rony—
"Visiting our great country for recreation and amusement no doubt. I suppose you find that traveling in the majestic ex-panses of our far West is—"

"I haven't been West, and haven't been

devoting myself to amusement with any sort of exclusiveness, I assure you. In fact,

to merely live, an artist has got to work,

"Artist!" said Hawkins to himself, thinking of the rifled bank; "that is a name

"Are you an artist?" asked the Colonel; and added to himself, "now, I'm going to eatch him."

"What line?" pursued the sly veteran.

Then aloud, "This is fortunate. Could I

engage you to restore some of my paintings that need that attention."
"I shall be very glad. Pray let me see

No shuffling, no evasion, no embarass-

ment, even under this crucial test. The Colonel was nonplussed. He led Tracy to a chrome which had suffered damage in a former owner's hands through being used as a lamp mat, and said, with a flourish of his hand toward the picture—

The Colonel bent a look of represen upon Tracy, allowed it to sink home, then re-sumed as if there had been no interruption—

inal of that sublime master in our country. You see yourself that the work is of such exceeding delicacy that the risk—could—er

would you mind giving me a little example

of what you can do before we-"
"Cheerfully, cheerfully. I will copy one

Water-color materials-relics of Miss

Sally's college life-were brought-Tracy said he was better in oils, but would take a

chance with these. So he was left alone. He began his work, but the attractions of

the place were too strong for him, and he got up and went drifting about, fascinated,

holding a troubled and anxious private con-versation. The Earl said:

"The mystery that bothers me is, where did it get its other arm?"

thing troubles me—the apparition is English. How do you account for that,

Meantime the Earl and Hawkins were

'Yes, it worries me, too. And another

"Honestly, I don't know, Hawkins; I

"Don't you think, maybe, we've waked

The wrong one? How do you account

Well, it may be that that is not objec-

"The clothes are right, there's no getting around it. What are we going to do? We can't collect, as I see. The reward is for a one-armed American. There is a two-armed

tionable. You see it isn't less than is called

But he saw that this argument was weak and dropped it. The friends sat brooding over their perplexities some time in silence.

Finally the Earl's face began to glow with an inspiration, and he said impressively:

grander and nobler science than we have dreamed of. We have little imagined what

a solemn and stupendous thing we have done. The whole secret is perfectly clear

to me now, clear as day. Every man is made up of heredities, long-descended atoms

and particles of his ancestors. This present materialization is incomplete. We have

only brought it down to perhaps the begin-

ming of this century."
"What do you mean, Colonel?" cried Hawkins, filled with vague alarms by the

old man's awe-compelling words and man-

ner. "This. We've materialized this burglar's

"Oh, don't! Don't say that! It's hid-

"But it's true, Hawkins: I know it. Look

at the facts. This apparition is distinctly English; note that. It uses good grammar; note that. It is an artist; note that. It has

the manners and carriage of a gentleman; note that. Where's your cowboy? Answer

"Colonel, do vou really mean-

The Colonel brought his fist down

"I mean exactly this: The materialization tion was immature; the burglar has evaded us; this is nothing but a ___ ancestor!"

He rose and walked the floor in great ex-

"It's a bitter disappointment—bitter."
"It's a bitter disappointment—bitter."
"I know it. I know it, Senator. I feel
it as deeply as anybody could. But we've
got to submit—on moral grounds. I need
money, but God knows I am not poor

enough or shabby enough to be an accessory to the punishment of a man's ancestor for

crime committed by that ancestor's pos-

"But, Colonel," implored Hawkins, "stor

and think; don't be rash; you know it's the

only chance we've got to get the money and, besides, the Bible itself says posterity

to the fourth generation shall be punished for the sins and crimes committed by ances-

tors four generations back that hadn't any-

to turn the rule around and make it work

both ways."

The Colonel was struck with the strong logic of this position. He strode up and

down, and thought it painfully over. Finally

"There's reason in it; yes, there's reason in it. And so, although it seems a piteous thing to sweat this poor ancient devil for a burglary he hadn't the least hand in, still,

it duty commands I suppose we must give him up to the authorities."

relieved, "I'd give him up if he was a thou-

"Lord bless me, that's just what he is," said Sellers, with something like a groan,

tion in him from every ancestor he ever had. In him there's atoms of priests, sol-

diers, crusaders, poets, and sweet and gra-cious women—all kinds and conditions of

folks who trod this earth in old, old cen-turies, and vanished out of it ages ago, and

now by act of ours they are summoned from their holy peace to answer for gutting a one-horse bank away out on the borders of

Cherokee Strip, and its just a howling out-"Oh, don't talk like that, Colonel; it takes the heart all out of me, and makes me ashamed of the part I am proposing

"A saving hope? Shout it out; I am

"A saving hope? Shout it out; I am perishing."

"It's perfectly simple; a child would have thought of it. He is all right, not a flaw in him, as far as I have carried the work. If I've been able to bring him as far as the beginning of this century, what's to stop me new? I'il go on and materialize him down to date."

down to date."

"Land, I never thought of that!" said
Hawkins, all ablaze with joy again. "It's
the very thing. What a brain you have
got. And he will shed the superfluous

"Wait-I've got it!"

sand ancestors compacted into one.

"it's exactly what he is; there's a cor

said Hawkins, cheered and

citement. Hawkins said, plaintively:

dreadful to think of!"

emphasis and said:

"Hawkins, this materialization is

don't really know. It is very confusing

and awful.

up the wrong one?"

tor; it is more, and so-"

for the clothes?"

"This Del Sarto is perhaps the only orig-

"I've got him" said Sellers to himself.

"In an humble way, yes."

"This Del Sarto-"
"Is that a Del Sarto?"

