prayer each time, against temptation and

CHAPTER XIX.

"Let us talk of other things," said Unorna at last. "Talk of the other lady who is here. Who is she? What brings her into retreat at this time of year?"

"Poor thing-yes, she is very unhappy," answered Sister Paul. "It is a sad story, so far as I have heard it. Her father is just dead, and she is alone in the world. The Abbess received a letter yesterday from the Cardinal Archbishop, requesting that we would receive her, and this morning she came. His Eminence knew her father, it appears. She is only to be here for a short time. I believe, until her relations come to take her home to her own country. Her father was taken ill in a country place near the city, which he had hired for the shooting season, and the poor girl was left all alone out there. The Cardinal thought she would be safer and perhaps less unhappy

with us white she is waiting. "Of course," said Unorna, with a faint interest. "How old is she, poor child?" "She is not a child—she must be five and twenty years old, though perhaps her sor-row makes her look older than she is."

"And what is her name?" "Beatrice—I cannot remember the name o her family." Unorna started. "What is it?" asked the nun, noticing

Charna's sudden mevement. "Nothing—the name of Beatrice is familiar to me, that is all. It suggested

something. Though Sister Paul was as unworldly as five and twenty years of cloistered lie can make a woman who is naturally simple in mind and devout in thought, she possessed that faculty of quick observation which is learned as readily and exercised, perhaps, as constantly in the midst of a small community, where each member is in some measure dependent upon all the rest for the

You may have seen this lady, or you may have heard of her," she said.
"I would like to see her," Unorna an-

daily pittance of ideas, as in wider spheres

swered, thoughtfully.

She was thinking of all the possibilities in the case. She remembered the clearness and precision of the Wanderer's first imou, when he first told her how he had seen Bestrice in the Teyn Church, and she reflected that the name was a very uncom-mon one. The Beatrice of this story, too, had a father and no other relation, and was supposed to be traveling with him. By the uncertain light in the corridor Unorna had not been able to distinguish the lady's features, but the impression she had received had been that she was dark, as Beatrice was. There was no reason in the nature of things why this should not be the woman whom the Wanderer loved. It was natural enough that, being lett alone in a strange city at such a moment, she should have sought refuge in a convent, and, this being admitted, it followed that she would naturally have been advised to retire to the one in which Unorna found herself, it being the one in which ladies were most frequently received as guests. Unorna could hardly trust herself to speak. She was conscious that 61 ter Paul was watching ber, and she

turned her face from the lamp.
"There can be no difficulty about your seeing her, or talking with her, if you wish it," said the nun. "She told me that she would be at Compline at 9 o'clock. If you will be there yourself, you can see her come in, and watch her when she goes out. Do you think you have ever seen her?" "No," answered Unorua, in an odd tone, "I am sure that I have not."

Sister Paul concluded from Unorna's manner that she must have reason to believe that the guest was identical with some one of whom she had heard very often. Her manner was abstracted, and she seemed ill it ease. But that might be the result of

"Are you not hangry?" asked the nun. "You have had nothing since you came, I No-ves-it is true," answered Unorna. "I had torgotten. It would be very kind of you to send me something." Sister Paul rose with macrity, to Unorna's

"I will see to it," she said, holding out "We shall meet in the morning.

Good night." od night, dear Sister Paul. Will you | slowly, side by side. say a prayer for mean. She added the on tion suddenly, by an impulse of which she

Indeed I will-with all my heart, my child," answered the nun, looking earnestly into her face. "You are not happy in your life," she added, with a slow, sad movement of her head.

"No-I am not happy. But I will be." "I fear not," said Sister Paul, almost under her breath, as she went out softly.

Unorna was left alone. She could not sit still in her extreme anxiety. It was agonizing to think that the woman she longed to see was so near her, but that she could not, upon any reasonable pretext, go and knock at her door and see her and

speak to her. She felt also a terrible doubt as to whether she would recognize her at first sight as the same woman whose shadow had passed between herself and the Wanderer on that eventful day a month ago. The shadow had been veiled, but she had a prescient consciousness of the features beneath the veil. Nevertheless she might be mistaken. The lay sister went out. Unorna ate mechanically what had been set before her,

She felt that a 'crisis perhaps and waited. more terrible than that through which she had lately passed was at hand, if the stranger should prove to be indeed the Beatrice whom the Wanderer loved. Her brain was in a whirl when she thought of being brought face to face with the woman who and been before her, and every cruel and rathless instinct of her nature rose and took shape in plans for her rival's destruction.

She opened her door, careless of the draught of frozen air that rushed in from the corridor. She wished to hear the lady's footstep when she left her room to go to the church, and she sat down and remained motionless, fearing lest her own football should prevent the sound from reaching her. The heavy-toned bells began to ring, far off in the night.

At last it came, the opening of a door, the slight noise made by a tread upon the pavement. She rose quietly and went out, following in the same direction. She could see nothing but a dark shadow moving be-tore her toward the opposite end of the passage, farther and farther from the hangng lamp. Unorna could hear her own heart beating as she followed, first to the right, then to the left. There was another light at this point. The lady had noticed that some one was coming behind her and turned her head to look back. The delicate, dark profile stood out clearly. Unorna held her breath, walking swiftly forward. But in a moment the lady went on, and entered the chapel-like room from which a great balcouled window looked down into the church above the choir. As Unorna went in she saw her kneeling upon one of the stools, her hands folded, her head inemped, her eyes closed, a black veil loosely thrown over nor still blacker hair and falling down upon her shoulders without hid-

