Lazarus hanged himself in prison and Levi suffered death by the wheel—repentant, it is said, and himself baptized. A full account of the trial, written in Latin, was printed, and a copy of it may be seen in the State Museum in Prague. The body of Simon Abeles was exhumed and rests in the Teyn Church, in the chapel on the left of the high altar. The slight extension of certain scenes not fully described in the Latin volume will be pardoned in a work of fiction.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Wanderer glanced at Unorna's face and saw the expression of relentless hatred which had settled upon her features. He neither understood it nor attempted to account for it. So far as he knew, Israel Kafka was mad, a man to be pitied, to be cared for, to be controlled, perhaps, but assuredly not to be maltreated. Though the memories of the last half hour were confused and distorted, the Wanderer began to be aware that the young Hebrew had been made to suffer almost beyond the bounds of human endurance. So far as it was possible to judge, Israel Kafka's fault consisted in loving a woman who did not return his love, and his worst misdeed had been his sudden intrusion upon an interview in which the Wanderer could recall nothing which might not have been repeated to the world with impunity.

"You are killing the man instead of saving him," he said. "His crime, you say, is that he loves you. Is that a reason for using all your powers to destroy him in body and mind?"

"Perhaps," answered Unorna calmly, though there was still a dangerous light in her eyes.

"No. It is no reason," answered the Wanderer with a decision to which Unorna was not accustomed. "Keyork tells me the man is mad. He may be. But he loves you, and deserves mercy of you."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Unorna, with a cruel laugh. "You heard what he said—you were for silencing him yourself. You could not have done it. I have—and most effectually."

"Whatever your art may be, you use it badly and cruelly. A moment ago I was blinded myself. If I had understood clearly

Israel Kafka Lay on the Ground.

while you were speaking that you were making this poor fellow suffer in himself the hideous agony you described I would have stopped you. You blinded me, as you dominated him. But I am not blind now. You shall not torment him any longer."

"And how would you have stopped me? How can you hinder me now?" asked Unorna.

The Wanderer gazed at her in silence for some moments. There was an expression in his face which she had never seen there. Towering above her he looked down. The massive brows were drawn together, the eyes were cold and impenetrable, every feature expressing strength.

"By force, if need be," he answered, very quietly.

The woman before him was not of those who fear or yield. She met his glance boldly. Scarcely half an hour earlier she had been able to steal away his senses and make him subject to her. She was ready to renew the contest, though she realized that a change had taken place in him.

"You talk of force to a woman!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "You are indeed brave!"

"You are not a woman. You are the incarnation of cruelty. I have seen it."

His eyes were cold and his voice was stern. Unorna felt a very sharp pain and shivered as though she were cold. Whatever else was bad and cruel and untrue in her wild nature her love for him was true and passionate and enduring. And she loved him the more for the strength he was beginning to show, and for his determined opposition. The words he had spoken had hurt her as he little guessed they could, not knowing that he alone of men had power to wound her.

"You do not know," she answered. "How should you?" Her glance fell and her voice trembled.

"I know enough," he said. He turned coldly from her and knelt again beside Israel Kafka. He raised the man's head and supported it upon his knee, and gazed anxiously into the face, raising the lids with his finger as though to convince himself that the man was not dead. Indeed, there seemed to be but little life left in him as he lay there with outstretched arms and twisted fingers, scarcely breathing. In such a place, without so much as the commonest restorative to aid him, the Wanderer saw that he had but little chance of success.

Unorna stood aside not looking at the two men. It was nothing to her whether Kafka lived or died. She was suffering herself, more than she had ever suffered in her life. He had said that she was not a woman—she, whose whole woman's nature worshipped him. He had said that she was the incarnation of cruelty—and it was true, though it was her love for him that made her cruel to the other. Could he know what she had felt, when she had understood that Israel Kafka had heard her passionate words and seen her eager face, and laughed her to scorn? Could any woman at such a time be less than cruel?

Then she heard footsteps on the frozen path, and turning quickly she saw that the Wanderer had lifted Kafka's body from the ground and was moving rapidly away, towards the entrance of the cemetery. He was leaving her in anger, without a word. She turned very pale and hesitated. Then she ran forward to overtake him, but he, hearing her approach, quickened his stride, seeming but little hampered in his pace by the burden he bore. But Unorna, too, was fleet of foot and strong.

"Stop!" she cried, laying her hand upon his arm. "Stop! Hear me! Do not leave me so!"

But he would not pause, and hurried onward toward the gate, while she hung upon his arm, trying to hinder him and speaking in desperate agitation. She felt that if she let him go now he would leave her forever. In that moment even her hatred of Kafka sank into insignificance. She would do anything, bear anything, promise anything, rather than lose what she loved so wildly.

