly as many different ways, such as Rockfellow, Rockafellow and Rockefellar. "It is not mine to charm," he said. "It s not given to me to make slaves of all living things with hand and eye and word. The male descendants of the original four figured as painters, preachers, lawyers, miners, liquor dealers, grocers, physicians, saddlers, farmers, steamboat deck hands, Such power nature does not give to all, she has given none to me. I have no speli to win Unorna's love—and if I had, I cannot say that I would take a love thus earned."

engineers, editors, contractors and capital-He paused a moment and Unorna grew paler. She started, but then did not move ists. With but lew exceptions the sturdy again. His words had power to wound her, qualities, pluck and energy of the old Rockefeller forefathers has come down to but she trembled lest the Wanderer should understand their hidden meaning, and she later generations.

John D. Rockefeller and his brother are was silent, biding her time and curbing her ot the only ones of distinction of the name A widely known member of the Pennsyl-vania family is buried at Hollidaysburg-the Rev. John Patton Rocketeller. He was a Baptist minister, and was better known as "No," continued Kafka, "I was not thus favored in my nativity. The star of love was not in the ascendant, the lord of magic charms was not trembling upon my horizon, the sun of earthly happiness was not en-throaed in my mid-heaven. How could it be? She had it all, this Unorna here, and "the boy preacher" 50 years ago. He was also a descendant, on his mother's side, of the celebrated Locawood family, which traces its history in this country back to ished upon her all there was to give. For 1632.

A Wonderful Young Preacher.

she has all, and we have nothing, as I have Rev. John P. Rockefeller entered the ministry when he was a little more than 20 years old. He carned the money at the saddlers' bench which enabled him to obtain an education. He toiled at his trade by day, and under the direction of a loving mother studied by candle light at night. His first circuit was through Westmoreland county, Pentsylvania. His meetings at the Penus-ville Baptist Church attracted the attention of an infidel, who boasted that he intended to floor that heardless preacher, for the youth and eloquence of the young minister had been heralded all through the mountains of

that region. At the close of one of the evening services the skeptic arose and, in a defiant manner, propounded several, in those days, knotty estions on the subject of baptism Th congregation was in a flutter of excitement, for these good people felt their leader was being tried in the balauce and they trembled

had wandered into the West when young. Presumably the thousands of this descendant of the Rockefeller family have been placed in the hands of the Government before this. in the hands of the Government before this. John D. Rockefeller, who ranks with the wealthiest men of the world, was born at Cleveland, O. His father was a physician, who was born in Connecticut. John D. Rockefeller's first position after leaving school was as a clerk in a commission house at a salary of \$2 a week. By pluck and hard work, combined with business shrewdness, he was enabled when only 22 years old to open a modest commission business of his own.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1891.

OWD.

The Future Oll King. Oil was the principal article in which he dealt. A few years later when the oil ex-

citement in Pennsylvania was at its height young Rockefeller visited the oil fields, and seeing at a glance their future value, in vested all he could raise in them. He ther started a refinery in Cleveland, and organ-ized a company which has since grown into what is now the Standard Oil Company. From this beginning he has achieved his

power and wealth. He has for years been an earnest member of the Baptist Church, and in a quiet way has been a generous and useful supporter of the Euclid Avenue Church in Cleveland.

The Standard Oil King.

Even now he is the superintendent of the Sunday school in Cleveland, though his residence is in New York. He is a friend to education and has always been a hountiful giver to its cause. The climax to his goodness was reached recently, when he placed \$1,000,000 in the Baptist University at Chicago. A good story is told of the President of the Standard Oil Company which shows the even temperament of the man and the absence of a revenge'ul spirit. A gentleman who is now of the New York Sun staff, and who writes charming char-acter stories over his signature, was a few years ago connected with the Standard Oil Company as one of the department chief clerks in the New York office.

A Health-Lift Episode.