Unorna sank upon her knees, compressing her lips to restrain the incoherent ex-clamation that almost broke from them in spite of her, clasping her hands desperately, so that the faint blue veins stood out upon

the marble surface.
It was, indeed, such a face as a man would find it hard to lorget. Unorns, seeing the reflection of it in the Wanderer's mind, had fancied it otherwise, though she could not but recognize the reality from the impression she had received. She had her, magined it more ethereal, more faint, more sex less, more angelic, as she had seen it in her thoughts. Divine it was, but womanly beyond Unorna's own. Dark, delicately equiline, tall and noble, the purity it expressed was of earth and not of heaven. A better woman than Unorna might have felt something evil and cruel and hating in her heart, at the sight of so much beauty in oe who held her place, in the queen of the

was well for her that she could not speak to

Beatrice then, for she wore no mask and the dark beauty would have seen the danger of death in the mace of the fair, and would have turned and defended herself in time. The pooling were finished. There was a pause, and then the words of the ancient hymn floated up to Unorna's ears, familiar in years gone by. Almost unconsciously she herself, by force of old habit, joined in the first verse. Then, suddenly, she stopped, not realizing, indeed, the horrible gulf that lay between the words that passed her lips and the thoughts that were at work in her heart, but silenced by the near sound of a voice less rich and full, but far more exquisite and tender than her own. Beatrice was singing, too, with joined hands and parted lips and upturned face.

sis praesul et custodia.
Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata; Hostem que nostrum comprime.'

"Let dreams be far, and phantasms of the ight-bind Thou our Foe," saug Beatrice long, sweet notes.

Unorna heard no more. The light dazzled her and the blood beat in her heart. It seemed as though no prayer that was ever prayed could be offered up directly against herself, and the voice that sang it, though not loud, had the rare power of carrying every syllable distinctly in its magic tones, even to a great distance.

For one moment the strong, cruel heart

almost wavered, not through fear, but under the nameless impression that sometimes takes hold of men and women. The divine voice beside her seemed to dominate the hundreds below, the nun's despairing look for one instant chilled all her love and all her hatred, so that she longed to be alone, away from it all, and forever. But the symu ended, the voice was silent, and Sister Paul's glance turned again toward the altar. The moment was past and Unorna was again what she had been before.

Beatrice remained kneeting a few mo-ments longer, crossed herself and then rose, At the same moment, Unorua was on her eet. The necessity for immediate action at all costs restored the calm to her face and the tactrul skill to her actions. She reached the door first, and then, half turning her head, stood aside, as though to give Beatrice precedence in passing. Beatrice glanced at her face for the first time, and



Uno na and Beatrice.

then by a courteous movement of the head signified that Unorna should go out first. Unorna appeared to besitate, Beatrice to Both women smiled a little and protest. Unorns, with a gesture of submission, passed through the doorway. She had managed it so well that it was almost imossible to avoid speaking as they threaded the long corridors together. Unorna allowed a moment to pass, as though to let her companion understand the slight awkwardness of the situation, and then ad-dressed her, in a tone of quiet and natural civility "We seem to be the only ladies in retreat,"

she said. "Yes," Bentrice answered. Even in that one syllable something of the quality of her thrilling voice vibrated for an instant. They walked a few steps farther in silence, "I am not exactly in retreat," she said, presently, either because she felt that it would be almost rude to say nothing, or be-cause she wished her position to be clearly understood. "I am waiting here

for some one who is to come for me."
"It is a very quiet place to rest in," said Unorna, "I am fond of it." "You often come here, perhaps." "Not now," said Unorna. "I here for a long time when I was very young."

By a common instinct, as they fell into

conversation, they began to walk more "Indeed," said Beatrice, with a slight in-

crease of interest. "Then you were brought up here by the nuns?"
"Not exactly. It was a sort of refuge for me when I was almost a child. I was left here alone, until I was thought old enough to take care of myselt."

There was a little bitterness in her tone. intentional, but masterly in its truth to "Leit by your parents?" Beatrice asked.

The question seemed almost inevitable,
"I had none. I never knew a father nor a mother." Unorna's voice grew sad with each syllable.

They had entered the great corridor in which their apartments were situated, and were approaching Beatrice's door. They walked more and more slowly, in silence during the last few moments, after Unorna had spoken. Unorna sighed. The passing breath, traveling on the air of the lonely place, seemed both to invite and to offer

sympathy. lather died last week," Beatrice said, in a very low tone, that was not quite steady. "I am all alone-here and in the world."

She laid her hand upon the latch and her deep black eyes rested upon Unorna's, as though almost, but not quite, conveying an invitation, hungry for human comfort, yet too proud to ask it. "I am very lonely, too," said Unorna.

"May I sit with you for awhile?"
She had just time to make the bold stroke that was necessary. In another moment she knew that Beatrice would have disappeared within. Her heart beat violently until the answer came. She had been successful.

"Will you, indeed?" Beatrice exclaimed. "I am poor company, but I shall be very glad if you will come in."

She opened the door and Unorna entered. The apartment was almost exactly like her own in size and shape and furniture, but it already had the air of being inhabited. There were books upon the table, and a square jewel case and an old silver frame containing a large photograph of a stern, dask man in middle age-Beatrice's father as Unorna at once understood. Cloaks and turs lav in some confusion upon the chairs a large box stood with the lid raised, against the wall, displaying a quantity of lace, among which lay silks and ribbons of soft

colors. "I only came this morning," Beatrice said, as though to apologize for the dis-

order.
Unorna sank down in a corner of the sofa, shading her eyes from the bright lamp with her hand. She could not help looking at Beatrice, but she felt that she must not let her scrutiny be too apparent, nor her conversation too eager. Bentrice was proud and strong and could doubtless be very cold and forbidding when she chose "And do you expect to be here long?" Unorna asked, as Beatrice established her

self at the other end of the sofa,
"I cannot tell," was the answer. "I may be here but a few days, or I may have to stay a month.

