DO

AS

DID

TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH.

Ado had begged so hard to be allowed to go into the city on market day, that when recognize their rescuer. the large farm wagon, filled with produce, was driven around to the kitchen door, his father allowed him to climb up beside him, and away they drove through the quiet country road to the noisy, busy town, some before been away from the farm, and his another grew in its place. Then Ado took mind was much occupied with the new

scenes about him. In the market place, where his father carried his wares, Ado was greatly amused by the throngs of people buying and selling, and the throngs of people buying and selling, and the throngs of people buying and selling, and the trock. And many times he slipped back, he was surprised to see children, smaller than himself, carrying heavy burdens, or adding their voices to the general clamor by crying out the articles they had for sale. As the boy stood by his father's side his attention was attracted to a tall, dark man, black, heavy thunder rolled, bright light-

swam many white swans. By the joyous flapping of their wings they seemed to Hastily springing into a boot lying near

the shore, the boy began to row toward the rocks, when two gigantic hands rose above the water and seized the boat, and would have drawn it under the water, but Ado drew his sword and cut off the great fingers. from his pocket the key to the iron gate, and when he had struck the huge fingers with it the hand suddenly disappeared, and the boat continued its way to the center of the

narrowly escaping a fall into the water. But when the summit was finally reached there he found the box, and after opening it he took out the small white stone and hurled it carrying over his shoulder a black net in I nings flashed and the air was filled with



THE BIRD FELL LIFELESS AT HIS FEET.

which was confined a pure white swan. | terrible shricks, and the whole valley which thrust its head between the cords of | trembled. the net and tried in every way to escape. The man became angry over the bird's Ado daring to uncover his eyes, looked struggles and beat it with his fist, and, about him. The lake was smooth and clear. when it did not at once grow quiet, he the valley was as beautiful as before; but threw it on the ground and struck the swan had disappeared. On the shore with his great foot,

"Ado, who never could endure to see innocent creatures suffer, watched until the release from the power of the enchanter. dark man began talking to a neighbor, then the boy stale up to the net, and cutting with his penknife the heavy cords he released the swan, which joyfully flapped its wings, and after whispering, "Follow me," it soared into the air, and flew away. Not pausing to witness the owner's sur-

prise and anger over the escape of his captive, Ado run through the streets, always keeping the bird in signt, until at length weary and finding bimself for from the "(), beautiful bird, stop and tell me why you wished me to follow

Then the swan slowly descended to the ground, and said: "I thank you many times, kind youth, for your timely rescue rom the net. I am no awan, but a princess changed into this form by the wicked en-

Ado fell on his knees before the swan and begged to know how he could aid the Princess. Then the bird continued: "Far rom here, where a great river flows into the sen, is a beautiful, green valley, enclosed by a wall of solid rock. In the midst of the valley is a clear lake, in which are many white swans, who, as I, are fair maidens in the power of the enchanter. Every feast day one of the birds is killed, and its heart evoured by the cruel master. I was to have been the next victim, but by chance the chain by which ! was fastened broke, and I flew away, only to be caught again in city. Had you not released me, my li e would soon have been taken. Near the middle of the lake stands a high, bare rock, on the top of which is a small box containing a white stone. If you can gain possesas will be at an end. The only entrance to the valley is through an iron gate in the

neck of an eagle which flies about in circles above the wall," With these words the swan flew away and Ado determined that he would make on effort to rescue the maidens from their hard lot. The boy looked about him, and discovered that no house was in sight and that night was fast coming on. As he was wondering where he should pass the night, an old man with a sad, distressed face, approached him. When Ado asked where he could find food and shelter, the old man said: "It is many miles to the city; but

rocky wall. When the enchapter is not at

home the key of the gate hangs about the

my home is not for distant, and you will be As they walked toward the little cabin, almost hidden by the trees, the old man told Ado that once he had been contented and happey; but his wife had died, and a few days later a tall, dark man bad called at his house and asked for a night's lodging; and the next morning both his guest and his three beautitut daughters had disappeared, and had never since been heard of. Ado then told what he had heard from the swan and how he intended to tree the captives. "I can help you," said the old man, who

was now sure that he now knew the where-abouts of his children. "You must stay with me for three days, and I shall prepare poisoned arrows with which to kill the

