first saw you," said Unorna, trying to speak calmly. "But you loved another woman. Do you remember her? Her name was Beatrice, and she was very dark, as I am fair. You had lost her and you sought her for years. You entered my house, thinking that she had gone in before you. Do you remember that morning? It was a month ngo to-day. You told me the story." You have dreamed it," said the Wan-derer in cold surprise. "I never loved any

woman yet." Unorna inughed bitterly. "How perfect it all was at first!" she ex-chimed. "How smooth it seemed! How easy. You sient before me, out there by the river that very atternoon. And in your sieep I hid you forget. And you forgot wholly, your love, the woman, her very name, even as Israel Kafka forgot to-day rame, even as Israel Kafka forgot to-day chart he had suffered in the person of the marrier. Yeu told him the story, and he believes you, because he knows me, and thouses what I can do. You can believe me what he had suffered in the person of the martyr. You told him the story, and he knows what I can do. You can believe me or non; as you will. I did it."

"I did it. I said to myself that if I could heart and from your memory and make you | again. In the midst of the most passionate as one who had never loved at all, then you would love me as you had loved her, with your whole free rous, I said that I was beautiful—it is true, is it not? And young, I am, and I love as no woman ever loved And I said that it was enough and that seen you would love me, too. A month has passed away since then. You are of ice-of stone-I do not know of what you are. This morning you hurt me. I thought it was the last burt, and that I should die then-instead o te-night. Do you remember? you thought!
was ill, and you went away. When you
were gone I lought with myself. My dreams
—yes, I had dreamed of all that can make earth heaven, and you had waked me. You talked of friendship. The sting of it. It is no wonder that I grew faint with pain. Had you struck me in the face, I would have kissed your hand. But your friendship! Rather be dead than, loving, be held a thienel. And I had dreamed of being dear to you for my own sake, of being dearest, and first, and alone beloved, since that other was gone and I had burned her memory. That pride I had still, until that moment. I faucied that it was in my power, if I would stoop so low, to make you sleep again, as you had slept before, and to make you at my bidding feel as I felt. I fought with myself. would not go down to that depth. then I said tunt even that were better than your tries aship, even a talse semblance of love Inspired by my will, preserved by my suggestion. And so I feli. You came back to me and I led you to that lonely place, and made you steen, and then I told you what was in my heart and poured out the fire of my soul into your curs. A look came into your tace-I shall not forget it. My folly was upon me, and I thought it was for me. I know the truth now. Sleeping the old memory revived in you of her whom waking you will never remember again. look was there, and I bid von

awake. My soul rose in my eyes. I hung upon your lips. The loving word I longed for seemed arready to tremble in the air. Then came the truth. You awake and your face was stone, calm, smiling, indifferent, unloving. And all this Israel Kafka had cen, hiding like a thief almost beside us. He saw it all, he heard it all, my words of love, my agony of waiting, my utter hu-miliation, my burning shame. Was I cruel to him? He had made me suffer, and he suffered in his turn. All this you did not know. You know it now. There is nothing to tell. Will you wait nere that he comes? Will you look on, and be glad to see he die? Will you remember in the saw the witch killed for her many misdeeds, and for the chief of them all-for loving The Wanderer had listened to her words,

but the tale they told was beyond the power of his belief. He stood still in his place, with folded arms, debating what he should do to save her. One thing alone was clear. She loved him to distraction. Possibly, he thought, her story was but an invention to excuse her cruelty and to win his commiserahe would not leave her to her fate. You shall not die if I can help it," he

"And it you save me, do you think that I will leave you?" she asked with sudden agitation, turning and half rising from her seat. "Think what you will be doing, if you save me! Think well! You say that Israel Kulka is desperate. I am worse than desperate-worse than mad, with my love!" She sunk back again and hid ber face for He, on his part, began to see the terrible reality and strength of her passion, and silently wondered what the end would be. He, too, was human, and pity

for her began at last to touch his beart. "You shall not die, if I can save you," he She sprang to her feet very suddenly and

stood before him.
"You pity me!" she cried, "What lie is that which says that there is a kinship between pity and love? Think well-beware -be warned. I have told you much, but you do not know me yet! It you save me, u save me but to love you more than I already do. Look at me! For me there is neither God, nor hell, nor pride, nor shame! There is nothing that I will not do-nothing that I shall be ashamed or afraid of doing If you save me, you save me that I may fol-



Bhe Kaelt at His Feet.

leave you. You shall never escape my presence, your whole life shall be full of ne-you do not love me, and I can threaten you with nothing more intolerable than myself. Your eyes will weary of the sight of me, and your ears at the sound of my voice. Do you think I have no bope? A moment ago I had none. But I see it now. Whether you will or not, I shall be yours. You may make a prisoner of me-I shall be to your keeping, then, and shall know it. and feel it, and love my prison for your anke, even if you will not let me see you. If you would escape from me you must kill me, as Israel Katka means to kill me now -and then I shall die by your hand and my life will have been yours and given to you. How can you think that I have no I shall be near you always to the end-always, always, always! I will cling to you -as I do now-and say I love you, I love -yes, and you will cast me off, but I will not go-I will clasp your feet, and say again, I leve you, and you may spure meman, god, wanderer, devil-whatever von are-beloved niways! Tread upon me, trample on me, crush me-you cannot save yourself, you cannot kill my love?"