The official whom he was under was a per-sonal and a very near friend of the Presisonal and a very near friend of the Presi-dent of the company. The large apartment in which the deak of this future newspaper writer was located had in one corner a "health-liff" machine. Every day at a reg-ular hour a quiet, modestly dressed gentle-man would come in, noiselessly exercise four or five minutes on the "lift" and as quietly walk out. Day after day this same quiet man with the heaven every event. quiet man with the brown eyes came and went without the least display or undue demonstration. He never spoke or even

demonstration. The never spoke the room. noticed the other occupant of the room. Finally this became distressingly monotonous to the clerk, and one day his patience becam exhausted, and as the health-lifter was leaving the room the clerk exclaimed: "I wish you'd take that darned machine out of here; it annoy. me." A look of surprise, then a nod of assent,

was the only reply. Shortly two colored men came in and carried the instrument of torture away. A lew days later a mreting of the board was held at which this selfsame clerk was to act as secretary. Imagine same clerk was to act as secretary. Imagine his feeling: on entering the boardroom to see in John D. Rockefeller the gentleman of the "health-lift" episode. The young man fairly quaked for fear of dismissal. But it never came.

The Oil King's Character.

In appearance John D. Rockefeller bears a striking resemblance to the Rockefeilers in general. All of the name or descent have what might be called strong faces, marked especially by a prominent, heavy nose. He

the juice of three lemons, a little nutmeg, a, pinch of cinnamon and sugar to taste. Put in a double boiler, over a slow fire and stir until thick, being careful not to let it SOME LENTEN MENUS. Dishes for Morning, Noon and Night Mold and set to cool. FRIED EGGS IN BATTER. That Fill Requirements

warmed platter.

nacaroni.

auce.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.

Steam until tender a bunch or two of aspara gus, cut the tops and the tender part into small

BREAD MERINGUE.

Stir into a quart of milk a pint of bread

Add a cunful of sugar, the beaten yelks of

four eggs, the grated rind of a lemon, and a piece of butter size of an egg. Bake until stiff, take from the oven, and pour

the beaten whites, with a small cupful of sugar and the juice of a lemon added.

BREAKFAST CARES. Beat four eggs until light. Add a quart of milk, a little salt and thicken rith four cupfuls of flour. Bake in gem pans in a quick oven,

VEAL AND MACARONI.

Add seasoning, a little grated lemon and a few tablespoonfuls of good stock. Simmer for a few minutes, spread on but-tered toast surrounded by hot, well seasoned

VEAL FRITTERS.

COFFEE CUSTARD.

FRENCH CUSTARD.

Sweeten a quart of new milk to taste with

oaf sugar. Flavor with peach or vanilia and put into a

Beat up the yelks, add to the boiling milk and stir until it thickens. Pour over the whites and tuft with colored jelly. ELLICE SERENA.

FAMOUS FOR TOP-SPINNING.

King Kalkasa Whose Tricks Have Set En-

gland to Talking.

King Kalkasa is just now the talk of

England in his particular line. His Majesty,

the King, appears clad in Japanese garb,

and assisted by a real Japanese attendant.

Kalkasa's tops are not anything like the

peg-top we knew in the days of our child-

don't hum. He spins them on wires, on the

edge of a sword, on the butt end of a horse-

whip, which in turn he spins on the edge of

a plate held in the mouth. He spins one top on top of another top, and sends the

two spinning down a wire into the

ood, they are more like humming tops, and

Pall Mail Budget. )

Cut cold-boiled yeal into thin slices, season ightly, dip into batter, and fry brown, Drain on napkin and serve with tomato

Mince cold yeal and a little cold-boiled ham

Brown lightly in an open over.

DOWN OF THE EIDER.

Nothing So Soft and Delicate in All

HOW THE DUCKS MAKE THE NESTS.

Systematic Robbery at the Hands of the

Natives of the North.

TEACHING YOUNG TO SWIM AND DIVE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCILL

rested upon a softer couch than that which

the mother provides for certain little duck-

lings that are born away up in the cold re-

gion near the Arctic circle. Many a future

king has first tested his voice while lying

on such stuff as the ducklings rest upon

when they first step out of their shells; but

the bed of the scion of royalty cost its

weight in gold. There is nothing else of

nature's work, and no product of man's

handieraft so soft, so delicate and so elastic

as the down that grows upon the breast of

the eider duck. It is said that one handful,

grasped from a quantity of this down, will

make a well-stuffed baby quilt five feet

square, although the weight of the down is

In building their nests the eider ducks use

lots of sengrass, twigs and whatever else is

available for the walls. This they plaster

on the inside with clay so as to make the

nest airtight. A layer of the finest grasses.

feathers and other soft materials then covers

the clay, and, last of all, the female plucks

from her own breast the delicate down with

which to finish the home for her ducklings.