Ado remained in the little cabin until the arrows had been prepared, and then armed with these and a small sword which the old man had given him, he set out to find the enchanted valley. It was not until be had journeyed several days, that he saw the great river flowing into the sea, and discovered the rocky wall, of which the swan had told him. Above him the engle circled in

the air, and uttered piercing cries. Ado now knew that the enchanter was not at home, and quietly placing one or his pois-oned arrows in his bow, he shot at the bird, which fell lifeless at his feet. Ado tost no time in securing the key and opening the gate into the magic valley. Here all was smushine and beauty. Birds sang in the trees, crystal fountains played in the cool shade, the air was heavy with the perfume of sweet flowers. In the distance could be seen a clear lake on whose smooth surface

A few moments later all was quiet, and the swans had disappeared. On the shore stood a group of beautiful maidens, who surrounded Ado and thanked him for their The maidens soon found their way to their homes, where their return caused the greatest rejoicing. Ado went with the three daughters of the old man to their home, and after relating his adventures and joining in the old man's joy over the recovery of his children, he returned to his father's home. The words of the swan, "If you will save me, wealth and bener will be yours," then came to the boy's mind, and he wondered

he should ever hear of the Princess again. One day as the family in the farmhous were enjoying their evening meal the tramping of horses was heard and the sound of trumpets. Soon a gay procession appeared coming from the forest. There were brave knights in glittering armor, fair ladles riding on spirited steeds and a gilded coach in which sat the King and his beauti'ul chanter, whom you saw in the market place. | daughter. The royal party stopped before If you will save me, honor and wealth will | the farmhouse. Here the Princess told how she had been saved by Ado, and how the noble boy had released the many maidens from the power of the enchanter, Then the King took Ado away with him, and the farmer's son became an honored man, and

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

PAYSIE

finally was made King of the country.

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

Address communications for this departmen E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine,



EDITH ESTES 1451-BEHEADED POETS. Gifted with power to hold the heart in thrall, This radiant band Of poets lend their names that you may recall

For, with pitiless scrity, they are here

Ruthlessly beheaded.

More barbarous treatment they never might From the critic dreaded. One, long dead, is made on dainties to feed

Ey the transformation: And one shows the versel his ashes will need

One the implement keeps that took off his head, Always ironical; One, still read with delight, is made a small Absurd iconical.

So plant life one springs from roots exuding The violet's perfume; One quietly waits, only ears protruding, Till his head you exhume.

1452-ANAGRAM. A stranger chanced to write to me, On business matters, certainly, His phrase polite as it could be, And just above his name wrote he, "You s, etc."

'Tis I lain that mine he could not be: His face I never once did see, Yet 'twas a charming quality Which prompted him to write to me "Fours, etc.", M. C

1458-SAM'S CHOICE. Mr. Smith called his son Sam to him and told him that he was old enough to be learning a trade, and he must make up his mind very soon what trade he would follow that steps might be taken toward securing an apprentice-ship for him. Saumy went to his room and sat down to think. At length he took a penell and paper and wrote down all the trades he could call to mind; but in his perturbation of mind he got the letters somewhat mixed. Below is his list; also his comments:

1. Rent crape—"No, that sounds too mournful,"

2. Break-"That sounds too much like being dead broke."
3. Eer nipt—"That seems as if I should go wrong; then all my plans would be nipped in the bud."

4. No Sam- That tells me plainly not to try 5. Cheat Trie-"I certainly want nothing of this, for to be successful one must avoid cheat-

ing tricks,"
6. Charmten—"This seems more encouraging than any of the others."
7. Thick lambs—"Ah, here is the trade for me! It sunds like peace and plenty, and I will tell father at once that it is my choice."

Fresh from the garden's cultured plot,
A small but well-known seed I brought,
And with this simple, magic aid,
Strange necromantic changes made;
I struck it through a printer's mark,
And lo! it was Brussels;
Planted it in the Isle of Sark,
And darkness it dispels.
Upon a quay I placed it next,
A minstrel there was he;
Transfixed with it the 1454-NECROMANCY.

A minstrel there was he; Transfixed with it the sterner sex-He grew a stately tree.

It led it to a donkey's ears,
And they were sweet to taste;
Joined unto one whose name endears,
It flew away in haste.
I placed it in an apple ple—
Sweet music filled the ear:
And when with it I girt my eye,
An orange seed was there!

