and so he lost his place.

EGGS

tion of character, and it led to his being en-

gaged at a small salary to abuse the editors

A Place Secured at Last.

I met him a few days after this disap-cointment and lent him \$5 with which to

fortune, I secured a place for Brown in the employ of a firm of publishers. Raggs &

Co. had been looking for a man who had a

wide acquaintance with literature and an

empty stomach. The former would enable

His Uncle's Only Heir.

im to fill the position and the latter would

induce him to take it at \$12 a week. Brown

was to read manuscripts. The idea de-

ighted him. He had every sort of confi-

dence in his literary judgment and felt so

lish and shuddered.

I saw Brown quite frequently during the

first week; once during the second, and not

His Judgment Didn't Suit.

ever way you looked at it. I met Brown shortly after leaving Raggs & Co.'s office.

He was standing at the intersection of two

streets, and he frankly confessed that he was trying to decide by a process of pure

eason, which one of the tour corner saloon

but the appearance of their exteriors, and

the feeling of his own interior, which natur-

Happy in a Provision Store

Well, I haven't time to follow Brown

down into the dismal dungeon: of despond-

to his home in Maine except as a distin-guished visitor. Of course he didn't phrase

t just that way, but his meaning was ob-

vious. He had reached a great center o

steaming within him, and they were bound

Fame beckoned him, and he was willing to

shout "Let her go, Gallagher," and joi the procession at the front end.

to knock all this out of him. At the expira-

tion of this chastening experience he came to me and said: "Mr. Fielding, my uncle

in Goose Falls, Me., has died, and left me

waiting for me at Goose Falls. And they are all mine. I can eat, and eat, and eat,

and if my voracity drives me to bankrupte

I shall at least have had a square mea

Lend me enough to pay my fare. I will

and send you the money. I don't want to ride in a parlor car. Four months ago l

Jabez's store sustains and comforts me.

should have insisted upon it, but now I am

A SOLDIER'S LOVE FOR NAPOLEON.

He Fell Dead on Mistaking the Prince for

His Master.

had indeed returned, and was at

fainting.

HOWARD FIELDING.

drive him head first through all obstacles

It took, as I have said, about four months

culture and literature. He felt great force

blessing as collateral security.

et out the best free lunch. He had no data

met old Raggs himself.

SILENT BELIEF IS NOT ENOUGH. There Must Be an Action That Shows the

WHY MANY GOOD PEOPLE HESITATE

must do; let him believe and be baptized. want to say something about the word "and." I desire to emphasize this word

shall be saved." To be saved is to be making the very best of life to-day. Christ says that belief alone is not enough to insure spiritual health; and baptism alone is not enough to insure spir-

Is there anybody who is wiser than Christ in regard to spiritual health? Any better doctor for the soul than He is? Any advice worth following rather than His, contrary to His, in this matter? The counsel of Christ in respect of spiritual soundness and strength amounts to this: that nobody need expect to be a good Christian whose re-ligion is shut up within the silence of his own soul, and does not somehow make it-self visible and audible. Real Christianity is never dumb. It speaks, and must speak and is helped and strengthened by speak-ing. It is not for nothing that we are given tongues. We are learning wonderful things in these days about the influence of the mind upon the body; but the body has a still greater influence over the mind. That is the testimony of everybody who has any real acquaintance with himself. We all know that prayer, if it is never put into words, if it is forever shut up in a silent heart, presently dies, like a man shut away from the air, and that love, without expression, changes into indifference; and that

must be uttered aloud, and straightway translated into good acts, and that to take a decided and open stand fortifies every good Right believing must be clenched by right behaving. If you are upon the side of right the side of Christ, say so. Stand there, where you can be seen and counted. That will help you to stay there. All this must be evident to everybody, this is human nature. junction between beliefs and was simply recognizing the plain facts of human lie, and making wise provision for them. We have both a soul and a body.

sentiment amounts to nothing, and speedily

withers away, unless it is made to vield

Belief is for the soul; baptism is the outward Two Kinds of Life.

Here is something else which "and" means. It means that there are two kinds of life which we all live every day-a dependent life and an independent life, on the one side social and on the other side individual, alone and yet not alone-and that these two kinds or sides of human life must be both taken into account. We have our own personal existence and responsibility; at the same time we are singularly in need of each other, quite unable to stand alone. Every day we give out and breathe in thought, sentiment, example, influence. No man liveth to himself, nor even dieth to himself. Take these two sentences which St. Paul set side by side in the same letter: Bear ye one another's burdens," and "Every man shall bear his own burden." These are the two lives which we all live, one personal, the other in partnership. There is no possible evasion of these two sides of human life. You might as well try to construct a board which should have an

we are? He wants us to be saved, to be spiritually sound, and He gives us a counse in the matter, which takes in all the condi-tions and includes all the facts in the case. We have a soul: we must believe. We have a body; we must be baptized. We stand, each of us, individual and atone before God; in Him we must believe. We stand also in union with our iellow men, dependent upon their companionship, having this association and the potency of it as one of the supreme count of and turned to its best uses in

told. One of the survivors of Napoleon's Old Guard, who returned to his provincial church into which we shall be baptized. There Is One Certain Way. who would be saved, that they should

> how, is certain. Our Lord was addressing people in whose case baptism was the conscious entrance into the Christian Church. It was an act preceded by repentance and by faith. It was a elear, definite exercise of the will, choosing. Christ and His service. With us, to day, baptism does not, for the most part, mean so much as that. Somebody else did the choosing for us when we were baptized. In this case all that part of the significance of baptism is transerred to that later service which we call "confirmation," or the "right band of fellowship." Our conscious entrance

into the Christian Church is by this. Making the Relationship Complete The connection between baptism and this service is as close as the connection between childhood and youth. One grows out of the

other, and fulfills it. Between them they divide the meaning which in the text is included in baptism alone. And, in this division, it falls to this later service to be the set by which we take our open and deeided stand. It is in this later service that

believes and becomes a member of

'tain Davis' Place at Concord

WAS LIBUTENANT JOHN HAYWARD

When the British Ran.

CORNESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.;

first leader?

that it was brave Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, Mass., who, with his company of minute-men led the head of the American column when Coionel Barrett ordered the troops to advance against the foe, and that at the first fire of the latter Davis fell dead; but who was the officer to take up the thread of leadership, momentarily snapped by death, and lead the patriots across the bridge?

And vet, in the beautiful town of Bridgton, in Western Maine, only a few miles from where I am writing these lines lies buried a hero unknown and unhonored save by the people of this immediate region, the Li entenant who, when Captain Davis fell, took his place as commander of the Acton Company and was their new leader on that eventful day.

Within a little graveyard of a sparsely

settled hamiet, known locally as the "Glines Neighborhood," in a picturesque valley, at a quiet and lovely spot near banks of a small stream, beside whose waters were reared two of America's greatest humorisis, Seb Smith (Major Jack Doun-ing) and Charles F. Brown (Artenus Ward), sleeps all that is mortal of Lieu-tenant John Hayward, who performed a like part in the opening scene of our revolutionary drama to that which made his neighbor, friend and compatriot, Captain Isaac Davis, so deservedly illustrious, A plain marble headstone marks his humble grave, on which, despite time's destroying touch, is plainly read the simple legend:

There lies before me an interesting document, time stained and brittle, whose pos nessor is a great grandson of Lieutenant Hayward, Mr. Preston M. Gilnes, of North Bridgton. It is a commission issued to Lieutenant John Hayward subsequent to the Concord fight, promoting him to Captain in the Continental army; and also instructing him to report to "His Excellence, General Washington." It is dated at "Boston, State of Massachusetts Bay," and is signed by Governor John Hancock, in the bold, familiar handwriting of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. It als bears the signature of "John Avery, Secre-

He was a farmer by vocation, quiet and elent dignity to insure respect among his

and file, when the hour of trial came, and rallied at daybreak by excited messengers beyond, through which the British troops the column, volunteered to take the right of

ward and his men pressed them in flank and rear, driving them like frightened sheep on

toward Boston. We next behold Lieutenant Hayward, with uplifted sword, leading his Acton men up the slopes of Bunker Hill. Later on, that same sword, in John Hayward's hand, gleams at White Plains, at Monmouth and other of the notable battles of the war. And upon a new and independent nation, did our hero return his sword to its seabbard.

That Have Paid Well. Speaking of George Kennan, writes Frank G. Carpenter to THE DISPATCH, he has made a fortune out of his Russian experiences. He gets about \$30,000 for a lecture

an advance of about \$5,000 on his lot and i will soon double in value.

and all Washington thought he was wild when he bought it for \$6 a square foot. has made at least half the amount of the President's yearly salary out of the increase thanged conditions—what is it? How to in the value of the ground. His biography of cit?

Well, here at least is an answer to that leaster for something to do with your flesh and though he is several times a millionaire, he is getting considerable money from his pen. Blaine, who may also be called a literary man, has made a big thing out of the house in which he is now living. When he rented it at the beginning of this administration, it was with the privilege of pur chasing at the rate of \$10 per square foot. The ground has practically doubled in value, and he bought it the other day, paying somewhere between \$50,000 and \$75,000 for it.

the Wanderer. "Are you mad? What is the matter with you?

"Mad? The matter? I love you! I worship you! I adore you! You have saved her lie, and you have saved mine; you have almost killed me with fright and joy in two moments, you have."
"Be sensible, Keverk. Unorna is quite but we must do something about

The rest of his speech was drowned in another shout from the gnome, ending in a portentous peal of laughter. He had taken his class again and was toasting himself. "To Keyork, to his long life, to his happi-ness." he cried. Then he wet his life again in the golden juice, and the Individ-ual, unmoved, presented him with a second

The wine seemed to steady him, and he sat down again in his place.
"Come." he said. "Let us eat first. I have an amazing appetite, and Israel Kafka

"Do you think so? Is it safe?" the Wanderer saked. "Perfectly," returned Keyork, growing quite calm again, "The locks are very good on those doors. I saw to them my-

"But some one else---" "There is no some one else," interrupted the sage, sharply. "Only three persons can enter the house without question-you,

and Kafka. You and I are here, and Kafka is there already. When we have eaten we will go to him, and I flatter myself that the last state of the young man will be so im-measurably worse than the first, that he will not recognize himself, when I have done He had belped his friend and began est-

ing. Somewhat reassured the Wanderer followed his example. Under the circumstances it was as well to take advantage of the opportunity for refreshment. No one could tell what might happen before morn-"It just occurs to me," said Keyork, fixing

his keen eyes on his companion's face, "that you have told me absolutely nothing, except that Kafka is mad and that Unorna is safe." "Those are the most important points." observed the Wanderer.

Precisely. But I am sure that you will mediate cause of Karka's extremely theatrical and unreasonable rage? That would in-terest me very much. Of course, he is mad, pour boyl But I take delight in following out the workings of an insane intellect. Now, there are no phases of insanity more curious tunn those in which the patient is possessed with a desire to destroy what he loves best. These cases are especially worthy of study because they happen so

The Wanderer saw that some explanation was necessary, and he determined to give

one in as rew words as possible,
"Unorna and I had strolled into the
Hebrew cemetery," he said, "While we
were talking there, Israel Kafka suddenly came upon us and spoke and acted very wildly. He is madly in love with her. She became very angry and would not let me interfere. Then, by way of punishment for his intrusion I suppose, she hypnotized him and made him believe that he was Simon Abeles, and brought the whole of the poor boy's life so vividly before me, as I listened, that I actually seemed to see the scenes. I was quite unable to stop her or to move from where I stood, though I was quite awake. But I realized what was going on, and I was disgusted at her cruelty to the unfortunate man. He fainted at the end, but when he came to himself he seemed to remember nothing. I took him home and Unorna went away herself. Then be questioned me so closely as to what had happened hat I was weak enough to tell him the truth. Of course, as a fervent Hebrew, which he seemed to be, he did not relish the idea of having played the Christian martyr for norma's amusement, and amidst the graves of his ewn people. He there and then impressed me that he intended to take Unorna's life without delay, but insisted that I should warn her of her danger, saying that he would not be a common murderer. Seeing that he was mad and in earnest I went to her. There was some delay, which proved fortuservatory by the small door just as he was entering from the other end. We locked it behind us, and going round by the passages locked the other door upon him also, so that he was caught in a trap. And there he is, unless some one has let him out."