"I do, indeed."

part—enough, you know, to—"
"See how you tremble with excitement. That comes of lack of experience.
My boy, when you have been familiar with

vast operations as long as I have, you'll be different. Look at me; is my eve dilated? do you notice a quiver anywhere? Feel my pulse plunk—plunk—plunk—same as if I were asleep. And yet, what is passing through my calm, and mind? A procession of fourteen which would make a forestick.

of figures which would make a financial novice drunk-just the sight of them. Now

it is by keeping cool, and looking at a thing all around, that a man sees what's really in

it, saves himself from the novices's unfail-

ing mistake—the one you have just sug-gested—cagerness to realize. Listen to me. Your idea is to sell a part of him for ready

"Well, I should never have thought o

"Because you are not a financier. Say he

has committed a thousand crimes. Certainly that's a low estimate. But the look of him, even in his unfinished condition, he has committed all of a million. But call it

only a thousand to be perfectly safe; 5,000 reward, multiplied by a thousand, gives us a dead sure cash basis of—what? \$5,000,000!"

"And the property indestructible. Per-petually fruitful, perpetually; for a prop-erty with his disposition will go on com-mitting crimes and winning rewards."

"You daze me; you make my head

"Let it whirl: it won't do any harm. Now

that matter is all fixed, leave it alone. I'll

get up the company and issue the stock all in good time. Just leave it in my hands. I judge you don't doubt my ability to work

t up for all it is worth."
"Indeed I don't. I can say that with

"All right then. That's disposed of,

Everything in its turn. We old operators go by order and system—no helter-skelter business with us. What's the next thing on the docket? The carrying on of the materialization—the bringing it down to date. I will begin on that at once. I think—"

"Look here, Rossmore. You didn't lock it in. A hundred to one it has escaped."

"Calm yourself as to that; don't give yourself any uncasiness."

"Weil, I should consider it a pretty

"Why, my dear boy, once in my power

"Well, I am truly glad to hear that, I do

"Yes, I shall give it all the painting it

wants to do, and we and the family will make it as comfortable and contented as we

can. No occasion to restrain its movement

I hope to persuade it to remain pretty quiet, though, because a materialization which is in a state of arrested development

must of necessity be pretty soft and flabby and substanceless, and—er—by the way, I wonder where it comes from?"

"How? What do you mean?"
The Earl pointed significantly and interrogatively toward the sky. Hawkins started, then settled into deep reflection, finally shook his head sorrowfully and

But I'll make him hump himself, anyway.

declined, and said he wasn't hungry (another sarcastic wink), so I brought some apples (double wink) and he ate a couple of—"

"What!" and the Colonel sprang som

yards toward the ceiling and came down quaking with astonishment.

"What is the matter with you, Mul-

He did not answer immediately. His back was turned; he was bending over his

chair, feeling the seat of it. But he answered next moment, and said:

"Ah, there it is; it was a tack."

The lady contemplated him doubtfully a moment, then said, pretty snappishly:

"All that for a tack! Praise goodness it wasn't a shingle nail; it would have landed you in the milk way. I do hate to have my nerves shook up so." And she turned on her heel and went her way.

As soon as she was safely out the Colonel said, in a suppressed voice:
"Come, we must see for ourselves. It

must be a mistake."

They hurried softly down and peeped in.
Sellers whispered, in a sort of despair:

"It is eating. What a grisly spectacle!
Hawkins, it's horrible! Take me away—I

NAPHTHA IN WHISKY.

Toned Up With It.

Some people doubt the presence of naph

tha in the worst kind of whisky and other

liquor, but the bartender in any very low saloon will tell you that a large quantity of

They trotted back to the laboratory. [To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

must be a mistake "

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, 1

always in my power. It may go and come freely. I can produce it here whenever I

want it, just by the exercise of my will.

"But why shouldn't it escape?"
"Let it, if it wants to! What of it?"

serious calamity.

ointed downward.

assure vou.

"Wait let me get my breath."

cash. Now mine is—guess."
"I haven't an idea. What is it?"

"Stock him-of course."

in the temple, a monstrous shape appears, like a double-faced head treshly cut off and

Sonle Awaiting the Judgment.

The two fans are the witnesses—the face of the woman (Mirume) sees all that goes on in the Shaba; the other fan is the face of a bearded man, the face of Kaguhana, who smells all odors, and by them is aware of all that human beings do. Close to them, upon a reading stand, a great book is open—the record book of deeds. And between the mirror and the witnesses white shuddering

mirror and the witnesses white, shuddering souls await judgment. Further down I see the sufferings of souls

already sentenced. One, in life time a liar,

run-like jinrikisha men.

All the souls so tar limned are souls of

adults. The souls of children are not judged

Third Kakemono: A furnace with souls

for fuel, blazing up into darkness. Demons stir the fire with poles of iron. Through the superior blackness white souls are

descending, head downwards, into the flames.

The Children After Death.

Below this scene opens a shadowy land-scape, a faint-blue and faint-gray world of hills and vales, through which a river ser-pentines, the Saino-Kawars. Thronging the banks of the pale river are the ghosts of little children trying to pile up stones. They are very, very pretty, the child souls, pretty as real Japanese children are (it is astonishing how avanisitaly is shill beauty

astonishing how exquisitely is child beauty felt and expressed by the artists of Japan;

one would say these men had the souls of women)! Each child has one little short

In the foreground a horrible devil with an

In the foreground a horrible devil with an iron club has just dashed down and scattered a pile of stones built by one of the children. The infant ghost seated by the ruin of its poor little work is crying, with both pretty hands in its eyes. The devil appears to sneer. Other children also are

set upright upon the stump of the neck.

THE RULES OF RAN

of Washington Society.

ble for Seats of Honor.