"Stop!" she cried again. "I will save him—I will obey you—I will be kind to him—he will die in your arms if you do not let me help you—oh! or the love of heaven, wait one moment! Only one moment!"

She so thrust herself in the Wanderer's path, hanging upon him and trying to tear Kafka from his arms that he was forced to stand still and face her.

"Let me pass!" he exclaimed, making another effort to advance. But she clung to him, and he could not move.

"No—I will not let you go," she murmured. "You can do nothing without me; you will only kill him, as I would have done a moment ago—"

"And as you will do now," he said, sternly, "if I let you have your way."

"By all that is holy in Heaven, I will save him—he shall not even remember—"

"Do not swear. I shall not believe you."

"You will believe when you see—you will forgive me—you will understand."

Without answering he exerted his strength and, clasping the insensible man more firmly in his arms, he made one or two steps forward. Unorna's foot slipped on the frozen ground and she would have fallen to the earth, but she clung to him with desperate energy. Seeing that she was in danger of some bodily hurt if he used greater force, the Wanderer stopped again, uncertain how to act. Unorna stood before him, panting a little from the struggle, her face as white as death.

"Unless you kill me," she said, "you shall not take him away so. Hold him in your arms, if you will, but let me speak to him."

"And how shall I know that you will not hurt him, you who hate him as you do?"

"And am I not at your mercy?" asked Unorna. "If I deceive you, can you not do what you will with me, even if I try to resist you, which I will not? Hold me, if you choose, lest I should escape you, and if Israel Kafka does not recover his strength and his consciousness, then take me with you and deliver me up to justice as a witch—as a murderess, if you will."

The Wanderer was silent for a moment. Then he realized that what she said was true. She was in his power.

"Restore him if you can," he said.

Unorna laid her hands upon Kafka's forehead, and, bending down, whispered into his ear words which were inaudible even to the man who held him. The mysterious change from sleep to consciousness was almost instantaneous. He opened his eyes and looked first at Unorna and then at the Wanderer. There was neither pain nor passion in his face, but only wonder. A moment more and his limbs regained their strength; he stood upright and passed his hands over his eyes, as though trying to remember what had happened.

"How came I here?" he asked in surprise. "What has happened to me?"

"You fainted," said Unorna quietly. "You remember that you were very tired after your journey. The walk was too much for you. We will take you home."

"Yes—yes—I must have fainted. Forgive me—it comes over me sometimes."

He evidently had complete control of his faculties at the present moment, but he glanced curiously from the one to the other of his two companions, as they all three began to walk toward the gate. Unorna avoided his eyes, and seemed to be looking at the irregular slabs they passed on their way.

The Wanderer had intended to free himself from her as soon as Kafka regained his senses, but he had not been prepared for such a sudden change. He saw, now, that he could not exchange a word with her without exciting the man's suspicion, and he was by no means sure that the first emotion might not produce a sudden and dangerous effect. He did not even know how great the change might be, which Unorna's words had brought out. That Kafka had forgotten at once his own conduct and the fearful vision which Unorna had imposed upon him was clear, but it did not follow that he had ceased to love her. Indeed, to one only partially acquainted with the laws which govern hypnotics, such a transition seemed very far removed from possibility. He who in one moment had himself been made to forget utterly the dominant passion and love of his life, was so completely ignorant of the fact that he could not believe such a thing possible in any case whatsoever.

In the dilemma in which he found himself there was nothing to be done but to be guided by circumstances. He was not willing to leave Kafka alone with the woman who hated him and he saw no means of escaping her society so long as she chose to impose it upon them both. He supposed, too, that Unorna realized this as well as he did, and he tried to be prepared for all events by revolving all the possibilities in his mind.

But Unorna was absorbed by very different thoughts. From time to time she stole a glance at his face, and saw that it was stern and cold as ever. She had kept her word, but he did not relent. A terrible anxiety overwhelmed her. It was possible, even probable, that he would henceforth avoid her. She had gone too far. She had not reckoned upon such a nature as his. In that moment, as they reached the gate, Unorna was not far from despair.

A Hebrew boy, with puffed red lips and curving nostrils, was loitering at the entrance. The Wanderer told him to find a carriage.

"Two carriages," said Unorna quickly. The boy ran out. "I will go home alone," she added. "You two can drive together."

The Wanderer inclined his head in assent, but said nothing. Israel Kafka's eyes rested upon her for a moment.

"Why not together?" he asked.

Unorna started slightly, and turned as though about to make a sharp answer. But she checked herself, for the Wanderer was looking at her. She spoke to him instead of answering Kafka.

"It is the best arrangement—do you not think so?" she asked.

"Quite the best."

