martyrdoms for your sake, as you are, and than you are! Your wrong, your right, your truth, your falsehood, yourself, are swallowed up in the love I bear you! I love

With the cry on his lips—the name he had given her in other days—he made one mad step forward, throwing out his arms as and it was her duty to attend him through though to clasp her to him. But it was too the streets until the day when, being judged mysterious influence had overpowered him, is he had known that it would, when she so

pressed him back and held him against the tall slab. The whole pitilessness of her nature gleamed like a cold light in her white

"There was a martyr of your race once," she said in cruel tones. "His name was Simon Abeles. You talk of martyrdom! You shall know what it means-though it be too good for you, who spy upon the

woman whom you say you love."

The bectic flush of passion sank from Israel Kaika's cheek. Rigid, with outstretched arms and bent head, he stood against the ancient gravestone. Above him, as though in silent supplication, were the sculptured hands that marked the last resting place of a Kohn.
"You shall know now," said Unorna.

"You shall suffer indeed."

CHAPTER XV. Unorna's voice sank from the tone of auger to a lower pitch. She spoke quietly, and very distinctly, as though to impress every word upon the ear of the man who was in her power. The Wanderer listened, too, scarcely comprehending at first, but slowly yielding to the influence she exerted until the vision rose before him also with all its moving scenes, in all its truth and in all its horror. As in a dream, the desolate burialground was peopled with forms and taces of other days; the gravesiones rose from the earth and piled themselves into gloomy houses and remote courts and dim streets and venerable churches, the dry and twisted trees shrank down, and broadened and swung their branches as arms, and drew up their roots out of the ground as feet under them, and moved hither and thither, and the knots and bosses and gnarls upon them became faces, dark, eagle-like and keen, and the creaking and crackling of the boughs and twigs under the piercing blast that swept by, became articulate and like the voices of old men talking angrily together. There were sudden changes from day to night, and from night to day. In dark hambers crouching men took council of lood together under the feeble rays of a flickering lamp. In the uncertain twilight of winter, muffled figures lurked at the corners of streets, waiting for some one to pass, who must not escape them. As the Wanderer cazed and fistened, Israel Kafka was transformed. He no longer stood with outstretched arms, his back against a crumbling slab, his filmy eyes fixed on Unorna's face. He grew younger; his features were boy of scarcely 13 years, pale, carnest, and brightened by a soft light, which followed him hither and thither and he was not alone. He moved with others through the old familiar streets of the city, clothed in a fashion of other times, speaking in accents comprehensible but unlike the

speech of to-day, acting in a dim and faroff life that had once been.

The Wanderer looked, and, as in dreams, he knew that what he saw was unreal, he knew that the changing walls and streets nd houses and public places were built up of gravestones which in truth were deeply inted in the ground, immovable and incapable of spontaneous motion; he knew that the crowds of men and women were not human beings, but gnarled and twisted trees rooted in the earth, and that the hum of voices which reached his ears was but the sound of the dried branches bending in the wind; he knew that Israel Kafka was not the pale-faced boy who glided from place to place, followed everywhere by a so t radice; he knew that Unorna was the source and origin of the vision, and that the mingling speeches of the actors, now shrill in angry altercation, now hissing in low, fierce whisper, were really formed upon lips and made audible through her tones, as the chorus of indistinct speech and upturned eyes. The church was very proceeded from the awaying trees. It was dark and silent. to him an illusion of which he understood key and penetrated the secret, it was marvelous in its way he was held enthralled from the first moment when it began He understood, further, that Israel Kafka was in a state different from this, that he was suffering all the reality of another life, which to the Wan-derer was but a dream. For the moment all his faculties had a double perception of things and sounds, distinguishing clearly between the fact and the mirage that distorted and obscured it. For the moment he was aware that his reason was awake, though his eyes and his ears might be sleeping. Then the unequal contest between the senses and the intellect ceased, and while still remaining the dim consciousness that the source of all he saw and heard lay in Unorna's brain, he allowed himself to be led quickly from one scene to another, absorbed and taken out of himself by the hor-

At first, indeed, the vision, though vivid, ned objectless and of uncertain meaning. The dark depths of the Hebrew quarter of the city were opened, and it was toward

ror of the deeds done before him.



He Fell Back Against a Slab.

evening. Throngs of gowned men, crooked, bearded, filthy, vulture-eyed, crowded upon each other in a narrow public place, talking in quick, shrill accents, gesticulating with hands and arms and heads and bodier, laughand loose-lipped, grasping fat purses in lean fingers, shaking greasy curls that straggled out under caps of fur, glancing to strong men waiting in the dark to take their that pierced the gloom like fitful flushes of horror grew in the silence and emptiness, lightning, plucking at each other by the sleeve and pointing long fingers and crooked nails, two, three and four at a time as mark-ers in their ready reckoning, a writhing mass of humanity, intoxicated by the smell of gold, mad for its possession, half hysteric with the fear of losing it, timid, yet dangerous, poisoned to the core by the sweet sting or money, terrible in intelligence, vile in heart, contemptible in body, irresistible in the unity of their greed-the Jews of Prague 200 years ago.