THE GUESTS AT A CABINET DINNER WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.-Every year when the social season begins in Washington they have no end of a wrangle and jangle as to order of precedence and official etiquette. This year the talk and criticism was as to how the guests were seated at the President's Cabinet dinner-it being claimed that Mrs. Miller, the wife of the Attorney General, was given the seat that should, by

> The Men Are Panicky, Too Now, that reads all right to most people, but they can little imagine what a ruction was raised about that official order. The Justices of the Supreme Court were outraged by the idea that the Court of Claims could for one moment be ranked as their equals. The Senators were roused to wrath because they had to take the dust of the Court of Claims. Precedent had hitherto prescribed that Senators should shake hands with the President before the Judges of the with the President before the Judges of the Court of Claims. In fact, in earlier years they had struggled to take precedence of the Supreme Court itself, on the score that their consent was necessary to create judges of the Supreme Court. The latter claimed that their offices were for life, whereas the Sepreme courted for the supreme courted for the supremental states. whereas the Senators were elected for a term. Then the Senators argued that they represented sovereign states, and the Judges retorted with the assertion they were the equals of the Senate, and indeed of the Executive. The Supreme Judge won the point. They could say, with Mrs Malaprop, "you may go first, but we'll precede you." But in this case what they could not stand was to be evened with the Court of Claims. The grievance of the Senators was that they should be insulted by having to follow the Court of Claims, "a mere auditing board"—as they derisively called it—that they could abolish at will. Then the fat was in the fire among the Supreme Judges of the District of Columbia. The idea of the

Court of Claims going before them was out-rageous. To make the long story sbort every bodyhad a grievance except the Judges of the Court of Claims. How Managed in England. In England and other European countries they have got this matter down fine. The members of the nobility know their places. In a recent English novel the inflexible rule as to the order of rank is shown in that one as to the order of rank is shown in that one quiet little wom m, who was poor, lived in a very small house, and could afford to keep but one little servant, was entitled to take precedence of every woman in the neighborhood by virtue of her once having been married to a poor paltry lord. It is shown also by the story told of General Grant that when he dined with Queen Victoria the court order of rank green victoria the court order of rank gave precedence to every one else in the room, and he—entitled to the highest honor—had the lowest seat at the table—ranking below all of the royal tommynoddies with handles to their names. In his own country Grant would have been at the top of the heap, in the order of true American nobility.

But while these great questions of place, and power and rank, are working the minds and power and rank, are working the minds of Supreme judges and Senators, and rack-ing the brains and tempers of Government officials and the administration generally, it is dreadful to read the awful prognostica-tions of the author of "The Coming Climax" or "Triumphant Plutocracy." He says:

It is out of the power of human language to exaggerate the probable calamities that will befall this country during its next financial panic, which may come at any time. The volcano will burst forth. The tiger of the proletariat will break his chains. The people's day of writh will be at hand. The modern Huns and Goths will spread dismay and terror among the plutocrats and aristocrats.

In these pre order of precedence will likely be lost sight of. If there is anything in all this talk about an "impending crash," "the mutter-ings of coming storm," "the approach of a reign of terror," it would be better to discuss how to get in out of the rain than how to establish an inerrant order of precedence. BESSIE BRAMBLE.

HUMAN BODIES CATCHING FIRE

The Theory of Spontaneous Combe Once Seriously Entertained,

Pearson's Weekly.] The theory of spontaneous combustion of the human body in former times was held by almost every expert. French scientists, in particular, supported it, and several of them published pamphlets in which numerous cases of alleged spontaneous combustion of the human body were described at length, but there are three very significant points to be noticed in connection with such reports. One is the invariable admission that there was a light or fire in the room where the catastrophe occurred; another, that the alleged instances always happened in fami-lies composed of ignorant persons; and another, that in no case was there any actual

witness of the occurrence.
Something like 75 per cent of the human body consists of water; this fact in itself is sufficient to discredit any of the alleged instances of spontaneous combustion. It is just conceivable that persons who drink an enormous amount of spirituous liquors may become so saturated, as it were, with this infiammable material that their bodies burn much more easily than would those of people who do not over-indulge in this way, but it is perfectly certain that the fire would have to be applied from without, for no such thing as spontaneous combustion could be possible in any article containing so great a preponderance of the liquid element as does the human body.

SIR EDWIN'S COMMISSION.

Mrs. Gladstone Once Engaged Him to Keep

Her Husband From Talking. Sir Edwin Arnold, in a late letter, tells he following story of a visit to Hawarden: "Dining recently in the company of the distinguished pair, Mrs. Gladstone said to me: 'I commission you, Sir Edwin, to-night to keep my husband from talking to

that. I cheerfully allowed my turke soup to grow cold and took little or no notice of a delicious mayonnaise while I humbly sought to lead the thoughts and talk of Mr. Gladstone into paths which I thought would be most alluring. In the moment of appar-ent success somebody dropped on the other side of the table the remark that the Phosside of the table the remark that the Phonicians were a Semite people. The webs I had woven 'round my eminent prisoner were broken like spider threads. He flew with quick intellectual swoop at the theorist, for he seems to hold the view that the Phonicians were of another stock, and all I could do was to turn to Mrs. Giadstone and penitently beat my breast, while she smiled a gentle forgiveness, and Mr. Gladstone, as is his splendid custom, prenait la parole and kept it, to the delight and profit of the whole table."

No Particular Advantage. Harper's Young People.)
"Freddy," asked his teacher, "what does

on accordance with Republican ideas, and INVASION OF JUDAH

By the Great Sennacherib and the Confusion That Resulted. TURNING POINT IN HISTORY.

ISAIAH'S PROPHECY AND THE RESULT

Assyria and Egypt.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The subject this morning is the Invasion of Sennacherib. The Causes of the Invasion, the March of the Invading Army and the Defeat of the Invaders are the three great features of the story.
We will begin with the causes of the in-

vasion. Why should the great power of Assyria make war upon the little province of Judea? Why should the mighty King

world, overtopping all others, far more than England and Russia do to-day, standing out like two stout giants amidst the pigmy nations; one was Assyria, the other was Egypt. Judea lay between them. The only road from one of these great kingdoms into the other lay along the highways of

The Original Sin of Nations. These two great nations had the feeling that was common enough between nations in that day, and, as recent events have reminded us, is not entirely ended yet—they desired to fight. One of the indications of original sin is this desire to fight. For original sin—is it not what the evolutionoriginal sin—is it not what the evolutionists call our "brute inheritance?" Is it not
so much of the savage animal as still survives in man? Men used to fight like
wolves. In the days of chivalry, in that
time which is so much more picturesque in
retrospect than it was comfortable or commendable in reality, the knights were wont
to sally forth with lance and shield, that
they might expectes themselves in this are they might exercise themselves in this art of fighting. Sometimes they were able to discover a

reason for a fight. More often, however, they went upon the good principle of the industrious wolf—they fought the first fightable individual they met. The fact that one knight was riding south while another knight was riding south while another knight was riding north was a sufficient reason for a bout at arms. Each courteous knight who passed a stranger on the way felt it his duty, if he were able, to pound the stranger over the head with a battle ax or prod him with a spear.