"I shall be gratified if you will bring me word of him," she said, glancing at Kafka.

He Raised the Pale Face.

The Wanderer was silent, as though he had not heard.

"Have you been in pain? Do you feel as though you had been suffering?" she asked of the younger man in a tone of sympathy and solicitude.

"No. Why do you ask?"

Unorna smiled and looked at the Wanderer, with intention. He did not heed her. At that moment two carriages appeared and drew up at the end of the narrow alley which leads from the street to the entrance of the cemetery. All three walked forward together. Kafka went forward and opened the door of one of the conveyances for Unorna to get in. The Wanderer, still anxious for the man's safety, would have taken his place, but Kafka turned upon him almost definitly.

"Permit me," he said. "I was before you here."

The Wanderer stood civilly aside and lifted his hat. Unorna held out her hand, and he took it coldly, not being able to do otherwise.

"You will let me know, will you not?" she said. "I am anxious about him."

He raised his eyebrows a little and dropped her hand.

"You shall be informed," he said.

Kafka helped her to get into the carriage. She drew him by the hand so that his head was inside the door, and the other man could not hear her words.

"I am anxious about you," she said, very kindly. "Make him come himself to me and tell me how you are."

"Surely—if you asked him—"

"He hates me," whispered Unorna quickly. "Unless you make him come he will send no message."

"Then let me come myself—I am perfectly well—"

"Hush—no!" she answered hurriedly. "Do as I say—it will be best for you—and for me. Good-by."

"Your word is my law," said Kafka, drawing back. His eyes were bright and his thin cheek was flushed. It was long since she had spoken so kindly to him. A ray of hope entered his life.

The Wanderer saw the look, and interpreted it rightly. He understood that in that brief moment Unorna had found time to do some mischief. Her carriage drove on, and the two men free to enter the one intended for them. Kafka gave the driver the address of his lodgings. Then he sank back into the corner, exhausted and conscious of his extreme weakness. A short silence followed.

"You are in need of rest," said the Wanderer, watching him curiously.

"Indeed, I am very tired, if not actually ill."

"You have suffered enough to tire the strongest."

"In what way?" asked Kafka. "I have forgotten what happened. I know that I followed Unorna to the cemetery. I had been to her house, and I saw you afterward together. I had not spoken to her since I came back from my long journey this morning. Tell me what occurred. Did he makes me sleep? I feel as I have felt before when I fancied that she had hypnotized me."

The Wanderer looked at him in surprise. The question was asked as naturally as though it referred to an every-day occurrence of little or no weight.

"Yes," he answered. "She made you sleep."

"Why? Do you know? If she made me dream anything I have forgotten it."

The Wanderer hesitated a moment.

"I cannot answer your question," he said at length.

"Ah—she told me that you hated her," said Kafka, turning his dark eyes to his companion. "But yet," he added, "that is hardly a reason why you should not tell me what happened."

"I could not tell you the truth without saying something which I have no right to say to a stranger—which I could not easily say to a friend."

"You need not spare me—"

"It might save you."

"Then say it—though I do not know from what danger I am to be saved. But I can guess, perhaps. You would advise me to give up the attempt to win her?"

"Precisely. I need say no more."

"On the contrary," said Kafka, with sudden energy, "when a man gives such advice as that to a stranger he is bound to give also his reasons."

The Wanderer looked at him calmly as he answered: "One man need hardly give a reason for saving another man's life. Yours is in danger."

"I see that you hate her, as she said you did."

"You and she are both mistaken in that. I am not in love with her, and I have ceased to be her friend. As for my interest in you, it does not even pretend to be friendly—it is that which any man may feel for a fellow being, and what any man would feel who had seen what I have seen this afternoon."

The calm bearing and speech of the experienced man of the world carried weight with it in the eyes of the young Moravian, whose hot blood knew little of restraint and less of caution; with the keen instinct of his race in the reading of character, he suddenly understood that his companion was at once generous and disinterested. A burst of confidence followed close upon the conviction.

"If I am to lose her love, I would rather lose my life also, and by her hand," he said hotly. "You are warning me against her. I feel that you are honest and I see that you are in earnest. I thank you. If I am in danger do not try to save me. I saw her face a few moments ago, and she spoke to me. I cannot believe that she is plotting my destruction."

The Wanderer was silent. He wondered whether it was his duty to do or say more. Unorna was a changeable woman. She might love the man to-morrow. But Israel Kafka was too young to let the conversation drop. Boy-like, he expected confidence for confidence, and was surprised at his companion's taciturnity.

"Did you ever hear the story of Simon Abeles?" the Wanderer inquired by way of answer.

Kafka frowned, and looked round sharply.

