such a thing. You couldn't expect a person would fall in love with a waxwork; and this

one doesn't even amount to that."

He went on grieving to himself, and now "It's done, oh, it's done, and there's no help for it, no undoing the miserable busi-ness. If I had the nerve, I would kill it. But that wouldn't do any good. She loves it; she thinks it's genuine and authentic. If she lost it she would grieve for it just as she would for a real person. And who's to break it to the family! Not I—I'll die first. Sellers is the best human being I ever knew and I wouldn't any more think of—oh, dear, why it'll break his heart when he finds it cut. And Polly's, too. This comes of med-dling with such infernal matters! But for this, the creature would still be roasting in sheel where it belongs. How is it that these people don't smell the brimstone? Someimes I can't come into the same room with

him without nearly suffocating."

After awhile he broke out again: "Well, there's one thing sure. The ma-terializing has got to stop right where it is. If she's got to marry a specier, let her marry a decent one out of the middle ages, like this one—not a cowboy and a thief such as this protoplasmic tadpole's going to turn into if Sellers keeps on tussing at it. It costs \$5,000 cash and shuts down on the incorporated company to stop the works at this point, but Sally Sellers' happiness is worth more than that."

He heard Sellers coming and got himself to rights. Sellers took a seat and said: "Well, I've got to confess I'm a good deal puzzled. It did certainly eat, there's no getting around it. Not exactly eat either, but it nibbled—nibbled in an appetiteless way, but still it nibbled, and that's just a marvel. Now the question is, What does it do with those nibblings? That's it—what does it do with them? My idea is that made it here is to know all there is to that we don't begin to know all there is to this stupendous discovery yet. But time Tracy tried to be

To express her happiness was almost be-youd her gift of speech. Yes, he could have his girl and have his yound her gift of speech. To express her happiness was atmost peyond her gift of speech.

"You make me the proudest girl in all the earth," she said, with her head pillowed on his shoulder. "I thought it only natural that you should be dazzled by the title—maybe even unconsciously, you being English—and that you might be deceiving yourself in thinking you only loved me, and find you didn't love me when the deception was swent away; so it makes me proud and find you didn't love in makes me proud tion was swept away; so it makes me proud that the revelation stands for nothing, and that the revelation stands for nothing, and that you do love just me, only me—oh, prouder than any words can tell!"
"It is only you, sweetheart, I never gave one envying glance towards your father's earldom. That is utterly true, dear Gwendelen."

"There-you mustn't call me that, I hate "There—you mustn't call me that. I hate that false name. I told you it wasn't mine. My name is Sally Sellers—or Sarah, if you like. From this time I banish dreams, visions, imaginings, and will no more of them. I am going to be myself—my genuine self, my honest self, my natural self, clear and clean of sham and folly and fraud, and worthy of you. There is no grain of social inequality between us: I, like you, am poor; I, like you, am without position or distinction; you are a struggling artist; I am that, too, in my humbler way. Our bread is honest bread; we work for our living. Hand in hand we will walk hence to the grave, helping each we work for our living. Hand in hand we will walk hence to the grave, helping each other in all ways, living for each other, being and remaining one in heart and purpose, one in hope and aspiration, inseparable to the end. And though our place is low, judged by the world's eye, we will make it as high as the highest in the great essentials of honest work for what we eat and wear, and conduct above reproach. We end wear, and conduct above reproach. We live in a land, let us be thankful, where this is all-sufficient, and no man is better than his neighbor, by the grace of God, but only



THE SHADY FIEND HAD KNIFED HER.

But he couldn't get Hawkins interested; couldn't make him talk to amount to any-thing; couldn't drag him out of his depression, but at last he took a turn that arrested Hawkins' attention.

I'm coming to like him, Hawkins. He is a person of stupendous character-abso-lutely gigantic. Under that placid exterior is concealed the most dare-devil spirit that was ever put in a man—he's just a Clive over again. Yes, I'm all admiration for him, on account of his character, and liking naturally follows admiration, you know. I'm coming to like him immensely. Do you know I haven't the heart to degrade such a character as that down to the burglar estate for money or for anything else, and I've come to ask you if you are willing to let the reward go, and leave this poor fel-

"Where is he?" "Yes-not bring him down to date." "Oh, there's my hand; and my heart's in

'I'll never forget you for this, Hawkins, said the old gentleman, in a voice which he found it hard to control. "You are making a great sacrifice for me, and one which you ean ill afford, but I'll never forget your generosity, and if I live, you shall not suffer for it, be sure of that."