The Chivalric Form of Introduction. "Anon, they were ware of an armed knight that came riding against them, and there either saluted other. What knights be ye? said that knight. And therewith he gat his spear in his bands, and would have run Sir Tristram through. That saw Sir Palamides, and smote his horse traverse in midst of the side, that man and horse fell to the earth. And therewith Sir Palamides alight and pulled out his sword to have slain him." And what was the cause of ali this trouble? Why, these chivalrous gen-tlemen had never had the pleasure of an introduction each to the other. And in those times every man who was not your triend was held to be your enemy, and the sooner he could be spitted on your spear the bet-

ter.

We have got past that. When this medieval spirit shows itself to-day we hurry it away in a patrol wagon, and give it time for reflection in a lockup. But we have not been successful yet in suppressing public war. We have not yet come to the point where we can see clearly that standing armies are but survivals of savagery. We do not realize that the nations of Europe are like the mining camps of the border, where justice was done with the muzzle of each man's musket. Law has taken the place of violence between man taken the place of violence between man and man, but not yet between nation and

In the eighth century B. C. any such

idea as justice between nations was un-dreamed of. These two great nations, As-syria and Egypt, like the great wolves, like mediæval knights, like border ruffians with

mediæval knights, like border ruffians with bowie knives, wanted to get at each other. And Judah and Jerusalem, unfortunately, lay between them. That was one reason why the Assyrians invaded Judah. They were on the march for Egypt.

An invasion, however, means more than the march of an army. It signifies hostility. On their way to Egypt the Assyrians stopped purposely and of malice to do hurt to Judah. Why? Judah had sought alliance with Assyria. The armies of Nineveh had beaten off the beseigers of Jerusalem. The great nation and the small were friends. At least, that had been the case. But that

At least, that had been the case. But that had all been changed.

No sooner had the treaty with Assyria
been made then a good many people regreted it. The Assyrian taxes were enormous. Their assessments were out of all reason; and there was no chance of appeal. Opposed to the Assyrian party was an Opposed to the Assyrian party was an Egyptian party. Egypt was not nearly so eager for a fight as Assyria was. Egypt was weaker than Assyria. It was accordingly the policy of Egypt to win over to her side all the Palestinian provinces. These little principalities and powers would be so many obstacles along the path by which the Assyrians must come. They made wide bulwarks for prudent Egypt. The Egyptian party in Judah desired to overturn the Assyrians alliance and trust for help to Assyrian alliance and trust for help to

these neighbors in the south. Isaiah Again in Opposition. Against this Egyptian alliance, Isaiah set himself as strongiy as he had before opposed alliance with Assyria. At one time, when the Egyptian party was especially strong, Isaiah for three years walked about the streets in the dress of a captive slave. To this, he meant, would the nation come that

made joint cause with Egypt. made joint cause with Egypt.

That was a sermon three years long; and what an effective sermon! Isaiah knew very well, what Protestantism has for the most part forgotten, that men are made with eyes, and that we learn as much, and more, by the eye as by the ear. The dullest mind, the least attentive inhabitant of Jerusalem, understood that assumed.

understood that sermon.

We are all sermons. It is a familiar story how St. Francis said one day to a monk in the monastery, "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach." So they night to keep my husband from talking to the opposite side of the table. He has a great speech to make soon, and his voice is a little hoarse with a hardly departing cold. Engage him as much as you can in whispered conversation. "Never did a faithful person more earnestly devote himself to a duty than I to that. I cheerfully allowed my turtle soup to grow cold and took little or no notice of sermons.

sermons. Isalah's Sermon Was Disinterested

urged by Egypt, east off the yoke of Nine-veb. In spite of the protestations of Isaiah, an embassy was sent from Judah down to Egypt. Sennacherib, however, was strong enough for all his enemies. He routed the Babylonian rebels, and drove their King and leader into the hiding places of the desert and the marsh. And then he turned toward Egypt, and on his way he punished the rebellious provinces of Palestine. Thus it came about that the Palestine. Thus it came about that the great Sennacherib laid siege to the little The Savage Animal Cropping Out Between

ity of Jerusalem. A Book in the British Museum. The march of the invading army is described for us by two cotemporary writers in whose record we may have confidence. One is Isaiah, the other is Sennacherib himself. On pages of clay, after the bookmaking fashions of Nineveh, Sennacherib, at the bookmaking fashions of Nineveh, Sennacherib, at the hands of some scribes of his, set down the whole story of his invasion. The books which were once in the Imperial booss which were once in the Imperial library of Assyria are now in the British Museum. And the two sides of the story, the version of the beseiged and the version of the beseigers, lie before us.

The army marched across the wide plains that separate Assyria from the sea, and fell Assyria make war upon the little province of Judea? Why should the mighty King of Nineveh attack the King of Jerusalem? The United States and Chile afford us no adequate illustration of the difference and disproportion between the combatanta. The answer is to be found in the geographical location of the Hebrew province.

There were two great powers then in the world, overtopping all others, far more than England and Russia do to-day, stand-migrature.

It hat separate Assyria from the sea, and fell first upon the province of Phenicia, attacking Sidon. Thence they turned south against Philistia. The beleagured provinces sent for help to Egypt, and an Egyptian army tardily came, and was at once turned back again defeated. The victorious Assurable that separate Assyria from the sea, and fell first upon the province of Phenicia, attacking Sidon. Thence they turned south against Philistia. The beleagured provinces sent for help to Egypt, and an Egyptian army tardily came, and was at once turned back again defeated. The victorious Assurable the world, overtopping all others, far more than England and Russia do to-day, stand-

The armies of Assvria swept like a pes tilence, like a tornado, over the towns of Judah. Forty-six strong cities did Sennacharic take, and 200,000 people did he make captives. King Hezekiah he shut up, he says, like a bird in a cage. From Lachish he sent to Jerusalem a summons to surrender.