"Simon Abeles? He was a renegade Hebrew boy. His father killed him. He is buried in the Teyn Church. What of him? What has he to do with Unorna, or with me? I am myself a Hebrew. The time has gone by when we Hebrews hid our heads. I am proud of what I am, and I will never be a Christian. What can Simon Abeles have to do with me?

"Little enough, now that you are awake."

"And when I was asleep—what then? She made me see him, perhaps?"

"She made you live his life. She made you suffer all that he suffered—"

"What?" cried Israel Kafka, in a loud and angry tone.

"What I say," returned the other quietly.

"And you did not interfere? You did not stop her? No—of course—I forgot that you are a Christian."

The Wanderer looked at him in surprise. It had not struck him that Israel Kafka might be a man of the deepest religious convictions, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and that what he would resent most would be the fact that in his sleep Unorna had made him play the part and suffer the martyrdom of a convert to Christianity. This was exactly what took place. He would have suffered anything at Unorna's hands, and without complaint, even to bodily death, but his wrath rose furiously at the thought that she had been playing with what he held most sacred, that she had forced from his lips the denial of the faith of his people and the confession of the Christian belief, perhaps even the words of the hated Creed. The modern Hebrew of Western Europe might be indifferent in such a case, as though he had spoken in the delirium of a fever, but the Hebrew of the less civilized East is a different being, and in some ways a stronger. Israel Kafka represented the best type of his race, and his blood boiled at the insult that had been put upon him. The Wanderer saw and understood, and at once began to respect him, as men who believe in opposite creeds have been known to respect each other even in a life and death struggle.

"I would have stopped her if I could," he said.

"Were you sleeping, too?" asked Kafka, hotly.

"I cannot tell. I was powerless, though I was conscious. I saw only Simon Abeles in it all, though I seemed to be aware that you and he were one person. I did interfere so soon as I was free to move. I think I saved your life. I was carring you away in my arms when she waked you."

"I thank you—I suppose it is as you tell me. You could not move, but you saw it all, you say. You saw me play the part of the apostle, you heard me confess the Christian's faith?"

"Yes—I saw you die in agony, confessing it still."

Israel Kafka ground his teeth and turned his face away. The Wanderer was silent. A few moments later the carriage stopped at the door of Kafka's lodging. The latter turned to his companion, who was startled by the change in the young face. The mouth was now closely set, the features seemed bolder, the eyes harder and more manly, a look of greater dignity and strength was in the whole.

"You do not love her?" he asked. "Do you give me your word that you do not love her?"

"If you need so much to assure you of it, I give you my word. I do not love her."

"Will you come with me for a few moments? I live here."

The Wanderer made a gesture of assent. In a few moments they found themselves in a large room furnished almost in Eastern fashion, with few objects, but those of great value. Israel Kafka was alone in the world and was rich. There were two or three divans, a few low, octagonal, inlaid tables, a dozen or more splendid weapons hung upon the wall, and the polished wooden floor was partly covered with extremely rich carpets.

"Do you know what she said to me when I helped her into the carriage?" asked Kafka.

"No, I did not attempt to hear."

"She did not mean that you should hear her. She made me promise to send you to her with news of myself. She said that you hated her and would not go to her unless I begged you to do so. Is that true?"

"I have told you that I do not hate her. I hate her cruelty. I will certainly not go to her of my own choice."

"She said that I had fainted. That was a lie. She invented it as an excuse to attract you, on the ground of her interest in my condition."

"Evidently."

[To be Continued Next Week.]

AN ODE TO A PETTICOAT.

Protest Against Mrs. Jenness-Miller's Dress Reform Movement.

M. A. B. Evans in the Journalist.]

O petticoat! Long years you've stood,
The symbol of fair womanhood.
You've graced the belles of many a time,
You've fluttered both in song and rhyme,
And never was your charm withstood.
In stately minuet, who should
Dispute your power, if he would?
In waltz, your rustle marks the time,
O petticoat!

But now they say, for woman's good
You must be altered. Ah! you could
Not hope to wake one thought sublime,
When thus divided! For the crime
Divides our love as well. Long woo'd,
O petticoat!

DIARY OF A DINER.

A Dispenser of Bon Homme and Consumer of Consomme Tells a Tale

AND CASTS UP HIS ACCOUNTS.

The Wife of a Governor Who Assumed Full Dress While En Route.

LEAF FROM BILL NYE'S EXPERIENCE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE following diary of a well-known diner out, raccoontoor and bong veevong is herewith given to the public with his own consent to its use, provided it shall go no further and that his name shall be suppressed:

"November 10—Have just returned from a dinner given to a great man by one of our clubs. The great man stepped on himself in two places. In other words, every time he uncorked himself he corked himself. He made enemies of half the club, and went away feebly kicking himself for being too fresh in his expression of thought. I set everything right, however, by telling my justly celebrated nigger story. It was a great hit with everybody except the man who told it to me, and who spoke later on—or thought he did. But what could he do without his nigger story?