This down is so valuable that the natives of

Labrador, Spitzbergen and other far north-

ern countries derive a considerable part of

their income by stealing the down from the nests of the eider duck.

Robbing the Fretty Nests,

They watch the hor e building of the

ducks and note the lay ng of the eggs from

day to day. When about the complement of eggs has been deposited these rascally

pirates pounce down and steal both eggs

and down. Then the ducks proceed to re-

pair damages. The female is now obliged

to denude her breast in order to get down

enough to line the nest. Then when more egga are laid, the pirates make their cruel visit again. The patient ducks try it once

more, but this time the drake has to supply

the down. When the pirates have for the

third time committed their robbery, the poor ducks abandon the place and disap-pear. Whether they at last comprehend the tronble, or whether the vanity of the dath.

his down, is something we have yet to learn. It must be said for the eider drake,

however, that he is a good and faithful hus-band, as nearly all drakes are in their wild

state. Instances are cited by naturalists wherein the same pair of ducks for 20 years

raised their broods in the same place. The nesting habits of nearly all the other ducks

of our country are similar to those of the

eiders. The ducklings are born in the spring, in cold regions, and when the time comes to migrate southward, the young ones

are as good flyers as the parents. The young ducks are taught to eat as soon as they leave the shell, and a little later the

mother teaches them to swim and dive.

This is the way she gives the first swimming

lesson: She orders the little ones to get on her back, as you may have seen young chickens get on the back of the old hen. Then she waddles into the water, swims out

a little way and suddenly dives, leaving the ducklings to "paddle their own cance." But

the mother doesn't go far away. She comes to the surface quickly and anxiously watches

the result of the first swimming lesson. As ducks are natural swimmers the little

quackers at once become as fond of the water

Teaching the Ducklings to Dive.

mother will dive and try to induce the youngsters to follow her. If they won't do

so that their heads go under; then, like the average boy, they are just crazy to dive when they find how easy it is. All ducks

are good divers, but when in flocks in the

water, they always prefer to escape danger by flying. But stray ducks that have been detached from flocks will generally dive in

preference to flying in order to escape the

gunners. Some of the ducks found in our rivers and lakes are such expert divers

she gets behind them and "tilrs

The diving lesson comes next. The

s a child is of candy.

drake leads him to "draw line" at the loss of half

the the

the

less than half an ounce.

No newly-born heir to a throne ever

the Realm of Nature.

Poach the eggs (not hard); set them aside to on a clean napkin. Dip the eggs in batter with a spoon, strew lightly with minoed parsley and fry until light brown in plenty of hot fat. AND DELIGHT THE EPICURES. ORANGE FRITTERS.

Peel the oranges, remove the white skin, and How to Make Sponge Cake and a Short but in slices, rejecting the seeds. Dip in batter, fry pale brown in hot fat and Talk on Cakes in General. drain on white paper. Sift with sugar.

SOME GOOD RECIPES FOR CUSTARDS

gus, cut the tops and the tender part into shart pieces. Season with salt, pepper and butter and set in the steamer until the outlet is prepared. Take eight fresh eggs, beat velks and whites secarately, adding a tablespoonful of milk for each egg, and to be beaten with the yelks. Mult two tablespoonfuls of butter in a hot omelet pan, stir the whites and yelks of the eggs gently together, pour into the pan and shake, omclet fashion, for five minuots. Aseason with salt, dash with pepper, add the asparagus, fold and serve at once on a well warmed platter. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. Women who are as enterprising in their homes as their brothers are in their business, will not find their menus for Lent serious hardships. Below are some Lenten menus that will be found very satisfactory and they may suggest others that will suit

just as well: Breakfast. Baked apples. Baked apples. Wheaten grits. Sugar and cream. tuffed ergs. Water cresses. Graham bre Hominy cakes. Rolls. Coccoa. Coffee. Graham bread Luncheon. Oyster pie. Celery. Olives.