Sennacherib Made a Hard Bargain. Sennacherib Made a Hard Bargain.

I have seen a picture of Sennacherib, which ought to be a good one, for he sat for it himself. It is cut in stone, and represents him as he sat upon his throne at Lachisb, receiving the homage of these Jewish captives. King Hezekiah sent to Lachish to purchase safety. And Sennacherib made a hard bargain with him. Hezekiah had not only to empty all his treasure chests to the last farthing, but even to pull off the golden covering of the great doors of the Temple. doors of the Temple.

And yet, no sooner had the Assyrian

turned again toward Egypt, with the money of Jerusalem clinking in his purses, than for some reason he repented him of his forbearance. He got word that Egypt was stronger than he thought. He feared, per-haps, to leave this fortified city behind him. He had already possessed himself of the wealth of Jerusslem, now he would take Jerusalem also. He stopped, accordingly, and sent a demand for unconditional surrender. Over from Lachish came his officer, the Rabshakeh, and a large attachment of men came with him. The people of the city watched them from the walls. Out came the city officials to meet them. In a loud voice, so that all the terrified listeners on the walls might hear, and in the lan-guage of the Hebrews, so that all the hearers might understand, the ambassador of the Assyrian king recounted the long list of his

victories. Isaiah's Predicted Crisis Came. Where had there been found a nation that could stand before him? The frightened officials rent their garments. Hezekiah took Sennacherib's letter, and hastening with it into the holy Temple spread it out there in the help Temple spread it out there in prayer before the Lord, crying out: "See this, and help us!" But how could help be possible. Outside the walls was the evervictorious army of Assyria; and within all hearts failed for fear. The crisis which Isaiah had predicted had arrived.

In the presence of this crisis let us note its grave importance. It is not only the fate of that little city that depends upon its issue. We ourselves were very several to the country of the country of

issue. We ourselves are very seriously concerned in it. It is such a moment as came again at Thermopolæ. It is the dan-ger which Charles Martel faced when he met the vanguard of the Mohammedan sol-diers invading Central Europe. Shall the wild armies of the East overrun the West? Shall the lower civilization stamp out the higher? Shall the superstitions of Assyria triumph over the true religion of Judea? Our own civilization, our own religion, seem to wait upon the outcome of

A Turning Point of History. We make a great mistake if we think that this is but a bit of old dead history, which can be shut up between the pages of the Bible, and treated as a matter of n

concern to us. The chances are that if Sennacherib had destroyed Jerusalem that day, there would never have been any such city as Pittsburg here at the meeting of the rivers, nor any such government and nation as the United States of America. Our place is up on that old wall, looking over at the lines of scarlet shields, and praying for the help of God against the perils of the mor-

There was only one man who met this crisis with serenity. That was Isalah. From the beginning he had declared the sure defeat of the Assyrians. As their army grew nearer and fiercer, Isalah grew more full of joy and confidence. Everybody else was in despair, crying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Lesish alone kent a steaffast heart. Isalah Isaiah alone kept a steadfast heart. Isaiah not only prophesied defeat for Seunacherib, but he declared that that defeat would be sudden, strange, wrought by the hand of God. This foresight of Isaiah, this singular prediction in the face of all probability, is one of the remarkable facts of history. The army of Assyria, he said, should

destroyed in a night. And that happened. The day came upon which Sennacherib should make his great attack. His stout hand was uplifted for the mighty blow. But the blow came not. Without an effort on the part of Isainh without even the beginning of a battle, that great army of besiegers fell into wild confusion. The King commanded a retreat. Back they went to Nineveh. The fields behind them were covered with priceless booty which they had abandoned, and with dead bodies left unburied.

Was it as the Egyptian records say, that The Miraculous Deliverance

Was it as the Egyptian records say, that an army of field mice gnawed the bowstrings of the archers, and set the host into a panic? Or was it, as the Hethe host into a panic? Or was it, as the Hebrew story seems to hint, a sudden pestilence? We know not. Only this we know, that Sennacherib abandoned his campaign; that he went with all haste out of those coasts and betook him to his own city, and the soldiers of Assyria were seen in those parts no more forever. The invasion of Sennacherib broke against the walls of the Temple of the most high God as a way.

WHY PEOPLE SNORE.

Shirley Dare States the Causes With Sug gestions for the Cure. Among the queries from DISPATCH read ers to Shirley Dare is the following from Edith: "I am but 35, yet I snore in my sleep, and am anxious to prevent the

Isalah's Sermon Was Disinterested.

All the sermons of Isalah are not recorded in his book. Isalah in that slave dress is a sermon that we need to-day. Here is a man who is profoundly interested in the welfare of his country. He is not an official, not a politician, not a soldier, not a capitalist. No personal interests of his are at stake in the matter. He is simply a loyal citizen, who loves his country with his whole heart. We are in danger of a selfishness which Isalah meets with reproaches. We are inclined to interest ourselves in politics only so far as our own welfare is concerned. We think first of ourselves, then of our country. But Isalah the foreign relations of Judah were matters of the closest personal concern.

Nevertheless, the Egyptian party triumphed. Sargon of Assyria died, and Sennacherib came to the throne. At once in East and West there was a revolt. In the East, the King of Babylon rebelled. In the West, the Provinces of Palestine, Shirley Dare announces that snoring re

throne, stands the wonderous Mirror—Tabari-no-Kagami—reflecting the state of souls and all the happenings of the world. A landscape now shadows its surface—a landscape of cliffs and lakes and shipping, with figures of pedestrians and sailors. On the right, upon a tall-stemmed flat stand such as offerings to the gods are placed upon in the tample.

IN A SHADOW LAND work his gift." Then aloud-with deep | the next and the next, and we shall have nothing to do but collect the rewards as he goes along. It is a perfectly steady income as long as we live. Hawkins. And much better than other kinds of investments, be-Wonderful Pictures Shown in the Len-Shu Temple of Japan. "It looks-it really does look the way you say; it does indeed."
"Look?—why it is. It will not be de

"Hook.—why it is. It will not be de-nied that I have had a pretty wide and comprehensive financial experience; and I do not hesitate to say that I consider this one of the most valuable properties I have ever controlled."