I got the story at a cost of about $3 75.

Dinner last night valued at	$8 35
Two extra cigars brought home	40
Total	$8 75
Balance ahead, $5.	

"November 12—Attended dinner given in honor of another chump. I was invited to be the life of the party. Did not succeed very well. Presiding officer very coarsely intimated that my speech was more fitting for some other decade. 'No,' said I, 'it fits this decade very well,' and I threw him the left lobe of a canvasback's bosom that had suffered some from the tooth of time. 'You say my speech is decayed! So are your victuals!' I then took an ornamental tin wedding cake from the center of the table and went home.

Speech, say	$2 00
Dinner	$0 30
Bouquet	55
Tin cake	50
Out on whole thing	1 15

"November 15.—Just got home from large dinner, where I was expected to swap $8 worth of bon homme for 20 cents worth of consomme. I am away ahead. I did not have to speak. Other great men obliged, and I was not called on. I arranged that I should be included in the list of speakers as it will appear in the morning in the papers and then came away stealthily, conveying my dinner concealed in such a way as to elude observation. So far on this season I am ahead.

Bon homme	$0 00
Consomme, etc	$7 50
Two cigars extra	50
Balance	8 00

"November 16—As I sit here disrobing before I retire I will write some more in my diary. My mirror still tells me that I am strangely beautiful. Large, dark, lustrous eyes, regarding each other pleasantly across the bridge of a clear-cut, aquiline nose, and abundant eye winkers of some changing shade fringe the bright pink lids and anon kiss the massive cheeks below. Above, like the long stretch of marble cemetery at Pere la Chaise, slumber the tresses of my late hair. Once it was flowing, but now it is fled. Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, saith the broad plaza of bright and well laundered scalp to the soft ginger colored lambrequin of somewhat segregated hair. And yet I am popular and beloved. To-night I sang a song at dinner. It is not often I sing a song at table, but I did this evening. Some one asked me to do so. I escaped while they were searching the building for this unknown man who asked me to sing.

"It was one of the most disagreeable contretemps I was ever at. A speech was made during the evening by a man named Simpson, sometimes called the Sockless Cicero of the Unbroken Plains. He is a plain man, with an impediment in his syntax and mutton tallow on his boots. He spoke briefly, lit the wrong end of his cigar, seemed to be thoroughly in earnest, and when the loving cup came around to him

Making a Cheap Speech.

he went down into it like a hired man, rinsing his bleached mustache, and coming up joyously like a mallard duck with a dank and dripping bill.

"He reminded me of a barber I once sat under, who sang a rollicking song and accompanied himself on the atomizer. It was a delightful dinner, presided over by Mr. We have with us this evening.

Song	$2 50
Dinner	$3 65
Napkin	10
Balance	1 25

"November 19—I am just home from another dinner, at which I spoke. There were others, of course, who spoke, but they were not into it. I spoke feelingly and interspersed my remarks with persiflage. It was a good speech. Better than the dinner. Something did not agree with me. I think it was the shrimp salad. I thought't to eat shrimp salad, especially when I desire the use of my dinner for any length of time. This salad was not properly made. The codliver oil was the work of malarial codfish. The salad was improperly dressed also, Its dress was low and vulgar. We could not get along together.

"But I made a good speech. Unfortunately, it will not be printed. It is a rule of the organization not to print remarks made at its table. So the speech, as well as the dinner, was a complete loss.

Speech, valued at	$18 00
Dinner (not available)	00
Loss	$18 00

"November 20—I am at home again after a triumph. We had several eminent men at our banquet. The ventriloquist, who was to have been the life of the party, could not come, and so I was invited. I had short notice, but that is the test of true greatness. I closeted myself with 'The Story Teller's Guide' for two hours, and then taking a half hour with an elocutionist, was in fine form, with a good appetite, at 6:30 P. M. Removing a touch of sadness and gravy from the back of my dress coat, I sallied forth.

"We had some sherry in the ante-room while we took off our rubbers, and the dinner was very good indeed, barring a young man who had begun diping a little too early in the afternoon and who was, therefore, about an octave ahead of the music all the evening. He burned off one lobe of his whiskers while lighting his cigar, and it smelled so that three of our guests went home a little lopsided and cast down. So did the young man.

"He reminded me somehow of a young and budding ass I used to know, whose father was at one time Governor of a Western Territory. The Governor did not know any too much. He did not know hardly anything. Sometimes he would almost know something, but would become nervous and forget what it was.