"And then you took Unorns to the con-Keyork had listened attentively. "I took her to the convent, promising to cotic to see her when she should send for me, Then I saw that I must consult you before doing anything more. It will not do to

"It will not do." The Wanderer had told his story with perfect truth and yet in a way which entirely concealed the very important part Unorna's passion for him had played in the sequence f events. Seeing that Keyork asked no further questions, he felt satisfied that he had accomplished his purpose as he had intended and that the sace suspected nothing. certed had he known that the latter had long been aware of Unorna's love, and was quite able to guess at the cause of Kafka's Indeed, so soon as he had finished the short narrative, his mind reverted with curiosity to Keyork himself and he wondered what the little man had meant by his amazing outburst of gratitude on hearing of Unorma's safety. Perhaps he loved her. More things than that had occurred in the Wanderer's experience. Or possibly, he had an object to gain in exaggerating his thankfulness to Unorna's pre-server. He knew that Kevork rarely did anything without an object and that, alexcitable, he was always in reality perfectly well aware of what he was doing. He was

purpose it would have been if he had wisely ermined to cut his own throat instead of Unorma's. But young men are so thought- doubtedly satisfy my cariosity.

"I will only say one thing," said the Wanderer, "and then I will leave the di-rection to you. The poor fellow has been always like to follow the workings of a ty. I am determined that he shall not be made to suffer gratuitously anything more, "Do you think Unorna was intentionally hardly believe that. She has not a cruel

You would have changed your mind if

"No, no! of course not?" Keyork answered with enger assent. "But of course you will understand that we have to deal with a dangerous lugatic, and that it may be necessary to use whatever means are most sure and certain."

"I shall not quarrel with your means," the Wanderer said, quietly, "provided that there is no unnecessary brutality. If I see anything of the kind I will take the matter into my own hands,'

"Certainly, certainly!" said the other, eving with curiosity the man who spoke so confidently of taking out of Keyork Arabian's grasp whatever had once found its way

"He shall be treated with every considerthe Wanderer continued, course, if he is very violent, we shall have

"We will take the Individual with us snid Keyork. "He is very strong. He has a trick of breaking silver floring with his thumbs and fingers which is very pretty." "I lancy that you and I could manage him. It is a pity that neither of us has the faculty of hypnotizing. This would be the proper time to use it

"A great pity. But there are other things that will do almost as well."
"What, for instance." only struggle a moment, and then he would be much more really unconscious than if he had been hypoctized."

"Is it quite painless? "Quite, if you give it gradually. If you hurry the thing, the man feels as though he were being smothered. But the real diffi-culty is what to do with him, as I said be-

"Take him home and get a keeper from the lunatio asylum," the Wanderer auggested.
"Then comes the whole question of an inquiry into his sanity," objected Keyork.
"We come back to the starting point. We must settle all this before we go to him. A lunatic asylum is not a club in this country.

There is a great deal of formality connected with getting into it; and a great deal more connected with getting out. Now, I could not get a keeper for Kafka without going to the physician in charge and making a statement and demanding an examination and all the rest of it. And Israel Kafka is a person of importance among his own people. He comes of great Hebrews in Moravia, and we should have the whole Hebrews' quarter -which means nearly the whole of Prague, in a broad sense-about our ears in 24 hours. No, no, my friend. To avoid an enormous scandal things must be done very quetly in-

"I cannot see anything to be done, then, unless we bring him here," said the Wan-derer, falling into the trap from sheer perplexity. Everything that Keyork had said

was undeniably true.
"He would be a nuisance in the house," answered the sage, not wishing, for reasons of his own, to appear to accept the propo-sition too eagerly. "Not but that the In-dividual would mak a capital keeper. He is as gentle as he is strong, and as quick as

"So far as that is concerned." said the Wanderer coolly, "I could take charge of him myself, if you did not object to my

"You do not trust me," said the other, with a sharp clance. "My dear Keyork, we are old acquaintances, and I trust you implicitly to do what-ever you have predetermined to do for the advantage of your studies, unless someone interferes with you. You have no more respect for human life or sympathy for human suffering than you have belief in the importance of anything not conducive to not think nie indiscreet if I wish to know a little more. For instance, what was the imthing by making experiments upon the body of Israel Kafka you would not scruple to make a living mummy of him. You would do it without the least hesitation. I should expect to find him with his head cut off, living by means of a glass heart and think-ing through a rabbit's brain. That is the reason I do not trust you. Before I could deliver him into your hands I would re-

quire of you a contract to give him back unburt-and a contract of the kind you would consider binding." Keyork Arabian wondered whether Unorus, in the recklessness of her passion, had betrayed the nature of the experiment they had been making together, but a mo-ment's reflection told him that he need have no anxiety on this score. He understood the Wanderer's nature too well to suspect him of wishing to convey a covert hint instead of saying openly what was in his

mind. "Taste one of these oranges," he said, by way of avoiding an answer. "They have just come from Smyrna." The Wanderer smiled as he took the profiered fruit.
"So that unless you have a serious objection to my presence," he said, continuing his former speech, "you will have me as a guest so long as Israel Ka'ka is here."

