house, and we have some wassail on hand that has never been used; also a can o

orgies that has not been opened yet. May

e went out into the courtyard and washed

I count on you?"
"Indeed thou mayst," said the youth, a

ier-it must be done in the convent, poring in imagination over the dark cataogue of all imaginable evil.

A momentary and vague terror cast its shadow on her thoughts. By some accident of connection between two ideas, her mind went back a month, and reviewed as in a flash of light, all that she had thought and done since that day. She had greatly changed since then. She could think calmly now of deeds which even she would no have dured then. She thought of the even ing when she had cried aloud that she would give her soul to know the Wanderer safe, o the quick answer that had followed, and of Keyork Arabian's face. Was he a devil indeed, as she sometimes fancied, and had there been a reality and a binding meaning

Keyork Arabian! He, indeed, possessed the key to all evil. What would he have done with Beatrice? Would he make her rob the church-murder the abbess in her sleep? Bad, but not bad enough,

Unorna started. A deed suggested itself so hotlish, so horrible in its enormity, so far barond all conceivable human sin, that fo one moment her brain reeled. She shuddered again and again, and groped for support and leaned against the wall in a bodily weakness of terror. For one moment she, who feared nothing, was shaken by tear from head to foot, her face turned white, her knees shook, her sight failed, her teeth chattered, her lips moved bysterically. But she was still strong. The thing she had sought had come to her suddenly. She



I Command You to Sleep.

set her teeth, and thought of it again and again, until she could face the horror of it without quaking. Is there any limit to the

hardening of the buman heart? The distant bells rang out the call of midnight prayer. Unorna stopped and listened, She had not known how quickly time was passing. But it was better so. She was glad it was so late, and she said so to herself, but the evil smile that was sometimes in her face was not there now. She had hought a thought that left a mark on her forehead. Was there any reslity in that jesting contract with Keyork Arabian?

She must wait before she did the deed, The muss would go down into the lighted church and kneel, and pray before the altar. It would last some time—the midnight lesson, the psalms, the prayers-and she must be sure that all was quiet, for the deed could not be done in the room where

Bestrice was sleeping. She was conscious of the time, now, and every minute seemed an hour, and every second was full of that one deed, done over and over again before her eyes, until every awiul detail of the awinl whole was stamped indelibly upon her brain. She had sat down now, and, leaning forward, was watching the innocent woman, and wondering how she would look when she was doing it. But she was calm now, as she felt that she had never been in her life. Her breath came evenly, her heart beat naturally, she thought connectedly of what she was about to do. But the time seemed endless.

The distant clocks chimed the balf hour, three-quarters, past midnight. Still she waited. At the stroke of I she rose from her ent, and, standing beside Beatrice, laid her hand upon the dark brow.

A few questions, a few answers followed She must assure herself that her victim was in the right state to execute minutely all her commands. Then she opened the door upon the corridor and listened. Not a sound broke the intense stillness, and all was dark. The hanging lamp had been extinguished, and the nuns had all retired from the midnight service to their cells. No one would e stirring now until 4 o'clock, and half an bour was all that Unorna needed. She took Beatrice's hand, The dark woman

rose with half-closed eves and set features Unorna led her out into the dark passage. "It is light here," Unorna said. "You can see your way. But I am blind. Take and now lead me to church by the nuns' staircase. Make no

"I do not know the staircase," said the eleeper in drowsy tones. Unorna knew the way well enough, but

not wishing to take a light with her, she was obliged to trust herself to her victim. whose vision there was no such thing as darkness, unless Unorna willed it. 'Go as you went to-day, to the room where the balcony is; but do not enter it. The staircase is on the right of the door, and leads into the choir. Go!"

Without hesitation Beatrice led her out into the impenetrable gloom with swift, noiseless footsteps in the direction commanded, never wavering, nor hesitating whether to turn to the right or left, but walking as confidently as though in broad daylight. Unorna counted the turnings and knew that there was no mistake. Beatrice was leading her unerringly toward the staircase. They reached it, and began to descend the winding steps, Unorna holding her leader by the nand, steadied herself with the other against the smooth, curved wall, fearing at every moment lest she should stumble and fall in the total darkness. But Beatrice never faltered. To her the way was as bright as though the noonday sun had shope before her.

The stairs ended abruptly against a door. Beatrice stood still. She had received no further commands, and the impulse ceased. "Draw back the bolt, and take me into the church," said Unorna, who could see nothing, but knew that the nuns fastened the doors behind them when they returned into the convent. Beatrice obeyed without hesitation and led her forward. They came out behind the high carved seats of the choir, behind the high altar. The church was not quite dark as the staircase and assages had been, and Unorna stood still for a moment. In some of the chapels hanging lamps of silver were lighted and their tiny flames spread a faint radiance upward and sideways, though not downward, sulficient to break the total obscurity to eves accustomed for some minutes to no light at all. The church stood, too, on a little eminence in the city, where the air without was less murky and impenetrable with the night mists, and though there was no moon the high upper windows of the nave were | Help!" distinctly visible in the gloomy height like the great lancet-shaped patches of gray upon

a black ground. In the dimness, all objects took vast and mysterious proportions. A huge giant reared his height against one of the pillars, crowned with a high, pointed crown, stretching out one great shadowy hand into the gloom—the tall pulpit was there, as Unorna knew, and the hand was the wooden crucifix standing out in its extended socket. The black confessionals, too, took shape, like monster nuns, kneeling in their heavy hoods and wells, with heads inclined, behind the fluted pilasters, just within the circle of the seeble chapel lights. Within the choir, the deep shadows seemed to fill carved stalls with the black ghosts of the long dead sisters, returned to their familiar seats out of the damp crypt below. The great lectern in the midst of the half circle behind the high altar became a hideous skeleton, headless, its straight arms folded on its bony breast. The back of the high altar itself was a great throne whereon eat in judgment a misty being of awful form, judging the dead women all through the onely night. The stillness was appalling.