An orange seed was there! When planted in an icy zone, Sprouted a lofty tree; Joined to a fish, in solemn tone It pleads for you and me pinned it to a penal crime— Twas for a preacher fit.

The gavel falls—a call for time;"
I'll make my bow and "git." 1455-NUMERICAL. A girl named 2, 6, 7, 3,

A gir named 2, 6, 7, 3, 1 sover tull of noisy glee.

Her name does not her heart miscall—
She is not 2, 1, 5, at all.

But with such total she discourses,
Her tongue runs 6, 4, like wild horses.

And 1 have wished ten times, perhaps eleven,
That tongue had 1—2, 3, 4, 5—6, 7. M. C. S.

1456-DOUBLE ACROSTIC. 1. Employs. 2. Tidy. 3. One of the States of the American Union. 4. A relative pronoun. 5. Freedom from pain or want, 6. Colors. The initials mean joined. Finals are divi-sions. The initials and finals together name a

> 1457-RIDDLE, In ev'ry home I'm surely found, In the hovel or the palace; When tired you always come to me, When sleepy I'm your solace. Four legs have I, but just one foot

And a head without the features; My back is soft—in fact I am Quite distinct from other creatures. 1458-STRANGE SPELLING My one I make with you as double,

But two I am when one alone.

Three holds five hundred without trouble; Four is good-for-nothing known. Fire doubles you once more, the wonder!
Then all is left as one again,
And her poor heart is rent asunder,
And shadows on its life remain.

PRIZES FOR MARCH. It is hoped that the March nuts may be easy enough that the beginners may succeed in cracking many of them. Answers, as usual, should be forwarded in weekly instalments, and handsome prizes will be forwarded for the best three lists for the month.

ANSWERS. 1440-1, Dog-berry, 2, Dog-watch, 3, Dog-bee, 4, Dog-matic (mattock), 5, Dog-gerel (dog-r-1), 6, Dog-cart, 7, Dog-hook, 8, Dog-1411-Smacking.

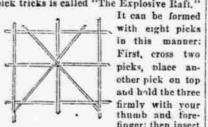
1445-1. Clark, lark, ark. 2. Carouse, arouse, rouse. 3. Scoffer, coffer, offer, 4. Psalter, salter, alter, 5. Flout, lout, out, 6. Scare,

care, are.

1446—l. Harps-i-chord, 2 Horn pipe, 2,
Corn-et (ate), 4, D-rum, 5, Pi-an-o,
1447—hit-ten. 1448-Bawl, call, thrall, fall, hall, gall, stall, 1449-Enos, noes, nose.

A TRICK WITH TOOTHPICKS How to Make a Raft That Will Explode

When Set on Fire. One of the most picturesque of the toothpick tricks is called "The Explosive Raft."



finger; then insert The Explosive Raff der the two at the op and over the one in the center, and do likewise with those at the bottom, Then the rait is half completed. Turn it around, place another pick scross the center and

redge two more sticks under and over the ends of those at the sides, Then the work is finished, and the little affair is ready to be blown up. Of course, there is a great deal of tension on the picks, but this must be released with a lighted match. Apply the match to one of the corners, and in a few moments you will wit-ness two "explosions" that will rend the raft apart and hurl its timbers in the air.

THE NEW FASHION FOR OLD FASHIONS. England Ahead of America in the Present

Craze for Antique Things. It is quite the proper thing nowadays to adopt the old-fashioned bric-a-brae of our grandfathers' days. Old-fashioned candelaland than it has in America. A hundred years ago it was customary to hang at the head of the bedstead a large silken bag in which to stow away things that might be

needed during the night.
These bed pockets are again coming into use throughout England, and it is only a question of a few months before the fad will gain a foothold here. The pockets have places for handkerchief, pocketbook, coughdrops, revolver, "eye-opener" or "night-cap" (or both), and things of that sort which a fellow now is forced to tuck under his pillow. The bed pocket will be a decided improvement.

NOT IN OUR LINE.

An Offer of African Territory Which Blaine Would Not Consider.

New York Press.] I heard a rumor yesterday that within a few months Secretary Blaine was approached by authorized agents of the Portuguese Government with a proposition to transfer to the United States a strip of its African coast possessions about three times as large as the State of New York, containing invaluable deposits of minerals and rich in African products.