Sardine salad. Cheese. Wafers. Tapioca cream. Tea. Tea. Chocolate. Dinner.

Lenten soup. h. Egg sauce, sliced lemons Lenten soup. Boiled white fish. Egg sauce, sliced lemon Oyster fritters. Spinach. Buttered parsnips. Frost pudding. Orange jelly. Cake. Coffee.

I add directions for the various dishes: STUFFED EGGS.

Boll a half dozen eggs for ten minutes. Plunge into cold water and remove the Divide lengthwise, remove the yelks and

chop fine, with a few sprigs of parsley. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a slice of bread soaked in milk and squeezed out, seasoning of salt, pepper and a grate of nutmer. Mix well, and fill the cavities in the whites Place in the oven for ten mint

WATER CRESSES.

Take a pint of strong, fresh coffee, add to it the same quantity of rich cream. Put into a stew pan and let boil up once. Beat up eight eggs with a tea cup and a half of white sugar. Turn the coffee and cream boiling hot into With spring time come the water cresses -wholesome, appetizing, fresh, crisp and green. At breakfast they are caten simply this, stirring constantly. Put into a double boller and stir until it with salt. With them may be served eggs cooked in Pour into custard classes and set to cool.

any style; but with soit-boiled eggs (eggs put into boiling water and placed on a part of the range where they will not boil for seven minutes), graham bread, fresh butter When it comes to the boil drop in by spoon-fuls the beaten whites of eight eggs. Remove when they begin to harden a little, dip them out carefully and arrange on a good coffee we have an ideal Lenter and breakfast.

HOMINY CARES.

Soak for several hours two teacupfuls of mall hominy. Boil until soft enough to mash. Add an equal quantity of comment, a table-spoonful of melted butter and a teaspoonful of salt. onful of

Stir in three beaten eggs and milk enough to make a batter thin enough to pour. Beat until very light and bake as waffles or griddle cakes.

OYSTER PIR

Line a deep baking dish with good ple crust, Fill the dish with pieces of stale bread, cover with paste and bake 15 or 29 minutes in a quick ven. Take off the crust, remove the bread, and fill vith oysters prepared as for pattics. Replace the crust and serve at once.

SARDINE SALAD.

Take a large box of fine sardines. Drain off the oil and remove bones and skin. Boil a half dozen eggs until hard. Mince file and mix with the sardines. Senson, and serve with French or mayonnaiso ressing. TAPIOCA CREAM.

Wash a cupful of pearl tapioca through sev-

eral waters. Cover with milk and soak over night. In the morning add a half cupful of sugar and the beaten yelks of three eggs. Stir this mixture into a quart of boiling milk and cook until thick and clear. Remove from the fire, flavor to taste and stir in the frothed whites. Serve cold with transparent apples.

TRANSPARENT APPLES.

Take tarr, ripe, juicy apples. Add just enough water to cook them tender. Strain through a napkin and to a pint of juice take a ponne of sugar. Boil until it jellies.

LENTEN SOUP.

Put six ounces of vermicelli into a stew pan and cover well with cold water.

SPINACH.

in hers, and looking with desperate eyes might not as suddenly retreat, as a lean and him to understand, without saying it in so

"Then I will tell you what love is," she said, and she took his hand and pressed it proce her own brow. The Wanderer's insolence was only men-

upon her own brow. The Wanderer started at the touch, as though he would have drawn back. But she held him tast, and so far, at least, he was utterly subject to her. His brow con-

tracted darkly, and his face grew paler. "Read it there," she cried. "Enter into my youl and read what love is, in his own



17- Put His Hand in Hers.