Unorna shuddered, not at what she saw,

but at what she felt. She had reached the place and the doing of the deed was at hand. Beatrice stood beside her erect, asleep, motionless, her dark face just outlined in the surrounding dusk.

Unorna took her hand and led her forward. She could see now, and the moment had come. She brought Beatrice before the high altar and made her stand in front of it. Then she berself went back and groped for something in the dark. It was the pair of small wooden steps upon which the priest mounts in order to open the golden door of the high tabernacle above the altar, when it is necessary to take therefrom the Sacred Host for the Benediction, or other conse crated wafers for the administration of the Communion. To all Christians, of all de-nominations whatsoever, the bread wafer whed once consecrated is a holy thing. To Catholics and Lutherans there is there, substantially, the presence of God. No im-aginable act of sacrilege can be more un-pardonable than the deserration of the tabernacle and the willful defilement and lestruction of the Sacred Host.

This was Unorna's determination. Beatrice should commit this crime against heaven, and then die with the whole weight of it upon her soul, and thus should her soul itself be tormented for ever and ever to

ages of ages.
Considering what she believed, it is no wonder that she should have shuddered at tremendous thought. And yet, in the distortion of her reasoning, the sin would be upon Beatrice who did the act, and not upon herself who commanded it. There was no diminution of her own faith in the the consecrated object—had she been one whit less sure of that, her vengeance would have been vain and her whole scheme mean-

She came back out of the darkness and set the wooden steps in their place before the altar at Beatrice's feet. Then, as though to save herself from all participation in the guilt of the sacrifice which was to follow, she withdrew outside the Communion rail,

and closed the gate behind her. Beatrice, obedient to her smallest command and powerless to move or act without her suggestion, stood still as she had been placed, with her back to the church and her face to the altar. Above her head the richly wrought door of the tabernacle caught what little light there was, and reflected it from its own uneven surface.

Unorna paused a moment, looked at the shadowy figure, and then glanced behind her into the body of the church, not out of any ghostly fear, but to assure herself that she was alone with her victim. She saw that all was quite ready, and then she calmly knelt down, just upon one side of the gate, and rested her folded hands upon the marble railing. A moment of intense stillness followed. Again the thought of Keyork Arabian flashed across her mind. Had there been any reality, she vaguely wondered, in that compact made with him? What was she doing now? But the crime was to be Beatrice's, not hers. Her heart beat fast for a moment, and then she grew

very calm again. The clock in the church tower chimed the first quarter past. She was able to count the strokes, and was glad to find that she had lost no time. As soon as the long, singing echo of the bells had died away, she spoke, not loudly, but clearly and distinct-

"Beatrice Varanger, go forward and mount the steps I have placed for you." The dark figure moved obediently, and Unorna heard the slight sound of Beatrice's foot upon the wood. The shadowy form rose higher and higher in the gloom, and stood

upou the altar itself.
"Now, do as I command you. Open wide he door of the tabernacie.' Unorna watched the black form intently, It seemed to stretch out its hand, as though arching for something, and then the arm

fell again to the side. "Do as I command you," Unorna re peated, with the agony and dominant intonation that always came into her voice when

she was not obeyed. Again the hand was raised for a moment, roped in the darkness, and sank down into the shadow.

"Beatrice Varanger, you must do my will. I order you to open the door of the tabercacle, to take out what is within, and throw it to the ground!" Her voice rang clearly through the church. "And may the crime be on your soul for ever and ever, she added, in a low voice. A third time the figure moved. A strange

lash of light played for a moment upon the le, the effect, Unorns thought, of the golden door being suddenly opened. But she was wrong. The figure moved ndeed, and stretched out a hand and moved again. Then the sudden crash of something very heavy, falling upon stone, broke the great stillnes - the dark form tottered eeled and fell to its length upon the great altar. Unorna saw that the golden door was still closed, and that Beatrice had fallen. Unable to move or act by her own

free judgment, and compelled by Unorna's



She Gazed on the Sleeping Woman. determined command, she had made a desperate effort to obey. Unorna had forgotten that there was a raised step upon the altar itself, and that there were other obstacles in the way, including heavy candlesticks and the framed Canon of the Mass, all of which are usually set aside before the tabernacle is opened by the priest. In attempting to do as she was told the sleeping woman had stumbled, had overbalanced herself, had clutched one of the great silver candlesticks so that it fell heavily beside her, and then having no further support, she had fallen

Unorna sprang to her feet and hastily opened the gate of the railing. In a moment she was standing by the altar at Beatrice's head. She could see that the dark eyes were open now. The great shock had re called her to consciousness.
"Where am I?" she asked, in great dis tress, seeing nothing in the darkness now.

and groping with her hands. besilent and sleep!" said Unorna in low, firm tones, pressing her palm upon But, to her amazement, Beatrice thrust her aside with such violence that she almost

fell herself upon the steps.
"No-nol" cried the startled woman, in a voice of horror. "No-I will not sleep-do not touch me! Oh, where am I-help!

She was not hurt. With one strong, lithe movement, she sprang to the ground and stood with her back to the altar, her hands stretched out to defend her from But Unorna knew what extreme danger she was in, if Beatrice left the church awake and conscious of what had happened. She seized the moving arms and tried to hold them down, pressing her face forward so as to look into the dark eyes she could but faintly distinguish. It was no easy matter, however, for Beatrice was young and strong and active. Then all at once she began to see Unorna's eyes, as Unorna could see hers and she felt the terrible influence stealing

over her again. "No-no-no!" she cried, struggling des-perately. "You shall not make me sleep. I

will not—I will not!"

