me for saying so?-the evidence of a sorrow which does not consort with your unques-tionable youth, and-will you still pardon me?-with your very extraordinary

"A sorrow?" faltered Kathleen, dropp

For what seemed to Kathlean a strangely long time there was silence between herself and the King. She waited for him to speak, and at last he did so, in a voice full of somber repressions.
"If it were a sorrow that I could lighten

or in any way appease, mademoiselle, I would so gladly do my best to help you." Once more their eyes met, and Kathleen's

"You—you are so good!" she hesitated.
Then a flood of memory swept over her, and
she continued: "We only came here, mamma
and I, for a short visit. We are going tomorrow. Yes, to-morrow. We are going "Going?" shot in Clarimond, with an intenation that was at once flattery and re-

'Yes, monsieur; to Vallambrosa." "To-morrow!" He gave an impatient frown and tossed his head. Then, as if a desire to control undue overplus of ardor, he went on: "May I not induce you to change your mind, mademoiselle? May I

not induce you?" And for an instant he touched her wrist with his hand.

Kathleen shook her had. "Ah, mon-Kathicen shook her had. "Ah, mon-sieur," she murmured, "you will be good and not try to persuade us."
"Us," he echoed: "Ah—your mother. I had forgotten her. And you, mademoiselle —you are bent on leaving Saltravia?" His face had flushed and his gray eyes had kin-dled. "You must stay for a little while yet you must stay."

vet: vou must stav. Kathleen smiled. "Is that a royal com-mand?" she asked. "They tell me I must not remind you that you are a King; but "Ah," he cried softly, "I will remind you,

mademoiselle, that I am not only a King but a tyrant. Monsieur?" "Yes, yes, I mean It!" And he threw his

walking stick into the air with a grand show of semi-genial vehemence. "I tell you that I will not have it. Now you have reminded power. I will defy your country—America, is it not? "Yes and no. America and England both

together, monsieur, for I was born-"
"Enough." And he waved his walking stick once again. "I will defy America and England both. Luckily Saltravia is an inland kingdom, and they can't come with ironclads to get you until-"He paused, and looked intently at her, smiling, and yet with a sudden dubious, undecided gleam in his lucid eyes. *
"Until?" said Kathleen, secretly exelted, with a lovely rose at full bloom in

atther cheek.
"Until I have opened the ball with you at the palace next Thursday. It is against precedent; it will shock certain people; it will immensely shock my mother, the Princess of Brindisi. But I vow to you that I should be a long that I would that I shall not dance the first quadrille, that all the Duchesses and Arch-Duchesses and Princesses must do without me, provided you refuse this little request of mine. Now will you refuse, or will you be kind

She saw that he was greatly excited. She realized that unwittingly she had captivated him, a young man of about her own age, and full as was she herself with the power to love, even to worship. She could not, as a woman, fail to understand the tremendous honor that he paid her. For a moment she forgot Alonzo. This man was a king, and woman-like she forgot the man she loved better than throngs of kings.

"Will you consent?" he persisted; and she scanned his face, thinking how manful, how noble he looked, how every inch royal. "Yes, monsieur," she answered, knowing well the exultant delight of her mother on learning of this brilliant honor, no matter what might be the stern disapprobation of

Just then her mother's voice broke upon

Lonz," he said, catching his friend by But Alonzo, who had arrived from

himself expected to come, pressed forward, seeing the King and never dreaming of whom else he was destined to see. He had secured two or three really superb pictures in the Bayarian capital, and was anxious to heaven!" he hurried on, guawing his lips. tell Clarimond of this trouvailles. As he reached the King's presence, however, he abruptly perceived the truth and recoiled. Clarimond noticed nothing, however. Kathleen thoroughly controlled herself, as

did her mother. In a way, they were both prepared for the meeting.
"My friend," said the King, extending to Alonzo his hand, "you have returned sooner than I expected.'

Then there was a pause, after which Clarimend, with all his accustomed graciousness, continued: "Let me present you, Lispen-ard, to these ladies, who are, I believe,

And at that point Alenzo quite lost his head. It seemed to himself, afterward, that while hurrying away he must have if Eric's arm had hot strongly thrust itself within his own, and perhaps, too, if Eric's voice had not harshly burst upon his sing-'Lonz! Lonz!" this voice called to him. "You're disgracing yourself before the

"I can't help it-Let me get away." "Lonz! Oh, very well, we're both get-ting away, it strikes me, as fast as we're sble. Look here, now, Lonz, if I'd known you were coming..."
"Yes, Eric; I understand. Come right

on. When we're at home we can talk it At home they did talk it over, When Alonzo had heard every thing, and when his mood was thoroughly calmer, he said with a kind of dogged duliness to Erie: "I suppose it's all up with me. I might as low, sprang into the carriage which had

well send in my resignation at once."
"Nonsense," replied Eric. "Nonsense," replied Eric.
"What I did, you know, was a great breach of etiquette 'The King isn't a slave to etiquette."

"Still, I rushed off at scandalous haste. What would you do? Write him a letter and confess everything?" "Yes." Eric said, after a reflective pause. "That's precisely what I would do, my dear friend. And if you want him to sympathize with you, be as untruthful as you can man-

age." "What do you mean, Eric?" "Don't let the full facts transpire. Don't tell Clarimend how badly you behaved to

that poor girl. "Ah, you will have it that I behaved badly!" said Alonzo, as he quitted the room to write his proposed letter. It was now about dark, and dinner would will have it that I behaved

be served at 8. Alonzo lighted the studio, then seated himself at his writing desk. The words were slow in coming; he felt the excessive awkwardness of this placating epistle, and yet did he not owe it to Clarimond, his master, his benefactor, his pro-tector. Would not silence in him be churlish at such a time as this? Suddenly a certain thought crossed his

mind, and he rose, flinging his pen aside. In one corner of the room stood his easel, draped. He drew back its covering and looked at the canvas thus revealed. It was

the picture of Kathleen.