Read how he steals lealy into the sacred place and makes it his, and tears down the old gods and sets up in dear image in their stead-read how he why, and speaks, and weeps, and lovestorgives not, but will be revenged at Are you indeed of stone, and have you a stone for a heart? Love can melt even stones, being set in man as the great central fire in the earth burn the hardest things to streams of liquid flame! And see, again, how very soft and gentle he can be! See how I leve you- ee how sweet it is-how very lovely a thing it is to love as woman can. -have you felt it now? Have you seen into the depths of my soul and into the hiding places of my heart? Let it be so in your own, then, and let it be so forever. You understand how. You know what it appeal and must have seen and understood all is-how wild, how passionate, how gen--how wild, how passionate, how genthe and how great! Take to yourself this love of mine—is it not all yours? Take it, and plant it with strong roots and seeds of uadying life in your own steeping breast, acd let it grow, and grow, till it is even greater than it was in me, till it takes us her disappointment at the result had been with into itself, together, tast bound in its intuortal bonds, to be two in one, in life and beyond life, for ever and ever and ever to

the end of ends!" no longer expressionless and cold. A strange light was upon his features, the passing adiance of a supreme happiness seen in the vision of a dream. Again she laid her hands upon his shoulder clasped together, as she had done at first. She knew that her words had touched him, and she was confident of the result, confident as one who loves beyond reason. Already in imagination she incled him returning to consciousness, not | knowing that he had slept, but waking with a gentle word just trembling upon his lips, she had so wronged, was the

ie word she longed to hear. One moment more, she thought. It was mon to see that light upon his face, to fancy w that first word would sound, to feel that he struggle was past and that there was hand trembled. but happiness in the future, full, collowing overwhelming, reaching from with to beauce and through time to elernity. surprise, of things, ne nament, only, before she let him wake it was such glory to be loved at last! Still, the light was there still that expisite smile

was on his lips. And they would be always there now, she thought. ouslý.

At last she spoke. "Then, love, since you are mine, and I am | But Israel Kafka did not turn. He rest- American and European plans.

hungry tiger crouches for a moment in un- many words, that he would grant him a "I do not know what love is," he an-certainty whether to fight or fly, when, after tracking his man, he finds him not alone

> tal, and was moreover transitory and artificial. When he saw Unorna advance he quickly placed himself between her and

Israel Kafka, and looked from one to the other. "Who is this man?" he asked. "And

what does he want of you?" Unorna made as though she would pass him. But he laid his hand upon her arm

with a gesture that betrayed his anxiety for her safety. At his touch, her face changed for a moment and a faint blush dyed her cheek.

"You may well ask who I am." said the Moravian, speaking in a voice halt-choked with passion and anger. "She will tell you she does not know mc-she will deny my existence to my face. But she knows me very well. I am Israel Kafka," The Wanderer looked at him more curiwrong man. ously. He remembered what he had heard but a few hours earlier from Keyork con-

cerning the young fellow's madness. The situation now partially explained itself. "I understand," he said, looking at Unorma, "He seems to be dangerous. What shall I do with him?" He asked the question as calmly as though it had referred to the disposal of an inani-

mate object, instead of to the taking into

eustody of a madman. "Do with me?" cried Kafka, advancing suddenly a step forward from between the peasants of the Hartz Mountains district, the mightingale, the golden thrush, int I willthe linnet, the bullfinch and dozens of other He choked and coughed, and could not tinish the sentence. There was a beetic flush in his check, and his thin, graceful

trame shook violently from head to foot. Unable to speak for the moment, he waved his hand in a menaeing gesture. The Wan-derer shook his head rather sadly. "He seems very ill," he said, in a tone of songs they had learned abroad."

But Unorna was pitiless. She knew what her companion could not know, namely, that Kafka must have followed them through the streets to the cemetery and must have overheard Unorna's passionate

proportionately bitter. In that alone she had endured almost as much pain as she could bear. But to find suddenly that her he end of ends!" She caused, and she saw that his face was look which she knew had been on her face

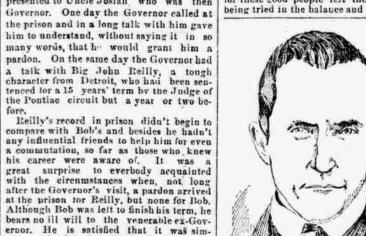
until the moment when the Wanderer awoke, that all this had been seen and heard by Israel Kafka was intolerable. Even Keyork's unexpected appearance could not have so fired her wrath. Keyork might have laughed at her afterward, but her failure would have been no triumph to him. Was not Keyork enlisted on her side, ready to help her at all times, by word or deed, in accordance with the terms of their agreement? But of all men Kafka, whom one man whi should have been ignorant of her deleat and

miserable shame. "Gol" she cried, with a gesture of com mand. Her eyes flashed and her extended the direct heir to the throne of Belgium. There was such concentrated fury in the single word that the Wanderer started in The Prince is only 15, and is just completing

surprise, ignorant as he was of the true state "You are uselessly unkind," he said gravely. "The poor man is mad. Let me take him away."