There was a flash of light again in the church, this time from behind the high altar, and the noise of quick footsteps. Bet either Unorna nor Beatrice noticed the light or the sound. Then the full glow of a strong lamp

was over the nun had gone to Unorna's room, had knocked and had entered. To her surprise, Unorna was not there, but Sister Paul imagined that she had lingered over her prayers and would soon return. The good nun had sat down to wait for her, and telling her beads, had fallen asleep. The unaccustomed warmth and comfort of the guest's room had been too much

pressed a constitution broken with asceti practices. Accustomed by long habit to awake at midnight to attend the service, her eyes opened of themselves, indeed, but a full hour later than usual. She heard the clock strike one, and for a moment could not believe her senses. Then she understood that she had been asleep, and was amazed to find that Unorna bad not come back. She went out hastily into the corridor. The lay sister had long ago extinguished the hauging lamp, but Sister Paul saw the light streaming from Beatrice's open door. She went in and called aloud. The bed had not been touched. Beatrice was not there. Sister Paul began to think that both the ladies must have gone to the midnight service. The corridors were dark, and they might have lost their way. She took the lamp from the table and went to the balcony at which the guests performed their devotions. It had been her light that had flashed across the door of the tabernacle. She had looked down into the choir, and far below her had seen a figure, unrecognizable from that height in the dusk of the church, but clearly the figure of a woman standing upon the altar. Visions of horror rose before her eyes of the sagreligious practices of witchcraft, for she had thought of nothing else during the whole evening. Lamp in band, she descended the stairs to the choir and reached the altar, providentially, just in time to save Beatrice from falling a victim to the evil fascination of the enemy who had planned the destruction of her soul as well as of her

"What is this? What are you doing in this holy place and at this hour?" asked Sister Paul, solemnly and sternly.
Unorna folded her arms and was silent.
No possible explanation of the struggle presented itself even to her quick intellect. She fixed her eyes on the nun's face, concentrating all her will for she knew that unless she could control her also, she herself was lost. Beatrice answered the ques tion, drawing herself up proudly against the great altar and pointing to Unorna with her outstretched hand, her dark eyes flashing indignantly.

"We were talking together, this woman and I. She looked at me-she was angry-and then I sainted, or fell asleep, I cannot tell which. I awoke in the dark to find my-self lying upon the altar here. Then she took hold of me and tried to make me sleep again. But I would not. Let her explain herself what she has done and why she brought me here!" Sister Paul turned to Unorna and met the

full glare of her unlike eyes with her own

calm, half-heavenly look of innocence.
"What have you done, Unorna? What have you done?" she asked very sadly. But Unorna did not answer. She only looked at the nun more fixedly and sayagely. She felt that she might as well have looked upon some ancient picture of a saint in heaven and bade it close its eyes. But she would not give up the attempt, for her only afety lay in its success. For a long time Sister Paul re urned her gaze steadily "Sleep!" said Unorna, putting up her

hand, "Sleep, I command you!" But Sister Paul's eves did not waver. A sad smile played for a moment upon her waxen features. "You have no power over me-for your

power is not of good," she said, slowly and Then she quietly turned to Beatrice and took her hand.

"Come with me, my danghter," she said.
"I have a light and will take you to a place
where you will be safe. She will not trouble you any more to-night. Say a prayer, my child, and do not be afreid." child, and do not be aireld.
"I am not afraid," said Beatrice. "But where is she?" she asked suddenly.
Unorna had glided away while they were speaking. Sister Paul held the lamp high

and looked in all directions. Then she heard the heavy door of the sacristy swing upon its hinges and strike with a soft thud upon its hinges and strike with a soft thud against the small leathern cushion. Both women followed her, but as they opened the trembling lip told a story of truth and of a squirted fully a rod high. Huge flames palpidoor again a blast of cold air almost extinguished the lamp. The night wind was

olowing in from the street.
"She is gone out," said Sister Paul.
"Alone and at this hour—Heaven help her!" It was as she said. Unorna had es caped.

[To be Continued Next Sunday.]

Want Fun in a Hurry. The public is getting tired of freaks. Thousands are fond of museums and visit them quite frequently, but they spend but little time in the curio halls. The stage perormance is what they want and the museum gives them as good as they get in the variety theaters. People are getting so that they even want their fun in a hurry. They also want it cheap. The museum fills the bill. For 10 cents you can go in, sit down comfortably for half an hour, and see a very fair show at almost any time of the day.

A CAPILLARY PHENOMENON.

How to Make a Compact Raft Out of Seven Ordinary Corks. you stand seven corks upright in water? Not unless you know how. This is



the way to do it: Stand one of the corks upright on the table. arrange the other six close about it, also in an upright position grasp the combination in one hand and plunge it into the water in the tub, so as to completely saturate the corks, then raise

them partly out of the water and let go your hold, says the Boston Globe. The water which has penetrated between the corks by capillarity will hold them close together (see illustration), and though separately each cork has an unstable equilibrium, the combination obtained in this way will keep them steady-the width of our improvised raft being more than the height of one cork

THE TRIBUTE TO GREELEY. His Memory to Be Erected by

the Printers. The illustration is from a photograph of the plaster model of the statue of Horace Greeley which Alexander Doyle has just completed on order of the printers. With its



pedestal it is to cost \$15,000. The move-ment originated immediately after Mr. Greeley's death, and over \$10,000 was subsound. Then the full glow of a strong lamp fell upon the faces of both and dazzled them, and Unorna felt a cool, thin hand upon her own. Sister Paul was beside them, her face very white and her faded eyes turned from the one to the other.