Just before leaving for Munich he had given the portrait what he felt were his absolutely final touches. He had not known then how good it was-how definitely and vitally the witching head bloomed forth from shadow. Yes, Eric had been right. His powers were of the slow and brooding sort; they were like those of the poet who must "heat his music out" in travail of self-distrust. But here was painfully a masterpiece, nevertheless. And yet, as he "You saw me?" Clarimond rather lightly

watched this perfect portraiture of a woman whom he still hungrily loved, though she was lost to him forever, a sense of the terrible irony of such a picture pierced him to the soul. The very excellence of is art would be an incessant jeer. Why had he not foreseen this? An abrupt desire to "A sorrow?" faltered Kathieen, aropy her eyes. Then in another minute she lifted her gaze and said firmly: "You are ruin the picture now swept down upon him, ruin the picture now swept down upon him, oddly blended with the egotism of the creator, an element always potent in every true artist's mind. He actually seized his palette knife, and stood undecided as to whether he should rip the work into tatters or spare it for future hours of mingled hap-

piness and grief. While he thus hesitated, a knock sounded at the studio door. "Come in," he said, startled, casting the palette-knife on the floor, and turning to meet, as he supposed, Eric Thaxter.
But it was not Eria. To his very great consternation it was the King. Clarimond seemed repose itself.

consternation it was the King. Clarimond seemed repose itself.

"You must pardon me," he said, "for intruding upon vou like this. No doubt I bore you houribly. I do not? That is pleasant to hear. Pray let me take this chair, and vou—will you have the kindness to sit near me? That is right. I wanted to stretch out my hand to you and clasp it for a moment—like that. You see, I am certain you are very unhappy, and when my friends are unhappy I am always full of sympathy for them."

The King's hand was pressing his own while Alonzo, with drooped eyes, miserably murmured: "Oh, monsieur, I have behaved with an immense vulgarity!"

"Vulgarity?" said Clarimond in a musing voice, which had the effect of giving his listener a chance to escape from the toils of embarrassment, just as the young sov-

embarrassment, just as the young sov-ereign's marvelous tact had no doubt sug-gested to him that it would do. "Vulgarity," he went on, "is the intimate ally of passion. And passion is naturalness. We can't always keep the landscapes of our lives full of clipped shrubs, like an Elizabethan garden. Tell me, now, mon ami, were you not once engaged to marry this Mademoiselle Kennaird?"

"Yes, monsieur." "Yes, monsieur."
"So I gathered from the tumultuous things her mother said after you left. Mademoiselle scarcely spoke at all. Her mother had an extraordinary amount to say."
"And against myself, of course, mon-

sieur?" The King stared, for a moment, down at the carven agate of his cane-handle. "Well," he at length said, smiling, "she was not merciful to you. But I did not be-lieve her, and it struck me that mademoiselle did not believe her, either. You will think me a sad busy-body-"You monsieur!

"But I should be glad to hear your version of the affair. Shall I tell you why?"
He spoke with marked eagerness, and yet the instant that his eyes fairly met those of Alonzo he averted his look and went on in a queerly altered voice: "It is because the young lady, Mademoiselle Kathleen (is not that her name?) has greatly interested me." After a few seconds he repeated the words, "greatly interested me." "Yes," he soon continued, "if you would tell me just what occurred I should feel most grateful for your

confidence."
"Permit me, then, to tell, you, monsieur," said Alonzo; and he at once began a recital in which he adhered to the strictest truth with what might be called a very carnival of conscientiousness. Remembering Eric's harsh judgment of his conduct, he allowed this to cast upon his disclosures a self-accusative gloom. Ending, he said: "I fear that I exacted too much. I am conscious of this now, monsieur, though I once thought myself sternly wronged." The King rose. "It all seems to be the

reminds me of the Monna Lisa in the Louvre. It has the same fine security of treatment, the same rich subtlety of color."

"Monsieur is very kind."

"Not wish to dispose of it?" shot the quick and caustic response. "But, man, I will pay you a fortune for it! Come, now. will pay you a fortune for it! Come, now. Whatever you please to ask shall be yours by to-morcow morning!" And then the eves of these two men very meaningly met. Clarimond read in the other's gaze a refusal cold and obdurate—and perhaps he read there the cause of this refusal as well. However it may have been, an abrupt change took place in him. "You spoke of vulgarity not long ago," he said, visibly disarrayed, and walking toward the door of the studio. "It is I who am vulgar now. Pardon me." And at ence he hastened from the apartment. With his eyes fixed the studio. "It is I who am vulgar now. Pardon me." And at ence he hastened from the spartment. With his eyes fixed

CHAPTER X. Clarimond, with scarcely more than a nod and a hand-clasp to Eric, who waited bebrought him from the palace and returned there at once. He chose to dine alone in his own suite of chambers, and at dinner drank a little more wine than usual. Afterward he went into his mother's apartments, where she was receiving a very select assemblage that chiefly consisted of the highest Saltravian nobility. Having caluted his mother, he moved about the rooms for some time, and at length paused quite a while be fore Bianca d'Este, who was looking ex-ceedingly handsome in a gown of blue satin,

embroidered with silver. "The Princess almost gave up expecting you," she said, looking at him very earnest ly, with her sweet, infantile, china-blue

eyes.
"Am I so late?" said Clarimond. "Not that, monsieur; but we feared—or, I should say, Her Highness feared—lest other attractions would detain you."
He saw the sly innuendo, but chose to pretend that it escaped him.
"Really, I do not understand," he said.

"Other attractions?"
Bianca flushed at her own boldness. And yet the courage of desperation possessed her soul. That soul was no longer in bondage to the church. A new religion had en-thralled it. Women have rarely found it difficult to love kings, and Clarimond, if he had had no royalty for a background, would have appealed to almost any woman's heart. As it was, he fired both the heart and imagination of Bianca d'Este. In spirit she was at his feet with that sort of genuflection which is tinctured by a tang of in toxicated recklessness. And yet her mien (ice over flame) was calm enough as she now

"You saw me?" Clarimond rather lightly

said: "And you think I honored her? It seemed to me as if honors were easy, as one says in English whist!"