"Leave him to me." she answered imperi "He will obey mc."

STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland.



ply a mistake; that Uncie Josiah really meant to release him, but, as he and Reiliy were of the same general appearance, both weighing about 230 pounds, the Governor got them mixed in his mind from seeing oth the same day and sent a pardon to the A SUGGESTION TO BIRD FANCIERS. The Boy Preacher.

#### Where They Can Find an Excellent School for Mocking Birds.

pold Lays It Down.

New York Morning Journal.1

Tes

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with a

The way

93

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Prince Albert.

much to do with directing his education

for the consequences. The old deacon, fear-ing the result for the youthful theologian, Save a dealer in birds to a New York rose and proposed to answer the unbeliever himself. But young Rockefeller would Tribune writer: "I am surprised that no one has ever thought of capturing several have pone of it. He arose in the pulpit, hundred Texas mocking birds while young, and, to the delight of the congregation, in a few well chosen, clearly, cut sentences, each word weighing a ton, effectually silenced the scoffer. Rev. J. P. Rockefeller died while in charge of the church at Hollidaysburg.

### Distinguished in the Law.

sweet warblers fly wild. It would not be long before the Texas mockers would be singing all their songs sweetly. Another distinguished descendant of the four brothers is Hon, William M. Rocke-feller, President Judge of the Eighth judi-"Then bring them back to the United States, turn them loose in their mative woods, and let them teach their fellows the cial district of Pennsylvania. He is one of the ablest jurists in the State, and a typical Rockefeller in appearance. He is a great-grandson of Gotfried Rockefeller. Henry D. Rockefeller, one of the seven sons of the Northumberland patriarch, died in Pitts-HEIR 10 BELGIUM'S THRONE The Boy Who Takes the Crown When Leo-

burg 26 years ago. He had been a soldier in the War of 1812, and died full of years and honors at the age of 86. Among the Pennsylvania descendants of

Young Prince Albert, the fourth son of old Gotfried Rockefeller there still remains old Gouried Rockeller there suit remains some quaint legends concerning the original migration. When the family started from New Jersey for their new home in Pennsyl-vania 125 years ago a vellow mongrel cur the Count of Flanders, is, since the death of his brother, Prince Baudoin, accompanied them. From all accounts he wasn't pretty, but he was "knowin'." The journey was made by wagon, and occupied many weary days, but the faithful dog trotted patiently along under the front axle at the heels of the horses. A week had scarcely passed in their new abode ere the dog mysteriously disappeared. Days lengthened into months, for mails were slow then, but at last a letter came from the old home saying the dog had come back to the scenes of its doghood days a complete canine wreck. He was evidently disgusted with Northumberland county, and his instinet had guided him over mountains and across rivers for nearly 300 miles.

A Stray Member's Fortune.

A few years ago Judge Rockefeller re-ceived a letter from a leading attorney of Arizona, saying a man had died there by the name of Rockefeller and information was wanted concerning relatives or friends of the dead man. He further added that the deceased, who was familiarly known as "old Rocky" had died friendless and homehis education. He is a fine manly fellow, with frank and engaging manners, and a de-cided taste for military life. He has two sisters older than himself, who have had less as he had lived. Very little was known of him as he was a recluse. This was known, however: He was a mining prospector and had amassed quite a fortune and unless relatives were found the money must revert to the Territory, as no will could be found. Judge Rockefeller could obtain no clew as

and trouser material, of the Overcoat to who this Rocke eller was. He was some best quality at Anderson's, 700 Smithfield stray member of the family, doubtless, who street. Cutting and fitting the very best. Su