"I lived here for years," said Unorna, thoughtfully. "I suppose it would be im-possible now—I should die of apathy and inanition." She laughed in a subdued way, as though respecting Beatrice's mourning.
"But I was young then," she added, suddenly withdrawing her hand from her eyes, so that the full light of the lamp fell upon

She chose to show that she, too, was beautiful, and she knew that Beatrice had as vel hardly seen her face as they passed through the gloomy corridors. It was an instinct o vanity, and yet, for her purpose, it was the right one. The effect was sudden and un-expected, and Beatrice looked at her almost fixedly in undisguised admiration. "Young then!" she exclaimed, "You are

young now. Unorna's cheeks grew very pale, and her unlike eves were fierce and dangerous. It stantly by a smile. "Less young than I was then," Unorna answered with a little sigh, followed in-"I sm five and twenty," said Beatrice,

roman'enough to try and force a confessio om her new acquaintance.
"Are you? I would not have thought itwe are nearly of an age—quite, perhaps, for I am not vet 26. But then, it is not the years—" She stopped suddenly.

Beatrice wondered whether Unorna were married or not. Considering the age she ad-

mitted, and her extreme beauty, it seemed probable that she must be. It occurred to her that the acquaintance had been made without any presentation, and that neither knew the other's name.
"Since I am a little the younger," she said, "I should tell you who I am."

Unorna made a slight movement. She was on the point of saying that she knew ready-and too well.
"I am Beatrice Varanger."

"I am Unorna." She could not help a sort of cold defiance that sounded in her tone as she pronounced the only name she could call hers, "Unorna?" Beatrice repeated, courteously

enough, but with an air of surprise. "Yes-that is all. It seems strange to ou? They call me so because I was born n February, in the month we call Unor. Indeed, it is strange, and so is my story—though it could have little interest for you."

"Forgive me—you are wrong. It would interest me immensely—if you would tell me a little of it—but I am such a stranger

"I do not feel as though you were that,"
Unorna answered, with a very gentle smile.
"You are very kind to say so," said Bea-

trice, quietly, Unorna was perfectly well aware that it must seem strange, to say the least of it, that she should tell Beatrice the wild story of her life, when they had as yet exchanged barely 100 words. But she cared little what Beatrice thought, provided she could inter-est her. She had a distinct intention in making the time slip by unnoticed, until it

should be late. She related her history, so far as it was known to herself, simply and graphically, substantially as it has been already set forth, but with an abundance of anecdote and comment, which enhanced the interest, and at the same time extended its limits, interspersing her monologues with remarks which called for an answer, and which served as tests of her companion's attention. She hinted but lightly at her possession of unusual power over animals, and spoke no at all of the influence she could exert upon people. Beatrice listened eagerly. She could have told on her part, that for years her own life had been dull and empty, and that it was long since she had talked with anyone who had so roused her interest. At last Unorna was silent. She had

oint her story ended.
"Then you are not married?" Beatrice's tone expressed an interrogation, and a cer-

eached the period of her life which had be-

gun a month before that time, and at that

"No," said Unorna, "I am not married. And you, if I may ask?" Beatrice started visibly. It had not ocnatural one for Unorna to ask, although she had said that she was all alone in the world. Unorna might have supposed her to have lost her husband. But Unorna could see that it was not surprise alone tha had startled her. The question, as she knew it must, had roused a deep and painful train of thought.
"No," said Beatrice, in an altered voice.

I am not married. I shall never marry. A short silence followed, during which she turned her face away.
"I have pained you," said Unorna, with profound sympathy and regret. "Forgive me. How could I be so tactless!"

"How could you know?" Beatrice asked simply, not attempting to deny the sugges-

But Uporna was suffering, too. She had allowed herself to imagine that in the long years which had passed Beatrice might perhaps have forgotten. It had even crossed her mind that she might, indeed, be mar-ried. But in the few words, and in the tremor that accompanied them, as well as in the increased pallor of Beatrice's face, soe detected a love not less deep and constant and unforgotten than the Wanderer's own.
"Forgive me," Unorna repeated. "I
might have suessed. I have loved, too."

She knew that here, at least, she could not feign, and she could not control her but with supreme judgment of effect she allowed herself to be carried beyond all reserve. In the one short sentence her whole passion expressed itself, genuine, come as they would, and Beatrice was startled by the passionate cry that burst from the neart, so wholly unrestrained.

The reeling that she was in the presence of a passion as great, as unhappy and, as masterful as her own, unloosed her tongue. Such things happen in this strange world. Men and women of deep and strong feelings ntwardly cold, reserved, taciturn and proud, have been known once in their lives, to pour out the secrets of their hearts to a stranger or a mere acquaintance, as they could never have done to a friend.

Beatrice seemed scarcely conscious of

what she was saying, or of Unorna's presence. The words, long kept back and sternly restrained, fell with a strange strength from her lips, and there was not one of them from first to last that did not sheathe itself like a sharp knife in Unorna's heart. The enormous jealousy of Beatrice, which had been growing within her beside her love during the last month, was reaching the climax of its overwhelming magnitude. She harily knew when Beatrice ceased speaking, for the words were still all ringing in her cars, and clasing madly in her own breast and prompting her fierce nature to do some vio-lent deed. But Beatrice looked for no vmpathy and did not see Unorna's face She had forgotten Unorna herself at last, as

she sat staring at the opposite wall.