"Once he found that he would have to receive a great man officially at his mansion, and his wife was away. She was on a westbound train which would reach the capital at about the time of the reception. So he wired her, care of the conductor, that she must arrive in full dress.

"But how?

She decided at once, for she was a woman of decision, even if she did not look well in full dress. She went to the express car and asked to be alone. The expressman said wherefore. She said she was the wife of the Governor of the Territory and would be alone. She desired to dress. He hesitated, but left, telling her that when the train got to Antelope he would have to open the car to let off a deceased party who was billed to that place. She said she would be all nicely dressed by that time.

"But she was not. Being a woman, and rather Gothic also, she was delayed somewhat, and as the train rounded a sharpe curve (of its own) now and then she would fall out of her party dress and have to climb back again and tuck in a shoulder blade or two ever and anon.

"So when the train got to Antelope, and King Solomon's Temple Lodge, R. A. M., had come down to the depot to take charge of the remains of the deceased brother, it fonnd a highly

Doing Chores on the Farm.

middle-aged lady dressing in the car, and holding a long, tan-colored wisp of hair in her teeth, while she held another wisp straight up and groomed it with a wire brush.

"The Masons had a band also, and while this oompah-oompah orchestra played a dirge and the expressman handed out the package for Antelope he kept his back toward the dressing room. It was a sad sight. On the one hand were death and the trappings of woe; on the other, ill-concealed charms and the trappings of a reception. But it showed nerve and firmness, among other things, and the incident is still referred to by old-timers, and pointed to with pride by old settlers who glory in the days when even officials were ready at all times to act upon an emergency.

Speech last night, say	$10 00
Dinner	$5 00
Cigar	10
Balance out	4 90
Brought forward	4 90

"So to date I am square in the whole deal, though I have placed rather a moderate value on the bon homme and rather a high estimate on the consomme, so I am surely not ahead, though two or three times I was quite sure that I was getting ahead."

The above is an exact copy of the diary of a prominent New Yorker who has been dining a good deal this season, but who is at present doing chores for his board on a small farm three miles behind Quogue, on Long Island, and preparing for a season of uninterrupted gayety next year.

BILL NYE.

BLAZING WITH JEWELS.

Gorgeous Raiment Worn by the Native Princes of India.

Brooklyn Eagle.]

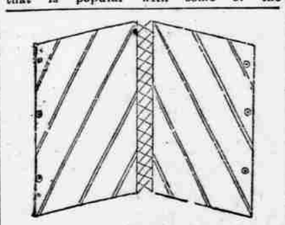
Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, now in India, writes: "After being honored with a seat at the private dining table of the Viceroy everything else in a social way comes to a man or woman. So I have dined with the Lieutenant Governor and been to various receptions and evening parties at both the beautiful Belvidere and the Government house, the last two receptions (evening parties), one each at the Viceroy's and the Lieutenant Governor's, 'to meet His Imperial Highness, the Czarowitz.' Of course I went to see the future Czar of all the Russias—a fairly good-looking young fellow of about 21, with a look about his eyes and jaw which suggested that he might be equal to any emergency which might arise in the future. I stood by his side for ten minutes in a crush of 2,000 people, and so had a good look at him. I am glad that I am not a czarowitz, and that he is not my imperial highness.

"But what interested me more than this young imperial highness was the great assemblage of native princes, rajah's, maharajahs, etc., with their magnificent and gorgeous attire. I don't think I ever saw so many jewels in all my life. These old and young princes had evidently decked themselves out for the occasion. One young maharajah had a necklace of diamonds on completely surrounding his neck, six strands deep, no one of them smaller than a large pea and running up in size to a large hazelnut. Beside such masses of diamonds there were pearls in strings (more beautiful than diamonds), rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals (most beautiful), and every glorious stone the earth yields. It would have sent half the society women of New York and Brooklyn mad with envy just to have seen them. And to think of them being wasted on the men!"

MEN ARE WEAK, TOO.

Corsets for the Stronger Sex Are Becoming Quite Common.

People who make them say that corsets for men are coming more and more into use. The illustration shows one style that is popular with some of the



A Corset for a Man.

first actors of the day. There are two kinds of corsets for gentlemen: The first to compress the waist and the second to make the shoulders broad and the back straight. The first is almost a simple band that is laced until the wearer thinks he is shapely enough; the second compresses the waist but a little and branches out toward the shoulders, making a chest effect that is simply magnificent.

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

DEATH ON THE CROSS.

The End Which Was the Beginning of the Christian Religion.

ALL HOPE SEEMED THEN TO DIE,

But Now Before That Symbol of Suffering It Springs Eternal.

