

metonyms for your sake, as you are, and if you were a thousand years older than you are...

"There was a martyr of your race once," she said in cruel tones. "His name was Simon Ables...

CHAPTER XV. Urona's voice sank from the tone of anger to a lower pitch. She spoke quietly, and very distinctly...

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loved to think that the carrion vulture might once again be perched and lifted on a strong wing and become, as in old days, the eagle of the mountains.

"Thou knowest," he answered. And suddenly he turned away from the man, and stood with his arms behind him, and to the right and left, in the figure of a cross.

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Christian part of the city. A single loud cry that might have brought a rescue, a few words to the rescuers would have roused a mob of fierce men...

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THE VALLEY OF PALMS.

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.

A TRIP THROUGH AN ARID CANTON. Tah-Quick Fall, Which Flows Through a Graft in the Joints to the Mouth of Explanas.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—The Yosemite, the big trees, the geysers, the petrified forests, the mountain lakes, the numerous mineral springs, the redwood forests of California, are all well known to the tourist...

As they go along the way of sorrow, the voices of women are heard in the distance. But Jesus asks no tears for Him. "Daughters of Jerusalem," he says, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

But the flesh is weak. There has been a long and terrible strain upon it. Christ has had no food for a dozen days. He has endured the angry and bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane; and he has suffered the betrayal at the hands of one whom he had befriended; and 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 Caiaphas. He has suffered the indignity of an unjust trial before Caiaphas, before Herod, before Pilate, and before the people. He has been bound by his own hands and feet, and he has been scourged, and he has been crowned with thorns, and he has been crucified.

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. Behind the man who carries the cross 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 hands of the hands, laid so often and so tenderly upon the sick and the sorrowful; those sacred feet, weary with going about doing good— they pierce them. The cross is thrust through the hands and feet. The nails are driven in. The cross is raised. The crowd of enemies, with jeering and pitiless faces, stand staring and looking upon him. They are all looking upon him.

It is the custom in crucifixion to offer to the crucified a drink of some soothing mixture of wine and myrrh to deaden the pain of mind and body. But in this case, the city have the providing of this merciful draught for one of their favorite citizens. 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 beholding, And the rulers also with them derided Him, saying: He saved others; Himself He cannot save; let Him descend from the cross, if He is 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 of God."

He saved others, Himself He cannot save. 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 loses 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 shocking sentence of the divine law, "he that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life shall keep it," was the willing sacrifice. Himself He could not save, because He would not, save.

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." For all the pain of soul and body, for all the bitter piercing with the nails, for all the shameful reviling and deriding, Christ asks the blessing of forgiveness. What an example! In a world where so many of us are so hard to be forgiving—what a significant example! "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

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feature of the climate of this locality being that fruit 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 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, impassable rampart of rock. Three or four miles are thus passed, and finally the lake 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 rises like a naked, vitrified flank aloft for thousands of feet, while the surface over which the burros carefully pick their way is made of naught but sand.

The canyon is narrow and precipitous, forbidding and gloomy. The guide declares that it is Palm Canyon, but one looks in vain for sign of tree or bush, so it goes for a 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 breath in astonishment at the vision that is so suddenly unfolded.

The canyon widens outland is filled from 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 the tops of the palms, hang in long, laden with the purple fruit that in all the world can be found only here. This is in part the native home of the Washington plum, 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 and in the water and in the air, laden with the purple fruit that in all the world can be found only here. This is in part the native home of the Washington plum, and here it may be seen in all its proud glory of a maturity that has taken hundreds of years to produce.

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SCENES ON CALVARY.

Lessons Which Dropped From the Lips of the Patient Sufferer AS HE HUNG DYING ON THE CROSS.

How the Penitent Malefactor Found His Way into Paradise. PARTING DIRECTIONS TO HIS LOVED

"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, upon the cross. The inscription is written in three languages, in the three languages of the civilized world of that century, in 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, the chief priests, the scribes, the Pharisees; here are the rich and the poor, the high and the low, all set against Him. So they go in tragic procession through the streets toward the city gate. Christ was led beyond the city gate. 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, being without sin, suffered outside the gate.