Then she rose quickly, and taking some thing from the jewel box, thrust it into Jnorna's hands.
"I cannot tell why I have told you—but I have. You will see him, too. What does it matter? We have both loved, we are both unhappy—we shall never meet

again."
"What is it?" Unorna tried to ask, holding the closed case in her hands. She knew what was in it well enough, and her self-command was forsaking her. It was alnost more than she could bear. It was as though Beatrice were wreaking vengeance on her, instead of her destroying her rival,

as she meant to do, sooner or later. Beatrice took the thing from her, opened it, gazed at it a moment, and put it again into Unorna's hands. "It was like him, she said, watching her companion as though

to see what effect the portrait would pro-duce. Then she shrank back. Unorna was looking at her. Her face was livid and unnaturally drawn, and the extraordinary contrast in the color of her two eyes was horribly apparent. The one seemed to freeze, the other to be on fire. The strongest and worst passions that can play upon the human soul were all expressed with awful force in the distorted mask, and not a trace of the magnificent beauty so lately there was visible. Beatrice shrank back in

"You know him!" she cried, half guessing at the truth. "I know him-and I love him," said Unorna, slowly and fiercely, her eyes fixed on her enemy, and gradually leaning toward her so as to bring her face nearer and nearer

to Beatrice. The dark woman tried to rise, and could not. There was worse than anger or hatred or intent to kill in those dreadful eyes. There was a fascination from which no living thing could escape. She tried to scream, to shut out the vision, to raise her hand as a screen before it. Nearer and nearer it came, until she could feel the warm breath of it upon her cheek. Then her brain reeled, her limbs relaxed and her head fell back against the wall.

"I know him, and I love him," were the last words Beatrice heard. [To be Continued Next Sunday.]

WHO laughs last, laughs best! Salvation Oil has won the race and is on top. Price

Stylish Suitings, 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. American and European plans.

SKELETONS AND GORE Welcome the Visitor at the White-

chapel Club of Chicago.

A LETTER FROM JACK THE RIPPER. The World's Fair Has a Building in Which

to Store Plans. BILL NYE VOCALIZES IN CHURCH

> [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] CHICAGO, ILL., Toward the Gladsome Spring.

ERHAPS no institution of the great, throbbing, chin whiskered West in more unique or more distinctive than the Whitechapel Club of this city. It is a bright, cheery little crypt, which is reached through a narrow, somber stab in the still blacker blackness, and soon to be called Whitechapel alley, opening off La Salle street. Inside all is cozy and bright. You enter by going down several steps,

and find yourself in an antercom, on the left of which is the tap room and on the right the reception vault or general sarcophagus. Bright and cheery skeletons hang up wherever the pleased eye, rambles o'er the walls, and blood spattered garments, torn by the Coroner from murdered innocence, soften the harsh outlines of the bony decora tions. Skulls with phosphorescent eyes in them stand upon the whatnots-or whatsnot, perhaps I should say-here and there. Cheerful and Appetizing.

All is cheery and appetizing, especially to the weary mind and the tired and spent brain. Here we see several white, ghostdance garments from Wounded Knee, upon which the blood yet looks nice and fresh. Here is a large Westward hoe with which ar dren in an unguarded moment. Over you-der is the somewhat battered and knockkneed charger formerly belonging to Herod's somewhat morbid daughter.

Many relics, from the early history of crime and horror to that of the present day, are here-here to please, to beguile and to perpetuate. Yonder is the cloven helmet of a Haymarket policeman, and back of it a model of the gallows on which the Anarchists

were hanged. Comfortable solitude is said to be the object of the London club, and in this respect it is doubtless modeled after the White-chapel Club, of Chicago. Solitude, sur-rounded by a wealth of brass knuckles, highbinders' knives with fresh gore on them reshened each day by the Armour abattoirs, and skeletons from which ever and anon a vertebra, a patella or a few phalanges fall with a startling yet sodden plunk on the deadened floor, may surely be found here.

Endowed by Jack the Ripper. The Whitechapel Club, of Chicago, was endowed some two years ago by Jack the Repper for the purpose of engendering a more fraternal feeling toward humanity, and also to advance intellectual refinement and encourage thought waves. Realizing the uncertainty of life, he desired, he said, to perpetuate his name in this way. "I might be cut down at any time," said he, "as my night work, of course, is one of constant exposure to the unwholesome atmos-phere of London. Besides," he added, phere of London. Besides," he added,
"there is a growing feeling of antagonism
toward me here. Sometimes I think I
would like to try the climate of America,
but I am afraid I would get run over and
killed by the professional drunkards who
drive drays over people in New York, or i:
I came to Chicago I might get 'binged' and die of pneumonia. So, perhaps, I am as well off here among friends, suppressing vice and evading the keen-eyed police, as I would be in America, where the social evil good order to the Creator. es not as vet own th

"Do all that you can," he said, "to make the club cheerful and bright. I send by this steamer a gray plaid shawl, stiff with the gore of No. 3. It will make a nice piano cover, I think. Could you range with the city to combine your dining



In the Whitechapel Club.

room with the city morgue, so that rent could be saved and your dining hall have about it a home-like air which money alone

cannot procure?

Gets the Blues at Times. "I am almost discouraged at times when I see how slowly I am getting along with my great work looking toward the suppression of vice, but I will not give up. I am determined to press on and carve my way to fame. Keep up the kindest club spirit, and yet admit no one who has ever led a life of shame. We cannot be too careful, I

think, in this regard.
"I am going out again this evening to see if I can catch up a little with my work. I am now away behind. When I get this job done I sen thinking of operating on a few titled Englishmen who need killing very much. I am very anxious to be through with my work, for, as I say, it keeps me away from home so much at night. Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, and bring

the welcome day!
"Miss Bompard, of Paris, wishes to contribute to the club a trunk, scarf, etc., for our dining room. They will be sent within a few weeks."

I wish I had more time to speak of the bric-a-brac of the Whitechapel Club, but have not, of course. Suffice it that, with the walls covered over with bones, bloodstained cleavers, knives and slung shots, with a loaded door spring billy here, and over there the dried and weather-beaten boot of a soldier from the Custer battlefield, in which the bones of the foot could still be seen, the president apologized for the ab-sence of 11 skeletons which had been loaned to a well-known physician for scientific purposes. He said that to him the absence of these 11 skeletons seemed to leave the room sort of bare and inhospitable.