It was very simples Boon after Compline

Then the project was allowed to lapse. The printers picked it up two years ago, collected as much as possible of the subscription, and pushed it to a successful issue. It is not decided where it will be in Central leas to me since I love you and you love me not."

BANQUET OF DEATH

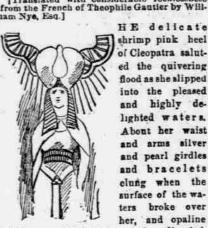
Unsophisticated Meiamoun Falls Into the Snares of Cleopatra.

ICE CREAM AS FATAL AS THE ASP. Nye Gives a Free and Easy Translation of

Theophile Gautier's

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) (Translated with considerable reckl

STORY OF EGIPTIAN REVELRIES



About her waist and arms silver and pearl girdles and bracelets clung when the surface of the waters broke over her, and opaline bubbles caught and kissed her dimpled cheeks as the fair Queen sazzled about in the rippling tide or shricked with laughter

as she lammed a trusted ennuch in the eve with a hunk of golden mud. Her wealth of wonderful hair floated out behind her over the water like a magnificent mantle. She swam to and fro, sometimes treading water with her cherubic feet or scooting dog fashion like a beautiful water bug across the pond. Now she would seem to sleep on the surface of the water like a slumbering lily, and then anon she would rise from her wet environments like a Venus rising to a point of order in the convention at Mount Olympus.

Surprised at the Buth.

Suddenly Cleopatra utters a sharp and startled cry, as did Dinna when surprised by Acteon. Through the foliage she had seen the earnest and somewhat ad-miring eye of a total stranger. It was that of Meiamoun, the wretched lover of the Queen, who had never met her, but who was a great admirer and constant reader. He was from the middle walks of life, and did not know much, but, oh, how he did seem to lay aside what other business he had on hand and worship the magnificent woman who, as these lines are penned, slid softly into the all embracing waters like a beauteous muskrat!

Her startled cry brought to the bank her two armed eunuchs, who had been frogging farther down the stream. Cleopatra pointed out to them the clump of trees behind which Meiumoun was concealed. Defense was useless, and so he attempted none. He said that he was sorry such a thing should have occurred, but he would try to avoid anything of the kind in the future. It was indeed a coarse thing to do. She told him distinctly that it was no way to do, and asked him if he were not ashamed of him-

Spared the Young Man's Life.

Quickly covering herself with her calliris, she bade the equuchs spare the life of the rash young man and bring him before her. They done so. The queen could not understand why he should have come, at the risk of his life, where no man was admitted upon penalty of death. Surely he had not come to steal her clothes and hide them just to chaff her, for she had still other clothes which were yet good, besides quite a lot that could be made over and still look real well.

No, he must be an assassin hired by trembling lip told a story of truth and

heart at once pure and sweet. "May my soul be found light in the balance of Amenti," he said, "and may Imei, daughter of the Sun and Goddess of Truth, ounish me if I ever entertained a thought of evil against you, O Queen," Saying this upon his knees, Meiamoun wept and tried to bite the dust, but his nose seemed to be in the way. He was a fine-looking young man, as Cleopatra saw at a glance, of great nobility of character, and a little less heavy set, perhaps, than Antony was. He said he came of a common set of people living back of town, and had just bought a milk route of his father, which he thought was going to be a good thing in time, if he could sort of build it up and extend it's little.

He Was Willing to Sacrifice. "Of course, it is not the life to which you have been accustomed," he said; "your folks have always been well off, I know, and you have never had to put your hands into dishwater or scald milkpans or wean calves from the parent stem, but I love you served by Asiatic pages, upon whose rich very much, indeed, wery much, indeed. We and voluminous flowing hair the beautiful will have to live plain at first, but I am and somewhat finicky Cleopatra wiped the Egyptian gravy from her taper year accumulated \$8. In 40 years this would, as you will see, amount to \$320. My folks like you, and say that you would prior to that he contented himself folks like you, and say that you would be the contented himself the particular the beautiful and somewhat finicky Cleopatra wiped the Egyptian gravy from her taper fingers. Her companion also did the same as soon as he got onto it, but prior to that he contented himself the particular than the pa folks like you, and say that you would make me a good wife if you stiddled down a said. "The Ailiance people will soon be on top, and I am almost sure that I will be at some time overseer of highways at our place,



with us anyway, and almost like finding \$48

in the street. The queen gave a low laugh as she ceeded now more calmly. "By St. Oms," she said, "dog of hell, thou art a foothardy wretch. You think that with your castiron impudence and budding milk route you may win to wife a queen whose fame is good for a column in, every Sunday paper from the Kongo Basin to Singapore. You should be killed, of course, but I cannot decide yet how to do it. Whether to fry you in the fat of these negligent cunuchs and feed you to my aquarium, or shock you to death with the early humor of France I know not.' His Last Fond Favor.

"Queen," said the youth, now standing on the other foot awhile, "I deserve to die, Be clement, but let me die. You will find nearly \$7 worth of milk tickets in my in-

"Well, then," said the Queen, as she smilingly shed a mouthful of hairpins, for TURNING FROM her smile was wider than she had thought,

"you shall have your wish, but first you shall know what it is to have what we call shall know what it is to have what we call fun. You Alliance people think you have some little pleasure in life, but you do not. You are extraneous, as we say, or not in it. You are my guest for this evening. You die in the morning. You will join me at dinner, will you not? We keep an all night Kingdom of Heaven.

ing of Conviction.