Keyork Arabiau saw no immediate es "My dearfriend!" he exclaimed with alac-"If you are really in earnest, I am as really delighted. So far from taking your distrust ill. I regard it as a providentially fortunate bias of your mind, since it will keep us together for a time. You will be

the only loser. You see how simply I live." "There is a simplicity which is the extremest development of refined sybarism," the Wanderer said, smiling again. "I know your simplicity of old. It consists of getting precisely what you want, and in producing

"There is something in that," answered Keyork, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Happiness is a matter of speculation. Comfort is a matter of fact. Most men are uncomfortable because they do not know what they want. If you have tastes, study them. If you have intelligence, apply it to the question of gratifying your tastes. Con-sult yourself first-and nobody second. Consider this orange-I am fond of oranges, and they suit my constitution admirably. Consider the difficulty I have had in procuring it at this time of year-not in the wretched condition in which they are sold in the mar-"No," answered Keyork, thoughtfully. ket, plucked half green in Spain or Italy and ripened on the voyage in the ferment-ing heat of the decay of those which are al-ready rotten—but ripe from the tree and brought to me directly by the shortest and quickest means possible. Consider this orange, I say. Do you vainly imagine that

if I had but two or three like it I would offer you one?" "I would not be so rash as to imagine anything of the kind, my dear Keyork. I know you very well. If you offer me one it is beoause you have a week's supply at least."
"Exactly." said Keyork. "And a few to "Exactly," said Keyork. "And a few to spare, because they will only keep a week as I like them, and because I would no more hence for your sake than I would deprive

myself of it to-day." "And that is your simplicity?" "That is my simplicity. It is indeed a perfectly simple matter, for there is only one idea in it, and in all things I carry that one idea out to its ultimate expression. That one idea, as you very well put it, is to have exactly what I want in this world.

"And will you be getting what you want in having me quartered upon you as poor Israel Kafka's housekeeper?" asked the Wanderer, with an expression of amusement.

roused from his speculations by Keyork's But Keyork did not wince.

"Precisely," he answered without hesitation. "In the first place, you will relieve Kaika," he said. The real question is, what shall we do with him? He is very the Individual will not be so often called much in the way at present, and he must away from his manifold and important be disposed of at once, or we shall have household duties. In the second place, I more trouble. How infinitely more to the shall have a most agreeable and intelligent shall have a most agreeable and intelligent companion, with whom I can talk as long as I like. In the third place, I shall un-

"In what respect, if you please?" "I shall discover the secret of your wor brain essentially different from my own, as I know that yours is. Your solicitude for Ka/ka is philanthropic, of course. How could it be anything else? Philanthropy to me. I shall learn much in your society.' "And possibly I shall learn something from you," the Wanderer answered. "There you ned seen her this afternoon. But that is certainly much to be learnt. I wonder is not the question. I will not allow him to whether your ideas upon all subjects are whether your ideas upon all subjects are simple as those you hold about oranges."

"Absolutely. I make no secret of my principles. Everything I do is for my own advantage."
"Then," observed the Wanderer, "the advantage of Unorna's life must be an enormous one to you, to judge by your satisfaction at her salety

Keyork stared at him a moment, and then laughed, but less heartily and loudly than usual, his companion fancied. "Very good!" he exclaimed. "Excellent I fell into the trap like a rat into a basin of water. You are indeed an interesting com-panion, my dear friend-so interesting that

shall never part again." There

was a rather savage intonation in the last words.
They looked at each other intently, neither wincing nor lowering his gaze. The Wan-derer saw that he had touched upon Keyork's greatest and most important secret, and Keyork fancied that his companion knew more than he actually did. But nothlearn anything it must be by observation and by questioning. Keyork filled both glasses in silence, and both men drank be-

ore speaking again. "And now that we have refreshed our selves," he said, returning to his former

turned to his senses without any trouble on our part. Shall we take the Individual?"
"As you please," the Wanderer answered indifferently, as he rose from his place.
"It is very well for you not to care," ob-served Keyork. "You are big and strong

and young, whereas I am a little man, and very old at that. I shall take him for my very old at that. I shall take him for my own protection. I confeas that I value my life very highly. It is a part of that simplicity which you desoise. That devil of a Hebrew is armed, you say?"

"I saw something like a kuife in his hand as we shut him in," said the Wanderer, with the same indifference as before.

"Then, I will take the Individual," Keyork

answered, promptly. "A man's bare hands must be strong and clever to take a man's life in a scuffle, and few meu can use a pistol to any purpose. But a knife is a weapon of precision. I will take the Individual, de-cidedly."

He made a few rapid signs and the Individual disappeared, coming back a moment later, attired in a long coat not unlike his master's, except that the fur of the great collar was of common fox, instead of sable. Keyork drew his peaked cap comfortably

down over the tips of his ears.
"The ether!" he exclaimed, "How forgetful I am growing! Your charming conver-sation had almost made me forget the object He went back and took the various things he needed. Then the three men went out to-

CHAPTER XXII. More than an hour had elapsed since the Wanderer and Unorna had finally turned the key upon Israel Kafka, leaving him to his own reflections. During the first moments he made desperate efforts to get out of the conservatory, throwing himself with all his weight and strength against the doors, and thrusting the point of his long knife into the apertures of the locks. Then, seeing that every attempt was fruitless, he desisted, and sat down in a state of complete exhausti.n. A reaction began to set in after the furious excitement of the afternoon, and he felt all at once that it would be impossible for him to make another step or raise his arm to strike. A man less sound originally in bodily constitution would have broken down sooner, and it was a proof of Israel Kafka's extraordinary vigor and energy that he did not lose his senses in delirious fever at the moment when he felt that his strength could bear no further

Israel Kafka's ease is by no means a rare one. The fact of having been made to play a part which to him seemed at once blasphem-ous and ignoble, had, indeed turned the scale, but was not the motive. In all things the final touch which destroys the balance is commonly mistaken for the force which has originally produced a state of unstable equilibrium, whereas there is very often no connection between the one and the other. The Moravian himself believed that the sacrifice of Unorna, and of himself afterwards, was to be an expiation of the outrage Unorna had put upon his faith in his own person. He had merely seized upon the first excuse which presented itself for ending all, ba-

cause he was in reality past hope, Israel Kafka may, therefore, be regarded as mad or sane. In favor of the theory of his madness, the total uselessness of the deed he contemplated may be adduced; on the other hand, the extremely consecutive and consistent nature of his thoughts and actions gives evidence of sanity.