THE BURIAL IN THE TOMB OF STONE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Clouds sweep up into the sky. Darkness shadows the face of the midday sun. A storm hangs over the earth. The end draws near.

Silence falls upon the company about the cross. Christ, too, is silent. Up He looks into heaven above Him. All is black about Him. The mystery of the cross touches its awful crisis. The face of God is hidden.

"My God, My God," He cries, "why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Into this mystery of suffering we may not enter. They who spoke misunderstood Him. Reverent silence best befits this cry out of the darkness.

Christ died for our sins that, at least, we know. He offered Himself upon the altar of the cross, as a sacrifice for human sins—the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, that we know, but all beyond is hidden. Somehow it was our sin which darkened the sky above the face of Christ, and shut out from His human heart the light of the love of God. And this was the supreme moment, this was that hour of which the Master all His life looked forward, this was the achievement of His purpose. Now He bears the burden of our sin upon Him. All else was as nothing beside this. All the pain and shame, all the forsaking and deriding, all the whips and nails—all as nothing beside this moment of distress unknowable.

And They Gave Him Vinegar.

"I thirst," He cries, as the crisis passes. And somebody is quick, now, to give Him drink. All hearts at last are touched. They who, sitting down, had watched Him there, have been impressed with the sense of a somewhat mysterious happening. One of the soldiers gives his vinegar in a sponge, from the end of a reed of hyssop.

"It is finished!" The sacrifice is offered, the strange agony is over, the mission of the Master is accomplished. His blessed work is done.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," so He cries. And Jesus Christ hangs dead upon the cross.

Behold the Son of God, who, for love of us, came to earth and took man's nature on His, and that we might live, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Behold the work of sin! This cross, sin planted. Sin held the hammer when these nails were driven. Sin brought this agony upon the loving heart of God. And we are partakers in it. Oh what a great object lesson in the dreadfulness of sin! The Son of God crucified that we might be freed from it! And we think sometimes so lightly about it, and sin so easily, so cheerfully, taking unworthy words upon our lips, working dishonestly with our hands for which Christ's hand's were pierced, walking in forbidden paths with the feet for which Christs feet were rent and wounded. Here we learn what sin means.

We look into our hearts, and what do we see there? How much love for Christ our Savior? How much real gratitude to Him for all His life and all His death for us? How much of the sin still kept for whose banishment out of our hearts He suffered?

The Veil in the Temple Rent.

Christ dies and the earth trembles. Away in the city the great veil in the temple is rent from the top to the bottom—that great veil which hangs between the holy place and the most holy. No longer need the high priests go in and behind the veil make atonement for the people's sins. There is no need of the symbol now. The Great High Priest has made the one great and effectual atonement. The way from man to God is open.

The short spring day draws near its close. Evening approaches. To-morrow is the Sabbath. The bodies may not hang upon the cross to-morrow. The Jews go to Pilate and ask leave to put an end to the lives of the three crucified ones. So care ul again of the infinitely little in the presence of the infinitely great! So scrupulous about the letter of the law, and yet crucifying their Messiah!

Pilate gives consent. They may break the bones of the dying men, and end their miseries with the thrust of a spear. But Christ, the soldiers find, is dead already. So they break with their clubs the legs of the two thieves. "But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was dead already. They break not His legs, but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came out blood and water. And he that saw it bore record," adds St. John, setting the emphatic seal of his own personal witness to the fact, "he that saw it bore record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. A bone of Him shall not be broken. And again, another Scripture saith, they shall look on Him whom they pierced."

They Smote Their Breasts.

All mockery was silenced in the presence of that death, all hatred hushed. The Captain of the guard of soldiers is profoundly moved. "Certainly this was a righteous Man," he says. "Truly this Man was the Son of God." "And all the people that came together to that sight," the idlers, the revilers, the bitter enemies, go back with a strange foreboding and misgiving in their hearts. What does it mean? What have they done? There are tears in their eyes, and as they go they smite their breasts. Afar off stand His acquaintances, those who had loved Him, beholding the end. Against the dark sky stand out the three crosses with their burdens. Evening falls, the shadows of the night begin to mingle with the shadows of the day. After all the tumult, after all the noise of discordant voices, at last is silence.

The bodies of the crucified were commonly buried by being flung into a trench, and covered over with earth. But no sooner was Jesus dead than there came to Pilate a member of the Sanhedrim, a man of standing among the Jews, known among all as a just man and a good, and begged the body of Jesus. Joseph of Arimathea was a secret disciple. It had been a bitter day for him. Love and fear had struggled for the mastery of his heart. But fear had conquered. Joseph had kept silence. Now it may have been remorse which drove out fear. At any rate, love only was left. He could make amends for cowardice by a last tender care. He could not save Him, and he had not dared to show his sympathy while He was alive, but he could at least bury Him. He begs the body of Jesus.