THE LESSON OF THE PRODIGAL SON

his face in the rain water barrel, and walked for a time in the dewy grass to re-move the milk spots from his bespattered IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Preparations for the Banquet. Cleopatra now gave orders to have the banquet hall prepared, and sent away to the village for a fiddler who could also call off. She was cool, yet watchful of her help. She was everywhere ordering victuals cooked, the smell of hot preserves came from the royal kitchen, and one eunuch named Oleander, who was a good man, and pointed to himself with pride on account of his singularly pure life in the midst of the corruptions, temptations and fines and costs ot a court, was sent to the neighbors for cream freezer.
While Cleopatra sang a little song for the cept by this repentance-door.

opening cans of cove oysters and setting the table. Suddenly it occurred to the great potentate that her guest ought, perhaps, to make some slight changes in his togs. Showing him the way up to a pleasing room and handing him a small key, the young man lost no time in opening a large leather bug with Egyptian bieroglyphics on it, and finding Antony's regular banqueting clothes.

Shining in Antony's Vestments. Donning a linen tunic with golden stars upon it, like the costume of the Goddess of Liberty, and a purple mantle, he bound a fillet de bourf about his brow, and passed down to the dining hall, smelling quite sweetly of Antony's hair oil, perfumed, with Lily of the Nile. Cleopatra with Lily of the Nile. Cleopatra wore her other dress. It con-



sisted of a pale green crepe de Chine open at the sides and clasped with golden bees. It was an evening dress, and therefore almost entirely concealed as she sat at the table. On her arms she wore two strings of pearls as big as hickory nuts, and a pointed diadem valued at \$11 rested on her marble and massive skull.

As she scated her guest beside her she clapped her little hands, and instantly the Egyptian glee club struck up a song called "My Gum Tree Canoe," red lights sprang out along the costly dados of the rooms, and tated in tripode of brass; giant candelabras shook their disheveled light in the midst of ardent vapors; the eyes of dark carred sphinxes flamed with phosphorescent light-nings; the bull headed idols breathed flames; the alabaster elephants, in lieu of periumed water, spouted aloft bright columns o crimson fire; prismatic irises crossed and shattered each other; soft music sensuously stole through, in and out among the potted geraniums, and sifted through the in-tertwining leaves of the smilax came the low, soft bellowing of the buhl buhl.

The orgy was now at its height the lishes of phenicopter's tongues, the livers of scarus fish, the eels, fattened upon the odies of prominent people and cooked in brine, the dishes of peacocks' brains, tender loin of terrapin aux filley, hot Sauterne, boars stuffed with living birds, etc., etc., were the menu.

Wines of all kinds, from the vintage se common at the post keller or the ratz keller to the wines of Crete and of Massicus, were make me a good wife if you stiddied down a little. Do not, oh! do not refuse me," he said. "The Alliance people will soon be on proach him now. Treading as he was upon the borders of a yawning grave, but seeing across the groaning board the grinning face which is as good as \$2 a day just for working of death, we may forgive him if in an unon the roads in June, which is a dull time guarded moment he did things that were outre. Toward the close of the feast mummers (both dry and extra dry) entertained the young people with song, dance and walk around. The President of the Cairo and Ezyptian Central dropped in on his way home from the depot and spoke briefly regardidg the tariff, and a local humorist gave a tunny little anecdote and took home a cold goose in a newspaper as a reward of his wonderful genius.

The Queen Does an Act. Then Cleopatra herself arose. She cast aside her mautle, and stating briefly in a few well chosen words that she could not make a speech, not having been constructed that way, neither could she sing a song or tell a story, she would, with the consent of the audience, offer a selection from an Egyptian breakdown composed by herself, and which they might like to hear, While the beautrous Queen sashayed up and down to the lascivious pleasings of a lute the pic-nic ice cream came in. Cleopatra said that she would not chase any, but the rash young man from the Spring Valley Milk farm ate heartily of it.

As he finished and wiped his spoon on the hair of a cunuch the gray of the dawn was stealing in through the rich hangings of the hall. An ashen look also stole over the and his hungry children; the spend face of the young yahoo, and quickly clasp-ing his hands to the base of his chest, he gave a startled cry like that of a tomcat who has unwittingly swallowed a hornet with a mean temperature to it. Not having read the papers much, he had not noticed how many people were being mowed down by ice cream, and so as the day began to dawn the rash young ass who had loved the Queen, and swapped his life, his hopes, his soul and his milk route for \$2 worth of good victuals, curled himself up in a shapeless mass, and, kicking two or three times convulsively, although, of course, it was worse than useless, he gave up the ghost.

Pouring a little vinegar ou a large pearl, the haughty Queen dropped a tear for the late milkman, and, swallowing the molten gem as one might a sherry flip, she turned off the gas, rang for the undertaker and re-tired to her apartments. BILL NYE. Druggist's Colored Bottles Bottles of colored water are as distinc-

tively signs for druggists as striped poles

Repentance Is the Only Door Into the

Though It Is a Step Nearer Than the Feel-

CONTRITION IS NOT ENOUGH,

What is it to repent? The word is familiar enough. The emphasis which is laid upon it in the teachings of Christ and His Apostles is evident enough. We must repent. That is the message of the Christian religion. John the Baptist preached that before Christ came. Christ took John's text and preached the same sermon, only more emphatically, more lovingly, more divinelybut still the same sermon: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." There is no way into the kingdom of heaven ex-

Mr. Spurgeon compares faith and repentyoung man, slaves and eunuchs were busy ance to a door-post and a door. Faith is the post, and repentance is the door. What is a door-post good for without a door? and what is a door good for, unhung, flat on the ground, swinging not from its post, opening not into anywhere?