In one corner of the dusky place there was a little light. A boy stood there beside a veiled woman, and the light that seemed to cling shout him was not the reflection of He was very young. His pale face had in it all the lost beauty of the Hebrew race, the lips were clearly cut, even pure in outline and firm, the forehead broad with thought, the leatures noble, aquiline-not vulture-like. Such a face might holy Stephen, Descon and Protomartyr have turned upon the young men who laid their garments at the feet of unconverted Saul. He stood there looking on at the scene in the market place, not wondering, for nothing of it was new to him; not scorning, for he felt no hate; not wrathful, for he dreamed of peace. He would have had the stream flow back upon its source and take a new channel for Itself, he would have seen the strength of his people wielded in cleaner deeds for nobler sims. The gold he hated, the race for it he despised, the poison of it he louthed, but he had neither loathing nor

loved to think that the carrion vulture might once again be purified and lifted on strong wings and become, as in old days, are | the eagle of the mountains.

swallowed up in the love I bear you! I love you always, and I will say it, and say it again—ah, your eyes! I love them, too! Take me into them, Unorna—whether in hate or love—but in love—yes—love—Unorna—golden Unorna!"

Unorna—golden Unorna!"

Take me into them, Unorna—whether in love—yes—love—Unorna—golden Unorna!"

Unorna—golden Unorna!"

Take me agie of the mountains.

For many minutes he gazed in silence. Then he sighed and turned away. He held certain books in his hand, for he had come from the school of the synagogue, where, throughout the short winter days, the rabbin taught him and his companions the mysteries of the average transport. teries of the sacred tongue. The woman by state. Even while he had been speaking her a man, he should be suddenly freed from the bondage of childish things.

"Let us go," he said, in a low voice. "The air is full of gold, and heavy. I cannot breathe it."

breathe it."
"Whither?" asked the woman.
"Thou knowest," he answered. And suddenly the faint radiance that was always about him grew brighter, and spread out

arms behind him, to the right and leit, in the figure of a cross.

They walked together, side by side, quickly and often glancing behind them, as quickly and often glancing behind them, as though to see whether they were followed. And yet it seemed as though it was not they who moved, but the city about them which changed. The throng of busy Hebrews grew shadowy, and disappeared; their shrill voices were lost in the distance. There were other people in the street, of other features and in different garbs, of prouder hearing, and het restless manuer, broad. bearing, and hot, restless manner, broadshouldered, erect, manly, with spur on heel and sword at side. The outline of the old synagogue melted into the murky air and changed its shape, and stood out again in other and ever changing forms. Now they were passing before the walls of a noble pulses now becamb long low galleries of

palace, now beneath long, low galleries of arches, now again across the open space of the great ring in the midst of the city—then

all at once they were standing before the richly carved doorway of the Teyn Church,



They Hurried Him Away. Beatrice's figure but a month ago. And

then they paused and looked again to the right and left, and searched the dark corners with piercing glances. "Thy life is in thine hand," said the wo-

is yet time. Turn with me and let us go back." The mysterious radiance lit up the youth's beautiful face in the dark street and showed the fearless yet gentle smile that was on his

"What is there to fear?" he asked. "Death." answered the woman in a trem-bling tone. "They will kill thee, and it shall be upon my head."

"And what is death?" he asked sgain, and the smile was still upon his face as he led the way up the steps.

The woman bowed her head and drew her veil more closely about her, and followed him. Then they were within the church, darker, more ghostly, less rich in those days than now. The boy stood beside the hewn stone basin wherein was the blessed water, and he touched the frozen surface with his fingers and held them out to his companion. "Is it thus?" he asked, and the heavenly

sign of the cross. Again the woman inclined her head.
"Be it not upon me," she exclaimed earnestly. "Though I would it might be forever

"It is for ever," the boy answered. He went forward and prostrated himself before the high altar, and the soft light hovered above him. The woman knelt at a little distance from him, with clasped hands

An old man in a monk's robe came forward out of the shadow of the choir, and stood behind the marble rails and looked down at the boy's prostrate figure wonder-ingly. Then the low gateway was opened and he descended the three steps and bent

down to the young head,
"What wouldst thou?" he asked. Simon Abeles rose until he kuelt, and looked up into the old man's face "I am a Hebrew. I would be a Christian.

would be baptized." "Fearest thou not thy people?" the monk asked.

"I fear not death," answered the boy simply. "Come with me."

Trembling, the woman followed them both, and all were lost in the gloom of the church. They were not to be seen, and all was still for a space. Suddenly a still voice broke the silence.

"Ego baptizo te in nomine Patris, et Filii. et Spiritus Sancti." Then the woman and the boy were standing again without the entrance in the chilly air, and the ancient monk was upon the threshold nuder the carved arch; his thin hands, white in the darkness, were lifted bigh, and he blessed them, and they went

In the moving vision the radiance was brighter still, and illuminated the streets as they moved on. Then a cloud descended over all, and certain days and weeks passed, and again the boy was walking swiftly toward the church. But the woman was not with him, and he believed that he was alone, though the messengers of evil were upon him. Two dark figures moved in the | arrest!" silent, noiseless in their walk, muffled in their long garments. He went on, no longer deigning to look back, be-yond fear as he had ever been, and beyond even the expectation of a danger. He went into the church, and the two men made gestures and spoke in low tones and hid themselves in the shade of the buttresses outside. The vision grew darker, and a terrible stillness was over everything, for the church

was not opened to the sight this time. There and left with quick, gleaming looks victim to the place of expiation. And the

> until it was unbearable. The door opened and the boy was with the monk under the black arch. The old man embraced him and blessed him and stood still for a moment watching him as he went down. Then he, also, turned and went back, and the door was closed.