"Oh, monsieur!" Bianes cried; and while she locked into his face, which of late had grown to her more than kingly—had grown to her, indeed, almost like the face of a nsieur!" Biance orled; and while god—she ardently persisted: "For you to speak like that! For you to even hint that a mere nobody should not be honored, and very greatly honored, by the least smile

He watched her for a moment as though she half irritated, half shocked him. "I am a man!" he then said, with great simplicity and gentleness. "Nor can I be more, and why should I not dislike hearing it suggested that I am more?"
"You are a King," replied Blanca.
"You are a King, with a long ancestry of kings behind you!"
He laughed softly, and shrugged his

its huge cluster of wax-lights for side chandeliers beaming above other huge clustchandeliers beaming above other nuge clust-ers of prisms like stalactites, and with its ceilings where cupids drove in chariots drawn by butterflies through gorges and over causeways of rosy and azure cloud. "It means very little to be a king nowa-days," he said. "At least, it means very little to me."

"I am so sorry!" she answered. "I am so intensely sorry!"
"You have been talking with my mother?"
he replied. "It is easy to see the tyou are

he replied. "It is easy to see the tyou are full of her views and prejudices."
"No, they are mine," she averred, "call them what you please, I—I hate so to address you as 'monsieur,' but this is your command, and what can one do but obey i?
You are royal, and 'Majesty' is your right form of address. And then the way in which which you dispise and flout all ceremonial! Oh, this is harder to bear still! You should have entered here, just as you should walk abroad, with your equeries, your gentle-men-in-waiting. Ah, it is terrible, terri-ble! It saddens me, it wounds me, to see you cast aside the rights and dignities of your great birth. I do not wonder that your mother sorrows. It is not mere pride that makes her feel as she does. It is a sense—oh, pardon me, for I speak from the inmost depths of my heart! A sense of

your having been appointed by Heaven itself to rule over your people, and of your
treating this holy mission as though it concerned some slight and paltry office!"

As Bianca d' Este ended the King took
her hand in his own for a moment. He felt
that it was transling and he say that that it was trembling and he saw that there were tears in her bright, wide, childish

"You are very sincere," he said, with smile that was not exempt from a certain delicate melancholy. "A great many people, since history began, have been quite wrong and yet excessively sincere. He paused, still holding her hand, and it flew about the great room like wild-fire that he was paying this public courtesy to the Italian girl whom his mother so avidly desired him to marry. "Perhaps, my dear Bianca d'Este," he presently resumed, with a faint, enigmatic smile loitering at the corners of his lips, "you are right, practically after all, and I, practically, am in error. The whole affair of conservatism against liberalism grows harder to manage, limering and the state of the state o I imagine, every new day of my reign. Well, I thank you for your lecture, altis sima;"and with his odd smile fading a little yet not wholly dying, he dropped Bianca's hand and passed from her presence. He had detested the idea of this enter-

tainment to-night. Its limitations in the way of asking only certain guests disgusted him like all the receptions given by his mother since her appearance in his gusted him like all the receptions given by his mother since her appearance in his realm, it positively reeked with what he held to be the worst creeds of caste. There were present several nobles, on this particular occasion, who had only deigned to come, as Clarimond well knew, at the eager solicitation of the Princess. They were mostly men past middle age, and their young King had horrified them by his liberalisms. They held his person sacred, and were inflexible The King rose. "It all seems to be the fault of that very dominating person, the young lady's mother," he said. "You are generous to rid Mademoiselle Kathleen of all blame as you do. But it is like you." He stretched out his hand, which Alonzo sprang forward to grasp with both his own. "I have known for some time that you had a large, humane heart. I did not need Erio in their young king had horrified them by his liberalisms. They held his person sacred, and were inflexible in their realty to him never formstring that "Eric will rarely see my faults, Mon-sleur," faitered Alonzo.

The King now turned his eyes toward the picture on the easel. "Ah, you have been modernity of ideas, and had suffered keen

Just then her mother's voice broke upon her ear. She started, half because the sound was not further away and half because it jarred so on her new, pleasured mood.

"My dear Kathleen—" her mother began. But it was too late. Eric, alipping away from two or three ladies with whom he had been at odds in some gay argument, daried forward, but he also found that it was too late. "Long," he said, catching his friend by "Long," he said, on the said, in the voice of one who speaks from a desire to break an irksome pause. Then he gave a great start, and hurried toward the pointing something," he said, in the voice of one who speaks from a desire to break an irksome pause. Then he gave a great start, and hurried toward the pointing something," he said, in the voice of one who speaks from a desire to break an irksome pause. Then he gave a great start, and hurried toward the portrait.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "Rece 'ing a few steps, he threw both hands upward with a gesture of extreme enthusiasm. "Wonderity of ideas, and had suffered keen pangs at the audacious changes in their land. Political, no less than social and physical, these changes had effected them with mingled melancholy and horror. Two or three of them had chosen to hide their changes had effected them with mingled melancholy and private him the vice of one who speaks from a desire to break an irksome pause. Then he gave a great start, and hurried toward the portrait.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "Rece 'ing a few steps, he threw both hands upward with a gesture of extreme enthusiasm. "Wonderity of ideas, and had suffered keen pause. Then he gave a great start, and physical, these changes had effected them man of about 40 years old with black flashing eyes, olive skin and a little curly beard and moustache, held an exceptional position as cousin twice removed from the King. His fortune was very large, and he passed most of his year in the French capi-tal, whence he had but lately returned. He had been for a long time past, one of the bitterest of the malcontents; he was iras-"how I envy you for being able to paint like that—to paint her like that." There was now a dead silence. Alonzo, with wholly new emotions, watched h m while he gave to the picture a fresh impetus of survey.