She had tried to take his hand and he had witndrawn his; she had failen upon her knees us he tried to tree hinnels-and fallen almost to her length upon the marble floor, clinging to his very feet, so that be could make no step without doing ber some hurt. He looked down, nonzed and silent, and as he looked she and one glance apward to his stern mor, the bright tears strenming like house and making as though she would falling your from her mulike eyes her face pale and quivering, her rich hair all loosened and f. Kling about her.

And then weither bout, per heart, per soul A low ery broke from her lips,

when the tide is low and the wind is rising

The Wanderer was in sore straits, for the minutes were passing quickly and he rem-embered the last look on Ka'ka's face, and how he had left the Moravian standing before the weapons on the wall. And nothing had been done yet, not so much as an order given not to admit him if he came to the house. At any moment he might be upon them. And the storm showed no signs of being spent. Her wild, convulsive sobbing was painful to hear. If he tried to move she dragged herself frantically at his feet lest he should tread upon her hands. He pitied her, now, most truly, though he guessed rightly that to show his pity would be but to add fuel to the blazing flame.

Then, in the interval of a second, as she the floor. At his touch, her sobbing ceased for a moment, as though she had wanted peated, wondering whether she were out of her mind. ting him still feel that if he did not support destroy your old love, root it out from your her weight with his arm she would fall



He Carried Her in His Arms. was no artifice which she would not use to

be nearer to him, to extort even the sem-blance of a caress. "I heard some one come in below," he said, hurriedly. "It must be he. Decide quickly what to do. Either stay or flyyou have not ten seconds for your cho She turned her imploring eyes to his.

"Let me stay here and end it all—"
"That you shall not!" he exclaimed, dragging her toward the end of the hall oppo-site to the usual entrance, and where he knew that there must be a door behind the screen of plants. His hold tightened upon her yielding waist. Her head fell back and her full lips parted in an ecstasy of delight as she felt herself hurried along in his arms, scarcely touching the floor with her feet,
"An-now-now! Let it come now!" she

signed. "It must be now-or never." he said, almost roughly. "If you will leave this house with me now, very well. But leave this room you shall. It I am to meet that man and stop him, I will meet him alone."

same instant both heard some one enter at the other end and rapid footsteps on the marble pavement.
"Which is it to be?" asked the Wanderer,

pale and calm. He had pushed her through before him and seemed ready to go back

With violent strength she drew him to her, closed the door and slipped the strong steel bolt across below the lock. There was a dim light in the passage. "Together, then," she said. "I shall at

east be with you-a little longer." "Is there another way out of the house ? asked the Wanderer anxiously.
"More than one. Come with me."

As they disappeared in the corridor, they heard behind them the noise of the door lock as some one tried to force it open. Then a heavy sound as though a man's shoulder struck against the solid panel. Unorna led the way through a narrow, winding passage, illuminated here and there by small lamps with shades of soft colors, blown in

Bohemian glass.

Pushing aside a curtain they came out into a small room. The Wanderer uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise as he recognized the vestibule and saw before him the door of the great conservatory, open as Israel Kafka had left it. That the latter was still trying to pursue them through the opposite exit was clear enough, for the blows he was striking on the pauel echoed loudly out into the hall. Swiftly and silently Unorna closed the entrance and locked to securely.

"He is safe for a little whife," she said. "Keyork will find him there when he comes an hour hence, and Keyork will perhaps bring him to his senses. She had regained control of herself, to all

appearances, and she spoke with perfect calm and self-possession. The Wanderer looked at her in surprise and with some suspicion. Her hair was all falling about her shoulders, but, saving this sign, there was no trace of the recent storm nor the least indication of passion. If she had been acting a part throughout, before an audience, she would have seemed less indifferent when the curtain fell. The Wanderer, having little cause to trust her, found it hard to believe that she had not been counter eiting. It seemed impossible that she should be the same woman who but a mo ment earlier had been dragging herself at his feet, in wild tears and wilder protesta-

tion of her love. "If you are sufficiently rested," he said, with a touch of sarcasm which he could not restrain, "I would suggest that we do not wait any longer here.

She turned and faced him and he saw now how very white she was. "So you think that even now I have been

deceiving you? That is what you think. I ee it in your face." Before he could prevent her she had opened the door wide again and was advanc-ing calmly into the conservatory.
"Israel Kafka!" she cried, in loud, clear

tones. "I am here - I am waiting -The Wanderer ran forward. He caught sight in the distance of a pair of fiery eyes and of something long and thin and sharp-gleaming under the soft lamps. He knew then that all was deadly earnest. Swift as thought he caught Unorna and bore her from the hall, locking the door again and setting his broad shoulders against it, as he

appealed to him in spite or himself. "I beg your pardon," he said, almost deferentially. "I misjudged you." "It is that," she answered. "Either I will be with you or I will die, by his hand, by yours, by my own-it will matter little when it is done. You need not lean against the door. It is very strong. Your furs are hanging there, and here are mine. Let us

out her down. The daring act she had done

Quietly, as though nothing unusual had happened, they descended the stairs to-gether. The porter came forward with all due ceremony to open the shut door. Unorus told him that if Kevork Arabian came while she was out he was to be shown directly into the conservatory. A moment later she and the small irregular square before the Clem-

"Where will you go?" asked the Wan-

"With you," she answered, laying hand upon his arm and looking into his face as though waiting to see what direction he withdraw her hand once more. "If it is to be that, I will go alone."