The World's Fair Plans. The World's Fair is getting on firstrate. A nice little building is being erected now in which to store the plans. This is a great tride. The plans are valued at \$500,000 would not give that for them, of course, but hat is because I am not a plan collector My fancy does not run in that direction. The flying machine, or air ship, is at the old Exposition building. It is quite buoyant, and hobs around at a great rate. It is and, and hous around at a great rate. It is about as liable to be successful aerial navi-gation, according to the general opinion, as the old Comstock mine of Virginia is to crawl out of its hole some night and climb

upon a moonbeam by means of a pair of roller skates. But we shall see.

On Sunday I went to Central Music Hall to hear Prof. Swing. He is a plain man, with iron gray hair, cut straight across at the neck, like Mr. Beecher's and John the Baptist's. He is tall and serious looking, but able, oh! how able he is!

The day was very rainy, and I plodded through the mud feeling that I was doing a noble thing to act as Prof. Swing's audienon such a day. But others were there. Slowly the audience room filled up, and when the organ struck up a nocturne with euckoo interlude, and the organist was feel-ing around over the features of his instrument for some new stops to pull out, the seats were comfortably filled, and remained so till the service was over. Tuere was no choir. The organist sat by himself up in the loft, and toyed with the valves and things, unmoved and unvexed by the young people who generally eat butterscotch and talk like a theater party while not vocalizing. A slender young man with a far away and pensive look led the congregation in song by means of a small baton which he waved to and fro, but which he did not offer to play on.

Nye Does a Great Act. I burst forth into song. I could not help it. People near me looked around, struck by my strange, wild melody. Some seemed



would have repented if they had been en couraged, I think. Conviction could be seen on their faces; also remorse and sorrow for the past.

One man read a newspaper during the early part of the service. I could hear an usher near me cussing him for his lack of reverence but, the man went on reading about the baccarat scandal in England, and of how a bright little child in Michigan had recently been boiled in a kettle of hot

Before and all through the services the rattle of the lesson leaf was very disturbing, especially to those who desired to hear and criticise the prayer. I would suggest the leather covers used in restaurants some-times for these hymn slips to deaden the sound and keep them clean. They would not rattle themselves or the speaker so much

Prof. Swing "is a great big brainy man." He does not get his sermons from the worn wax cylinders of his mind, or reel off the thunken thoughts of men now dead and turned to dust. He is a big, broad man, in the shade of whose mighty think works, to use a simile of his own, the little poison weeds of doubt and distrust die out and disappear. Great minds, like great trees, get all the sunlight, and the breeze, and the ozone, or whatever it is which they require n their business, and at their feet the little measly jimson weeds of schism and those things curl up and die. Meantime, far above, and refusing to monkey with the trivial dogmas and the palid, noxious growth below, the brave, big tree tosses its grand old arms about, and the birds come there and build their nests and spoon

Applauded With His Uml David seemed to know that I was there,

and so he spoke well. I applauded him once with my umbrella, but was reproached for it by a heavier-set man than I am, so did not carry it to excess.

Speaking of General Sherman Prof. Swing said: "What a glorious thing it is for us that God never repeats himsel!! He gives us a man equally great in some ways for the one we have lost, but never again the same arrangement of talents. What a grand man was General Sherman! A character like his

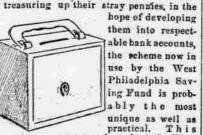
has an eternal monopoly of itself. The perfect man has the affections, the understanding and the will equally balanced. The scholar is ant to cultivate his understanding at the expense of his will and his Thus he becomes a bloodless, flabby hungerer for more books, more problems, more to read; a loveless, abnormal man, a lop-sided copartnership between a wabbly will, a weak affection and a cerebral tapeworm.

The language is not Pro'. Swing's-only the idea, the thought germ. The wordpainting is mine.)
So, likewise, the drunkard and the libertine allow the affections to run away with the will and the understanding, while the stubborn man permits his will to ride with Mexican spurs over his affections and his understanding. He has firmness, and that is all. He does not love anybody or know anything. He is the greatest anthropoid jackass of the age in which he lives.

BILL NYE. SAVING THE PENNIES.

How a Philadelphia Bank Encourages the Young to Thrift.

Philadelphia Record.] Of the many ways that have been devised of late to encourage the children of the land in treasuring up their stray pennies, in the hope of developing



organization, which is a branch of the West Philadelphia Bank, has been in existence less than six months, during which time the number of its depositors has totaled over a thousand. Being aware that many would hesitate in

bringing small amounts to the bank, the directors of this institution hit upon the idea of supplying depositors with a receptacle for their spare change until they would have sufficient to make a respectable deposit. These were given to the depositors on the latter paying \$3 as security for the return of the bank. The saie is made of nickel-plated brass, with combination locks and is highly ornamental and convenient. The money thus deposited can be only taken out at the office of the Savings Fund, as the officers retain the keys. One of these is in-serted in the hole made in the front, while the other relieves the lock and opens the bank by being placed in the hole on the side. A passbook is given to each depositor, and the \$3 left as security is credited to their account.

Anthors to Go Into Printing The announcement by cable that Walter Besant, William Black and others are talking about organizing a society of English authors to establish in New York a printing house where first copies of their books, CONVICTION OF

Without It There Can Be No Beginning of a Life That Is Better.

ST. PAUL'S IDEA OF BIMSELF. A Long Distance Between Human Imperfec-

tfon and Perfection. OUR NATURE ESSENTIALLY SINPUL

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 The first step toward anything better is to ecognize that there is something better. All progress begins with the realization of defect. When a man gets discontented there is some hope for him. One day Thorwaldsen carved a statue which satisfied him. He flung down his chisel in despair. He knew that he had come to the end of his art.