"You can name your price for this!" he suddenly said, turning and facing his companion once more. "I want it. I want it very much."

bitterest of the malcontents; he was irascible, and notoriously haughty to all inferious. While the King had made his first tour through the ball-room every eye had sought his own and even every head had bowed. But it had struck him, however vaguely, that this particular nobleman had bowed with a certain distinct stiffness. As Clairmond now drew near his mother, he fixed his eyes full on the handsome, swarthy foce at her side and said with an eccent of

very much."

"I did not wish to dispose of it, mon"I did not wish to dispose of it, mon"Ah, Philibert, so you're back once

again?" At the same moment he put forth his hand. Prince Philibert advanced, and taking

from the apartment. With his eyes fixed on the portrait Alonzo sank into a chair.

"The King loves her?" left his lips in a flurried whisper.

He closed his eyes, elenched his hands, and a surge of ungovernably jealous feeling seemed to flood his soul.

The crystal-gray eyes of the King met the dark and brilliant ones of his subject.

"Prince," he said, with some curtness, "I supposed you were aware that I dislike, and indeed have vetoed, all this flourish on the p. rt of my friends."

Philibert, while he stood moveless as a

statue with both hands behind him, and while he looked, in his evening dress, decorated by several orders that betokened his answered composedly and gravely:
"Pardon me, your Majesty, but I only
fulfilled a usage that is many centuries

This answer, in circumstances, bristled with clear revolt. The King started, and looked at his mother, who gently inclined her head, as if in complete approval of the words just uttered.

(To be Continued Next Sunday.) THE LANGUAGE OF THE PACE.

An Incident Which Goes to Show Julian

Hawthorne May Be Right. New York Sun.1 Sitting opposite to me in an elevated train the other day there were two deaf mutes, a stalwart, stylish young man and a

handsome young woman, engaged in conversation. With skill, grace, and vivacity the fingers and fea: ures of the mute pair were brought into play in the dialogue. Now it looked to me as if they were holding an argument; then it looked as if he were giving an account of something; at one time their faces were radiant while communicating with each other than communicating with each other through silent maneuvres; at another time a thoughtful mood appeared in the counte-nance, or again a resolute spirit, or yet again some other mental condition.

Perhaps all my inferences as to the nature of their sign language were erroneous, but I stand ready to wager a nickel that some of them were right, as they were founded on analogy. It is Julian Hawthorne wno maintains that the time is coming when mankind will cease to indulge in vocal speech, which, according to his opinion, is a very inadequate exponent of thought, and a poor substitute for the subtler methods of expression to which mutes are accustomed.

The Celestial Masses Believe Fereigners Make Medicine Of

Span Reports Are at the Bottom of All Anti-Foreign Violence.

LITTLE ALMOND-EYED BRAUTIES.

PHOTOS FROM EYES OF CHILDREN

POORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATORAL WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The critical situation in China calls attention to the fact that the Chinese mission is still unsettled A new Minister will probably be appointed by President Harrison during the coming session, and through these recent troubles the post of Peking has sprung into the greatest importance. There is a chance for a statesman to make a reputation in China. The country seems to be on the eve of a revolution, and the protection of our citizens there is going to require both nerve

and diplomacy.

During my visit to China about two years ago I found the majority of the people opposed to foreigners, and at every one of the treaty ports there was an anti-foreign party which did all it could to excite the masses against the foreigners. Among other things they published a magazine which was illustrated. This magazine contained a graphic description of how the foreigners ground up Chinese children and made medicine of them. It had pictures of American girls packing the medicine in boxes, and in the same cuts were pictures of seething cauldrone in the soup of which babies' arms, legs and heads bobbed up and down. Beat American Political Methods.

In one picture the babies were being cut up for grinding, and in another the pieces of them were being weighed so that just so much Chinese baby went to each package of medicine. The Chinese text as translated for me stated that this was a common method of making medicine in China, and that the Americans and English had as their chief business in China the making of such medicines and that they stole Chines babi s for this purpose.

The great disturbance which we had in

Korea some years ago when our naval force was called to the capital from one of our vessels in the harbor of Chemulpo to defend the American Minister, arose from this anti-foreign influence which has also strength in Koren. These people had circulated the re-port that the Americans were stealing little Korean babies and grinding up their eyes to make photographic materials. It was whispered abroad that an American liked nothing better than a slice of a Korean baby done brown, and the statement was current throughout the hundred thousand but of the Korean exists the town Min. huts of the Korean capital that our Min-ister, Mr. Dinsmore, had given a party a week before, at which two jucy babies had been served to the guests.

Saved by the King's Proclamation, The people were wild. Mother love and father love is as strong among the Celestials as among the Christians, and such statements as these make Chinese and Korean blood boil. The mass a look upon the foreigners as barbarians. Our Minister would have been mobbed at Korea at this time had it not been for the King, who sent out a proclamation saving that any man who was found circulating such reports would be executed, and telling the people that these foreigners were kind hearted, cultured people like themselves, and that they would be the control of would not be so inhuman as to eat bables.

During my stay at Canton I met a missionary and his family from the interior of China. The man came from Ohio, and he was a very intelligent fellow. His sister, a medical missionary, was with him. Their house had been burned, and they had been mobbed by the Chinese through this superstition in regard to American medicine. It happened that this medical missionary had a young Chinaman who was studying medi-cine with her, and this Chinaman had in some way obtained possession of a skeleton, which he kept in his room at the mission-ary's house. The Chinese know nothing of anatomy, and their medical system consists largely in doses as big as horse powders and in superstitious incantations, the burning of Joss paper and such things.

Soap Ruins a Missionary. They know nothing of the use of the skeleton, and their reverence for their ancestors is such that they would decidedly resent our custom of dissection. Now, just at the time that this skeleton was lying on the table in the young Chinaman's room, the wife of the missioner and out of the missioner with the company of the missioner was the state of the state o table in the young Chinaman's room, the wife of the missionary got out of soap. She had been raised in the country, and she concluded to make some soft soap as she had seen her parents do at home. She made a barrel of it. Then the story became noised abroad that this missionary's home was a medicine factory, and something like three or four Chinese babies were ground up in it every day. A mob collected within a short time and attacked the house. They a short time and attacked the house. They found the soap. It was a new material to Chinese eyes, and it smelled like medicine. They went upstairs and found the bones, and the evidence was prima facia so strong that they burnt the house, and the mis-sionary's family had a narrow escape for

their lives.