> Swiftly the two men glided from their hiding place and sped along the uneven pavement. They grasped him by the arms on each side, Lazarus his father, and Levi, surnamed the Short-handed, the strongest and the cruelest and the most relentless of the younger rabbis. Their grip was rough, and the older man held a coarse woolen cloth in his hand with which to smother th boy's cries if he should cry out for help. But he was very eaim and did not resist

"What would you?" he asked.
"And what doest thou in a Christian church?" asked Lazarus, in fierce tones. "What Christians do, since I am one of them," answered the youth, unmoved.

that the blood ran down. looking about.

And they hurried him away through dark and narrow lanes. He opposed no resistance to Levi's rough strength, not only suffering himself to be dragged along, but doing his best to keep pace with the man's long strides, nor did he murmur at the blows and strides, nor did he murmur at the blows and home. He caught cold and two weeks after thrusts dealt him from time to time by his he made the statement the news of his death contempt, nor hatred for the men them-selves. He looked upon them, and he minutes they were still traversing the try.

Christian part of the city. A single loud ery for help would have brought a rescue, a few words to the rescuers would have roused a mob of fierce men, and the two men would have paid with their lives for the deeds they had not yet committed. But Simon Abeles uttered no cry and offered no resistance. He had said that he feared not death, and he had spoken that he reared not death, what he had spoken the truth, not knowing what manner of death was to be his. Onward they sped, and in the vision the way they traversed seemed to sweep past them so that they remained always in sight so that they remained always in signt though always hurrying until the Christian quarter was passed, before them hung the chain of one of those gates which gave access to the city of the Hebrews. With a jeer and an oath the bearded sentry watched them pass—the martyr and his torturers. One word to him, even then, and the butt of his heavy halberd would have broken Levi's arm and laid the boy's father in the dust. The word was not spoken. On through the

empty street, and there was silence for a space and a horror of long waiting in the falling night. Lights moved within the house, and then Lights moved within the house, and then one window after another was bolted and barred from within. Still the silence endured until the ear was grown used to it and could hear sounds very far off, from deep down below the house itself, but the walls did not open and the scene did not change. A dull noise, had to hear, resounded as from beneath a vault, and then another and another

The word was not spoken. On through the filthy ways, on and on through narrow

body. Then a pause. "Wilt thou renounce it?" asked the voice of Lagurus.

the answer, brave and clear. "Lay on, Levi, and let thy arm be And again the sound of blows, regular, merciless, came up from the bowels of the

ways-I believe in the Lord-' The sacred name was not heard. "Lay on, Levi, lay on!"

of the sun the distance will seem tenfold greater than it is in reslity. But after nightfall the air is soft and balmy, the moonlight is bright and clear, away in the "Nay," answered the strong rabbi, "the boy will die. Let us leave him here for this night. Perchance cold and hunger will be more potent than stripes, when he shall come to himself.

angry reluctance Again there was silence. Soon the rays of light ceased to shine through the crevices of the outer shutters, and sleep descended upon the quarters of the Hebrews. Still the scene in the vision changed not. After a long stillness a clear young voice was heard

speaking.

"Lord, if it be Thy will that I die, grant that I may bear all in Thy name, grant that I, unworthy, may endure in this body the punishments due to me in spirit for my sins. And if it be Thy will that I live, let my life

torturing blows, but the voice of the boy was growing weaker every night, though it was not less brave.
"I believe," it said, always. "Do what

you will, you have power over the body, but I have the Faith over which you have So the days and the nights passed, and though the prayer came up in feeble tones, it was born of a mighty spirit, and it rang

appealing from them to the tribunal of the Throne of God Most High. smile grew more radiant as he made the the stubborn boy by the might of his hands to hurt. Some of the rabbis shook their

> "He is possessed of a devil," they said. 'He will die and repent not." But others nodded spprovingly and wagged their filthy beards and said that when the fool had been chastised the evil

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL

Forget His Duty.

Louis Eisenbrand, of the Twentieth ward. is a finely preserved man of 75 years who has had a most exciting career. One of the most interesting episodes of his eventful life ment's warning, it seems to drop out, and was that in which he faced the King of his with a shrick of alarm, followed by shouts native Bavaria and forced him to retreat in of laughter from the Indians who have the direction from which he had come. This gathered to witness the tenderfoot's experiwas in 1840, when he was an infantryman in the Bavarian army.

The King saw that his sentinel could not kept on pacing his beat, paying no attention to the tempting bit of silver until he was satisfied that the King had certainly disap-peared, when he carefully picked it up and placed it in his pocket for future use.

On the next day the captain of the company thanked Louis in the name of King Ludwig for relusing even him to pass in violation of orders. In fact, as it afterward turned out, the King made this attempt to violate the orners given the sentinels only to try them and learn whether they were re-

In the meantime Louis and his closest comrades had a grand time in testing the best beer that Nurnberg had on tap, and he states that they drank several toasts to "Ludwig! may His Majesty live long and

Lazarus said nothing, but he struck the boy on the mouth with his hard hand so that the blood ran down.