The transfer would have involved the es tablishment of a protectorate over the territory by this Government, and, while Mr. Blaine gave full attention and courteous hearing of the agent, he retused to take the offer up for consideration.

SALVATION OIL does not claim fictitious

Wakeman Visits the Scene of

Dickens' David Copperfield. A QUAINT OLD FISHERMAN'S TOWN.

Curious Method of Electing a Mayor and Other City Officers.

A VEHICLE PECULIAR TO YARMOUTH

COURSPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.

YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, Feb. 25 .-"Every night," said Mr. Peggotty, "as reg'lar as the night comes, the candle must be stood in its old pane of glass, that if ever she should see it, it may seem to say, 'Come back,' my child, come back!' If ever there's a knock, Ham (partic'lar soft knock), arter dark at your aunt's door, doen't you go nigh it. Let it be her-not you-that sees

my fallen child!" Thus, poor old broken-hearted Mr. Peggotty, to Ham, Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, as he set forth on his weary search for the wandering little Em'ly, after the piti ul episode of her departure from the Yarmouth boat home with Steerforth. In the whole range of English fiction there is nothing to compare with the sweetness and pathos of the joys and woes of this one seafaring family, which the master-hand of Dickens, in "David Copperfield," enduringly placed, as type of lowly lovalty and love, against the perspective of humble toil; just as Millet has fixed two peasant forms against one Breton evening gloaming, for an eternal suggestion of prayer.

Known Only by Its Bloaters.

Without Dickens' "David Copperfield" and this one family—which we always asso-ciate in our minds with long reaches of saud-dunes, bits of wreck, splatches of ghostly spume and drift of a rather dreary and cruel shore, with a steely, measureless waste beyond, and a very dank and clammy fisher-town near at hand-Yarmouth would be unknown to-day, save for the great, plump smoked herrings it sends all over the world under the name of "Yarmouth bloaters."

England has two Yarmouths. In my guide book I saw one named, and set out from London to see it. There was Yarmouth surely; a staid, prim, pretty place, with the breath of the sea ever in its winsome face, with the chalk cliffs of England just across the blue Solent, and serenely dozing in its little nook of beauty and comfort, because of the aristocratic facis that Dr. Robert Hooke, inventor of the pendulum spring for watches, was born there, and that, upon a time, when Sir Kobert Holmes was Governor of the island, a house was built by him purposely for the reception of Charles II., for which loyal act the good Sir Robert, after death, go his figure cut in fine white marble, with some nice Latin epitaphs on the pedestal.

But the real Yarmouth, the herringopolis of England and the home of Dickens' Peg-gottys, is away around on the east coast. It stands on a narrow strip of sand between the mouth of the river Yare and the German Ocean. It houses perhaps 60,000 souls. Halt of these are in some way seafaring tolk, or exist from some vocation relevant to seafaring, fishing or shipbuilding.

Tragedies of the Sea. But at best this is a wild, wailing, woeful coast; and Yarmouth, which has furnished men and masts innumerable as victims to the fury of all seas, has seemed fated to be the scene of the ocean's saddest tragedies. In 1692, in one nigh 209 sail and 1,000 sou's were lost by tempest in the Yarmou h their crews were lost in a single day. A still larger number met the same fate in ilar horror occurred. It is regarded by all seamen as the most dangerous coast in Britain; and there is only one other spot on the globe recalling so many and terrible ocean catastrophes. That one is Sable Island, 100 miles south of Nova Scotia

known to sailors the world over as the "graveyard of the sea." Yarmouth never figured greatly in history though there are some curious records of its early days. It originated in the early parof the Anglo Saxon dynasty. It was just a little sandbank then, where the Bure and the Waveny rivers joined the Yare and together pushed to the sea. Fishermen fre quenting the coast built a few rude huts on the strip of sand between the mouths of the rivers and the ocean. Then the Dutch who scented trade everywhere began coming with their nicknacks and wares and exchanging them for fish. King Henry III. granted permission for environing the town with water and a moat, and it was made im pregnable to missile engines then in use; It can be formed but it was not defended by forts until during with eight picks the Revolution, when our American privateers were so lively in their menaces if not

attacks upon British ports. Headquarters of Dutch Traders.