The terrible Tientsin massacre of 1870, in which the Catholic Sisters of the orphanage of that city were killed, came from this charge that they were stealing Chinese babies and cooking them for medicine. Tientsin is a city of nearly a miltion people and the mob numbered thousands. They burst into this French missionary establishment, set fire to the convent and literally

Tore the Women to Pieces and then threw their remains into the flames. There were a hundred children in the orphanage, and these were seized and thrown into prison and questioned. They would not say anything against the Sisters, and at the end of six weeks they were given over to the missionaries who were sent from Peking to take care of them. There were many other foreigners killed during this massacre, and the Chinese in a mob like this do not distinguish between American and English or between French and Ger-man. All are the same to them. They are by the names of "red-headed, blue-eyed for-eign devils," and a foreigner cannot go along the streets of a Chinese city without being greeted by this epithet. He does not understand it because he does not know Chinese, but the vilest of jokes and the most vulgar of expressions are uttered against the foreigners as they pass through the streets of the larger Chinese cities. I saw ex-Senator Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, in the Astor House in New York the other day. He told me he did not regret his rejection by the Chinese as Minister to China and that he would except no other foreign mission though he might have had one had he chosen. He will probably settle somewhere in the West and may possibly practice law.

possibly practise law.

China Must Be Driven. The forcing of Blair upon the Chinese notwithstanding their objection would not have been a new thing in our treatment of China and it is a question as to whether China will not have in every case to be driven rather than lead. No concessions have ever been gotten from China which have amounted to anything except through fear and our first treaty with China was the result of the bulldozing of Caleb Cushing who was sent to that country by John Tyler in 1843 at an ex ense of \$40,000 to the Government. He had an able squadron with him and he forced the Governor to receive him at Canton. He wanted to go to Peking and the Chinese did not want him to go further in the country than he was. They sent a messenger to the Emperor and this man in time brought back an Imperial envoy who after much objection made a treaty with Caleb Cushing and the United States. Mr. Cushing was

very anxious to go to Peking and he intended to force his way into the presence of the Emperor if he got there, and said that he did not intend to bump his head 19 times against the floor as was the custom. The arrival of the Imperial envoy however prevented him, and he brought back the treaty.

Our First Minister to China. This treat was ratified, and A. H. Everett, of Massachusetts, was our first Minister to China. He died in China in 1847, just about the time he arrived there. He was a about the time he arrived there. He was a man of much culture and wide diplomatic experience. He graduated at Harvard with the highest honors at the age of 14, studied law with John Quincy Adams, and was part of his legation while he was Minister to Russia. While John Quincy Adams was President, Everett was Minister to Spain, and when Andrew Jackson bec me President to severe the se and when Andrew Jackson bec me Presi-dent he came back home, and bought the North American Review, which he edited. He wrote a large number of books, and had he lived he might have made an excellent Min-ister to China. The first treaty with China, which Eng-

land got from her, was through war, and the second war, in which the United States took part, brought out a new treaty in 1857. At this time Mr. John Ward was sent to China by Buchanan as Minister. He arrived in Peking, but refused to get down on his knees and bump his head before the Emperor. Mr. Ward is now living in Morristown, New Jersey, and he practises law in New York The Mission of Burlinggame,

After him we had a Minister named Reed. and in 1862 the noted missionary, Mr. S. Wells Williams, became Secretary of Legation. He is the best authority on all Chinese matters and has written the best book ever published on China. During a part of the time he was Secretary, Anson Burlinggame was Minister, and it was he who brought China into close communication with the outside world. Of late there has been little trouble with the Chinese, but they do not and have never treated foreign ministers well. They

rever treated foreign ministers well. They try to make them contemptible in the eyes of their people, and to make the Chinese masses believe that they are merely subjects or tribute-bearers to the Emperor. The street of Peking along which the legation buildings are erected is known there by the title, "The Street of the Subject Nations." The Emperor receives foreign ministers only when he has to, and foreign ministers are not invited to the homes of the Chinese officials, nor do many of them consider them on a social equality with them.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DINNERS BY UNITIES.

Theodore Child's Ideas About Perfect Sars ice-Caterer Murrey's Views on Fish-New England Codfish Balls-Some of Ellice Serena's Useful Rectices.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Theodore Child, who has made the subject of gastronomy interesting as a poem, advocates in dinner giving the service by unities -a complete dinner for each guest, so far at least as the chief dishes are concerned. This idea, he says, is not novel. It is re lated that the French poet Malherbe one day gave a dinner to six of his friends. The whole feast consisted merely of seven boiled capons, one for each man, for he said he loved them all equally and did not wish to be obliged to serve to one the upper joint

and to another the wing.

At a truly scientific feast, he says, the guests are limited to the number of the nuses, and not only would each man have his bottle of champagne, but his leg of mut-ton, his duck, his partridge, his pheasant. This method alone is truly satisfactory, because it renders favoritism impossible. A partridge has only one breast, and a leg of mutton has only one breast, and a leg of mutton has only a few pieces which are ideal. The Russians, says Mr. Child, have noble views on this point. In accepting the invitation of a Russian gentleman to dinner, who asked him previously if he could serve him any special dish, he begged that he wight to the provious of the latest appears to the could serve him any special dish, he begged that he might taste a certain Russian mut-ton. When dinner was served a whole sheep was carried in steaming hot on the shoulders of four Tartar waiters, and he was asked to select the part that pleased him most, the whole dish being at his dis-

Good Advice Where Fish Are Fresh. age American to substitute fish for the everlasting steak and chops of the breakfast table? For the sake of variety," he further adds, "if for no other reason, we should eat more fish. A well-made fish stew or curry should be acceptable to the majority of us, and undoubtedly would be if appetizingly prepared."