The prodigal in the parable came at last into a condition of profound discontent. His feast was followed by a famine. He fell upon evil fortunes. He began to be in want. That was the best thing that had happened to him since he left his father's house. It was then, in the midst of his want, that he came to himself. He recognized that he was badly off. He realized that he had made an evil bargain. He began to think about his home, about all those better conditions which had once entered into his life, and which he had lost out of it. He perceived that even the bired servants who worked on his father's farm were better off than be was. At the same time, he was sure that this better condition was still possible for him. Anyway, he could improve upon this life among the pigs. So he set his face toward home and

The Conviction of Sin.

This is the history of all amendment and reformation. Then comes a famine, and men begin to be in want. For the first time they realize what they are and where they are. A great discontent takes hold upon The name of this condition of mind, in the language of religion, is the convic-

The emphatic word of the Christian religion, on the divine side of it, is the word "salvation;" and the word which corresponds to that, on the human side, is the word "sin." Christ came to save us from our sins. Not to save us simply from the punishment which our sins deserve: that is not the meaning of salvation. Not to save us at some far distant day from being consigned to the company of the devil and his angels in the dreadful abodes of hell: that is not the salvation which Christ came to bring. He came to save us from our sins— now, in this life, in the face of our every-day temptations, to save us from our sins. It is evident that our regard for Him, our estimate of the value of His life and death, our sense of our own personal need of Him. will depend upon our realization of our own sinfulness. If we have no sin, we have no need of a Savior. If our sins which need forgiveness are but few, then our love for Him who forgives our sins will be propor-tionately small. If we are living a pretty good life, with which we are fairly well content, the probability is that religion has not much meaning for us. Christ was a man of ideal character, a teacher of supreme authority in ethics, a saint and a hero pleasant to think about—but nothing more. The meaning of religion, and the place which Christ holds in the regard of our

souls, rest upon our sense of sin. The Confession of Sin. We all need this deepening of the sense of sin. We need a renewed and emphasized consciousness of the fact of sin, as it touches us. "Oh, God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" We pray that, but do we mean it? The words are on our lips; do they honestly come out of our hearts? "Miserable sinnerc." Does that name fairly describe us? All these well-dressed, well-behaved people, all this good company of respectable men and women, is that what we really are, miserable sinners? All the time committing miserable sins, in thought, word and dead. provoking most justly God's wrath and indignation against us, bearing about an in-

tolerable burden of transgression? Are we into our hearts to be better. We will realmiserable sinners? At least, we are miserably self-deceitful.

Remember that the first of the commandments is summed up in this sentence:
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soui, and with all thy mind." Remember that "Thou shalt do no murder," forbids all anger, all untruthfulness, all neglect or refusal to for-give; and that "Thou shalt not commit adultery" forbids every impure thought; and that "Thou shall not steal" forbids the half a hundred conventionalities of trade and that "Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor" forbids all unneigh-borly speech, all unkind comment, all pleasure in scandal, and goes straight against a fourth part (at least) of ordinary conversation. Read these ten command-

ments and ask yourself questions, The Vows of Baptism. And then take the vows of baptism. You are to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. Thin that over slowly, and compare your life

And then take the sermon on the Mount, study the beatitudes. Are you hungry and thirsty after righteousness, meek, poor in spirit, making peace, showing mercy. Look at the verse where Christ asks for a righteousness which shall exceed that of all the moral scribes and pharisees. See what He says about loving your enemies, and about having your treasure in heaven, and about thinking very little about what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and where-withal we shall be clothed, but setting first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Is all this true of you? But even this is not the whole of it. Our Philadelphia Sav-ing Fund is prob-shows that we shall be held to account not a bly the most unique as well as practical. This branch of the West branch of the West to the most unique is research. chances to guide, to counsel, to help, to minister, to influence. Probably we let nine hundred and seventy-five of them go by daily. This you might have done; thus and thus you might have expended your time, your ability, your money; and you did it not. Who will claim that he lives up to his opportunities?

Depends Upon the Ideal. The ideal that we set before us makes all the difference in the world in our estimate of our success in character. It is certain that everybody who has a contented opinion of his own life, and is not conscious of grave defects in it, and has no sense of the sinfulness of it, is following some other ideal than that which ought to be set before the hearts of Christians. The life of Christ is the measure for our life. In proportion as we study that life, and learn how it was lived, and get closer to it and so see it clearer, we will discover how to estimat ourselves.

By and by we will come to appreciate

what St. Paul meant when, after years of tollowing Christ, he wrote beside the sen-tence in which he spoke of Christ's coming to save sinners, "of whom I am chief." He meant that there was only one sinner in the world with whom he was perfectly ac-quainted, and that sinner's name was Paul. And he knew what a sinner Paul was. You necessitated by the new copyright law, can be printed simultaneously with the making of the book in England, is hailed by the printing profession as simply a foretaste of the good things to come under the new law. life of Christ into any heart, and there will be a revelation of disorder. There will be a realization of sin. Keep out that light and you may go about for years, fancying that you are the least of sinners, deceiving your

We are all under sin. There is none righteous, no, not one. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

Sin Dwelleth in Men. This is bad enough, but even this is not the whole of it. To these facts about our sins, we have to add still another fact—the fact of sin. It is not only that day by day we do wrong, and think wrong, and speak wrong. It is not only that there is a defect wrong. It is not only that there is a delect and a misdirection is our hands and in our lips. There something the matter with our hearts. "Sin dwelleth in me," says St. Paul. "For I know that in me dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I know not. For the good that I would I do not; but the evil that I would not that I do. I find a law that when I would do good, evil is present with me. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

If we really know ourselves, we know that all these words are true about our-selves. There is something radically and prefoundly wrong. We recognize this clearly enough in our dealings with chil-dren. We know that if human nature is left to itself, left to grow up and flower and bear fruit as it will, the result will be a fearful harvest of sin. So we set safeguards and correctives in the way. We try to change that. Human nature is essentially sinful. There is in everyone of us a tendency toward sin.