There seemed to be no way out of the ter-rible dilemma, and the Wanderer stood could bear the enormous strain that was laid | still in deep thought. He knew that if he could but tree himself from her for half an a stormy sab, a stner and mather, like | hour he could get help from the right onaranick, short waves treaking over the bar 'er and take Israel Kafka red-handed and

armed as he was. For the man was caught as in a trapand must stay there until he was released, and there could be little doubt from his manner when taken that he was either mad or consciously attempting some crime. There was no longer any necessity, he thought, for Unorna to take refuge any where for more than an hour. In that time Israel Kafka would be in safe custody and she could re-enter her house with nothing to fear. But he counted without Unorna's unyielding obstinacy. She threatened if he left her for a moment to go back to Israe Knika. A few minutes earlier she had car-ried out her threat and the consequence had

been almost fatal.
"If you are in your right mind," he said at last, beginning to walk toward the corner, "you will see that what you wish to do is utterly against reason. I will not allow you to run the risk of meeting Israel Kafka to-night, but I cannot take you with me. No-I will hold you, if you try to escape me, and I will bring you to a place of safety

by force, if need be."
"And you will leave me there, and I shall never see you again. I will not go, and you will find it hard to take me anywhere in the crowded city by force. You are not Israel Kafka, with the whole Hebrews' quarter at your command in which to hide me The Wanderer was perplexed. He saw, nowever, if he would yield the point and give his word to return to her, she might be induced to follow his advice.
"If I promise to come back to you, will you do what I ask?" he inquired.

"Will you promise truly?" "I have never broken a promise vet." "Did you promise that other woman that you would never love again. I wonder? If so, you are faithful indeed. But you have forgotten that. Will you come back to me if I let you take me where I will be safe to-

night?"
"I will come back whenever you send for "If you fail, my blood is on your head."

"Yes-on my head be it."
"Very well. I will go to that house where I first stayed when I came here. Take me there quickly—no—not quickly either—let it be very long! I shall not see you until o-morrow."
A carriage was passing at a foot pace.

The Wanderer stopped it, and helped Unorna to get in. The place was very near, and neither spoke, though he could feel her hand upon his arm. He made no attempt to shake her off. At the gate they both got out, and he rang a bell that echoed through vaulted passages far away in the nterior.

"To-morrow," said Unorna, touching his He could see even in the dark the look of love she turned upon him.
"Good night," he said, and the next mo-

ment she had disappeared within.

CHAPTER XVIII. Having made the necessary explanations to account for her sudden appearance. Unorna found herself installed in two rooms of modest dimensions and very simply though comfortably furnished. It was a ommon thing for ladies to seek retreat and quiet in the convent during two or three weeks of the year, and there was plenty of available space at the disposal of those who wished to do so. It could not be expected that in a city like Prague such a woman as Unorna could escape notice, and the fact that little or nothing was known of her true his-tory had left a very wide field for the imagiations of those who chose to invent one "Leave you alone? Ab, no-not that--" her. The common story, and the one which They had reached the exit now. At the on the whole was nearest to the truth, told that she was the daughter of a noble of Eastern Bohemia, who had died soon after her birth, the last of his ramily, having converted his ancestral posses-sions into money for Unorna's benefit, in order to destroy all trace of her relationship to him. The secret must, of course, have been confided to some one, but it had been kept faithfully, and Unorna herself was no wiser than those who amused themselves with fruitless speculations regarding her origin. If from the first from the moment when as a young girl she left the convent to enter into possession of he fortune, she had chosen to assert some right to a footing in the most exclusive ari-stocracy in the world, it is not impossible that the protection of the Abbess might have helped her to obtain it. The secret of her birth would, however, have rendered a marriage with a man of that class all but impossible, and would have entirely excluded her from the only other position considered dignified for a well-born woman of tortune, unmarried and wholly without living relations or connections-that of a lady-canoness on the Crown foundation Moreover, her wild bringing-up, and the natural gifts she possessed and which she could not resist the impulse to exercise had in a few months placed her in a position from which no escape was pos-sible as long as she lived in Prague, and against those few-chiefly men-who for her beauty's sake, or out of curiosity, would gladly have made her acquaintance she raised an impassable barrier of pride and reserve. Nor was her reputation altogether an evil one. She lived in a strange lashion, it is true, but the very fact of her extreme seclusion had kept her name free n stain. If people spoke of her as the Witch, it was more from inbit and halt in

jest, than in earnest.

Unorna was familiar with convent life and was aware that the benediction was over and that the hour for the evening meal was approaching. A fire had been lighted in her sitting room, but the air was still very cold, and she sat wrapped in her furs, as when she had arrived, leaving buck in a corner of the sofa, her head inclined for-ward, and one white hand resting on the green baize cloth which covered the table. She was very tired, and the absolute stillness was refreshing and restoring after the long-drawn-out emotions of the storiny day. Never in her short and pasionate life had so many events been crowded into the space of a few hours. She comforted herself with the thought that the Wanderer would come to her, once, at least, when she was pleased to send for him. She had that loyal belief in his sincerity, which, even in the worst characters, is inseparable from true love, until violently overthrown by irrefutable evidence, and which sometimes has such power as to return even then, overthrowing the evidence of the senses themselves. Unorga's confidence was not misplaced The man wnose promise shahad received had told the truth when he had said that he had

never broken any promise whatsoever. [ To be Continued Next Week.] A GIFT FROM THE IRON MEN.