I append here this gentleman's recipe for ne famous New England codfish balls. Upon a fair trial of this delectable dish I guarantee that the steak and chop will occasionally be dispensed with at our Skin the codfish the night before, and soak

Skin the codfish the night before, and soak it over night: drain quite dry on a napkin next day. Mash fine one pound of hot boiled potatoes. Take an equal amount of codfish, and divide it very fine. Mix both together, and add the beaten yelks of two eggs, two ounces of melted butter and a salt spoonful of white pepper. Now beat the mixture until it is very light, for upon this process depends the success or failure of the dish. In shaping them together, do not press them any more than is absolutely necessary. Most cooks press them into cakes so hard that it is next to an impossibility to eat them. Dredge them lightly with flour; and fry them like doughnuts in smoking hot fat. When properly prepared and cooked they should farrly melt in the mouth, which they will do if thoroughly beaten and lightly handled.

I add some general recipes:

I add some general recipes: Baked Apples With Lemon, Peel and cut the apples in balf, cutting them across the core. Take out the core and fill the ole with sugar and a tiny bit of butter. Put a slice of lemon on each half, and bake in a dish with a very little water.

Grape Sherbet. Lay a piece of very thin muslin in a colander, put in a pound of grapes and set it over a deep bowl. Crush the grapes, and then squeeze out the juice. Add an equal quantity of water, the juice of one lemon and sugar to taste. Freeze in the usual way.

French Pancakes. Beat the yelks and whites of two eggs separately, then mix them with half a pint of milk and sweeten it. Butter two or three sancers, and pour in them a little of the custard, and bake. When done, serve like sandhes with Jam between.

Delicate Dessert. Moisten stale lady fingers with sherry wine and pour over them some rich cream beaten until slightly thickened.

Fried Apples. Fried apples are appetizing for breakfast, and if prepared as follows they will be found particularly nice: Take large tart apples, peel and remove core; cut in rather thick slices, lay in a shallow baking dish with a lump of fresh butter, and sprinkle over them a few spoon uls of sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until tender and serve very hot on delicately burned toact. Steamed Cabbare.

Cut as much nice, clean cabbage as will fill a spider or stewpan. Cover well and let it cook till done in the steam from its own juices. Season to taste. Pineapple Lemonade. Peel 12 fresh lemons very thinly, squeeze the juice from them; strain out the seeds; pour on the peel a little hot water, and let it

when cool strain this water into the lemon juice, adding a pound of loaf sugar. Put the whole into a decanter to be kept cool for present use. Use two tablespoonfuls for a glass of lemonade, and add a piece of pineapple to each glass, and also a thin slice of lemon. Potatoes With Cream, For this dish boil the potatoes just about the time they are needed, and cut them up while warm. Season to taste with sait and pepper. Heat to the boiling point a half pint of cream, and add to it a piece of butter large as a walnut. Turn in the potatoes and simmer for a moment.

ought. In the time of the Apostles men had not learned it at all. It was accounted heresy. The orthodox contended in those days that nobody could really be religious unless he was RELIGION IS SIMPLE.

All the Complications Are Due to Theology and Temperament

NONE OF THE SCIENCES ARE BASY. Theology Is to Religion What Digestive De-

DIFFERENCES RESULTING IN SECTS

tail Is to Eating.

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Religion is as clear and simple as the universal sunlight. In spite of all the creeds and all the catechisms, in spite of all the metaphysical theology, in spite of all the criticism and all the controversy, whatever is essential in religion is open to the understanding of a little child. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." That is what it all comes back to. Differences enough, diversities enough, but one and the same Holy Spirit, divine Saviour, heavenly Father, behind them all.

Religion, above all things, ought to be simple. Because it is meant for so many simple people. It is a message for every body, and must needs be capable of translation in everybody's language. And "everybody" is a wide word. It cannot possibly be made to mean only the professors in the theological seminaries. The Need of Every Man.

Religion is a universal need of man. It neans instruction in perplexity, strength in temptation, comfort in grief; it is an answer to the universal questions: What am I? And what am I here for? And whither am I going? We all want to know that-all of us; not the philosopers alone. The great fact of sin and the great fact of pain get into every life. People who cannot read nor write walk along the ways of temptation, and look into the black depths of open graves; and so have need of the guidance and the consolation of religion. It would be hard to have to think that

the good tidings of the Christian gospel should have been put into such large words and such long sentences that only the educated could make them out, and get the blessing of them. Somehow, when angels taught religion out of the Bethlehem sky, the simple shepherds understood them. The Christmas sermon needed no interpre-tation at the hands of pharisee and scribes. When the great spiritual Master taught re-ligion He did not teach it in Solmon's Porch to a select company of the wisest Jerusalem philosophers. He taught wher-ever he could get an audience, out under the open sky, and in the streets of cities, and in the common houses of common peo-ple. And the common people heard Him gladly. He taught religion so that peasants and fishermen could unerstand it.

Complications of Religion. And yet there seems to be a great many hard things in religion. These are knots in it that cannot be untied except by doctors of divinity, and not always very successfully by them. Sometimes it seems like a hopelessly inextricable tangle. Sometimes it seems like a confusion of contradicting voices, some crying this and some that. There are so many "differences of administrations," so many "diversities of operations," so many sects and parties, so many
arguments and doctrines, that plain people
fall into perplexity. To one who reads the
titles of books in theological libraries, religion seems a very complicated matter.

Part of this difference and difficulty in
religion is due to theology; part of it is due
to temperament. Theology is the scientific
statement of religion. It is an endeavor to
get together all ascertainable religious
truth, to classify it, to give it accurate definition, to draw out of it all the available inferences. And that means difficulty alferences. And that means difficulty, al-ways. All science is difficult, runs speeding

And yet we manage to get a good deal of satisfaction out of life though we be utterly ignorant of quadratic equations. We can appreciate the pleasant flowers without kno ing very much about botany. The sun will warm us, and give us light to see by though we cannot tell how far distant it is from the surface of this planet, though we know not whether it be a solid or a gas. We can enjoy our dinner without an acquaintance with the intricate processes of digestion.