But the city secured better than a dignity other pick on top in her great annual "Free Fairs," which and hold the three shortly became the headquarters of hordes of Dutch traders, and eventually made Yarmouth the greatest herring mart in England Yarmouth furnished 43 sail and 1,075 marines for the memorial siege of Calais; and it was here that was fitted out the beautiful ship sent to Norway to bring to England the King's daughter for marriage to Prince Ed

ward, afterward King Edward IL. Among the strange customs of the old city none were more curious than the mode of electing the Mayor, High Steward, Record-er, Sub-steward and other municipal officers, which was only changed as late as the mid die of the present century. An inquest of 12 persons was formed by placing the names of 24 freemen into four hats. Then a person called an "Innocent," usually a child, drew three names from each of the four hats. These 12 persons formed the inquest; and they were literally incarcerated in the City Hall "without mest, drink, fire or candle until nine of them agreed upon the municipal officers; and there was no appeal from or contest arising out of, this primitive procedure.

The Durch have left their mark plainly bra and candiesticks and snuffers and even similar traces of continental influence, old oil lamps are the latest fad in this direction, says the Chicago Mail. But this movement has gone a little further in Eng-wick, Scotland, and in many of the fishing villages of the Firth of Forth, as well as in old Edinburgh itself, you will find a type of face, manner and occasional suggestions in ancient architecture, which point straight and true to progenitors and builders from the Norman French. At Plymouth and Penzance, in Cornwall, the old Hebrew strain is clearly descernable, though the Hebrews were never in Cornwall in numbers less than 800 years ago, when they found a source of wealth in the tin of the Cornish

Up in Aberdeen, Scotland, the Norse brood still tells marvelously, in complexion, hair, figure and in local names of places and men. Away up in Lerwick, Shetland, all the old portions of the city are as typically Duten as the oldest portions of Haarlem and Amsterdam. At Cork you will find traces of the French. Away over at old Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, the taces and forms of the Spanish fishermen of Barcelona are reproduced in those of the fishwives and men of Claddagh; and you will find bits of arch, column, balcony and tiny patios of courts, in Galway, as Moorish as any in Grenada or Seville. In like manner, you are continually reminded of Hol-land in Yarmouth.

Copied the Datch Methods.

Amsterdam lies but a little way distant, straight across the North Sea. The great "Dutch Fairs" of olden times brought hither all the provincial folk of Suffolk and Norfolk and of the "North Countree." Many Dutch factors and merchants settled here, married, and became mergen with the local population. Yarmouth herring-fish-ers copied the Dutch method of taking the foreign birth, but it claims to be the best and cheapest liniment on the market. Price 25c. fish, and the curers, their process of "pick-

ling" the herring. The grand plan of the harbor was executed under the direction of Joas Johnson, a Dutchman. And every-where among the ancient shops, habitations and fishermen's homes of Yarmouth are numberless structures, behind which one feels certain must be found folk with tas-seled cans, short shirts haddled waits seled caps, short skirts, boddiced waists,

wooden shoes and the marvelous pipes of

Holland.

This is nowhere more noticeable than in the narrow maze of streets intersecting the main thoroughfares from east to west. There are nearly 200 of these. They are called "Rows." None of them are 10 feet in width; the most are less than 6; and scross many, friendly hands can be shaken. I believe that it was Dickens himself who n Household Words said "Yarmouth is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by the 'rows.'" As a rule this portion of the city, houses the lowly. At nearly every door some indication of the fisherman's life is apparent. Bits of wreck are lying in this one to be transformed into 'lighters' or kindling. Sinkers and buoys are piled in another entrance. Models of anchors, smacks and full-rigged ships adorn ground-floor windows; while from the case-ments and meager balconies above, everything that can hang and dry in so little space, from a suit of "oilskins" swaying like a fisherman-scarecrow, to a quarter-mile herring-net in folds, or a mainsail of a smack, flaps and slaps the facades on either side in easy and friendly familiarity. A Vehicle Peculiar to Yarmouth.

many of them as close and dim as the sunless thoroughfares of old Algiers. This is called the "Yarmouth cart." It is a genuine antique, but remains in general use, because necessary for service in "the rows." two wheels, low and heavy. The stout rack or frame which they support, runs rearward and upward at an obtuse angle, and, to the front, the same distance, at the same angle along the lower part of the shafts. One horse only is used. The cartman usually balances the cart in loading directly over the wheels, but if not, accomplishes the same by the addition of his own weight. The shafts are of extraordinary length, like those of the curious Cuban volante. You will frequently find them fully 14 feet long from tips to socket, where they really begin. A cavalcade of these empty carts, clattering down the quaint old streets on their home-ward way at eventide, with the dimly-defined perspective of ancient facade and tower, will easily flash into one's fancy the suggestion of a procession of chariots return-

There is but one vehicle in all Yarmouth which can traverse these shadowy "rows,"

ing from the Roman races of old.