"Not here!" exclaimed Levi, anxiously looking about the struck the blood ran down. your banquet comes off. Some of these nights I'll catch a cold returning home from a late banquet and take to my bed and

and enlarged it on the other, so that the apring is now entirely on reservation land. never get up."
On leaving the officer General Sherman But it is primarily to visit the palm grove that the visitor has come to this out-

Remarkable Tropical Growth the Tourist Can Find on the Edge of Colorado Desert

CALIFORNIA'S PRETTIEST NOOK.

Mighty Palm Springs Which Bubble Up From Depths Unknown and Water the Beautiful Slopes.

TRIP THROUGH AN ARID CANYON.

ous mineral springs, the redwood forests of

California, are all well known to the tour-

ist, and that anything approaching in

beauty or attractiveness to any of the feat-

ures of California scenery just noted should

have escaped observation will seem re-

markable. Yet such is the fact. At Palm

Valley and its neighboring Palm Springs,

on the borders of the Colorado desert, are a

variety of attractions in scenery of the most

magnificent character that will one day

make teat locality rank with the Yosemite

All the better will it be if the train reach Seven Palms after nightfall. It is only a

few miles across this arm of the desert, but if the trip be undertaken in the fierce glare

distance are the snow-white summits of San

over 12,000 feet, while just ahead is the pre-cipitous slope of San Jacinto, lifting its glit-

tering pinnacles 10,000 feet above the shel-

Bernardino and Grayback, towering aloft

and big trees in the estimation of tourists.

courts and tortuous passages to a dark, low doorway. Then again the vision showed an Tah-Quick Fall, Which Plays Through a Cleft in San Jacinto to the Music of Explosions. CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE 1 SAN FRANCISCO, March 10 .- The Yosemite, the big trees, the geysers, the petrified groves, the mountain lakes, the numer-

the sounds of cruel blows upon a human

"Kyrie cleison, Christie eleison!" came

"Dost thou repent? Dost thou renounce? Dost thou deny?' "I repent of my sins-I renounce your

smothered groan as of one losing conscious-ness in extreme torture was all that came up

"As thou sayest," answered the father in

time descended upon the vision and was lifted again and again. And each time the same voice was heard and the sound of

in the ears of the tormentors as the voice of an angel which they had no power to silence,

Day by day, also, the rabbis and the elders began to congregate together at evening before the house of Lazarus and to talk with him and with each other, debating how they might break the endurance of his son and bring him sgain into the synagogue as one of themselves. Chief among them in their councils was Levi, the short-handed, devising new tortures for the frail body to bear and boasting how he would conque

spirit would depart from him [To be continued next Sunday.]

His Sovereign Could Not Bribe Him to Philadelphia Press.]

One dark night Louis was silently with measured steps pacing his beat on the first floor of one of the numerous fortifications which surround the city of Nurnberg. He was suddenly startled by hearing a heavy footstep behind him. On turning he saw it was no less a personage than his Majesty, Ludwig. The King attempted to pass to shaft from which this volume of water and the front when Louis commanded him to sand pours with such irresistible force is halt. The King offered to give him the

parole countersign. "I have orders to allow no one to cross my path and to leave the castle from here, pa-

role or no parole," was the reply.
"I will give you a guidin; I am your monarch," said the tall, handsome, red-

haired Ludwig. "I order you to retrace your steps; if yo

do not I shall seize you and place you under be swerved from his path of duty, not even for a bribe, and a guldin was a great deal of money in those days for a private soldier t own and spend. He retreated from before his faithful soldier, but threw the piece of money to him before he left him. Louis

liable when upon their posts. have a glorious reign!'

GENERAL SHERMAN'S PRESENTIMENT. He Was Aware That His End Was Near, and

So Told His Friends. A peculiar circumstance connected with the recent demise of General William Tecumseh Sherman was the fact that he expected an early death, and made necessary preparations weeks before there was the slightest reason to suspect that his end was near, says the New York Herald. General Sherman received an invitation to attend a banquet on April 17 in celebration of General Grant's birthday.

visited ex-Judge Dillon and then returned of the way spot, and so after a bath and an early breakfast, burros are saddled and the trail to the grove is taken. Around the spring for some distance orchards and vine-yards are under cultivation, the remarkable was telegraphed over the wires of the coun-

feature of the climate of this locality being that truits and vegetables mature a month or two in advance of any other part of the State, grapes, peaches, etc., ripening at such a preposterously early date as to be worth a preposterously early date as to be worth almost their weight in silver in the San

Francisco market.

The road winds about through these ranches and then strikes directly for what appears to be a lofty, impervious rampart of rock. Three or four miles are thus passed, and finally the wall is reached. There is a rift, however, in its side, and into this the visitors turn. Not a particle of verdure is in sight. The mountain raises its naked, vitrified flanks aloft for thousands of feet, while the surface over which the burros carefully pick their way is made of naught but sand and boulders.