We can see out of our eyes without knowing even the first law of optics. Natural gas serves a great many people who could not Somebody says that the most important fact in human life is that the geometrical symbol Pi equals 3.141.592. I confess that I symbol Pi equals 3.141.392. I confess that I have not at the present moment more than the vaguest notion about the significance of that fact. And yet we live, and move and have our being. Nothing is plainer to everybody's sight and touch than matter. But matter is one of the great mysteries. No man of science has yet been able to say con-clusively what matter is. Some say that matter is made of infinitely small and hard atoms; others say that matter is made of little perpetually whirling rings; still others hold that matter does not exist at all,

culty is not found only in theology. The fact is that we can go only a certain distance in any direction, we can think only so far into things physical, mental or spiritual. After that, we get beyond our depth. We fall into all manner of confu-sion. And what the confusion means is not hat we have come to the end of truth, but that we have come to the end of the strength

that we have come to the end of the strength of the human mind.

Nevertheless, common life is not affected by these scientific perplexities. The dis-cussions of the scentific doctors as to the nature of matter do not deter us from building houses. We do not hesitate to walk abroad because there is a scientific uncertainty about the nature of space. These high matters make no difference with daily life. The discussions of theology ought not to perplex any but the theologians. They have no more to do with religion than an acquaintance with chemistry has to do with eating, or a knowledge of geology with the appreciation of the beauties of a landscape.

Can Get Along Without Theology. We can love God, though we may not be able to recite the Athanasian Creed. We can read our Bibles and get helps out of them without needing to know anything about theories of in piration. The nature of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is not dependent upon the result of th troversies about it. Christ died for our sins; no matter about the doctrines of the The difficulties of religion, then, belon

to the scientific side of it. They are difficul-ties of definition. They are of the same sort with the difficulties which meet men in every direction of scientific thought; they have no more bearing upon common life than any other metaphysics. As for the differences in religion, they arise, for the most part, out of the natural He must become a Hebrew; he must keep every rubric of the Hebrew law. Even Peter needs a revelation out of the sky before he can be personaded to admit a Gentile into the Christian society. Even Paul must first be blinded by a light from heaven before he can shut his eyes to the difference between the Greek and the Hebrew, and care no more about it.

Religious in Just One Way.

care no more about it.

That there could be varieties of faith and practice in the same church was a thing which to many good people in that old day was as incredible, as undesirable, as dangerous and a payringing as it is to a good

was as incredible, as undesirable, as dangerous, and as pernicious, as it is to a good many good people still. The very first thing which the Christian religion did was to turn its back upon exclusion and uniformity. Alone among all the religious teachers of his time, Christ recognized the divine right of human differences. Christ saw that one man differs from another. One would think that anybody must see so plain a fact as that. But every division into which the church of Christ is to-day shamefully divided is a testimony to somebody's blindness. Every single sect means that somebody sometime failed to recognize this inevitable fact of human difference, and quarreled with it. You difference, and quarteled with it. You might as well quarrel with the law of gravitation. One after another, the Christian church has turned her children out of doors by trying to make them all exactly alike, and disowning all who failed to fit the standard. The Division Into Sects.

Those party names of "high" and "broad" and "low," which we hear more often than we like to, represent absolutely unchanges-ble and eternal difference in human nature. They symbolize different ways of emphasizing religious truth. There always have been and there always will be people with whom the meet important part of religious. whom the most important part of religion is that side of it which looks toward God, and finds expression in worship. There always have been and there always will be people with whom the most important part of re-ligion is that side of it which looks toward the soul, and finds expression in emotion.
There always have been and there always will be people with whom the most impor-tant part of religion is that side of it which looks toward the world about them, and finds expression partly in an extension of Christian charity and in the uplifting of the bodies, minds and souls of men, and partly in an endeavor to state religious truth so that it may commend itself to everybody's reason, and get hold of everybody's will.

That is, there have always been "high" churchmen and "low" churchmen and "broad" churchmen; and there always with to be and these always will be. But ought to be, and there always will be. But somehow we have now these many centu-ries been behaving as if all men were made alike. We have somehow succeeded in per-suading ourselves that everybody who is not exactly of our kind is wrong, and ought to be put out.

Heresy Hunting, Past and Present And we did put out Low-Church Wesley, and we did put out High-Church Newman, and we are busy just at this day trying to find some good "broad" churchman whom we may put out after them. When the Christian missionaries from France and the Christian missionaries from Wales met in pagan Eugland they agreed that there was a great work for them to do, a work that needed all the energy they had. But the French said to the Welsh, "First, before we can work together, you must cut

your hair exactly as we cut ours."

When the "low" churchmen, who were then called "Puritans," met the orthodox of their day in conference at Hampton Court the orthodox said, "It is indeed a blessed thing that brethren should dwell together in unity, but dearly beloved if you would say your prayers with us you must above all else wear the same kind of prayer gown that we wear. Not one of you must be seen without a surplice." The

result was the Presbyterian communion. What we all need to recognize is that uniformity is impossible and that variety is the law of nature and of God. There are differences of administration, yes—but the same Lord. What we need to see is that the matters about which we differ belong

The Outside of Beligion. government, whether by bishops or by presbyters; questions as to clerical dress, the most trivial, one would think, of all things which might interest the mind of

man; questions as to a ritual, much or lit-tle water, standing or kneeling, singing hymns or singing psalms—how is it that Christians can make these matters synonomous with Christianity.