As they go along the way of sorrow, the voices of women are heard in the distance. 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 for a dozen days. He has endured the angry and bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane; and he has suffered the betrayal at the hands of one whom he had befriended; and 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 Caiaphas. He has suffered the indignity of an unjust trial before Caiaphas, before Herod, before Pilate, and before the people. He has been bound by his own hands and feet, and he has been scourged, and he has been crowned with thorns, and he has been crucified.

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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 FUN-PROVOKER IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Even in these black days of March, before robin redbreast and the rest of the early spring warblers have returned 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 between corvus americanus and corvus corax. There is no harder 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 in the same cunning old rascal, disguised in manner of dignity and sedateness befitting a person. 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 claim claims on the seashore, kill and eat young squirrels on a mountain top, and cunningly steal the eggs of any kind whenever he gets the chance.

Some wise physicians tell us that excessive eating is detrimental to health, and they are probably right, but when you see a crow eating a knowing twinkle in his eye. Gluttony and longevity seem to go hand in hand. A hungry crow at a Christmas dinner will eat until he is "too full for utterance," but a crow has known to live for a long time on a diet of bread and butter. And yet there are reliable reports of crows equaling the most venerable parrots in longevity, living to be 78 and even 100 years old.

It is well stated the crow terrorizes nearly all other birds. In the early spring, when they build their nests in the tops of high trees, the crow will tolerate nothing else on a mountain top, and he is equally desirous for exclusiveness so marked that an old pair will even drive their own youngsters from home just as soon as they are hatched. A crow will even chase a crow to three of the smaller islands he found no birds on. He has been known to chase the crows had "preempted" the islands, so use the settlers' term, and they would brook no encroachment from other birds.

But that feature of crow life that we might call a judicial system has interested ornithologists for some time. The crow has a judicial system, and he is a judge. There seems to be no doubt that he has a judicial system for the trial and punishment of criminals. According to the accounts reported by ornithologists, the courts are conducted something after this fashion: A solemn convulsion of old crows is held on a tree; a cross-fallen prisoner is brought in, and the judge, who is probably a crow lawyer, 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 him.

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 amusing tricks, in addition to its usual pecking about. It can distinguish the parrot. Goldsmith, the naturalist, says: "I have heard a raven sing, with great distinctness, accuracy and humor, the whole of a popular song. The raven, when he has once learned a song, is a glutton by nature and a thief by habit," recognizes his humor by saying: "I have seen one that while amusing himself with a nut and peeling it, he would seize him with a lock of hair and hold on tenaciously, while the dog was careering at full gallop."

The domesticated crow, in fact, is a black embodiment of fun and rascality. He will play all sorts of pranks on dogs, cats and poultry, and he will steal anything that he is strong enough to tug away. He will peck at a crow where he conceals his property. Like the born pilferer that he is, he doesn't confine his thefts to what he wants to eat, but he will steal anything that he can get his beak on. He seems to have a special fondness for such valuable things as jewelry, silverware and metallic money. Many a person has been suspected, and even arrested, for being strong enough to tug away the lock of evidence where he conceals his property. Like the born pilferer that he is, he doesn't confine his thefts to what he wants to eat, but he will steal anything that he can get his beak on. He seems to have a special fondness for such valuable things as jewelry, silverware and metallic money. Many a person has been suspected, and even arrested, for being strong enough to tug away the lock of evidence where he conceals his property. Like the born pilferer that he is, he doesn't confine his thefts to what he wants to eat, but he will steal anything that he can get his beak on. He seems to have a special fondness for such valuable things as jewelry, silverware and metallic money. Many a person has been suspected, and even arrested, for being strong enough to tug away the lock of evidence where he conceals his property.

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 Keith's dog, the dog of the St. Bernard commander, Knight Templar. (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 I understand that there could have been but little reason to hope that the operation, as it is reported to have been performed, could be successful. Skin-grafting has come to be a common operation, but it nevertheless requires some skill in operating. In the case of Dickerson there was a space about one foot square to be covered.

Chicago Tribune.—"Scotty—your system is a humbug. You can't cure a disease by thinking it cured. You've got to use a remedy." Christian Scientist.—"We don't believe in medicine." "Suppose you want to lead a pig across a river, and don't believe in using the bridge. How would you get it over?" "It'd sit down and think it over."

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