Testimonial From British Members of the Iron and Steel Institute.

Mr. James E. Lewis, a mining engineer of New York, has been presented with a gorgeous punch bowl made of solid silver. gold lined and lavishly ornamented and mounted on an ebony stand, says the New York Herald. It is a bowl that Bacchus himself would feel proud of. Accompanying it were two smaller bowls made chased silver and as pretty as pict dr. Lewis was the chair-the committee which looked Mr. ures. man of after the entertainment of the big



crowd of iron and steel manufacturers and mining engineers who came over here from England and Germany last fall to exchange scientific information and see the country And when the Britishers got home again —they were mombers of the Iron and Steel Institute—they held a meeting and resolved to send over some testimonial of their appreciation and gratitude. They decided that a punch bowl was about the best thing they could select. With the bowls came letter from Sir James Kitson.

WE will call on you with samples and furnish estimates on furniture reupholstery HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

DISPENSING

Bill Nye Writes Elaborately in An-

swer to Correspondents. THE RUDE CRUSHING OF A FLY,

Should He Annoy You at Table, Is Not Considered Good Form.

STATESMAN SIMPSON AND BOWLING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) CORRESPON DENT writing from Savona's Ferry, British Columbia, says: "Last summer while dining at a friend's house, being annoyed by a large bluebottle or blow fly, the hostess squashed it with her knife. The cook had to be called to exchange the soiled knife. Do you not think it was very rude to squash the fly on the dinner table? What would you have done?"

It is very hard to say at times what would be best, but referring the matter to a warm, intimate friend on Murray Hill, New York, who uses our large kettle to make soap in every spring, and with whom we are on terms of the closest intimacy, I find that it is not regarded as an evidence of re-finement to squash a fly on the table by means of one's knife.

Largely a Matter of Taste. Possibly in New York we may be super sensitive on this question, but speaking for myself I must say that we have not, for the past year and a half, allowed ourselves the coarse gratification of squashing flies at meal time, especially when we had any of the corned heads or Guelph outfit stopping with us.

Still, all these things are matters of taste. I had a college friend who became a dentist, preferring it, as he said, to the ministry because he never could pray worth a cuss on an empty stomach. Well, he had a preoc-cupied way of boring out old cavities and wiping off the apex of his drill on his trou-sers. This did not cut into his practice where he was, but one day he outgrew the town and wore a high hat. He said that he was sick of perusing the wide sweep of the Farmers' Alliance tonsil, so he sold his cow and moved to a flat on Lexington avenue looking east.

He Shocked a Young Lady. He looked out the window there for a few mouths, thinking and banting. Then a young lady from near the Forty-second street reservoir came to get her mouth surveyed. In the mirror she saw him wipe his instrument on a bald spot just forward of the portable mantel on which he was wont to scratch his matches mostly, and with a wild scream she fled with a rubber dam in her mouth and a tinker's dam in her port-monie with which to pay the dentist. She was caught on Fifth avenue a half hour later, and pulled out from under one of Colonel Jewdesprit Shepard's portable saw-

But her mind was gone.

mills.

So has the dentist. You see that these matters are largely local in their nature. British Columbia customs may sanction certain practices which on Beacon street or Madison avenue would be coughed down. Now, for instance, we had a fashion in my native town of regarding it as a personal insult if your guest left a heel tap or dregs, even if you left one dreg in your glass. Your host had a right to feel hurt and to regard it as a mild contempt for your rum.

Points on Draining the Glass.

But when I began to move around restlessly in good society, and exhibit my earnest and hearty indorsement of the wine by approving of it in the crude way to which I had been accustomed, a swift footed garcon filled the glass again and kept me ap-proving the host's good taste till my reparks were not logical. I would start out with a good premise, and before I could reach a conclusion the premise would es-



I Forget My Promises

cape my mind. I learn now that it is not corglass unless one wants to do so very much

One should sip the liquid-if at allslowly through one's mustache, meantime looking for, far away, as if trying to recall the name of the brand; but never should one cut or drink as if one took any interest in it. That is excessively vulgar. Eat with a preoccuried and tiddledewinks air, as one would who lived high at home and might be for the nonce out doing some polite slumming.

Has Beard of Jerry Simpson

Estacado Jesus de Fonseca, of Conejos ounty, Col., writes to know "Who is Jerry Simpson, the newly elected statesman now in Washington, and what are his qualifi-

cations as a lawmaker?" Jeremiah Simpson is the Congressman from the Seventh district of Kansas. He is a native of New Brunswick, and at 14 years of age went to sea, where he became a victim of the habit of going utterly without socks. He takes great pride in his well turned mahogany ankles and richly carved legs. At full dress parties and receptions the coming season he will offset the low corsage of the finely formed Washington belles by wearing a set of higheut panties revealing his well groomed though still lightly chapped ankles.

He was mate of a large bark at the age of 29 years, and 13 years ago left the sea to incate in Kansas. The Sockiess Cicero of Kansas, as he is playfully called, was largely in his later years a fresh water sailor, and his last vessel was wrecked off Ludington, on Lake Michigan, and all on board were saved through the heroism of the Captain.

How He Came to Be Great.

Captain Jerry Simpson is now a farmer, and, it is said, was elected because he showed on the stump his sockless condition, claiming he was so poor and hones: that he ould not afford socks. Lis successor will doubtless be a plain man, who will go about canvassing the Seventh district and wiping his nose on the top rail of the fair ground fence because he is so plain and poor that he cannot afford a handkerchief.