When he found himself a prisoner in U norna's conservatory, his intention under-went no change, though his body was broken with fatigue, and his nerves with the longcontinued strain of a terrible excitemen His determination was as cool and as fixed

These somewhat dry reflections seem necessary to the understanding of what fol-

lowed. The key turned in the lock and the bolt was slipped back. Instantly Israel Kafka's energy returned. He rose quickly and hid himself in the shrubbery, in a position from local earthquakes and revolutions when you cannot get it. Moreover, you want what is good—to the taste, at least."

which he could observe the door. He had seen Unorna enter before, and had, of course, heard her cry before the Wanderer had earried her away, and he had believed that she had wished to face him, either with the intention of throwing herself upon his mercy or in the hope of dominating him with her eyes, as she had so often done before. Of course, he had no means of knowing that she had already left the house. He imagined that the Wanderer had gone, and that Unorns, being freed from his restraint, was about to enter the place again. The door opened and the three men came in. Kafka's first idea, on seeing himself disap-pointed, was that they had come to take him into custody, and his first impulse was to

The Wanderer entered first, tall, stately, indifferent, the quick glance of his deep eyes alone betraying that he was looking for some one. Next came Keyork Arabian muffled still in his furs, turning his head sharply from side to side in the midst of the sable collar that half buried it, and evidently nervous. Last of all the Individual, who had divested himself of his outer cout and whose powerful proportions did not escape Israel Kufka's observations. It was clear that if there were a struggle it could have but one issue. Kafka would be overpowered. His knowledge of the disposition of the plants and trees offered him a hope of escape. The three men had entered the conservatory, and if he could reach the door before they noticed him, he could lock it upon them, as it had been locked upon himself. He could hear their footsteps on the marble pavement very near him, and he

caught glimpses of their moving figures through the thick leaves. With cut-like tread he glided along in the shadows of the foliage until he could see the door. From the entrance an open way was left in a straight line toward the middle of the hall, down which his pursuers were still slowly walking. He must cross an open space in the line of their vision in order get out, and he calculated the distance to be traversed, while listening to their move-ments, until he feit sure that they were so far from the door as not to be able to reach him. Then he made his attempt, darting neross the smooth pavement with his knife in his hand. There was no one in the way. Then came a violent shock, and he was held as in a vice, so tightly that not believe himself in the arms of a human being. His captors had anticipated that he would try to escape, and had posted the Indoorway. The deaf and dumb man had received his instructions by means of a couple of quick signs, and not a whisper had betraved the measures taken. Kafka struggled desperately, for he was within three feet of the door and still believed an escape possible. He tried to strike behind him with his sharp blade, of which a single touch would have severed muscle and sinew like silk threads, but the bear-like embrace seemed to confine his whole body, his arms and even his wrists. Then he felt himsel turned around, and the Individual pushed him toward the middle of the hall. The Wanderer was advancing quickly, Keyork Arabian, who had again fallen becompanion with a grotesque expression, in which bodily fear and a desire to laugh at the captive were strongly intermingled.

[To be Continued Next Sunday.] WOMEN AS SWEATERS.

They Can Double-Discount Men When It Comes to Shop Oppression.

The most abused class of women seems to be the chorus and ballet girls. Next come the employes of the fashionable dress-makers. It takes a woman to give a man points on being cruelly grinding. No op-pressor can oppress as can one of the gentler sex. Usually, too, she defies the union. A man may be confined in Ludlow Street ing further was said, for Keyork was far too dill for non-payment of a debt of less than wise to enter into explanation, and the Wanderer knew well enough that if he was to to squeeze payment from an unwilling

This is one of the rights which Mrs. Creagh believes should be extended to women. She should have the same privilege of lingering in a debtor's cell that a man has. There seems no good reason why manner, 'we will go and find Israel Kafka. the right should not be extended, and many it is as well that we should have given him an overworked, half-starved seamstress would be benefited thereby.

How a College Genius Tried to Convert One Into the Other.

HIS STOMACH FARED VERY BADLY, And at Last He Broke for a Country Store Left by His Uncle.

MAKING MONEY IN THE METROPOLIS WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 He had drifted into New York, as so many young men do, with a general notion of getting rich, and no particular idea about it except that the sooner his friends and enemies at home (especially the latter) were made aware of his distinguished success the better he should feel about it. His capital consisted of \$13 and a college education.

He had no fear of hard work because he didn't know what it was, Perhaps I should have included in my schedule of his assets a letter of introduction to myself. The writer of this valuable document was a man whom I had forgiven and forgotten. The sight of his handwriting upon the envelope recalled his existence to me, and awakened a faint hope that he might have experienced a change of heart, and have thus been led to return the \$10 he borrowed of me in the fall of 1881.

An Invitation to a Kicking. But no; he wrote in a cheerful vein, and the shadow of remorse did not darken the page. It gave him great pleasure to intro-duce his young friend, Thomas Brown. duce his young friend, Thomas Brown, "He's a thoroughly good fellow," the letter went on. "He deserves everything you can do for him. Treat him just as you would

I glanced up at Brown and wondered how he would look if he realized that his friend had requested me to kick him down

"He's been highly educated," said the letter; "I should think you ought to get him the editorship of something. It would be right in his line, for he has already shown great literary ability."