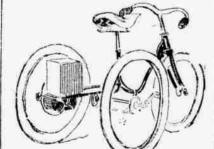
og man, who Frace on the range, and when it comes to the boilt turn into a colander to drain, Cover again with cold water and let stand for five minutes. Pour off the water, add two quarts of milk ing in his dress and manner. He always speaks in low, well-modulating tones. His eyes are dark and quiet in repose, but flashing with energy and animation when ex-cited or interested. His home life is noted Heat a pint of the water, and two quarts of mink and cook until teader. Heat a pint of cream until about to boil and stir in gradually the beaten yelks of four eggs. Strain through a sieve into the other mixture, season, and stir well for a few minutes. for its simplicity, and he is most devoted to his family. For 20 odd years John D. Rockefeller has

been the target for all sorts of stories tending to make him appear as a cold-blooded conscienceless wrecker of character and pri-vate fortune. Those who know him best know them to be without foundation. A capitalist, with vast business interests for which he was responsible to thousands, he has frequently been torced, in the protection of these interests, to steps that conflicted with the schemes of other men more designing than the head of the Standard Oil Cou pany. And yet, whether or not John D. Rockefeller has been wholly free from all business complications of questionable char-acter is a matter which he alone can answer. KID DARLING.

## THE LATEST TRICYCLE.

### Odd Contrivance in Which Electricity Is to Do the Work.

The illustration shows the latest English idea in tricycle. It is an ordinary pueumatic machine, to which is fitted an electrical motor behind the rider. Of course,



is estimated that the machine, complete, will give a speed of from eight to ten miles







pedals are provided for an emergency. It

an hour on ordinary roads.

HAND-PAINTED.

powder. Beat together until very light four eggs and

of hemon extract and four tablespoolfuls of boiling water. Observe that the boiling water is added last. Line a deep square the or pan with greased paper, pour in the batter and cover with a tim of the same size. Bake in a quick oven, and test with a straw.

anything wonderful either. The man is the The batter for this cake may seem rather fireman, Sadler, who was arrested for the murder of "Carrotty" Nell in Whitechapel. thin, but this is just as it should be. The It has been proved that he is not the White-chapel murderer, but he has become famous great measure, upon the consistency of the hatter.

nevertheless. minutes, it the ingredients are at hand. It is almost impossible to make a good cake New York Sun. ] unless it is put together quickly; hence the necessity of having everything ready when about to mix it. In cake-baking the most reliable recipes often result in failure, The Russian Hebrew workingmen in this city, who now number about 40,000, are very fond of going to public meetings, besimply because some apparently trifling direction has been overlooked, or because the process has been delayed. It should be cause they have come from a country where they were not allowed to hold meetings. Within the past few weeks they have assembled in force three or four times remembered, too, that very little beating must be done after the flour has been added in the large hall of Cooper Institute, and to the cake mixture. they have crowded it every time.

Following are some general recipes that I have found thoroughly reliable:

To three well beaten eggs add a pint of cream the be



The King of Top Spinners. This is the spins a top up a piece of twine into a big tea chest; going in at a little door it touches a spring which sets a chime of bells a-going, travels all the way round the chest and down the twine master's hand. He makes a top of a tub, which he spins aloit on a couple of bamboos balanced one on top of the other, and bal-anced on his chin. Altogether he is quite wonderfal. **KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.** The Man Who Was Thought to Be the Whitechapel Murderer. Most men become world-famous only after ture, art or some other particular branchip, litera-ture, art or some other particular br

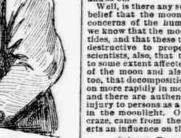
ture, art or some other particular branch; but here is a man who is now known throughand villagers, believe that everything, from a wedding to a husking, should be timed accords



Fireman Sadler.

Appreciate Their Privileges.