Hotil last June Mr. Simpson was the City Marshal of Medicine Loage. He was up to that time regarded as short on genius and long on socks. Now it is otherwise. Next to the "Kreutzer Sonata" and the young lady at the Fourteenth street museum who has a heavy sorrel mane down her spinal column, the Sockless holds the age on pub-

Colonel Marsh Merdock was the first to discover that Jerry did not wear socks. The two went to swimming together during the campaign, and then the secret got out. The | American and European plans.

great unsocked owns 640 acres of land, which is this year all into wheat, or nearly

1391.

Something of a Literary Genius. He also owns several head of bright young heifers, several of whom will enter the milch arena this spring. Mr. Simpson is the author of a small blue book on "The Care of the Cow, and Udder Information Gen-erally." It is dedicated to Thomas Brower

Peacock, the poet of Topeka. I am indebted for most of the above facts to Mr. Simpson's Medicine Lodge biographer and chiropodist, who wishes me to say that he treats all troubles of the feet, such as corns, busions and ingrowing nals, chil-blains, quarter crack, etc., etc., by minil as



well as personally. He has a bust of Mr. simpson's foot at his place, and cheerfully answers all questions regarding the great

Mr. Simpson is the humorous feature of the new and powerful movement which seems to create general mirth, but there is a power and a principle behind it all to which it will be profitable to pay attention. It may not win this time nor next time, but when it does win the professional politician will do well to get into his cyclone cellar and spread his umbrella. Artist Lederer Gets a Pointer.

Charles Lederer, Chicago, writes: "I am an artist, and have very little exercises indeed. What would you advise? Do you favor bowling? Did you ever bowl any?"

Yes, Charles, I have bowled in the happy past. I favor it. Bowling builds up a person real well. You will find a good bowling club near the Germanis, on the Northside, where a lot of talented cusses go for to bowl. I removed my dressing sacque and bowled there one evening quite a while. The City Librarian was present. He asked me to bowl. I had never before He asked me to bowl. I had never before bowled. At the end of a long, straight, convex alley stood several wooden pins, which it is the object of the player to knock over by means of large, heavy balls also made of wood. If the player can at the same time also mutilate a small mulatto boy who sets up the pins much mirth is added to the game. I went there needing exercise, and got so much of it that I have not needed any at all ever since. I did not knock over

any pins, but I got the exercise. Had Put Up a Job on Him. A few days afterward I met the hoaryheaded librarian on the street. He said, "I must tell you that we had a job put up on you at the bowling club the other

night. "Ahl" said I cheerily. "What was it?"
"Well, we arranged a string in front o the pins so that we could throw your ball off the track every time, and thus we could prevent your getting a single pin even by accident. But," he added, with a tremendous sign that was almost a sob, "it was not much of a success Why?

"Why? Why because your ball never got to the string." Yet I regard bowling as a heathful exereise and far superior to the mutilation of scroll saw brackets and members of the fam-ily by means of Indian clubs. I have also tried dumb bells. A very large one is now holding my door shut as I write these lines. But I was benefited more by the game of owis, I think, than by any other game ever played. Tiddledewinks, of course, will

always have its devotees. Oatmeal and Tiddledewinks will annually carry off their thousands just as they have always done, but bowling is more preferable, I think. I used to have a health list, but our relations became strained in two places, so I swapped it for a 2-yearold steer, whose tail it was my blessed privimorn for six weeks, and together we would go around the straw pile at a high rate of speed. I was never thrown among a orighter or piquant steer during my public

Exercise is a great boon. It keeps a great many people out of mischief, and can hardly do any harm if not carried to excess. I have received great benefit myself from moderate exercise taken from time to time on a pasteboard annual railroad pass about the size of a visiting eard. It was highly beneficial. I like it yet, old as I am. BILL NYE.

GEN. SHERMAR'S MONUMENT

The Old Soldier Designed It Himself Not Long Before His Death.

Work has been on the monument which was designed by General Sherman himself to mark his grave in Calvary cemetery, St. Louis. The monument is being made by the New England Monument Company. A few weeks before his death General Sherman called on Mr. Canfield, of the Monument Company, and explained his views as to a proper monument to mark his grave. A drawing was prepared, and after it was somewhat modified



according to suggestions made by the Gen eral he accepted it, saying he would place it among his papers and leave a request for his executors to earry out the design. The monument is to be made of what is known as fine hammered Westerly statuary granite of light color. It will be 4 feet 8 inches by 3 feet 8 inches at the base and 9 feet 6 inches high and made in three sections. It is to stand beside the granite cross which General Sherman a year ago erected to the memory of his wife.

Overcoat and trouser material, of the best quality at Anderson's, 700 Smithfield street. Cutting and fitting the very best. Su STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland

Stylish Suitings.

THE PIERCED HANDS

The Part They Played in the Confirmation of the Resurrection.

THE APOSTLES DID NOT BELIEVE But There Was No More Doubting When the Evidences Were Shown.