We must repent. But what is it to repent? Is it to be aware of the dreadfulness of sin? No. That is conviction of sin. That is what I was preaching about last Sunday. Is it to be dreadfully sorry for sin? No. That is contrition. Conviction and contrition are steps along the way to repentance, but they are not either of them repentance. It is possible to be aware of the sintulness of sin, and to be exceedingly sorry that we have sinned, and yet not to be genuinely repentant for sin a all.

Lost in the Black Forest. A man is lost in a dense forest, in one o the poisonous jungles of "darkest Africa." Suddenly he becomes aware of that tragic condition of things. He looks about him, and there is no path. His companions are out of call. Above him are the black trees, and all about him are the black trees, end-lessly. The man is filled with utter dismay. His heart is sick within him. Does that save him? He knows that he is out of the way, and he is as sorry for it as a man can does all that set him on the right path, and save him?

So you see that if repentance is a condition of spirit which really saves a man, really gets him inside the blessed boundaries of the kingdom of heaven, it must be something more than conviction, and something more than contrition. To have our eyes open to the fact of sin is not enough; to have our eyes full of tears on account of sin is not mough. We have not yet repented.

The parable of the prodigal son will help us to understand just what repentance is. Here we will find a definition of repentance, not in the language of theology—for our Lord never talked that language—but in the plain, every-day, understandable language. guage of human experience. That wonder-ful parable—so absolutely parallel to human life, so packed with helpful meaning in evey shortest syllable of it, so divinely true, so encouraging, com orting and tender. Here we lay our hand upon the very heart of the gospel.

Coming to One's Self.

The young man "came to himself." There he was among the unclean swine. This young man, well brought up, carefully taught, and nurtured and blessed with the love of a good home-he had come to this, that he should be a keeper of pigs. Nsy, a very companion with pigs; torced in this dire famine to fight in the trough with them sen for his residence, everybody's back against him, and no man giving to him-like any drunkard. Here he was among the pigs. And he "came to himself" and saw just where e was, and realized it. Step by step leads the pleasant path, and the gay traveler does not notice how it changes, little by little, getting down gradually, little by little, the loom fading out of the flowers, till presently all the attraction has vanished out of it, and on it goes, steep, jagged, horrible to look upon, into the pit.

Happy the young man whom some mis-step, heavier than common, or some revelation as by lightning out of heaven, causes to stop and look about him, and perceive where he is, and whither all this goes, and so brings him to himself. When he "comes to himself" he is convicted of sin. And whe the man in the pigpen came to himself he said: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." That was not the speech of hope, nor of happiness. The young man was overcome with sorrow. He was away down in the depths of despondency. le was sorry for himself to the bottom of

his heart. After the Enjoyment of Sin. That is the feeling of a man who is some how suffering the punishment of sin. He has done the evil. and got all the pleasure out of it he could, and now nothing is left but the ill-taste of a bitter memory. He is ashamed of himself. He could have done so much better, could have made so much more of himself, could have kept back that unkind speech, left that miserable lie untold, busied his fingers in so many hundred better places than his employer's eash box, could have chosen such different company, and have encountered decen people with such a different face, could have said "no" instead of "yes," could have kept himself clean, sober, honest, reputable and

Christian. The evil is done now, and he is looking at the under side of it. Such a air pattern, in such pleasant color, so gracefully done—on the right side! That is how the evil looked before he did it. But now how seamed, and snarled, and twisted out of shape, and tangled out of comliness, how poisonous in color, how pernicious, how devilish—looked at on the other side! The man sits down and thinks in the quiet which follows that season of riotous living, and all the shricks of unclean laughter ring in his nemory like the shricks of the fiends of the nether pit. He despises his own soul. Such a weak will! such a weak fool! But this is not repentance. It may grow into repentance, but it is not that, as yet. The liar is repenting of the consequences of his cowardly lie; the thief is repenting of the fearful chance of being caught. and his hungry children; the spendthrist is repenting of the famine; the drunkard is repenting of his headache; the vile liver is repenting of the pains of his vile disease the prodigal is repenting of the pig-pen But of sin-not one of them. This gries mabe contrition, but it is not repentance. The Prodigal's Repentance.

Then said the young man of the parable:
"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants!" That is repentance.

Repentance implies a recognition of sin as

something more than a deed to be ashamed of, as something more than an act which is followed by consequences of misery, by famine, forsaking or friends, company of swine, company (everlasting) of devils. Repentance means a sense of sin as an of-fense against a father. "I have sinned against heaven," against the power of God. And I am to be righteously punished for that; indeed, am this moment being rightare for barbers. There is no doubt that originally the color of the water was red, just as many physicians in this and other countries hang red lamps outside their office doors. In both instances the idea was originally to call attention to the fact that a doctor or bleeder dwelt within, the red water suggesting blood.

that; indeed, am.this moment being right-ecously punished. But that is not the whole of it; "in thy sight, my just as many physicians in this and other countries hang red lamps outside their man and divine. And my sin has been a grief and a heartache "before thee." I have set a separation between thee and me. I have lost the comfort the strength, the refuge, the benedic tion of thy love. "I am no more worthy to be called thy son." When a sinner recog-nizes that sin itself is more dreadful than

eternal punishment, then he is beginning to repent—to repent of sin.