The canyon is narrow and precipitous, for-bidding and gloomy. The guide declares that it is Palm Canyon, but one looks in



A Group of Palms vain for sign of tree or bush, so it goes for s

quarter of a mile. Then there is an abrupt turn at right angles, as abrupt as the corner of a street, and then the visitor catches his is bound. The wheels of the vehicle sink deeply in the loose, shifting sand, the horses



A VIEW OF TAH-QUICK VALLEY.

strain in their harness, and it is an hour and a half before the four miles have been traversed, and one catches the gleam of the white walls of the little one-storied hotel, in the midst of a perfect thicket of tropical growth and on the bank of the mysterious spring whose waters have been a second pool of Siloam for how many ages

may know. This is Palm Springs, and bright and early in the morning the visitor makes his acquaintance with the great pool that sur-rounds the springs itself. An embankment has been thrown up inclosing a space per-haps 150 feet in diameter and of varying depth. Somewhere in that pool is the "bot-tomless pit," and those who are acquainted with it give the new arrival a laughing word of warning, lest be suddenly descend to the nether regions. The water is deliciously tempered, and the bather wades out in it with perfect security. The bottom is hard and sandy, but suddenly, without a moence, the earth gives way and down goes the

bather up to his armpits into what seems like a kettle of almost boiling water. As suddenly as he has gone down just as quickly is he thrown out again like a cork by the wild rush of water through the shaft. The heaviest man can only sink just so far in this pit, and though one drops or jumps from a considerable height into it he will be tossed out again like a chip. The shaft from which this volume of water and about three feet in diameter, and the walls are hard and smooth almost as polished stone. As the water pours out it is very warm-almost scalding hot-but it spreads out quickly in the pool and soon becomes of a temperature most enjoyable for bathing. Here the Indians gather and roll about for hours at a time, giving up the spring, however, at regular intervals, to the white visitors and residents. The water accumulates

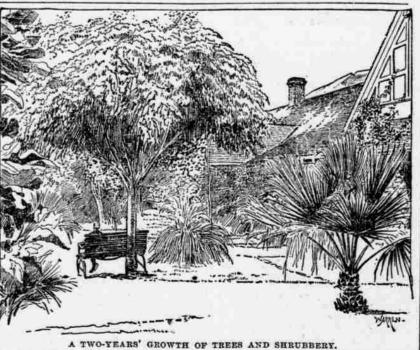
side to side with giant palms. Their slender, graceful trunks rise nearly or quite 100 feet into the air, and from the thick clusters of dark green foliage that crown them hang graceful stems a dozen feet in length, laden with the purple fruit that in all the world can be found only here. This is in part the native home of the Washing. tonian Filifera, and here it may be seen in all its proud glory of a maturity that has taken hundreds of years to produce. Beneath the trees is a perfect jungle of tropical growth through which the burros force their way with difficulty. Water there is too in abundance, but disagreeably warm and with strongly marked mineral characteristics. Here, indeed, are the essentials for the growth of the palm-with feet in the water and head in the sun, as the Arabs onve it. But while the palm grove is the chief at-traction of this remarkable valley, there are

others which must not be neglected. In a great cleft in the heart of San Jacinto is the beautiful Tah-Quick fall. Is is a long scramble over bowlders and precipices before this fall is reached, but it is well worth the effort. The camera cannot do justice to the cataract in its wild plunge over the solid wall of granite into the dceply-worn basin beneath, but there are few falls on the const which possess greater elements of beauty than this. During the night the ears of the visitor will be saluted with the noise of a tremendous explosion, apparently proceed ing from the depths of the mountains. All efforts to find the exact locality of these explosions or to determine their nature or cause have been unavailing. G. F. W.

DANCING WITHOUT LEGS.

How a High Kicker on Crutches Manage to Earn His Salary.

It seems almost incredible that a man with no legs at all can earn a good living as a dancer and high kicker while thousands of men in possession of both legs and the best of intentions are the subjects of ridicule for



in the pool every 24 hours to a depth of four | their attempts to learn to trip the light fanor five feet, and it is regularly drawn off to irrigate the little garden patches and althe Baltimore Herald, who presents this falfa fields which are cultivated by the In-dians on the reservation. Each alternate peculiar phenomena. With his two crutches and one stump he can go faster than the section of land here has been set apart as Presidental reservation for the mission In-His brother sent him to St. Michael's dians, and the other sections are owned by College, Toronto, Canada, after he lost his legs on the railroad, to enable him to finish the white men. The line of demarkation at one time ran through the center of the po but the wily Indians filled it in on that side

his education and enter the legal pro but Black practiced dancing until he be-came proficient and astonished everybody by his performances. He made his first appearance in the old Adelphi Theater, Chicago, about eight years ago and made quite a bit as a dancer, a line of business to which he sticks.

STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland American and European plans.

SCENES ON CALVARY.

Lessons Which Dropped From the Lips of the Patient Sufferer

AS HE HUNG DYING ON THE CROSS.

How the Penitent Malefactor Pound His Way Into Paradise.

PARTING DIRECTIONS TO HIS LOVED

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. "And they took Jesus and led him away." It was 9 o'clock in the morning. The cross was made ready-two rough timbers nailed together. It is laid upon the back of Jesus, that he may carry it. Before Him goes a soldier bearing a board on which is written His accusation, to proclaim it to all the curious beholders in the streets, and presently to be fastened above His head.

Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin: "This is Jesus the King of the Jews." On either side of Jesus is a condemned malefactor, each also bearing a cross, being led away to die with Him, adding insult to His death. About them are the soldiers. and behind follows the eager, shouting, pitiless, and blood-thirsty mob. Here are chief priests, and elders, scribes and Pharisees; here are the rich and the poor, the high and the low, all set against So they go in tragic procession through the streets toward the city gate. Christ won't die beyond the city wall. "For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp, Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanc-tify the people with His own blood, suffered

rithout the gate."

He Asked No Pity. As they go along the way of sorrow, the voices of women are heard, weeping and lamenting. But Jesus asks no tears for Him. "Daughters of Jerusalem," He says, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Brave, calm, composed in spirit, strong, except in body, Jesus asks no pity. But the flesh is weak. There has been a long and terrible strain upon it. Christ has had no food and no sleep. He has endured the angry and bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane; He has suf-fered betrayal at the hands of one whom He had befriended; He has seen His own disciples forsake Him and flee away. With hands bound He has been led by the brutal soldiers to Annas and to Cainphas. He has suffered the indignity of an unjust trial. Before Caiaphas, before Herod, before Pilate, He has been upon his defense and been orced to hear the insults and accusations of the mob. He has stood by while one of the the moo. He has stood by white one of the man among all others He has But here was Christ. And here was a loved best, has denied with execuations that who chose to stand on Christ's side. ne ever knew Him. Three times, in the house of Caiaphas, in the house of Herod, in the house of Pilate, He has been derided nocked, beaten and spitted on by menials, underlings, servants, abjects. He has been scourged. Bowed down in agony of mind

aud body Jesus falls Beneath the Burden of the Cross. Somebody else must carry it. Here is a man coming in out of the country. Simon of Cyrene shall bear the cross. Him they compel. And so the sad procession again advances. The hill of Calvary is reached at last. The cross is laid upon the ground. Jesus is laid upon it. Through the extended hands are driven the strong, sharp nails, and through the feet. Those gentle hands laid so that and so tenderly unout. Somebody else must carry it. Here is a bands, laid so often and so tenderly upou the sick and the sorrowful; those sacred eet, weary with going about doing goodthus they pierce them! The cross is thrust into the ground. On either side hang the eering and pitiless faces, stand staring and

iooking upon Him.

"They gape upon Me with their mouths as it were a ramping and a roaring lion. I heart may be assured, for His mother that am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart also in the midst | thought about Himself! of my body is even like melting wax. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tougue cleaveth to my gums, and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death. For many dogs are come about Me, and the counsel of the wicked layeth siege against Me. They pierced My hands and My feet. I may tell all my bones: They stand staring and looking upon Me."

So the long, desperate agony begins. "Father," He cries, "forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Refuses the Soothing Drink It is the custom in crucifixion to offer to the crucified a drink of some soothing mix-

ture of wine and myrrh to deaden the pain

of mind and body. The rich ladies of the city have the providing of this merciful draught for one of their favorite charities. This they offer to Jesus, but He will not drink it. With every sense alert, with mind clear, He chooses to face death. The inscription is fastened above His head

upon the cross. The soldiers part His raiment and cast lots upon it. "And the people spod beholding. And the rulers also with them derided Him, saying He saved others, Himself He cann save; let Him save Himself if He be Christ the Son of God." "And they that passed by," along the highway leading to the city, "reviled Him, wagging their heads and say-ing, "Thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyseif. If Thou be the Son of God come down from the cross. Likewise the chief priests mocking Him, with the scribes and elders said, He aved others, Himself He campot save. If He be the King of Israel let Him now come

down from the cross, and we will believe Him. He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now if He will have Him, for He said,

I am the Son o: God." To Save Would Be Surrender. "He saved others, Himself He cannot By losing His life, He saved our lives. He who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many," cannot save himself. The supreme purpose of His life forbids it. No true man can save himself, when that safety can be reached only by the path of shameful surrender. He only that loseth his life, in such a case, shall save it. Christ put our safety before His own, thought of us not of himself, for our joy suffered pain, for our life met death. That mocking sentence voiced the divine truth about the cross. It was the willing sacrifice. Himself He could not, because He would not, save. "Father lorgive them, for they know not hat they do." For all the pain of soul what they do.' and body, for all the bitter piercing

deriding. Christ asks the blessing of forgiveness. What an example! In a world where so many of us find it so hard to be forgiving-what a significant example! "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."
"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." "Father forgive them for they know not what they do.

the nails, for all the shameful reviling and

and at the same time extend our business and

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger,

and clamor, and evil-speaking be put away

from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, for-

giving one another, even as God for Chrisst's sake hath forgiven you."

Has that word no meaning which we need? Has that word no warning and pleading voice which troubles the heart of any penitent believer? "Lord, is it I?"

Difference Between the Malefactors. On either side hang the two malefactors We divide people into classes, and set a word of description against them, and so group them together and affirm a general liken between them. But we are all the fine making mistakes in our judgment. For everybody is different from everybody else. There are bad among the good, and good among the bad.

good among the bad.