"Do you really think so?"
"I do indeed." And Paradise Represented by Pretty Gardens and Tenhouses. "Oh, colonel, the wasting grind and grief of poverty! If we could realize im-mediately. I don't mean sell it all, but sell

PERDITION IN TERRIBLE FORMS

THE CONCEPTION OF CHILD-BEAUTY

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

NOTHER day in Japan, and now we stand at the verge of the already sentenced. One, in life time a liar, is having his tongue torn out by a demon armed with heated pincers. Other souls, flung by scores into fiery carts, are being dragged away by demons. The carts are of iron; but resemble exactly in form those hand warons which one sees every day being pulled and pushed through the streets by bare-limbed Japanese laborers, chanting always the same melaneholy alternating chorus—Haidahl—heil—haidahl—heil But these demon wagoners—naked, blood-colored, having the feet of lions and the heads of bulls, move with their flaming wagons at a run—like jinrikisha men. great grove. Beyond the trees, what caressing sun-what spiritual loveliness in the tender day ! A tropic sky always seemed to me to hang so low that one

could almost pathe one's finger in its lukewarm liquid blue by reaching upward from any dwelling roof. But this sky, softer, sweeter, fainter tinted-arches so vastly as to suggest the heaven of a larger planet. How ethereally sweet it is! The very clouds are not clouds, but only dreams of clouds-so filmily rare they are; ghosts of clouds-diaphanous, filmsiest specters, illusions!

"Oh, Akiral you must show me sor thing more," said I at last to my faithful

"I cannot show you much more," answer Akira, smiling at my interest, "but if you will come with me to Kubo-yama, I will show you in one of the temples there pictures of the Saino-Kawara and of Jizo, and the Judgment of Souls.' So we take our way in two jinrikishas to

the Temple Rin-ko-ji, on Kubo-yama. We roll quickly through a mile of many colored



Japanese streets, then through half a mile of pretty suburban ways, lined with gardens, behind whose perfectly elipped hedges are houses light and dainty as cages of wicker work, and then, leaving our vehicles, we ascend green hills on foot by tortuous paths

pointed downward.
"What makes you think so, Washington?"
"Well, I hardly know; but really you
can see yourself, that he doesn't seem to be
pining for his last place." The King of the Dead. e manners and carriage of a gentleman; "It's well thought. Soundly deduced. We've done that thing a favor. But I believe I will pump it a little in a quiet way and find out if we are right." readful to think of!"

"How long is it going to take to finish him off and fetch him down to date, "I wish I knew, but I don't. I am clear knocked out by this new detail—this un-foreseen necessity of working a subject down gradually from his condition of an-cestor to his ultimate result as posterity. "Rossmore!"

"Yes, dear. We're in the laboratory.
Come, Hawkins is here. Mind, now, Hawkins, he's a sound, living human being to all the family, don't forget that. Here she comes." "Keep your seats, I'm not coming in. I just wanted to ask who is it that's painting "That? Oh, that's a young artist; young Englishman named Tracy; very promising —favorite pupil of Hans Christian Andersen or one of the other old masters—Andersen sen, I'm pretty sure it is; he's going to half-sole some of our old Italian masterpieces. Been talking to him?"
"Well, only a word. I stumbled right in on him without expecting anybody was there. I tried to be polite to him; offered him a snack (Sellers delivered a large wink to Hawkins from behind his hand), but he

The temple is small, neat, luminous with the sun pouring into its widely opened shojis; and Akira must know the priests well, so affable their greeting is. I make a little offering, and Akira explains the purpose of our visit. Thereupon we are invited into a large bright apartment in a wing of the building overlooking a lovely garden. Little cushions are placed on the floor for us to sit upon and a smoking box is brought in, and a tiny lacquered table, about eight inches high. And while one of the priests opens a cupboard, or alcove with doors, to find the pictures which are Kakemonos or paintings on long scrolls, rolled up on wooden rollers, another brings us tea, and a plate of curious confectionery consisting of various pretty objects made of a Eating a Bare Chrysanthemum Lady Rossmore was smitten dum with amazement. She gazed at the sheepish relic of Cherokee Strip, then at her husband, and then at the guest again. Finally she said: ng so beautiful a theme.

> The Buddhist Idea of Death.
>
> And these are the legends of them: First
> Kakemono—In the upper part of the painting is a scene from the Shaba, the world of men; then mourners kneeling before tombs.
> All under the delicious soft blue light of
> Japanese day. Underneath is the world of
> ghosts. Down through the earth crust souls
> are descending. Here they are flitting, all
> white through inky darkness; here they
> are wading through weight light.

and traverse a region of fields and farms. After a long walk in the hot sun we reach a tiny village almost wholly composed of shrines and temples. The outlying sacred plan with its buildings in one inclosure of hamboo fences, belongs to the Shinzon Sect.

namboo fences, belongs to the Shinzon Sect. miniature landscape work, cascades, grotentrance first attracts us. It is a dead house; a Japanese bier is there. But almost opposite the doorway is an altar covered with startling images, the shapes of phantom powers ruling the world of ghosts.

But all this is not what we came to see. The pictures of heaven and hell await us in the Len-Shu Temple close by. On the way my guide tells me this: "When one dies the body is laved and shaved and attired in the body is laved and shaved and attired in the garments of pilgrims (Koromo), and a walle (sanebukero), like a Buddhist pilgrim's wallet, is hung about the neck of the dead, and in this wallet are placed three rin. And these coins are buried with the dead. For all who die, except children, pay three rin at the San-Zu-no-Kawa, 'The River of the Three Roads.' When souls reach that river they find there the Old Woman of the Three Reads, Sozu-Baba, waiting for them; she lives on the bank of that river with her husband, Ten-Datan-Ba; and if the Old Woman is not paid the sum of three rin she takes away the clothes of the dead and hangs them on the trees."

ing of various pretty objects made of a paste of sugar and rice flour. One is a per-fect model of a chrysanthemum blossom; fect model of a chrysanthemum blossom; another is a lotos; others are simply large, thin crimson lozenges bearing admirable designs—flying birds, wading storks, fish, even miniature landscapes. Akira picks out the chrysanthemem, and insists that I shall eat it; and I begin to demolish the sugary blossom, petal by petal, feeling all the while a sense of acute remorse for spoiling so beautiful a theme.