THE LESSONS OF EASTER SUNDAY

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.; The apostles knew not what to think Grief and fear and doubt and wonder were intermineled in their minds. Jesus of Nazareth was dead. That was

beyond onestion. They had seen that with their eyes. Calvary, and the cross, and the nail-pierced hands and feet, and the side torn with the spear, were terrible and tragical realities. There was no escaping them The enemies of Christ had conquered. To that the barred door of the room in which they sat gave significant witness. The life of Jesus of Nazareth, their Lord, was ended. But the tomb of Jesus of Nazareth was empty. That they knew, also. Early in the morning certain women of their company had gone out in the dim light along the road to Calvary, carrying spices and ointments for the dead body of Jesus, wondering as they went how they would get the

The Sepulcher Was Open. And when they looked in there was only a vacant place there where the body of empty! So much, at least, was certain. Peter and John, hearing this startling news, and hurrying out, had verified that. In spite of the seal upon the stone, in spite

great stone rolled away from the door of the sepulcher, and lo, as they drew near, the

stone was rolled away already.

of the guard of Roman soldiers, the body of Jesus of Nazareth was gone.

But all day long the air had been astir with rumors. The first thought was that the body of Jesus had been stolen. The malice of their enemies, they fancied, had not ended even at the cross. The Jews had taken the body away and laid it nobody knew where. But a stranger explanation followed fast after. It was whispered here and there among the disciples, as the day wore on, that Jesus Christ, who had been dead and buried, was alive! This one and that one, they said, had really seen Him.

First, there was Mary Magdalen. Beside this empty tomb sat Mary weep ing. One last service she had thought to render. She had brought cintments and spices for His body. But even this service is denied her. Here is only an empty. plundered tomb. So down she sits, and give herself to bitter grief. Beside the gladdes sight which the whole earth had to offer on that Easter morning, beside the empty sepulcher sat Mary weeping. And

Then the Wonder Happened. Somebody, she said, came up behind her It was the gardener, she thought at first. And looking at him in the dusk of the early morning, and through a mist of blinding tears, she begged him, if he had taken away the body, to tell her where the body was. But the gardener speaks:

"Mary!" He says, "Mary!"

Never but one had spoken with that voice.

Again she looks, and behold it is the Master.

Christ is risen.
That is what Mary saw. Then there was Simon Peter. All the rumors that the Lord had risen, Simon, like the others, had accounted as buildle tales. It was incredible. It was impossible. But now the Lord has appeared to Simon. The wonder grows. Can it be then, that this marvelous thing is true Can it be that those pierced hands are still held out with the old love and blessing mong men? That the pierced feet a really walking on this human earth? That the rended heart, smitten with the spear, is still beating? That Jesus whom they crucified, and put to death, and buried, is alive? - Simon affirms that. And Simon sits now in the apostles' company, here in the upper room, where the door is barred for fear of the Jews, and tells his amazing tory over, and they ply him with their

eager questions. The Prophecy of the Bible. And now there is a knock at the barred door, and in come two who live at Empaus out of breath with running. "Christ is risen!" they cry out together. To-day they say, as we were walking home along the road, talking about Christ's death and about the empty tomb, with tears in our eyes as we talked, a stranger joined us. What is it, he said, that you talk about so earnestly as you walk, and are sad? And we said: Why, sir, surely you must be stranger in these parts not to know the terrible things which all Jerusalem is astir about these days. What things? he said. And we told him, with broken voices, as best we could for crying, about the cross and about the plundered sepulcher; and we told him how we had put our trust in Jesus of Nazareth, and thought him even to be the long-expected Christ. And then we broke down, and fell again into bitternees and grief, as we thought how much had ended on grief, as we thought how much had ended on that cross. And then the stranger spoke. And he said: Have you never read your Bibie? And he showed us, in prophecy after prophecy, how it had been predicted long ago that Christ when he came must suffer, and only after suffering "enter into His giory." And our hearts burned within us, as He talked. And when our journey was ended and we came to our home, and He made as if He would go still further, we persuaded His to come in and have supper with us, for the

sun was already setting. Their Eyes Were Opened.

And as we sat down at the table He too bread and blessed and break, and of a suden our eyes were opened and we knew Him It was He who took bread and blessed an break it the night before the crucifixion It was Christ. Christ is riseu. hurried back to tell you. Christ is risen Yes, cry the apostles, for the moment carried away into an impulsive faith. He is

But is it true? Mary of Magdala savs that it is. Simon Peter says that it is. Cleopas and his brother of Emuaus say that it is. But how can such things be? passes credence. The cross is a fact, and the tomb is a fact; that Jesus of Nazareth i. dead is certain, and that the body of Jesuof Nazareth is gone is certain. But what is

And then, even as they speak, comes Jesus. "Peace," He says, "be unto you!" And when they look at Him out of scared eves, and a sudden and irresistable terror falls upon them, as upon men who see a ghost. He shows them His nail pierced hands and feet. "Why are ye troubled?" He says, "and why do thoughts arise in your hearts'

ld my hauds and my teet, that it is I My This manifestation of Christ with the nailpierced hands and teet, I want to dwell upon a little time this morning. Here is a two-fold blessed revelation, of eternal life

and o' eternal love. The Lesson of Pierced Hands. Christ, with the nail prints, teaches eternal lie. That there is any living after dying Christ, with the nail prints, teaches eternal li c. That there is any living after dying can be known only by a revelation. No Jos. Flemmar & Son. 412 Maraet st.

skill of science can discover the secrets of our future. The wisest man, looking along the path of his own life, and seeing a grave dug deep across it at the limit of his sight, cannot tell whether that path goes on upon the other side or not. All our pro-foundest knowledge is but guesswork when it looks beyond the grave. The life to come lies outside the intellectual circumference.