People are different, let them think differently. Whatever really helps is right, Whatever hinders is wrong. And what hinders one may help another. If the church is a sect, if it is a little petty religious confraternity then set Procrustes' bed at the door of it and measure every comer, and cut off all the tall people's feet, and stretch out all the short people. But if the church is a great broad catholic church, such as Christ meant it to be, let

is a place in the wide church eatholic for every honest man that breathes. Simple Facts Back of It All. We go back behind the difficulties of theology and the differences of tempera-ment and we find the "same spirit," and the "same Lord," and the "same God which worketh all in all." And it is as clear and simple as the universal sunlight. When the minister stands by the bed of death to

everybody in and keep everybody in who loves Him and wants to serve Him. There

that the only thing we can be absolutely sure of is a sensation in our eyes and ears and at the tips of our fingers.

Theology No Worse Than Other Sciences.
There is no doctrine in the science of theology which is more disputed than the doctrine of matter is in the science of physics. These perplexities are inseparable from the endeavor after accurate definition. They belong to scientific thought. Difficulty is not found only in theology. The fact is that we can go only a certain distance of the science of the science of physics. These perplexities are inseparable from the endeavor after accurate definition. They belong to scientific thought. Difficulty is not found only in theology. The fact is that we can go only a certain distance of the science of the scien it is simply a following in the steps of Jesus Christ, trying to be as like him as we can, going about doing good as he did. All the ethical precepts of our religion are summed up in the example of Christ. And the faith part of it is simply a trusting of the words of Jesus Christ. He said he knew. And he told us plainly that God is our Father and that there is a life beyond the grave. And we believe him. We take his word of teaching as a child takes the word of his father. word of his father.

To try to live as Christ lived, to be con tent to take as true what Christ said simple that is! It is the beginning, and the middle, and the end of all religion. GEORGE HODGES

TWO SIDES OF MR. PARNELL

Captain O5'hea's Account of How the Phonix Park Murders Affected him, But Mr. Parnell was a man with many sides to his character. Behind his outer veil of resolute and careless indifference there were places of weakness; and fires of passion burnt beneath his frigid bearing. "The House of Commons and the public." wrote Captain O'Shea a few years ago, "know Mr. Parnell only as the man of hard, cold and undemonstrative bearing. I have seen him with that mask off. When the news of the murders in the Phonix Park reached London he came to me, and if ever a public man was overcome by horror and grief for a public crime it was he. He then and there drew up an address au-nouncing in a few words his retirement in despair from public life. I myself ap-proved of this course under the circumstances, but I insisted on an hour's delay in order that I might consult wiser hears than mine. In deference to their counsels I eventually prevailed upon him, with the greatest difficulty, to alter his determi-

differences in human nature. They are due to temperament. Religion is seant for all kinds of people; and there are great many kinds of people. People are different; and a universal religion must have room in it for innumerable differences. That is what Christ taught. That is what Paul taught. We have not even yet learned it as we

THROWN INTO BOILING SPRINGS.

New Light Upon the Fate of the Christ in Japan Two Centuries Ago.

New York Sun.1 Anyone who reads books on Japan will remember that he is told, if he ever visits the harbor of Nagasaki, that he must look at the lofty rock of Pappenberg, descending sheer for some hundreds of feet into the deep water. He is further informed that in the seventeenth century, when there were many Christian converts in Japan, thousands of them were cast into the sea from this cliff. Dr. Reiss, a professor in the University at Tokio, has recently been in-vestigating the records of this Christian rebellion. He has shown quite conclusively that the rock of Pappenburg was not used for the purpose described to tourists. No mention of throwing the Christians over the rock is made in any of the contemporaneous records, and Dr. Reiss says that it would have been absurd to have dragged the pris-

have been absurd to have dragged the prisoners to that distant place.

What happened, however, was even more frightful, and the scene was quite different. The Rebellion occurred in Shimabara, whose interior has for its most conspicuous object a volcanie mountain mass, called Onseuga, which is said to have one of the largest craters in the world, while its slope and base are full of boiling sulphur springs in a constant state of effervescence. Dr. Reiss says that the greatest number of victims of the rage of heathen Japan were taken to Onsenga and hurled from a precipice on the senga and hurled from a precipice on the mountain side into the boiling sulphurous spring below. Japanese sources of informa-tion coincide with the missionary reports that this was the form of execution com-monly employed, and that it remained in use for a long period.

Emperor William's Beard

A new twenty-mark piece with a bearded representation of the Emperor was issued recently, and there was a general rush for it by admiring subjects, who gladly pay a premium of a mark or two for the novelty. This curiosity arises probably from the fact connected with the saying that the Hohensollern Emperors grow more good-looking as they advance in age, and everybody is curious to see whether the beard helps to verify this saying. That the Emperor shaved off his beard was generally regretted.



This man is trying to joke his wife about her cooking ability. He says the household will suffer

from dyspepsia. It's a poor joke. Americans eat too much rich food, without taking advantage of natural antidotes to overcome the bad effects. Nobody wants to diet. It is a natural desire to want to enjoy the good

things in this world. Read what a prominent New Yorker writes; he had been troubled with gouty rheumatism and its attendant

painful symptoms for 18 months: "I have subjected myself for months to the severest rules of diet recommended for such conditions, and used almost all the remedies recommended for gout and rheumatism, without any benefit, until I heard of your imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salts, which Mr. Thomas J. Murrey, the well-known caterer of New York, in his admirable little volume 'Oysters and Fish' says: "Would it not be beneficial, were the aver"Would it not be beneficial, were the aver-I used faithfully for six weeks, dieting sired. All the gouty and rheumatic symptoms left me after the fourth week, and my general health and spirits have become excellent once again. Your Carlsbad Sprudel Salts deserve the widest publicity, and I take great pleasure in bringing this

fact to your notice." You try them to-day. The genuine have the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on the bottle.

A CME BLACKING is cheaper at 20 cents a bottle than any other Dressing at 5 cents.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAYS because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it prohtable to buy it at 20c. a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in

It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

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The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority. Now we take a little more

time about it and cast out

devils by thousands-we do it by knowledge. Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of

consumption possessed of a devil? A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can

be done. Free.

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