The Koch Lymph



Science Doesn't Enlighten Us.

have tried to demonstrate that the moon exerts a marked influence upon the metorology of the earth, and there is probably ground for belief that this is measurably true. But the fact as compared with the fiction, in regard to lunar

suggestiveness in a ceremony when the moon is in "her last quarter." J. H. WEBL

# to planting potatoes, setting fence posts, of building a chicken coop. The family Bible will last for generations in some farming localities, but when the 31st of December comes the year's almanac always looks as if it had accidentally been run through the threshing machine still, there is not nearly so much belief now in Still, there is not nearly so much belief now in the moon's potency in human affairs as there was in the days of our grandfathers. A hung dred years ago the majority of people in Engl land, Germany, and in our own country con-sulted the moon not only in matters pertaining to farming, but also in respect to tusiness en-terprises, taking madicines to prevent disease, and so on. Well, is there any substantial ground for the belief that the moon is really a forter in the

belief that the moon is really a factor in the concerns of the human race? To start with, concerns of the human race? To start with, we know that the moon's attraction causes the tides, and that these tides are sometimes very destructive to property. It is admitted by scientist, also, that the earth's atmosphere is to some extent affected by the attractive force of the moon and also of the sun. We know, too, that decomposition of animal matter goes on more rapidly in moonlight than in the dark, and there are authenticated cases of serebral injury to persons as a consequence of sleeping in the moonlight. Our word lunacy, or moon craze, came from the belief that the moon ex-erts an influence on the human mind.

The Influence of the Moon.

A great many people, particularly farmers

ing to certain phases of the moon. The "man

in the moon" must be consulted when it comes

But science gives, us very little help in the effort to solve the problem. Some scientists

That this is measured with the fiction, in regard to lunar compared with the fiction, in regard to lunar influence on mankind is about the proportion of a bushel of chaff to one grain of wheat. It is not strange that these traditions should still find many believers, for they date back to the beginning of written history, and much of the nonsense was indersed by writers of repute in the last century. The idea that our dead satel-lite has everything to do with so-called "luck" in business enterprises and other affairs of in-dividual life is too prepasterous to be tolerated by intelligent people in our day. It may do among people that have not yet fully felt the awakening of this age of enlight-enment. In India, for instance, the Hindoos imagine that they see a hare in the moon in-stead of the "man in the moon eating soup with a spoor" that adorns our aimanne. There-tore, the hare is a wored animal in India, and there are heavy penalities for killing it. We may safely say that it will make no difference in the happiness of a young couple whether they be married in the "light" or the "dark" of the moon, although there might be an unpleasant suggestiveness in a ceremony when the moon is

Stylish Sultings,

Separate the leaves from the staks, and use water unstitutingly until the leaves are entirely free from sand and earth. Put them dripping with water into a stew-pan, sprinkle with salt and press them to the Turn the leaves, press again and so continue the turning and pressing for 15 or 20 minutes. Drain, chop and season with salt, pepper, Garnish with minced egg.

OYSTER FRITTERS. Fut a pint of oysters into a colander. Dash with cold water, drain and chop

Make a batter of a pint of milk, flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Season lightly with salt and pepper; stir in the oysters and fry light brown.

BUTTERED PARSNIPS. Wash and scrape the parsnips and let lie in cold water for 30 minutes. Put into a stewpan, cover with boiling water and cook until tenner. Slice lengthwise into pieces about a fourth

of an inch thick. Put into a pan with three tablespoonfuls of butter and a little minced parsley. Secon and simmer gently for a few minutes, Serve with the sauce about them. FROST PUDDING.

Cover a box of gelatine with a pint of cold

water. Let stand for one hour. Dissolve with a pint of boiling water. Add the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of Stir in 2½ cupfuls of sugar and set aside to

When it begins to stiffen turn in the frothed whites and beat thoroughly for some minutes. When quite cold and firm serve with orange jelly and cream.

ORANGE JELLY. Cover a package of gelatine with two cupfuls

Strin two cupfuls of sugar, the juice of six oranges, the grated peel of one, the juice of two lemons and peel of one. Let stand for an hour. Add three pints of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain through flannel into a wet mold.

A RELIABLE SPONGE CAKE.

There has been a request for a good reliable sponge cake-one that does not call for many eggs and does not take up too much time in mixing. A very excellent sponge cake, fine-grained, tender, delicate and inexpensive, is made after the following recipe:

Sift together, three times, two scant cupfuls of flour and two level teaspoonfuls of baking

two level capfuls of powdered sugar. Stir the flour in gradually, add a teaspoonful of lemon extract and four tablespoonfuls of

success of the sponge cake depends in a

The time required for mixing is but a few

ORANGE FOOL.

Will not be needed if you use Kemp's Balsam the best cough cure, Sample free; all druggists