There is little at Yarmouth and roundabout for actual identification of the things and folk Dickens made you think were here, save in all the seawise flavor in objects and men. In that respect you can at once find innumerable families of the Peggotys, When you have crossed the Yare and wandered into the old city, here and there you will find, just as in "Copperfield's" time, the same quaint shops of the the "Drapers, Tailors, Haberdashers, Funeral Furnishers, etc.," as the one over which the cheery, asthmatic Mr. Omer presided. But the dear old boat house is gone. First the city pushed down across the sands and hid it. Then, 12 years ago, the roofs from some tumble-down buildings were removed, and, no one suspecting its existence, the crumbling hulk was discovered. There it stood, just as Dickens knew it and peopled it: the side door preserved; the little pane of glass where the rudder had run through, unbroken, the very same window which the candle was set for Little Em'ly's EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

TWO LITERARY FAMILIES

United in the Marriage of Jeanne Hugo and Leon Daudet.

to the soldiers, faint with pain, His back bruised and blood-stained. The merciless soldiers mock Him. They put a crown of thorns upon His head, and a reed for a Below are portraits of two young people who have recently claimed a great deal of attention. They are Leon Daudet, son of Alphouse Daudet, the noted French nov-Roads. In 1544 between 50 and 100 sail and elist, and Jeanne Hugo, the pretty granddaughter of the great poet, Victor Hugo, who were recently



Mlle, Jeanne Hugo married, thus uniting two famous literar families. Leon Daudet is a student of medi-cine, and has before him a prosperous



Leon Daudet. career. All literary Paris turned out to see these two children of the profession married under a canony of flowers in the new Mairie

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. Wherein the Jealousy of Women Differs

From That of Men. A man's jealousy is tragic, like that Othello or Leontius, or it is comic, like that of Ford in the "Merry Wives," says Audrew Lang in Harper's Magazine. It is an affair of Don Garcie de Navarre, on one

His grandmother is Mrs. A. C. Steed; great-

burden of "greater sin" rested upon other shoulders than Pilate's. Only a well-meanhand, or of George Dandin on the other. But the jealousy of a woman in modern society may be neither dignified and tering weak man; with good intentions, but not strength enough to carry them out; With a Quick Conscience rible enough for tragedy, nor grotesque and but without obedience to it; with a dim humorous enough for comedy; it is bitter, shrill, ugly, a deathless torment, a poison sight at spiritual things, with some appre-and perversion of nature; too mean for ciafion, with some faint recognition of the holiness, the mysteriousness, the unearthli-ness even of Him who stood at his judgtragedy, too hateful for comedy. ment bar, but with a question at the end o FIVE GENERATIONS LIVING. it, with the mark of interrogation punctuat An Illinois Baby Who Has a Long Line of ing all his worthiest thoughts; earnestly desiring to save Jesus, perfectly consciou Ancestors to Pet Him. of His mission, and of the injustice which was being done Him, yet hesitating to act, Mrs. Nellie Steel Day, of Medora, Ill., has a baby boy who boasts more living an-cestors, probably, than any baby in the land. man who delivers Jesus to be crucified.

grandmother. Mrs. F. B. Simpson, wife of the postmaster of Medora, and his great great grandmother is Mrs. Henry Jolly. All these women are alive and the great unlikeness between him and us? Would we have behaved so very differently if we had sut that day in Pilate's seat?