Granting this to be true, there could be no doubt that Thomas was distinctly superior to most of the editors I knew, but I could



Getting a Job. not immediately call to mind any of then who would resign in Thomas' favor on hav-ing the facts laid before them. The assistant sporting editorship of the Pictorial Police Record was temporarily vacant owing to a little trouble at the Gilligan-Smith mill, but I understood that the bullet had been extracted, and that the distinguished journalist was expected to be out of the hos pital within a few weeks. I mentioned this vacancy to Thomas, but he said that he would prefer something permanent,

Banked on His Education. wiser " said he "to select at the outset some position where my superior mental attainments will insure my success and advancement. "Mr. Brown," said I, "in these days a college education is of no account whatever except when you haven't any, and then it is

a tremendous disadvantage." "But many of our college graduates have made money in New York," he persisted. "Take your own case for example."
"My dear young friend," said I, "In the rural districts from which some of us emunate our careers are seen through a glass When we come to the metropolis news of our death by starvation is anxiously twaited during the first few months. This expectancy is relieved from time to time by ors that we are coming home to live on the old folks. When we don't do either of sole heir of his provision store. Think of it these things it is reported that we are making untold wealth and spending it in wild. are barrels of crackers and pounds of cheese uncanny orgies, so that the gilded dens of vice resound with the din of our unhallowed mirth. In reality it is our landlord who is getting rich, while we rub along in 25-cent reversible socks and meditate suicide regularly on the first of every month. I have a mortgage the store as soon as I get there, diploma from our most ancient university, but my old silver buil's-eye watch has often

helped me to a breakfast. The Only Way to Win. "John Henry Claggs, who graduated in

is said to be worth over half a million, said Brown. "Claggs has got rich, I admit, and he's a first rate sample of the men who make money in New York. He did it with a single ides, which came to him like a flash. He advertises to forward for \$1 a prescription for rheumatism, and he gives an iro clad guarantee that he will pay \$100 for every case not cured within one week

made a fortune; has never cured any-ROOMS.

Losing a Job. hody vet; has never been called upon to pay his \$100 forfeit, and yet the law can't touch him, for he sends the prescription every time."

"That seems impossible," "It is true. He has made his prescrip-tion entirely of chemical curiosities. The drugs are so rare that it would cost about \$10,000 to make a tablespoonful of the medicine. The dose recommended is a wine-glassful before each meal. A man under that treatment couldn't afford to eat more than once in 16 years, consequently nobody has yet been able to show that the thing isn't a sure cure. That's the only way to make money in this town. Get up a safe and artistic system of robbery. Writing for the Waste Basket.

Brown was so much depressed by this con versation that I began to pity him; and dur-ing the next few days I kept a sharp eye out for a position that would suit him. Of course I didn't find any. Meanwhile, he ther than the waste basket during the first two weeks; and then, inspired by hunger and mortification, he wrote a personal letter to the editor which was full of the most bitto another newspaper office, and it was printed, with some slight alterations, in the 'people's colume."

It was really a masterly effort at defamaof the land.

PRESERVING THE FORESTS. A Law Secured by a Pennsyvanian That Is

upon the face of his old commander.

Not Enforced. While so much talk is going the rounds of the press referring to the destruction of our forest growths, is it not time to inquire as to the fate of the bill introduced in Congress by a Mr. Haldeman, of this State, in 1873, and passed by that body. It made a law

the very remedy suggested some weeks ago,

but it seems evident that the provisions of that bill are not being strictly complied with or there would not be so much necessify for the compinints now being made.
Mr. Haldeman's bill provided that every future sale of Government laud should be with the condition that at least 10 per cent was writing editorials and sending them to one of the leading papers. They didn't get into print. Nothing that he wrote got furually as woodland; and if the land be not timbered then the patent to be issued on the condition that 10 per cent of the quantity was to be planted with forest trees to the editor which was full of the most bit-ter denunciation. By mistake, he mailed it land. If this be done, an abstement of 50 per cent was to be made on account of the expense of the planting. A violation of ship with the great body of believers. So

JOINING THE CHURCH.

of esteemed cotemporaries and certain members of the city government. But this triumph filled Brown so completely with The Plain Duty That Follows Conthe milk of human kindness that he couldn't have said anything derogatory of the devil,

"stand off" his landlady, who was becom-ing importunate. He had not yet begun to despair, but he was getting impatient, and was inclined to rail at New York as a place Belief to Be Real. where the recognition of genius was dis gracefully slow.

During the following week, by great good

> [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Everybody wants to be saved. Christ came and lived and died to make salvation possible to everybody. But how shall we translate that possibility into reality? Here is our longing, there is Christ's promise; how shall we get them together and be saved? Christ answers that question plainly. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." No metaphysics about that; no indefiniteness, no mysticism, no theological vagueness, no uncertainty about that. You are looking for the way to heaven, and wandering about now here and now there, following lights which are but the lanterns of will-o-the-wisp, and you meet Christ and ask the road, and He answers, "Here it is," and points it out before your feet as clear as day. Whoever would be saved, this he Now, I have nothing to say this morning about belief, or about baptism. But I do

"aud." Christ sets belief and baptism to-gether. Whoever would be saved there are not two alternatives for him to chose between. Salvation is not for him that be-lieveth; salvation is not for him that is bapsure of rapid advancement that he borrowed \$10 more of me, and agreed to settle up within two weeks. On this occasion he had tized,-"He that believeth and is baptized Salvation does not mean an escape in the a great deal to say about the value of being far future out of some red-hot dungeon, garsurrounded by a literary atmosphere. I thought of the stuff which Raggs & Co. pubrisoned by devils. It is concerned with our daily living. It means spiritual health.