Meanwhile four Kakemonos have been brought forth, unrolled and suspended from pegs upon the wall; and we rise to examine them. They are very, very beautiful Kakemonos, miracles of drawing and of color, subdued color, the color of the best period of Japanese art; and they are very large, fully 5 feet long and more than 2 broadmounted upon silk.

"And lose his English accent?"
"And lose his English accent?"
"It will wholly disappear. He will speak Cherokee Strip and other forms of profamity."
"Colonel, maybe he'll confess."
"Confess? Merely that bank robbery?"
"Merely? Yes, but why 'merely?"
The Colonel said in his most impressive manner:
"Hawkins, he will be wholly under my command. I will make him confess every crime he ever committed. There muss be a thousand. Do you get the idea?"
"The rewards will come to us."
"The rewards will

THE BOSTON CIVILIZATION How a Little Girl Disgraced He Symphony Concert. Youth's Companion. 1

LAFCADIO HEARN.

SISAL GRASS OF YUCATAN.

Wonderful Fiber That Will Have an In

finite Variety of Uses.

The sisal grass of Yucatan is one of the most remarkable vegetable products known,

says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It grows

or 5 feet, and when dry the blade curls up

made eternal?

The Boston Symphony concerts have b some, in a way, sacred ceremonials, at which even those not born with a musical ear mus assist in becoming fashion. One Friday afternoon the little daughters of a certain family returned from the Music Hall "in a state of mind." One of them was evidently "What's the matter?" asked some one.
"Wasn't the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," said Ethel, suberbly, "I don't complain of the concert!"
"Then what did go wrong? Something. I'm sure." I'm sure."
"The amount of the matter is," said the young lady, looking haughtly at her drooping sister, "that Mildred has disgraced herself. She sneezed in the middle of the symphony!"

An Advantage of Age. farper's Young People.]
"I'd like to be grown up," sighed Bobby,
"for then I'd be helped first to pie, and get Earper's Young People.]

In accordance with Republican ideas, and perhaps common sense.

The ladies will give Mr. Pruden most trouble, he may be sure. They can be as obstinate as were the Cabinet dames in Jackson's day, who refused to recognize Mrs. Eaton in any way, although Jackson and Van Buren moved heaven and earth almost to make them call upon her and treat her with politeness. This social rumpus broke up the Cabinet, destroyed Calhoun's hopes for the Presidency, and, as Parton says, "changed the course of events in the United States for half a century."

But while these tempests in society are Bessie Bramble on the Formalities SECRETARY PRUDEN'S AUTHORITY. Men Are as Pad as Women in the Squab-

United States for half a century."

But while these tempests in society are usually set down to the women, and they are thought to be most concerned about the order of rank, and to do the most of the gossiping as to blunders, it is notable that they only match the men. At one of the New Year's receptions at the White House a few years ago the official programme read as follows: "The President will receive at 11 A. M. the members of the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps; at 11:15 the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Judges of the Court of Claims; at 11:30 the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and the and Representatives in Congress, and the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Dis-trict of Columbia. These to be followed:by the commissioners and officers of the Dis-trict"—and so on.

Mrs. Elkins. This momentous matter gave a subject for gossip to the town, and much Grundyism was indulged in by the sticklers for forms. Outsiders may look upon this as a small natter. They will be likely to think that Mrs. Elkins could eat just as good a dinner. in one seat as another. They will jeer at the idea of court etiquette in a democracy. They will, want to know what this country is coming to anyway. But they will speedily be told that law But and order of precedence must be maintained, and that it is quite a serious thing to make a mistake in official etiquette. But the many millions of people outside of Washington will be more disposed to laugh over the wranglings and janglings as to place and rank by their representatives than to regard them with the gravity that

virtue of her rank, have been assigned to

pertains to such matters in official life. Down to an Exact Science, The friends of Mrs. Elkins claim that her seat should have been above Mrs. Miller's in order of rank at the Cabinet dinner. But Mr. Pruden, the assistant private secretary of the President,

who is said to have given many years of severe mental labor to a study of this great question, and who claims to have reduced the matter of seating guests at the State en-tertainments at the White House to an exact science, is highly indignant over the idea that any mistake was made at the Cabinet dinner. The system evolved by the brains of Mr. Pruden has, he asserts, "been prains of Mr. Pruden has, he asserts, "been submitted for criticism to some of the fines jurists and formalists of the country." E ho, he says, was noted for his fine sense o the proprieties—in support of his scientific code for the adjustment of the order of pre-The people of the country will likely be

interested in knowing how Cabinet officers rank according to the code of etiquette as promulgated by the learned men who have given this subject so much wear and tear of brains. Here it is: First, the President; then, in order of precedence, the Vice President, Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretaries of the Navy, In-terior and Agriculture. Secretary Rusk's place, therefore, is down foot.

Taking Care of the Ladies. According to the rules, the President must have a lady of high degree on each side of him, Mrs. Harrison on his right and Mrs. Blaine on his left. Mrs. Harrison, as follows, must be conducted to dinner by the Vice President, who finds his card at her right hand, while Mr. Blaine finds his place at her left. If by reason of "the grip" or owing to the necessity of taking a rest from official duty at Fortress Monroe or "down South" any of the Cab-inet officers or their wives should be absent, the whole diagram is upset, and a new one must be substituted with due regard to rank. These changes are what bothers the brains and vexes the soul of the official who has the administration of the code of

etiquette in his charge.

The main difficulty in arranging the as Mr. Pruden tells us, the table has two sides. If there were only one, the President would head the line and the high officials would go down in regular order, with "Uncle Jerry" as the last in the Cabinet row, and the distinguished guests below our boss farmer. But as it is, it re-

roof beyond roof to glorious altitude in faint blue haze, in summer vapor, creations all aerial, gracious, light as dreams. The Idea of Paradise. Why this is Paradise! The Gokuraku! and all these quiet guests are souls!
Well, what after all is the heaven of any faith but ideal reiteration and prolongation of happy experiences remembered, the dream of dead days resurrected for us, and made eternal?