Christ stands forever upon trial. Pilate's great grandmother is apparently good for many more years of usefulness. The five opportunity, Pilate's temptation, comes into the lot of every one of us. Before us is an generations are represented in a photograph

Have we no relationship with Pontius Pilate? Is there such an utter and complete

or another against Christ-perhaps against His-law and will, offending against Him by THE JUDGMENT HALL. dishonest action, by lying or unclean speech, by words of unkindness and un-

brotherliness—perhaps against His truth, denying Him, crying out against Him be-cause He called Himself the Son of God. And we have to make our choice, as Pilate Pen Picture of the Scene So Powerfully Portrayed by Munkasczy had to make his choice, between Christ and them, to be for Christ or to be against Christ, to stand, even though we be alone, with Him, or to go down and join a hostile crowd—in one way or another this enters into the common life of us all. And what do we do when the crisis comes? To speak HIS CHRIST BEFORE PILATE The Proper Analysis of the Character of or to keep silence? To stand our ground o to yield to the will of the clamoring multi

the Roman Governor.

A LESSON THAT COMES HOME TO EACH.

There is a sound of shouting before

laden one among them all who had found rest? Where were they who had carried the

palm branches, and sung the atlelujahs? They were all hostile, or silent. Not a voice

was raised for Christ by anybody. It is not

Jesus of Nazareth they want. Another will please them better. Let us have Barabbas.

They Demanded His Blood

"What then shall I do?" asks Pilate

"And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that He might be crucified."

Pilate is afraid. This great tumultuous, shouting mob, utterly bereft (mob like) of

sense and heart, this disorderly, wild, threat

ening, insane, savage mob scares Pilate. He

does not dare to stand for justice in the face

of it, He does dare, however, to make his

Peter. He takes water and washes his hands

before the multitude. "I am innocent," he declares, "of the blood of this just person. See ye to it." And a great shout goes up from

all the people. "His blood be on us and or our children."

Gateway to the Path of Death.

Pilate delivers Jesus to be scourged

With back bared and feet and hands tied to

a low pillar, Jesus of Nazareth, our Lord and Saviour, endures the shame and pain

of that public whipping. Sometimes men

died under that fierce lash. Often they

fainted. It was a fitting gateway to the

And after the scourging came a third ter-rible scene. That at the house of Caiaphas,

and that at the house of Herod, is repeated

at the house of Pilute. Jesus is given over

scepter between His tied hands, and then

"each with his derisive homage of bended

knee, each with his infamous spitting, each with the blow over the head from the reed

scepter, which His bound hands could not

old," they pass before Him, crying, "Hail

King of the Jews!" mocking and insulting

But now Pilate makes another endeavor after justice. He sends for Jesus and brings

Him torth again before the multitude.

Forth He comes, thorn-crowned, with hands

tied, and the red robe cast about Him, with the "weariness of His dreadful agony" upon

His eyes, and His blessed face stained with the marks of blows and spitting. And

Pilate appeals for pity. "Behold the man!"

The Real Accusation at Last.

But there is no pity anywhere, save in the heart of Christ for these His enemies.

"Crucity Him!" "crucify Him!" is the only

greeting, "Take ve Him and crucify Him

says Pilste, "for I find no fault in Him.

The Jews answer, "We have a law, and by

prisoner. Pilate is startled at the words.

Thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Then

saith Pilate unto Him: Speakest Thou not

unto me? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to

release Thee? Jesus answered: Thou couldest

have no power at all against Me except it

were given thee from above; therefore, he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater

Pilate appeals to the people. Here is a

man perfectly innocent. There is no fault in him at all. But again the great mob

breaks out in threats and curses. "If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend.

Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh

Delivered Up to Be Crucified

"When Pilate therefore heard that saying he brought Jesus forth." The time has come.

Action must be taken. The unjust sentence

must be said. Pilate dares delay no longer.

Pilate sits in the seat of judgment. Beside

him stands the innocent prisoner. Before

him is the raging multitude. For a moment he stops their clamor. "Behold your King!"

"Suffered under Pontius Pilate." Thus

day by day in the confession of our faith

our lips. Pontius Pilate will never be for

which Pilate played will have its record.

And yet not by any means such a bad man was Pilate. Not so bad as Caiaphas,

not so bad as Herod, not so bad as the con

pany of priests, not so bad as the rabble of

Pilate delivers Jesus to be crucified.

What may that mean?

against Cæsar!"

Pilate, atter all, is braver than

And Barabbas was a robber.

chastise Him, and let Him go."