The Tomb in the Rock.

Pilate gladly consents. Joseph has a tomb ready in a garden of his, not far from the place of crucifixion, a new tomb hewn out in the rock. This is made ready. Another Jewish ruler, also a member of Sanhedrim, and long a secret disciple joins him. Once he had come by night and talked with Jesus; again he ventured to make his protest against the prejudice of his colleagues, saying, "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him?"

Now Nicodemus comes along bringing myrrh and aloes for His burial. A few loving and faithful women look on from afar, as the body of Jesus is taken by reverent hands from the cross to the tomb. The sacred body is wrapped in folds of linen and laid tenderly upon the ground. A great stone is rolled up into the entrance to the tomb. Presently a seal is set upon it to guard against a possible intrusion of either friend or foe, and a guard of Roman soldiers paces up and down before it.

It is night—night in the Syrian sky, night in the hearts of all who have loved the Galilean Teacher. All hope lies buried with Him. They had taken Him to be the Messiah, as He said. They had trusted that He would bring redemption to Israel. They had set their faith upon Him. And now He was dead. And that was the end of everything.

The Cross Had Banished Hope.

And they knew not that that was rather the beginning of everything. They knew not that that tragic Friday would be named "Good Friday" to the end of time. The black shadow of Calvary lay upon their souls. The cross had banished hope.

Before that cross we kneel, and the cross means hope eternal.

Does it really mean that? Does it really mean that for us? We kneel before this blessed cross; we look into the face of Him who hung thereon. The hands that were pierced invite us. And what kind of thought is in our heart? And what sort of answer do we give? Christ—what think you of Him? Is He the supreme ideal of your life? Is he the constant helper of your will? Is He the Saviour of your soul?

GEORGE HODGES.

STATUE TO SUNSET COX.

The Tribute of the New York Letter Carriers to the Congressman.

Here is a picture of the statue of S. S. Cox to be erected by the New York Letter Carriers' Association in Central Park of that city. It is from the chisel of Miss Laura Lawson, who began work seven months ago. Not having known

The Statue to Sunset Cox.

the man in life, she began with a thorough study of his character through his writings and public acts. Numberless photographs in the possession of the family were also of great help to her. In the work, says the New York *Evening Telegram*, Miss Lawson has produced a remarkably true picture of the late Congressman. This truthfulness can be seen in the head and features. Of the many statues that have found creation in New York not many have been given so close a resemblance to life as that now about to leave Miss Lawson's studio.

LIGHTING LONDON STREETS.

First Candles, Then Oil, Now Gas and Electricity Illuminate.

New York Journal.]

Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from lighting the streets of the present time. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road from twilight to 9 o'clock, the hour of retiring to bed.

In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign, one Edward Hening obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns placed over every tent door, from 6 o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight, between October and April.

During the reign of Queen Anne, in July, 1708, Mr. Michal Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners, instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from 6 to 11 o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each moon and the third after it reached the full.

In a few years a company was formed to light the street from 6 o'clock until midnight, each householder who paid poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose 6 shillings a year.

Gaslight, at its introduction in the beginning of the present century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of the foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival.

Electricity is now taking the place of gas, but the change is made far less rapidly in London than in even the cities of comparatively small population in this country.

MONGOOSES KILL A COBRA.

The Former Win by Remarkable Agility and No Little Sagacity.

Newcastle (England) Chronicle.]

The Ceylon papers described a fight between a cobra and two mongooses, which was witnessed by a number of residents of Colombo. It took place as an exhibition at a private house for some visitors. For a little time the mongooses were averse to attacking the cobra, though they ran round and round it inquiringly. The snake, which was a splendid specimen of the deadly cobra and beautifully marked, exhibited much alarm as soon as it saw them, and curled itself up, ready to strike.

After some time the mongooses warmed to their work, and the fight began in earnest. Again and again they dashed in and seized the snake by the tail or lower coils of its body, jumping out of striking distance before the cobra could touch them. Their agility in this respect was amazing. Tired out with watching them run first one way round and then the other, making an occasional dart in and jumping as rapidly back again, a time came, when the cobra, failing to turn with sufficient speed to face the mongoose, the latter sprang in, seized the snake by the back of the head and killed it at once. On this occasion a number of instantaneous photographs of the fight were taken while it was in progress.

THE FIRST IRON BRIDGE.

A Structure in England That Is More Than a Century Old.

The illustration is from a photograph of the first iron bridge ever made. It was opened for traffic in 1779 and continues a most serviceable structure to this day, and gives the name to the town of Ironbridge. Span of center arch, 100 feet;