Repentance means a definite refusal to abide any longer in sin. Sin is no longer companionable, no longer endurable. The prodigal turns his back upon the swine. "I will arise," he says. I will sit here in this filth not an instant longer. I will "go to

Repentance Is a Turning. For the word repentance, in the Bible, always means a change of mind. It means a turning of the back upon the old, and base, and a step the other way toward the new, and better. It signifies the making of a good resolution, with a good will. It makes no mention of emotion. Some people are exceedingly emotional by nature; others seem always composed cool attentive to reason, never very enthusiastic, never carried off their feet by anything.

But everybody has a will. And repent-ance is thus set within the reach of everybody. For repentance concerns the will.

Religion has been discredited by being identified with feeling. It has been taught as if the one prerequisite for entrance into Christian discipleship were a display of passionate tears. And a good many sensible men have accordingly given it over, with some contempt, to women and children. Because men, as a general thing, don't cry.

But religion is identified with feeling, falsely. Repentance is the act of an intelligent will, reasonably persuaded of the sinfulnese of sin, and deliberately choosing something better. He repents, who, becoming convinced that he is in a faise position, turns straight about and begins to go in another direction. That seems to me the manliest thing—not to say the sapest thing-that any man can do. The prodigal son gets up like a man upon his feet, and turns his face toward his father's house. And thus comes into the condition of repentance.

The father Is Walting. The Son of God came down into this sin-ful world that He might save us from our sins. He came to show us that God is like the living father of the parable. Not an offended King, not an angry Judge—a God of love, and we His beloved children. He came to tell us, in our sins-strayed away into the far country, fallen into straits of famine, feeding swine-that at home our Father waits, never forgetting us, never ceasing to love us, every ready and watching out along the road to catch a glimpse of

us returning, however soiled, and ragged, and unkempt and poor; with a father's whole-hearted welcome for the very unworthiest of us. We may stay, if we will, among the swine. We may feed upon the husks. We may shut our eyes to our condition. We may tifle every inclination toward that better We may refuse to forsake our sin. country. We may reject the opportunity of repentance. We may never say "I will arise and go to my Father;" and we may never go. But all the same, and all the time, the Father waits, and watches out along the way-for us. GEORGE HODGES.

A BABY ANATOMIST.

The Remarkable Youngster Now Puzzling the Medical Fraternity.

The lad represented below is an honorary member of the Southern Medical Society of Atlanta, Ga. In a letter to THE DISPATCH his father says he "gave an exhibition of his knowledge of anatomy before said society, and was unanimously elected to society, and was unanimously elected to honorary membership and granted a cer-tificate December 12, 1890, to that effect: also, he was presented by the members of the society with a gold medal as 'The Baby Anatomist of the World.'"

His name is Albert Fensch and he is but 5 years old and cannot yet read; but he knows nearly every bone, muscle, artery and vein in the human body. His father, Dr. Albert Fensch, is a steward in the hospital at McPherson's barracks. He entered the Southern Medical College last fail, and brought his little baby boy with him to the at meal time for the empty "husks which the swine did eat." Forsaken by his false friends who had led him into all this misery, turned away from all the bospitalities of the will lead which had cheer for his false friends. tached to the human bones and muscles and arteries that the attention of the faculty was attracted and some of the members began asking the little fellow questions. They



The Baby Doctor saw that he was a phenomenal child. He is a perfect blonde, with large and innocent blue eyes and golden colored hair falling in curls about his shoulders. He has a baby look in his face, but his head is quite large for his age. He is a very handsome boy, and has an attractive, intelligent face. He asks his mother to read page after page of anatomy to him. He understands every-thing that is read to him out of this difficult book that the average student finds it so difficult to master on beginning the study of

Dr. Nicolson, one of the faculty of the Southern Medical College, says little Albert could pass an examination on anatomy equal to that taken by half the students at the col-lege this year. He has frequently visited the dissecting room, but shows none of the child's horror at the sight of a dead body. He seems not to see the body but looks with pleasure upon the bone, the vein, the muscle or the artery about which he has been told. Dr. A.G. Hobbs, one of the faculty, recently delivered a lecture to the students on the eye, telling them about the contraction of certain muscles. Albert was present on this occasion. After the lecture Dr. Hobbs quizzed him about the points he had made. He was much surprised to learn that the child had grasped his ideas, for he ex-plained even the most difficult points of the lecture, showing that he fully understood it. On another occasion, when Albert was present with his father, Dr. Hobbs asked him to name the three smallest bones in the human body. He did not know their names, and looked at his father with a pained expression on his face, as if to say: "Why have you not taught this to me?"

The next morning the little fellow came to the office of Dr. Hobbs and said: "Doctor, I can name the bones for you now. The three smallest bones in the body are found together in the ear. Their names are 'mal-

leus, 'incus' and 'stapes.' "
The little fellow expects to continue his study of medicine.

The New Freezing Mixture, The new freezing compound is pronounced a success. Grocers will sell it in every com-pressed form. The great advantage is in its

not doing any freezing until mixed with water, and hence it can be carried in a bottle or otherwise quite comfortably. Even medium-sized houses will probably use it in their refrigerators in place of ice. Boys' Games in Syria. In a recent work Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jes-

sup gives an account of 13 different games played by boys in Mt. Lebanon, Syria. Among these are shooting marbles, leaptrog, cat in the corner, blindman's buff, baseball, "tied monkey," "pebble, pebble" (like button, button), and others peculiar to the country.

LA GRIPPE.

Extracts From Dr. Bartman's Famous Lecture on That Subject.

HISTORY OF FOUR EPIDEMICS-1847, 1860, 1870 AND 1890, La Grippe, Epidemie Influenza, Acute Ma int Catarrh-Different Names for One Disease.