"Crucify Him!"

path of death.

the city is astir.

tude; to be on Christ's side or on the world's side-which do we choose? Difficulty of Pilate's Position,

It would have been a hard thing for Pilate o have been a Christian that Good Friday. Pliate's palace. Jesus has been brought It would have meadt universal unpopt back from Herod. Pilate sits again in larity. It would have meant unknown evil judgment, the street without is thronged with in the future. There might be complaint to an excited multitude. The sun is up, and Casar. There might be a charge of treason Pilate might lose his position, probably his

The crowd cries out to Pilate to keep the It is a hard thing to be a genuine Christian Governor's custom. At that feast the to-day. To choose Christ, rather than the world; to do the ideal right, rather than the Roman Governor gave the people the power easy wrong; to be continually of Christ's spirit, kind, forgiving, helpful, rich in serof pardon. They might open the prison gates and take one prisoner out. Pilate vice, keeping the temper, saying no to the hopes that they may choose the Prophet of Nazareth. It would seem a reasonable pursuasions of temptation, setting constant watch upon the lips, the ears, the eyes; always absolutely bonest, no matter how hope. The Prophet of Nazareth had been the people's champion. He had preached much loss that means; always absolutely especially to them, and they had listened truthful; always absolutely reverent and gladly. He had gone about among them, pure in speech and thought, during to pro-healing their sick, helping them, doing test against un-Christian speech and action good, giving His strength in their service.
Was there none there on whom those blessed healing hands had rested? Was there none servant of Annas or Caiaphas—who of us who had been led from darkness into light, does not know how hard that is! Who of us from grief to peace, following the guiding of has not acted Pilate's part? this Master? Was there no weary and heavy

GEORGE HODGES.

A DWARF IN EVERY HOME. How Two Boys Can Entertain a Houseful of

People Very Nicely. New York Press.] Two boys may create fun for the company

stand behind a table and place his hands on "with Jesus who is called Christ?" And back comes the answer, a hundred times reit, while the other stands behind the first and passes his arms around him, as shown peated, swelling into a dreadful, universal clamor, "Crucify Him!" "Crucity Him!" in figure 1. The head and body of the second boy and the legs of the first are hidden by curtains, legs "Why, what evil hath He done?" de-mands the Governor. "I have found no cause of death in Him. I will therefore



Figure No. 1.

which can easily be managed if the table is placed in a doorway. Boots are then placed on the hands of the boy No. 1, and a jacket put on over his shoulders and the arms of the hidden player. Then, as will be seen in



Figure No. 2.

the second picture, an excellent tation of a dwarf is thus formed. The face should be disguised as much as possible and the dwarf may be dressed fantastically to represent a Turk or Moor. To add to the fun, a third person might act the part of showman and give a comic account of the

dwarf's history. A TEST OF GENTILITY.

How a Gentleman Helped a Belle Out of a

Bad Situation. our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Sou of God." "I was just leaving the car in a big Here at last is the real accusation. And crowd, among which there wasn't a after the strange events of the early mornsingle woman," said a New York belle to a ing, and in sight of the face of this innocent Herald reporter, "when the lace of my petticoat caught in something and with a loud. He remembers the mysterious dream which his wife had last night, and which she came triumphant z-zig ripped off to the extent of about two yards. There was all and told him of, warning him, and saying: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man." "He made Himself the Son of God." this white stuff banging, and I had to get rid of it in some way. I stepped to one side and began trying to tear the lace across, but the lace was as strong as the sewing had proved weak; not a thread of it would give. "And he went again into the judgment hall and saith unto Jesus: Whence art

Every one of the stream of men passing turned his head to look at me struggle, and I could feel my face crimson with exertion "That kind of a situation has a hashees h effect, and though it seemed like hours I suppose it was only a minute, till a gentle man, busily talking to a companion, passed close to me and, hardly turning his eyes my way, held out an opened pocketknife; then he walked on very slowly and apparently absorbed in conversation. It was the work of a second to sever that lace, roll it up in my muff and return him his knife. My gratitude was too deep

to express itself in what the plays call 'the smooth, hollow phrases of society.'" SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills

SICK BEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills. SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills

SICK HEADACHE_Carter's Little Liver Pills.

he says. And they all cry out: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Pilate saith unto them: "Shall I crucify your King?" The chief priests answered: "We have no King but Cesar." COMPLEXION POWDER

we take that Roman Governor's name upon gotten. Wherever the story of the Passion is recited, and wherever the message of sal-Is an absolute necessity of a refined toilet in this climate vation is preached among men, the part

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