Not only is it true that nothing but a willard IN HIS DEATH SCENE, revelation is adequate to answer this supreme question is adequate to answer this supreme question, but it is true also that the one adequate and satisfying revelation must be made not in a book, but in a life. Some-body who has lived our life, and died our death, must come back out of that undis-covered country and tell us. Just that satisfying and adequate revelation God has given. Christ, with the nail-prints, standing in the upper room, brings the message of the life eternal. "I was dead," He says, "and behold, I am alive forevermore, and have the keys of the grave and of death." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

No Room for Doubt.

Is it true? Did it happen? "Behold," He says, "My hands and my feet, that it is I myself." The men in that upper room knew that they looked upon the living body of the dead Christ, There was no room for doubt. They touched Him, they talked with Him, they beheld the prints of the nails. He sat down and joined them at their supper. Evidently here is no revival after a death, which was not quite a dying but only a narrow approach to it. There is no room for such an explanation. He who stands with His aposties three days after the woes of that tragic Friday, after the scourging in Pilate's palace, after the six hours agony of the cross, and the piercing of the soldier's spear. He who stands among them holding out his hands with the print of the nails upon them, stands in His strength. Here is so many wounded, cripple, pitifully creeping into the company of the apostles. Here is the victorious hero who has met death and won the battle gloriously. Evidently, again, here is no vision, no

creature of a loving imagination. That requires the preparation of expectancy. And othing is clearer in the whole record of the resurrection than that the apostles were not expecting Christ. They were bowed down with the grief of their bereavement. Their hopes were

Boried to His Tomb

Everything was in the past tense with them. They had no future at all. They thought they saw a vision when Jesus came among them. That was what gave them that dreading fright. It was a ghost. But He who held out His nail-pierced hands

and feet was no ghost, no vision.
"Behold My hands and My feet," He said, "that it is I myself. Handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have. And when He had thus spoken, He showed them His hands and His feet. And while they yet believed not for joy and wonder, He said unto them: Have ye here any meat? And they gave Him a siece of a broiled fish and of an h And He took it, and did eat before

There was no room here for any question about the reality of the being of the riser Lord. "I am He that liveth, and was dead." No wonder that we keep the auniversary with flowers and singing and glad hearts! Christ with the nail-prints who, as on this blessed feast-day, opens the gate of death brings us the

Revelation of the Life Eternal. Beyond the grave are the many mansions which he promised; and our own whom we love and have for a time lost sight of, are there with Him, waiting for our coming. "Death is the veil which we who live call

i.e. we sleep and it is lifted.'

"Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him." Christ is risen from the dead. "In Christ shall all be made alive." Christ with the nail prints is also the revelation of eternal love. How significant this abiding of the marks of the nails and the spear! All the weakness is gone which bowed Him down under the burden of the cross, All the death is gone which held Him prisoner in the tomb. Here is a body living, strong, unwounded, with a mystery about it, too, beyond our fathoming. But still abide those nail marks in the hands and feet, and And the cross is the supreme

Symbol of Eternal Love. This He bore, this shame and pain, this forsaking of all men, this hiding of His Father's face—all this Christ bore for love "Behold my hands and my feet!" of us. "Behold my hands and my feet!"

It is the same Christ—the Christ who walked in Galilee, and healed the sick, and helped the weak, and comforted the sad—the Christ who prayed in the garden, and uffered on the cross-the same Christ who loved us, and loves us now eternally. See how simply and naturally He comes, not in

any blaze of celestial glory, not with any retinue of attendant angels, not in any strange and splendid garments, but just as He used to come, with the same love in His eyes, and the same benediction on His lips, saying, "Peace be unto you!" and holding out His pierced hands. It is said that one night the brave and good St. Martin, in the days long ago, had a strange vision. A sudden glory filled his room as he was praying, and there stood before him "a figure of serene and joyous as-pect," clothed in the garments of a king. "with a jeweled crown upon his head and gold-embroidered shoes upon his feet." And

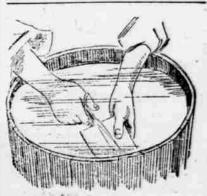
But Martin looked and hesiadoration. But Martin looked and hesitated. "Where are the prints of the nails," ne said. And straightway the vision vanished. It was but the tempting devil. It is Christ with the nail-prints who is risen and is alive forevermore; not our King only, but our Redeemer; not our Judge only, but our Savior; not the Revenler only of eternal life, but of eternal ove. "Behold my hands and my feet."

the wonderful visitant said: "Martin, be-

GEORGE HODGES, GLASS CUT WITH SCISSORS.

t is an Easy-Trick if You Keep Everything Under Water. if. Louis Post-Dispatch. ]

One can cut glass with a scissors as easily s though it were an autumn leaf. Theentire secret consists in plunging the pane of glass nto a tub of water, submerging also the



hands and the scissors. The scissors will cut in straight lines, without a flaw. This result is achieved in consequence of the ab-sence of vibration. If the least portion of the scissors is left out of the water, the vibration will prevent the glass-cutting.

## skift of science can discover the secrets of TASTES THE POISON.

Psychological Consequences of Acting Certain Stage Parts.

Playing the Villain Leaves the Stamp of

Crime Upon the Face.