What then is sin? The parable defines it well enough. Sin means separation from God. The prodigal departs into a far coun-try. There he spends his substance which his father has given him upon objects which he knows very well his father would not approve of. That is what sig is. It is a departure from the obedience of God. It is a spending of time and interest upon that which is against God. It is a consequent avoidance of the face of God and a shun-ning of the thought of God.

The Wages of Sin Is Death. The outcome of all this is plain. The wages of sin is death. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. We are all the time sowing the seeds of evil. Sin continued in means separation from God for-ever. And that is death everlasting. That is what sin leads to. It leads down into the pit. The consequence of it is misery up-

speakable. Sin is spiritual disease. It lays hold upon our souls. If, by some sort of magic, there could be a revelation of our souls, so that the soul should be made visible, and we could see it-what a sight, what a hospital of sick souls! Some mained, some dwarfed, some starving, some seized with loathsome maladies, horrible to look upon! None righteous, no, not one! None whole and sound, no, not one! What an infirmary of souls! And everybody knows well enough what unchecked disease results in. Death is at the end of it. Thus we are in danger of

osing our souls. Whoever would learn anything more bout the meaning of sin, he can read it on the cross. There it is written plain in everybody's eyes. Sin is so dreadful that the Son of God was content to die to save us from it. It we are inclined to make light of t, to set it down as imperfection, to explain t as the remainder of our "brute inheritance," and thus to quiet the warnings of our conscience—there is no cross. What does the cross mean, if it don't mean the exceed-

The Malady of the Soul, We all are sinners exceedingly. This is the conclusion of the whole matter. We are setting our faces in a wrong direction, away from God. We are walking steadily along a path which falls presently into a pit without a bottom. We are sick with a disease which threatens the very death of our souls. Unless—we have made the great discovery. There is no help for us—unless we have found or shall find the helper. Grant us a guide who shall set us in a better path which leads to life. Send us a physician who can heal the malady of our soul. That is what we want. And if we do want that, then, as I said at the beginning, there is hope for us. The prodigas came to himself. He looked about him, and a supreme discontent came over him. He realized discontent came over him. He realized where he was, away off from his father's home. Then he turned about. So will we in proportion as we are convicted of sin. in proportion as we are convicted of sin. We will be dissatisfied with our unsatisfying lives. There will come a great longing

ize the need of help.

That is where religion begins. Religion Because that belongs to human nature. We is help. That is where the love of Christ, will undoubtedly get a truer sense of sin if we examine ourselves. That is a good exercise for the season just ended—the exercise of self-axamination.

Take the ten commandments, one by one, putting Christ's interpretation upon them. We have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." Here at last is sure salvation. And we turn to Christ with hands outstretched and hearts full of love. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, cries the apostle, through Jesus Christ our Lord. For this is a true saying and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

GEORGE HODGES. THEY BRIDLED THE SCOLD.

Awful Punishment to Which Women Were Subject at One Time. New York Press.] An instrument of punishment formerly

much used in England, but never in this country, was the "brank," or "scold's bridle," or "gossip's bridle," used on women. It consisted of a crown framework of iron, which was locked upon the head and was armed in front with a gag, a plate or sharpcutting knife or point, which was placed in the mouth so as to prevent the tongue being moved without it being cut in a horrible manner. With this cage upon her head and with the gag pressed and locked against her tongue, the miserable creature, whose sole offense perhaps was that she had raised her voice in defense of



The Bridle in Position her social rights against a brutal or besotted husband, or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in the town, was paraded through the streets led by a chain held in the hands of the bellman, the beadle or the constable, or else she was chained to the pillory, the whipping post or the market cross, and subjected to every conceivable insult without even the power left her of asking for mercy or of promising amendment for the future; and when the punishment was over she was turned out from the town hall maimed, disfigured, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbors, and to be reviled by her persecutors.

Income of New York Doctors

A prominent New York doctor says the bright young men of his profession in that city are making from \$1,200 to \$3,000 a
year. If at the expiration of ten years a
practitioner finds himself in receipt of \$3,000
income, he may flatter himself that he has
done very well.

Sharp dodge, eh?"

PHOTOS IN COLORS.

Newly-Discovered Facts About the Pictures the Sun Paints.

TINTS WHICH NO MAN EVER SAW.

Taking Photographs on Newspapers, Leaves and Blocks of Wood.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE BABY FISHES

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 Whatever may be accomplished eyentnally in the way of reproducing colors of

permanence by photography, the process for doing this, newly discovered by M. Lippmann, is scarcely to be considered yet as more than one of the many curiosities of a marvelous art. Some day before very long, doubtless, this or other methods will be so far perfected that the taking of people's portraits with the coloring of the originals will be practicable; great paintings will be copied imperishably-though time must destroy the paintings themselves-with the camera, and the same apparatus will be utilized for making the sun himself do landscapes in the twinkling of an eye with all

the tints of pature. With relation to the ultra-red and infraviolet, invisible to the human eye, which the French Academician finds exhibited as black bands in his reproduction of the colors in the rainbow, Prof. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has made some astonishing discoveries recently. The ultra-red is to the left of the red end of the rainbow, while the infra-violet is to the right of the violet end, the length of the rainbow being in this manner added to in both direc