at all in the third. At the end of that time I called at the office of Raggs & Co., to see itual health. To be spiritually whole and what had become of him-and my \$15. I strong we must believe and be baptized. Comes From High Authority. "Well, he ain't here any more," said Raggs, in that classical English, which long familiarity with 10-cent detective stories, has given him command of; "I had to fire him. He came near rejecting the best thing ever offered to me. Look at that"—and he showed me the proof of a title page, bearing a picture of a woman coming down a ladder in a gale of wind—"there's the best title I ever saw. Anybody reading it would think that the story was the most corrupting that ever was issued, whereas there isn't a word in it that Comstock could fasten his paws onto. Why, sir: I paid the author over \$50 for his novel, and yet your man Brown said the story was utterly worthless. What do you think of that for literary judg-I admitted thas it was fearfully bad what-

some sort of iruit; and that good resolutions ally predisposed him toward the nearest one. I lent him a dollar and received his ency, whither an experience of not more than four mouths in the metropolis led him. He came bere weighing 167 pounds, and puffed up with confidence. In a few brief moons his weight had gone down to 140 and his confidence to zero. He had told me on the first day that he would never go back

expression of it, the utterance of it, the rein-

willing to go as freight. Do not talk to me of blighted ambition or blasted hopes. The thought of that cracker barrel in Uncle upper surface but no lower surface.

Don't you see how Christ takes us just as Anent the facial resemblance which the late Prince Napoleon bore to his relative, the Great Emperor, a pathetic little story is

home after Waterloo, always refused to believe that his famous commander was dead. It is our Lord's advice and counsel, then, and insisted that he would return to France to all who desire to grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God, to all who and power some day. One day it chanced that through the town at night, and some of the would be spiritually sound and strong, to all townspeople, thinking to play off a jest on the old soldier, came to him and told him the church. This is the gate which, Christ tells us, opens upon the road that leads to his dream had come true, that the Emperor life eternal. Perhaps you can get there some other way. With all my heart, I hope moment passing through the principal so. Perhaps you are right in thinking that you can clamber over the wall somewhere, Wild with excitement, the veteran rushed and find some short-cutaeross green pastures off to the spot, where the Imperial escort was to the celestial city. Baptism is such a narrow gate, it would be a pity to compel slowly making its way through the shouting crowd. The glare of the torches shone everybody to go through it. And the comupon the soldiers and upon a bareheaded man looking out of the carriage window, a select as it might be. You must set the man with the lace of the conqueror of Austerlitz. The old soldier gave a wild cry of blame for that on Christ, who at the very start invited a lot of publicans, and sinners "Vive l'Empereur," and fell down and other disagreeable people into it. Per When they came to raise him haps you can find some broader gate, and they found he was dead; he had died happy more exclusive company, and pleasanter in the belief that he had once again looke road, and so get there, whither we all want to go, into the land of life. Perhaps so; but take care, and be sure! "He that believeth

and is baptized shall be saved." That, any-

ship with the great body of believers. So our Lord's words mean all that is implied in the phrase, losning the church. He that

Why is it that everybody does not see this? Is it not plain? Does it not com-mend itself to all reasonable, good people? Is it not exactly what the Master meant? Yes, and no. That is the answer which a hundred reasonable, good people must this moment be making. Good people, excel-lent examples for the best of us, diligent in all charitable work, as regular and atten-

tive in their places as any member of the vestry; and yet they have never completed They have never joined the church. Year by year the opportunity comes, but it passes by, and these good people have not stirred. There are sermons and sermons and ser mons, all courteously and putiently lis-tened to, but not believed, not taken to

heart. Nothing is done. They are not persuaded. Why? There is no lack of possible explanations of a rejuctance to join the church,

One Very Good Reason. One good reason for not joining the church s unrepented sin. You cannot always tell what people are by looking at their faces. If one who seems to be living a good life has some secret and shameful sin, still persisted in, still loved, hidden away behind it, he has a sufficient reason for not uniting with the church. We want all the sinner that we can persuade to come io. That is what the church is for. But we want them to leave the love of sin outside. You can't take that in with you. Leave it outside and we will give you we come. If that is why you stay outside—be-cause you are not willing to part company with that sin—you are in the right place where you are, and you must stay there. You must stay outside forever. Are you content to do that?

Another excellent reason for not joining the church is a general indifference to religion. There are people—there is no deny-ing it—who do not care particularly for religious things. They are a good deal more anxious for their stomach than they are for their soul. They value their head more than their heart. They have an idea that this life is going on lorever; that day after day, world without end, they will buy and sell, and eat and drink, and get up in the morning and go to bed again at night as serenely as the sun. Death is a fable to frighten children; judgment is a myth; and the notion that there will be another life, which will depend upon their religious living in this life, is but a fond delusion. How any human being who has the gift of reasonable thinking can persuade himself that all the worthier side of life is simply not worth while, is perfectly amuzing. But men and women do so persuade themselves, and set their faces down toward the ground, and shut their eyes to all the tragedies daily euacted about them, and live without prayer, without any serious thoughts, intent upon ideals which they share with their dogs and horses. Such people are in their place out-side the church. There are already enough indifferent people in the church. We want no more.

To Slip in Under Emotion. It is possible that some people stay outside because they are waiting for some extraordinary invitation to come in. They are looking to be "converted." They are expecting a "change of heart." There are two conceptions of religion which are held by religious people. One is that religion is chiefly feeling; the other is that religion i chiefly living. One of these conceptions of religion emphasizes the emotions; the other emphasizes the will. Neither of these can be let out of religion. But the will comes first. God will do his part, but you must do your part first. You must plant be fore God will give the increase. Change you mind-that is what the word "repent" means in the Greek of the Gospels. Change your will, and there wills be a change in your heart. Give vonr will to Christ, and you will give Him your heart at the same ime. The first step in religion is to follow the best religious light you see, and to set about doing that nearest duty which is plain to vou. And you remember how it was with the lepers in the story of the miracle-"as they went, they were cleansed."