Here are the two malefactors. Each has been an evil-doer, and each, very likely after a life of violence, is suffering a merited punishment. "We receive the due rewards of our deeds," one of them confesses. The ookers-on make out no difference between them. But there is a difference. There is

the difference of differences.
"One of the malefactors which was "One of the malefactors which was hanged railed on Him, saying: If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us," hoping, perhaps, to carry favor with the mob. But the other rebuked him. To him Christ is no common criminal. Perhaps he has some time before, in some company of publicans and sinners, heard that blessed voice, and upon the cross. The inscription is written in three languages, in the three languages of the civilized world of that century, in looked upon that divine face. Perhaps, he has known somebody whom Christ had helped, healed, uplifted. And some memory of words about Him. Some half-effaced spiritual impression, comes again into his mind, and he turned to Christ. Or perhaps it was only what that Good Friday morning had revealed to him. That long walk one had revealed to him. That long walk out of the city to the place of execution, that word to the weeping women, that prayer for the forgiveness of His enemies, and our Lord's whole bearing and being have touched this rough man's heart.

He Was Filled With Awe.

In his agony, as the malefactor hangs beside the Master, in the awful conscious-ness which moment by moment grew more emphatic and intense that in a few hours ll would be over with him, and his soul would go to Him who gave it, the male-factor looks and listens. Somehow, at any rate, his thought about this strange comrade of his dying by his side, rises with awe and with faith, "This man hath done nothing amiss," he cries. And he turns to Jesus, "Lord," he asks, "remember me when Thou

comest into Thy kingdom."

Instantly Christ welcomes this penitent malefactor. "To-day," He answers, "shalt thou be with Me in Paredise." Christ is ever waiting to be gracious. The faintest purpose to seek Him, Christ sees and blesses. He quenches not the smoking flax, nor breaks the bruised reed. All this weary way, with the cross at the end of it, has the Good Shepherd come, seeking the lost sheep. How gladly will He take into His blessed protection the sheep which turns to Him! The penitent male-factor had but an imperfect faith. Of Christian doctrine he knew nothing. Of the divinity of Christ he had but the very faintest glimmer, probably no sight at all. Of the atonement, of which that cross was the symbol, he was completely ignorant. The malefactor knew no theology at all. But here was Christ. And here was a man turned to Christ, and gave Him his alle-giance, such as it was. Everybody else was against Him. Church and State were united in His condemnation. His disciples had forsaken Him. But this malefactor would be His friend. That is what Christ wants, He wants us to be His friends. He asks

An Example of Self-Forgetfulness. But not all about the cross are enemies. "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene."
And with them John, the disciple whom

Jesus loved.
"When Jesus therefore saw His mother and the disciple standing by whom He loved, He said unto His mother, Behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own house."
What an example of self-forgetfulness and care for others! Christ's first thoughts amidst the pain of crucifixion are all for

Pain so often makes us selfish. And ever when there is no pain to vex and distract us, we are so forgetful. About us, every hour, are opportunities of helpfulness. Es-pecially at home, how much depends upon unselfishness! And how continually is our

unselfishness put to a test!

But to be unselfish, and to think of others, is to be a Christian. It is to be like Christ.

All selfishness is against Christ. What a sermon the cross preaches! "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—how far can that he widd!

that be said of us? GEORGE HODGES.

A PRECIOUS CABINET. Where the Justices of the Supreme Cour Keep Their Gowns.

There is a precious oaken cabinet in the handsome office adjoining the State Supreme Court Chambers in the City Hall, and in it are kept the official gowns of the seven Justices. The seven gowns are neatly folded when not in use and laid away in seven separate drawers in the cabinet. A label on each drawer bears the name of the owner of the dignified garment within. The Pennsylvania Supreme Judges secured their gowns through Mrs. Paxson, wife of Chief Justice Paxson, who had them made by a costumer of this city. The gowns are long, reaching nearly to the feet, have very wide sleeves, and, excepting the yoke, are as the farmers' corn, but he really earns more plain as could be made. Black silk of the than the value of the corn by his consumpbest quality is the material used, and the approximate cost of each gown was \$45. They are only worn during the sessions of the court. When the court meets in Pitts

messenger, and, immediately after the ad-journment, they are brought back to this city for safe keeping.

burg they are sent out there by a specia

THE OLD LAW ON PRINTING. No Books or Newspapers Without the Con sent of the Government, Up to the year 1689, under the reign of William and Mary, no books or newspapers of any kind could be legally issued without the consent of the Government. However, under this reign, which made England vir-tually free, this restriction was removed, and henceforth men were free not only to think, but to print and circulate their thoughts, and thus to bring the Govern-ment more directly before that bar of public

opinion, which judges all men and all institutions.

As Easy as Can Be. Chicago Tribune.1 Scoffer-Your system is a humbug. You an't cure a disease by thinking it cured. You've got to use a remedy. Christian Scientist—We don't

"Suppose you want to lead a pig across a river, and don't believe in using the bridge. How would you get it over?"

medicines.

"I'd sit down and think it over. ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most effica gious stimulant to excite the appetite.

TRICKS OF THE CROW.

He Is the Most Cunning Old Rascal That Wears Feathers.

CONFIRMED GLUTTON AND THIEF. He Has a Judicial System and Executes Offending Brothers.