JIM THE PENMAN'S HEART DISEASE

I CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, March 28.-Does the actor experience any of the physical symptonis of approaching dissolution when he dies on the stage? Does he taste the poison that he takes? Does he actually experience the bit-

terness of death when, at the great crisis of

role into which he has poured heart, brain, blood-his very sel!-he appears to die and is himself almost unconscious that he is simulating? It was because of his unique success in such psychological roles as "John Need-ham's Double," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Lyons Mail"-called psychological because they touch closely on the mysterious limit of identity and because in the hands of

solve that mystery than any human process or evolution yet developed—that these ques-tions were asked of E. S. Willard,

an accomplished actor they more nearly

A Sensation of Heart Trouble. "When I was playing 'Jim the Penman' for 100 nights in London, I developed on the fourth or fifth night a decided pain in the region of my heart. You remember that the region of my heart. You remember that Jim the Penman dies of heart disease and throughout the play is conscious that he may be suddenly carried off at any moment by this remorseless affection. The relations between imagined heart disease in such a case and the real disease, which not impos-sibly, it seems to me, might actually be de-

veloped from excess of apprehension, form a curious and interesting field of study into which the actor can scarcely avoid following the specialist to some extent.

"I have never played the dual role of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hvde, but I have studied the book and the local sead of the local sead to the the book and the play and am familiar with Robert Louis Stevenson's other marvelous psychological study, 'Markheim.' Such studies and such roles call forth the highest powers of the actor and are capable of reproduction with an intensity absolutely pain-

ful both to himself and to his audience. Tastes the Poison in His Soul.

"In the death scene in John Needham's Double, as the first fiery thrill of the poison I have been lured into taking unawares shoots through my consciousness, I am simultaneously conscious that that thrill is in me imaginary and that it is quite as terrible and harrible to me as if it were real. I do not taste the poison in my mouth but in my soul. There seems, indeed, to be an almost triple consciousness; I am conscious of tecting an imaginary physical pain; I am con-scious of feeling a real physical horror; I am still and continuously conscious that it is all acting, and that I must watch myself and

keep up the illusion!
"I do not believe that it would be possible for a man to act terror or rage if he were really terrified or enraged; so perhaps a dying man could not act a death scene. But at all events this terrible physical horror and physical taste of the bitterness of death is much greater on the first night than it ever is afterward; in sact, it is a strange thing, but true, that on the day after the first night I have forgotten everything, lines, sensations and all, my mind is a blank and I am almost glad when I haven't an idea what I am going to say and do when I go

on the stage again that night! Effect of Playing the Villain. "Villains? Oh yes, I have played villains for years, but a man doesn't become villainous himself on that account. During the long run of a play, if my role is that this spear mark in the side. We know very well what is written here in the hands and feet and side. It is the story of the cross. which my thoughts are trained so c

which my thoughts are trained so constantly to run. But I do not for a moment grast that I or any other stage viliain would develop as a matter of course the elightest viliainy of action or thought as an individual.

"To do so a man were very weak indeed; I do not believe he would be strong enough to master any great character. Indeed, an habitual viliain on the stage is, as far as my experience goes, exactly the opposite off the stage. Take for example, Mr. O. Smith, of the Adelphi Theater in London, a celebrated viliain of the beetle-browed and russet-booted and beited and buckled type. Why, off the stage that man kept white mice and canary birds and was never known to say a harsh word to

and was never known to say a harsh word to anybody. Just so the study of a part obliter-ates from my mind for the time being all those of my stage character. A Remarkable Health Record. "During the 21 years since I made my debut I have never missed a performance from ill health. I married years ago and should have brought Mrs. Willard to the States with me

brought Mrs. Willard to the States with me had I not been entirely ignorant of what to expect from an American winter and had I known that so many comforts could be had in American hotels. We English people are great sticklers for our home comforts you know."

Mr. Willard is not a sporting or a horsey man, and is a student rather than a rounder. His favorite amusement is reading poetry. Mrs. Willard has taken to writing weird little stories, which are cariously coincident with the general tenor of her husband's greatest recent successes on the stage. Neither she nor her husband is in the least a morbid person, and yet it remains to this day a nuzzle between them whether she has influenced him in this direction or he her. At times his nerves have been completely shattered as a consequence of his intense application to such parts. The day after he first played the role of the crazy man in "Wealth" he owns up to having been actually crazy himself for a while. He didn't sleep a wink that night.

VICTORIA AND THE PILGRIMS. A Party of Malays Invited Into Buckingham Palace by Her.

Pall Mall Budget, ] As the Queen was driving up to the entrance of Buckingham Palace last week, a party of 12 Malays, under the charge of Mr. Wheatley, agent of a firm of colonial merchants, were standing in the street in order to obtain a view of Her Majesty. The Queen gave orders to Chief Inspector Goldsworthy to take the name of the person in charge of them; and the result was that the party were commanded to attend at the palace. On arrival they were received by Sir Henry Ponsonby, and at once had an

audience with the Queen.
In answer to her inquiries they said they were pilgrims on their way from Cape Town to Mecca, and that they had come to see London. The Queen, after talking to them for about ten minutes, gave orders that they were to be shown over the palace. This was done; and they afterward left, highly gratified at the interest evinced in their welfare by Her Majesty. The party consisted of six men, five women, and

To Teach Photography.

Dr. Anderson has given 120 acres of land near the Natural Bridge, Virginia, for the site of an art institute, and \$50,000 has been subscribed for the building. There will be a photographic department under the in-struction of Mrs. Janette M. Appleton, of Boston. Mrs. Appleton has won the name of being the leading lady amateur photo-grapher of New England.

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