It Is a Duty to Join. Is there such a duty? Does Christ really ask it? Wel', you see what He said about being baptized. That means joining the founded a church. Is there any doubt about that? Here is a way of entrance, the gate of baptism, and this gate must swing into something. Nothing can be plainer than that Christ not only founded the church, but that He made that foundation one of the very chief occupations of His ministry. His great work was not preaching, nor making missionary journeys, nor writing volumes of theology. What was it? It was the carcial training of a little company of men who should be the first officers of this society. He set baptism as the service of initiation into this society. On the night before His crucifixion he ordained a special service of commemoration to be used at the meetings of this society, saving, "Do this in remem-brance of Me." He promised His blessed presence with this society until the end of the world. Under the name of the "Kingdom of Heaven," He was forever talking about it, and making ready for it. And here it is. Here is the church. Was all this preparation foolishness? This church, which Christ founded, is it after all of so

little value that it makes no difference to you whether you belong to it or not? "Whoever shall confess Me before men him will I contess before My Father which is in heaven." Joining the church is a way of confessing Christ before men. Every good word and good deed may, indeed, be a confession of Christ also. But not certainly. They may be a confession of Buddha, or of Benjamin Franklin. They are a confession of some moral master. But who is it? Christ? Then say so. Let us be sure about it. Set yourself plainly on His side. Let your good live count for Him. That is the confession of Christ.

Showing the Colors.

Christ wants everybody who is on His side

to show his uplifted hand; to make that allegiance of his perfectly plain. is no way that I know or by which this conession of allegiance may be so naturally and unmistakably made as by joining the church. If you are really on His side, you are not ashamed to say so, are you? Nor afraid? You must see how He sets value upon such an act as this open declaration, You would not be satisfied in any hostile of indifferent company to have your friends content themselves with silent affection, lifting no voice in your defense. That would not be genuine irlendship. It is not enough, in a political campaign, to have a silent opinion. Which side are you on? Here, choose a ballot, east in your vote, enroll yourself upon this side or that. It is not sufficient, in a day of war, that a citizen should be silently patriotic. Everybody who is really on the right side, in such a day, is bound to make his position known. Now, here is the world on one side, and here is the Church on the other; here is the kingdom of Christ, and there is the kingdom of the devil-which do you believe in? Which side are you on? Of course, you are on the side of Christ. We infer that from your presence here with us. Why not say so, plainly and openly? Why not confess before men, as He asks, that He is really your Lord and Master? Complaining of Opportuniti

People sometimes imagine what they would have done for Christ if they had lived in His neighborhood while He was dwelling among men. The phrases of religious invitation seem to them altogether vague and unsattsiactory. "Come to Christ," the preacher says. Ah, yes; if they could but rise up on their real feet and go out to meet Him as John's disciples did. that long-ago morning far away in Syria, that would be easy enough. But to "come to Christ," to-day and here, under these changed conditions-what is it? How to

desire for something to do with your flesh and blood feet. You can stand up and come forward in the presence of your neighbors, and set vourselves on Christ's side. He recognized just this need, as I said at the beginning, and made provision for it. To faith He added baptism. Belief He sup-plemented with confession. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth concession is made unto salvation." GEORGE HODGES.

AN UNHONORED HERO.

His Poot First Touched Old North Bridge

A NAME NOT RECORDED IN HISTORY

BRIDGTON, ME., April 17 .- Did it ever ccur to you, reader, what an important link is missing from the colonial chain in our country's history? To be more explicit, who was it that led the battalion of Pr vincials across the old North Bridge at Concord against the British, on the historie 19th of April, 1775, after the fall of their

Every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows

On this point history is utterly silent. Not even at the great centennial celebration of that engagement at Concord was the least allusion made by either historical orator, Ralph Waldo Emerson and George William Curtis, although the subject was other-wise exhaustively treated; and Captain Davis and his deeds, and the sword he wielded on that immortal day, were made the foreground of their masterly wordpainting

Lieutenant John Hayward's Grave.

CAPT, JOHN HAYWARD. Died Feb. 18, 1825, Æt. 84 yrs. and He Was an Officer of the Revolu-

unpretentious. Physically he was large and tall and finely built, of light complexion, hundsome both in form and features, o frank, genial manner, yet possessed of suffi-

associates. It Was a Great Undertaking What wonder, then, that with such men as Davis and Havward for leaders, the rank fell into line, bid a sad goodby to kindred and friends and unbesitatingly began their march to Concord, there to mees the trained soldiers of Great Britain! It proved a momentous march, that very company being destined, under Providence, to "fire the shot heard round the world." What followed the world knows. Arrived at the rendezyour of the various companies, on the east ern flank of Punkatusset hill, in full view of the beautiful Concord river and the usually quiet, but now tumultous village were seen approaching, Captain Davis and his men, though belonging to the rear of

the line, and were there assigned by the But brave Captain Davis never reached the bridge. A volley was fired upon them by the resconts, and he and Private Hosmer tell dead. The patriots returned the fire and the great seven-year contest had begun Upon the fall of Davis, Hayward prompt-ly took command of the company. Waving alost his sword, he led his excited men against the foe, closely followed by the other companies. The enemy fell back in confusion. Hayward was the first man of all that column to spring upon the bridge, but his act was quickly emulated by his command. And as the retreat of the redcouts soon became a precipitate flight, John Hay-

only when that long and weary contest was at last ended, and the sun of peace dawned

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

LUCKY LITERARY MEN. Investments in Washington Real Estat

season, and his investments in Washington real estate are growing in value. He bought 5,000 feet of ground on Sixteenth street a year ago, intending to build a house on the lot, but he finds that he must be away from Washington so much that he has decided to wait. In the meantime he has been offered

The property that John Hay bought on the corner of Sixteenth street and Lafayette Park is worth twice what he paid for it,

The Gallant Soldier Who Took Cap-