Reported for the Public Press

I have been acquainted with la grippe, also called epidemic influenza and acute malignant eatarrh, many years. The first time I ever had any personal knowledge of the disease was in 1847, while yet a boy studying medicine. My study of it at that time was so thorough and careful that 13 years afterward (1860), when a terrible epidemic swept over the country, I at once recognized it, and was able to successfully cope with it. It was ten years before it made its appearance again—the famous epidemic of 1870. It was at this time it was first called "Russian Influenza," because of the fact that it originated in Russia and spread rapidly over the Asiatic and European countries before it was noticed in this country. Twenty years had elapsed before the present epidemic (originating in Russia as before) suddenly appeared among us again, this time bringing its French name across the Atlantic with it. SYMPTOMS.

Each epidemic presents exactly the same symptoms. First, a "tired-out" feeling, symptoms. First, a tired-out leeling, general lassitude, cold feet and hands. Second, aching of the boues, transient, fleeting pains throughout the whole body. Third, chilly sensations, from indistinct, creeping rigors in slight cases, to pro-nounced chills in more severe ones. Fourth, fever, with temperature ranging from 102 to 104 degrees Fahrenheit. Fifth, congestion of the eye, lining membrane of the nose, sometimes throat and bronchial tubes. Sixth, profuse sweating occurs in some cases, especially after the disease has run a few days. Seventh, sneezing and less trequent coughing are among the earliest symptoms. Eighth, usually an intense frontal headache, which continues more or less during the whole course of the disease. Ninth, aching and soreness of the muscles of the whole body. Each case presents slight variations, dependant on age, condi-tion of health, etc. During such an epi-demic as this one the slightest indisposition should be at once attended to, as a few doses of the proper remedy in the start will do more than weeks of treatment after it fastens itself on the system.

DANGERS.

La grippe is becoming a very fatal disease; many die of it during the course of each epidemic. In addition to the fatality of this disease, is to be feared the low and weakened state it produces, giving a chance for other diseases to set in and finish the work. Pneumonia, consumption, conges-tion of the lungs and brain, acute rheumatism, typhoid fever and typhoid malaria are all frequent followers of la grippe. However different observers may account for it, the fact remains that every epidemic brings with it a fearful death rate.

CAUSE There are three distinct theories as to the eause of this disease (which has been known by the name of la grippe or epidemic influenza, and acute malignant catarrh). Each theory has advocates and defenders of equal ability as medical writers. First, that it is caused by climatic influences only, and is but a modified cold. Second, that it is the result of minute organisms or spores which float in the atmosphere and is taken into the system by breathing them in. Third, that it is through both these causes combined that the system becomes affected in unfavorable weather, which so changes the blood as to enable spores to thrive in the body, which in a perfectly healthy body could do no harm. I am inclined to the latter theory as furnishing the best explana-tion of all the facts. First, we have to have unusually bad weather, by which many people are partly overcome; and second, bacilli, or disease germs, which are capable of causing the disease, but which are resisted by all who are in excellent health.

If this is true, it would seem a wise thing dufing such an epidemic to take some invigorating tonic to guard against depressed states of health, which invite these disease germs to enter the body to set up their ter rible work. Pe-ru-na exactly meets this emergency. It tones up the circulation, gives vigor to resist unhealthy weather, and stimulates the appetite and digestion. It furnishes the human body temporary assistance to tide over a dangerous quagmire

into which so many fall. TREATMENT. I have long since passed through what may be called the experiment stage of the doctor's history. In the beginning of my medical career I, like many other physicians, used many drugs, but experience gradually taught me which the reliable few were. Since the epidemic of la grippe of 1860 I have used invariably in the treatment of this scourge, Pe-ru-na. This remedy so exactly meets all of the symptoms of la grippe that it is folly to lose any time in xperimenting with other remedies.

At the appearance of the first symptoms treatment should be begun at once, and keep strictly to the house for a few days. No treatment, however effectual it may be, will always prevent quite a long siege with he disease, but no other medical treatment is necessary than Pe-ru-na. The directions, as they are given on the bottle, are more applicable to chronic diseases, and it is advisable, during the acute stage of the disease, to take a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na ever hour for adults, and a correspondingly less dose for children. During the night, if the patients are quietly sleeping, it is not my custom to wake them to take medicine, but if restless Pe-ru-na should be given reguarly the whole 24 hours. The recovery is generally slow, even in slight cases. For many days the patient will complain of weakness, slight headache, want of appe-tite, etc. Pe-ru-na should be taken until the recovery is complete, but after the fever is subsided and the acute stage is past it is better to take it according to the directions on the bottle. Beef ten, mutton broth, and milk should be freely given according to the

preference of the patient. People who have la grippe, the acute stage have passed and their recovery has come to a standstill, as is frequently the case, will find in Pe-ru-na exactly the remedy that is suited to their case. It invigorates the whole system, restores the appe-

tite, and produces natural sleep. Even after pneumonia or consumption has begun to develop it is not too late to expect a perfect cure from Pe-ru-na without any other treatment whatever. Many physicians are using it extensively in their practice; at the same time a vast number of people are buying it at the drugstores and treating themselvs, and the result is, if there is another remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na for la grippe it is unknown to me.

A treatise on catarrhal diseases mailed free to any address by the Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio,



And ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY APPLIANCES are Sent on 90 Days Trial PORCE AND VISION AP all those diseases of a P ing from ABUNES and (POUND PREPARATIONS, for the purpose of DE-OPTING and ENLARGING THE PARTS and all THE RESCRIVE POWER, and to STIMULATE and ENGITHEN EVERY FUNCTION of the PRIVATE ANS. METHOD OF Treatmen