Widening the Rainbow. What could be more interesting than these

hues unknown to us, to which, so Prof. Langley says, roses and other flowers owe much of the exquisite beauty of their color-ing? By an instrument of his own invention, inexpressibly delicate, which he calls a "bolometer," this famous scientist has traced the rainbow to more than twice its visible length. The contrivance—a thin film of iron, through which a current of electricity is passed—is moved along over a rainbow, east by the sun through a prism, registering the heat of the hidden rays by the interruption of the current. In this way it is made known that we are actually able to see but a small fraction of a rainbow.
Who can tell what gorgeous colors, different
from any ever belied by man, lie concealed
to his imperfect vision along the path be-

youd the violet and the red? It is amazing how simple and evident some inventions are, when once they are hit upon. It was the Emperor Nero who used the first eyeglass—a monocle, by the way. He was near-sighted, and he found that a He was near-sighted, and he found that a certain big concave emerald in his jewel collection enabled him to see with a much improved vision what went on in the circus at the gladfator shows. His notion was that the gen was magical, but there was the original presyopic lens, if only any one had had the wit to look through it with the gaze of scientific speculation. But no one did, and so it was not for 15 centuries that spectacles were invented,

A Newspaper Is Sensitized. To make a photograph, the most important requirement is a surface that is sensitive to light. You imagine that chemistry is required to make such a surface, but that is not true. The newspaper on which these words are printed has a sensitized surface. Tear off this

printed has a sensitized surface. Tear off this page, when you are through reading it, and it will make you a very fair photographic print, if you will lay a glass negative upon it and expose it to the sun for a while.

Imagine yourself cast away upon an uninhabited island. Happily you have preserved your hat, your spectacle lenses into the crown of your hat and cut a strip of bark to close up the opening intended for your head. That is a camera. Next you tear a page from your notebook, previously dried, and rub it over with book, previously dried, and rub it over with some juice squeezed from flowers. Flower juice is an admirable sensitizing medium; a few years ago it was utilized to some extent in photography. The page thus sensitized you attach inside to the bark-back of the hat, and attach insule to the bark-back of the hat, and your photograph is soon made upon the paper, without the intervention of a negative. But you might not have a hat, nor spectacles, nor yet a notebook; but you could surely make some sort of a box with a very small hole in one side and a big leaf attached to the back. In the absence of a lens, the small hole does very well to concentrate the rays of light upon the leaf, which has, like all leaves, a sensitive surface. Thus you obtain your photograph 4. face. Thus you obtain your photograph. A smooth plank of wood has a highly sensitive surface. It is worth mentioning by the way that a traveler in the Arctic regions could make a very respectable lens out of a cake of

Some Novel Applications,

The curiesities of photography are only be-ginning to be discovered. Some photographs were made the other day by telescope of the statue of America-vulgarly supposed to rep-resent the Goddess of Liberty-on the dome of the capitol. Some very interesting photographs have been made at the National Mugraphs have been made at the National Museum, Washington, of mushrooms in progressive stages of growth. One series represents the development and propagation of the "fairy-ring" mushroom, respecting which so many pretty superstitious fancies are current. Each ring is begun with a single mushroom, which, when it decays, is replaced by a number of little ones. The latter multiply rapidly, and the exhaustice of the nutritive material in the soil causes those in the middle to die out for want of sustenance, so that the outside ones gradually spread outward until a ring of them is formed perhaps as much as four of five feet in diameter. Fairfes hight find a pleasant place to trip in within the circle thus made, but, alas! there is no evidence that they find repose between the turns upon the dainty little stools.

Another thing which photography has been used to illustrate, by the Fish Commission in the

Another thing which photography has been used to illustrate, by the Fish Commission in this instance, is the growth of the shad in the egg. At the beginning a microscopic pollywog from the "milt" of a male fish makes its way into one of a myriad eggs of the female fish through a little hole in the side of the egg and thoughes life to the germ. When this has but just been accomplished, the egg, magnified loo times in the photograph, shows the young fish in the shape of a dark spot on one side. This dark spot in subsequent daily pictures becomes rapidly larger, until it is seen to develop a tall and finally to escape from the shell.

Bookmaking by Photography.

Bookmaking by Photography. One of the most wonderful uses of photography recently devised is that by which a whole edition of a book is turned out automatically by the camera. A single page is reproduced at a time, a cleckwork device being so duced at a time, a cleckwork device being so arranged that, by the shifting of a continuous sirly of paper, the negative of the page prints copy after copy, each blank being exposed for just the necessary time.

A carious sort of composite photography has recently been tried with human skulls, of which it was attempted in this way to obtain representative types for scientific purposes. For example, a composite was made of a number of murderers skulls. The Government Lighthouse Board also has employed photography lately for the purpose of finding out what sort of lamp gave the greatest amount of light.

Perhaps the most extraordinary application

Perhaps the most extraordinary application of photography hat it is possible to mention is found in the multiform mechanical processes used at the present day for the reproduction of pictures. In the illustrating of magazines the art of wood-cutting has been almost entirely superseded by photo-engraving in one shape or another. Until recently it was thought impossible to reproduce in this way anything but a drawing composed of lines, but now even a painting can be copied off-hand in the shape of a cut by the simple device of placing a game screen between the picture and the camera, the network of the gauza breaking up the solid lights and shadows so as to make them reproducible. A much better way of accomplishing this, however, has been lately invented, by cutting cross-lines on the glass negative itself. Thus you find in the hewspapers of to-day most beautiful engravings of actual works of art, done within a few hours, which would have taken the hand-workman not long ago months to turn out.

A CHARGE AGAINST PITTSBURG. One of New York's Butchers Tells a Tale

About Stock Yard Practices. "Well, there are tricks in all trades, you know," says a New York butcher in the Times, of that city, "and one in the butcher business is, when the cattle are watered and fed in Pittsburg they are given a quantity of salt in their fodder, so that when they ar-