A PUN-PROVOKER IN THE HOUSEHOLD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Even in these bleak days of March, before robin redbreast and the rest of the earl spring warblers have refurned from their tour in the South, you can find, almost anywhere in the country, one of the most interesting of all feathered creatures. In addition to a talking aptitude second only to the parrot, it is the most cunning and tricky of all birds. It is our familiar dusky friend the crow, and if you prefer the more poetical name you may call it the raven, for there is only a slight ornithological difference be-

tween corvus Americanus and corvus core. There is no hardier bird in the world, and none whose range of climate is wider. The crow is found in every degree of latitude, from the equator to near the polar circles, and although there are some differences of species, he is everywhere the same cunning old rascal, disguised in manner of dignity and sedateness befitting a parson. As he lives everywhere, it is perhaps not so strange that he seems to think he owns the earth. Anyway, he is a born combination of pirate and bandit, for he will steal clams on the seashore, kill and eat young squirrels on a mountain top, and sneakingly suck eggs of any kind whenever he gets the

chance. A Glutton and a Long Liver.

Some wise physicians tell us that excessive eating is detrimental to health, and they are probably right, but if this statement should be uttered in the presence of an accom-plished old crow it would probably provoke a knowing twinkle in his eye. Gluttony and longevity seem to be on the best of terms in the crow family. A hungry gamia at a Christmas dinner will eat until he is "too full for utterance," but a crow has been known to feed until it dropped dead. And yet there are reliable accounts of crows equaling the most venerable parrots in longevity, living to be 78 and even 100

In the wild state the crow terrorizes nearly all other birds. In the early spring, when they build their nests in the tops of high trees, the crows will tolerate nothing else of feathered kind near them. Their desire for exclusiveness is so marked that an old pair will even drive their own youngsters from home just as soon as they are big enough to shift for themselves and earn their own living. A naturalist, who visited the Western Islands, says that on three of the smaller islands he found no birds excepting a pair of crows on each. The crows had "pre-empted," the islands, to use the settlers' term, and they would brook no encroachment from other birds.

The Crows' Judicial System. But that feature of crow life that we might call the judiciary system has interested ornithologists more than anything else. There seems to be no doubt that crows have a judicial system for the trial and punishment of culprits. According to the accounts of reputable observers the crow courts are conducted something after this fashion: A solemn conclave of old croakers is held on a tree; a crest-fallen prisoner is among them. Three or four old fellows, probably crow lawyers, will jabber away for a while and then there will be an apparent consultation of the whole flock, sitting as a jury. If the verdict be against the prisoner he is sentenced to death and turned over to

the executioners who peck the life out of In his domesticated state the crow is a feathered anomaly. It can be trained to catch other birds, to carry small parcels and to do all sorts of amysing tricks, in ad-dition to such lingual accomplishments as distinguish the parrot. Goldsmith, the naturalist, says: "I have heard a raven ing, with great distinctness, accuracy and humor, the whole of a popular song. ame author, while characterizing the bird as "a glutton by nature and a thief by habit," recognizes his humor by saying: "I have seen one that while amusing himself with a poodle dog, and unable to keep pace

with his four-footed playfellow, would seize him with a lock of hair and hold on tenaciously, while the dog was careering at full gallop." Steals Anything and Everything. The domesticated crow, in fact, is a black embodiment of fun and rascality. He will play all sorts of pranks on dors, cats and poultry, and he will steal anything that he is strong enough to lug away to the nook or crevice where he conceals his property. Like the born pilferer that he is, he doesn't confine his thefts to what he wants to eat, nor to what he can possibly utilize in any way. He seems to have a special weakness for such valuable things as jewelry, silver-

ware and metallic money. Many a person has been suspected, and even arrested, for thefis committed by the demure but crafty and thievish pet crow. The superstition that the crow is a bird of evil omen is hardly worth considering in our day. It probably had its origin in the association of the bird's funereal color with the weird croak that it often makes at night. No, the crow is not half so bad as he has been painted. He will undoubtedly steal tion of destructive bugs and worms. As for the tame crow, the worst you can -rightfully

say of him is that he is just the cunningest old rascal you ever saw. J. H. WEBB.

WHY IT WAS A FAILURE. The Skin-Grafting Experiment Could Not

Have Been Successful. Dr. James M. Marx, of New York, a surgeon of some prominence, while sitting in the Lindell, spoke of the operation of skin-grafting recently performed on Sir Knight Dickerson, of the St. Bernard Commandery, Kuights Templar, at Chicago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "I was not surprised," said the Doctor, "to learn of Dickerson's death. Not having seen the patient, I cannot judge whether it would have been possible to make the operation successful or not; but in my opinion there could have been but little reason to hope that the operation, as it is reported to have been performed, could be successful. Skingrafting has come to be a common opera-tion; but it nevertheless requires some skill in operating. In the case of Dickerson there was a space about one foot square to be covered.

"Now, every surgeon of any experience in skin-grafting knows that the new growth proceeds from the edges. He would not lay a piece of skin in the middle of a skinless spot and expect it to live and grow. He knows it must be led from the healthy skin at the edges. And so all successful skingrafting is done by placing pieces of new skin at the edges of the space to be covered. It seems, however, that the whole square foot of surface was covered at one time in the case of Dickerson.

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