And if you think this Japanese ideal too simple, too naive—if you say there are experiences of the material lite more worthy of portrayal in a picture of heaven, than any memory of days passed in Japanese gardens and teahouses—it is perhaps because you do not know Japan, the soft, sweet loveliness of its sky, the tender color of its waters, the gentle splendor of its sunny days, the exquisite charm and comfort of its interiors, where the least object appeals to the sense of beauty with the air of something not made, but caressed into existence.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Mrs. Justice-of-the-Peace Blank. Not long ago it will be remembered that official society in Washington—and even in the country at large—was all torn up over the question of who was "first lady in the land," and who was first in order of precedence—the wife of a Judge of the Su-preme Court, or the helpmate of the Speaker of the House. How it was decided, we fail to remember, but certainly there was a bill or order of succession passed that in long blades, sometimes to the length of 4 from side to side, making a cord which is took the Speaker of the House out of the

stronger than any cotton string of equal royal order of descent. Would Like to Be a McAllister.

Looking back, it will be remembered that the laws of etiquette as lived up to at the White House and observed in Washington society did not suit Mrs. Blaine and Gail Hamilton. They thought they should be revised and improved after their pattern. The talk of the gossips at the time was that they were so sure that Mr. Blaine would be nominated and elected in 1876, that they had proceeded to formulate a new code of manners in society that should go into effect when they took up their residence in the Presidental mansion. But when the "Plumed Knight" came home with drooping, draggled feathers, and no nomination, the proposed new code was abandoned and buried in oblivion. No more was heard of the reforms to be instituted at court. the reforms to be instituted at court.

If Blaine Had Been Elected. If Blaine Had Been Elected.

The defeat of Blaine was no more of a disappointment to the Blaine men than to the Blaine women. What the Republican party and the people lost by the failure of their delegates to nominate him at Cincinnati can never be estimated. What changes would have been made in the order of nobility and the goings on in society by the combined genius and brains of Mrs. Blaine and Gail Hamilton will perhaps never be known, but it is likely they would have been based less on the customs of European courts and aristocratic precedents, and more

leap-year mean?"
"One extra day of sehool,"

appears to sneer. Other children also are weeping nearby. But, lo! Jizo comes, all light and sweetness, with a glory moving behind him, like a great full moon, and he holds out his shakinjo, his strong and holy staff, and the little ghosts catch it and cling to it, and are drawn into the circle of his loving protection. And other infants have caught his great sleeves, and one has been lifted to the angel bosom of the God. Below this Saino-Kawara scene appears yet another shadow world—a wilderness of bamboos! Only white-robed shapes of women appear in it. They are weeping; the fingers appear in it. They are weeping: the fingers of all are bleeding. With finger nails plucked out must they continue through centuries to pick the sharp-edged bamboo Painting of a Miraculous Lotos. Fourth Kakemono: Floating in glory, Dai-Nichi-Nyori — Kwanoon - Sama-Amida Buddha. Far below them, as hell from beaven, surges a lake of blood, in which souls float. The shores of the lake are preci-pices studded with sword blades thickly set as teeth in the jaws of a shark—and demons are driving other naked ghosts up the ap-palling slopes—but out of the crimson lake, something crystalline rises like a beautiful, something crystalline rises like a beautiful, clear waterspout; the stem of a flower—a miraculous lotos, bearing up a soul to the feet of a priest, standing above the verge of the abvss. By virtue of his saintly prayer was shaped the lotos which thus lifted up and saved a suffering soul.

The priest has found in some mysterious cupboard one more Kakemono, a very large one, which he unrolls and suspends besides the others. A vision of beauty, indeed, but

toes, lily ponds, curved bridges and trees snowy with blossom, and dainty pavilions out-jutting over the placid azure water. Here children are playing, peacocks are strutting. And the walks of the garden lend to beautiful buildings like teahouses, with white shojis all open to the summer day, and matted floors whereon guests are reposing. And further and vaster, a marvelous magnificence of lofty edifices, rising roof heyond roof to clorious altitude in fair.

quires deep study and ample knowledge of court etiquette to get matters arranged in the heavenly harmony that disarms criticism. The President sits in the middle of one side of the table, and his wife opposite, while the guests grade down on either hand. Trouble Comes Prom the Fair. It is said that the women make most of the trouble as to rank and precedence. They cannot be made to realize the stern and solemn fact that though Scripture and the

solemn fact that though Scripture and the civil law have ingrained the statement into their souls that husband and wife are one, the code of etiquette, as held in the White House, is that "the wives of dabinet officers' have personally no official rank whatever." Mrs. Secretary Blank, or Mrs. Senator Jones, or Mrs. Speaker-of-the House Smith are pronounced upon the high authority of Mr. Pruden to be the most preposterous expressions to be found in print. It is by virtue of their husband's rank that cabinet ladies are admitted to state dinners and high official functions.

To have their claims to title thus disputed as vulgar and pretentious will be sad news to those women who love to be called Mrs. Secretary this, or Mrs. Senator that, or Mrs. Justice-of-the-Peace Blank. Not

size that has ever been manufactured. It is in great demand among florists and among manufacturers of various kinds of grass Mrs. Elkins and Mrs. Miller were seated manufacturers of various kinds of grass goods, but as soon as its valuable properties become known it will have a thousand uses which are now undreamed of. Ropes, cords, lines of any description and any size may be manufactured of it, and a ship's cable of sisal grass is one of the possibilities of the future. It is almost impervious to the action of salt water, and is not readily decayed or disintegrated by moisture and heat, and will, in time, prove one of the most valuable productions of Central America. wrongly according to some of the critics, but Mr. Pruden maintains they were rightly placed under the code of the White House. He thinks things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the newspapers in other cities presume to criticise and arrange those who "live and move and have their being in the very odor of court etiquette, and to whom its forms are the familiar events of daily life." He evidently wants to have his code adopted as a supreme law, and like unto those of the Medes and Persians.

Looking back, it will be remembered that