Sally Sellers immediately and vividly re-

alized that she was become a new being; a being of a far higher and worthier sort than she had been such a little while before; an earnest being, in place of a dreamer; and supplied with a reason for her presence in the world, where merely a wistful and troubled curiosity about it had existed before. So great and so comprehensive was the change which had been wrought, that she seemed to herself to be a real person who had lately been a shadow; a something which had lately been a nothing; a pur pose, which had lately been a fancy; a fin-ished temple, with the altar-fires lit and the voice of worship ascending, where before had been put au architect's confusion or arid working plans, unintelligible to the passing eye and prophesying nothing.
"Lady" Gwendolen! The pleasantness of

that sound was all gone; it was an offense to her ear now. She said—
"There—that sham belongs to the past; I will not be called by it any more."
"I may call you simply Gwendolen? You

will allow me to drop the formalities straightway and name you by your dear first name without additions?" She was dethroning the pink and replacing it with a rosebud There-that is better. I hate pink-some

pinks. Indeed yes, you are to call me by my first name without additions—that is well. I don't mean without additions en-It was as far as she could get. There

was a pause; his intellect was struggling to comprehend; presently be did man-age to catch the idea in time to save embarrassment all around, and he said grace

Dear Gwendolen! I may say that?" "Yes—part of it. But—don't kiss me when I am talking, it makes me forget what I was going to say. You can call me by part of that form, but not the last part. Gwen-

dolen is not my name."
"Not your name?" This in a tone of wonder and surprise. The girl's soul was suddenly invaded by a

creepy apprehension, a quite definite sense of suspicion and alarm. She put his arms away from her, looked him searchingly in the eye, and said: "Answer me truly, on your honor. You

are not seeking to marry me on account of The shot almost knocked him through the

wall, he was so little prepared for it. There was something so finely grotesque about the question and its parent suspicion, that he stopped to wonder and admire, and thus was he saved from laughing. Then, without wasting precious time, he set about the task of convincing her that he had been lured by herself alone, and had fallen in love with her only, not her title and position; that he loved her with all his heart, and could not love her more if she were a duchess, or less it she were without home, name or family. She watched his face wistfully, eagerly, hopefully, trans-lating his words by its expression; and when he had finished there was gladness in her heart—a tumultuous gladness, indeed though outwardly she was calm, tranquil even judicially austere. She prepared a surprise for him now, calculated to put a heavy strain upon those disinterested pro-testations of his, and thus she delivered it, burning it away word by word as the fuse burns down to a bombshell, and watching to see how far the explosion would lift him.
"Listen, and do not doubt me, for I shall speak the exact truth. Howard Tracy, I am no more an earl's child than you are!" To her joy, and secret surprise, also, it never phased him. He was ready this time

and saw his chance. He cried out with en-"Thank heaven for that!" and gathered

Tracy tried to break in, but she stopped this stupendous discovery yet. But time this stupendous discovery yet. Give us a him and kept the floor herself.

"I am not through yet. I am going to

> purge myself of the last vestiges of artific inlity and pretense, and then start fair on your own honest level and be worthy mate to you thenceforth. My father honestly thinks he is an earl. Well, leave him his dream; it pleases him and does no one any harm. It was the dream of his ancestors before him. It has made fools of the house of Sellers for generations, and it has made something of a fool of me, but took no deep root. I am done with it now and for good. Forty-eight hours ago I was privately proud of being the daughter of a pinchbeck earl, and thought the proper mate for me must be a man of like degree; but to-day-oh, how rateful I am for your love which has healed my sick brain and restored my sanity-I

> "Oh-well, but-but-" "Why, you look like a person in a panic.
> What is it? What is the matter?"
> "Matter? Oh, nothing—nothing. I was only going to say—" but in his flurry noth-ing occurred to him to say for a momenta-then by a lucky inspiration he thought of something entirely sufficient for the occasion, and brought it out with eloquent force:
> "Oh, how beautiful you are! You take my breath away when you look like that." It was well conceived, well timed, and

could make outh that no earl's son in all the

cordially delivered, and it got its reward. "Let me see. Where was I? Yes, my father's earldom is pure moonshine. Look at those dreadful things on the wall-you have, of course, supposed them to be por-traits of his ancestors, Earls of Rossmore. distinguished Americans-all moderns: but he has carried them back a thousand years by relabeling them. Andrew Jackson there is doing what he can to be the late American earl; and the newest treasure in the collection is supposed to be the young English heir-I mean the idiot with the not Lord Berkeley at all.'

"Why, of course I am, He wouldn't look like that. "Why?"

"Because his conduct in his last moments, when the fire was sweeping around him, shows that he was a man. It shows that he was a fine, high-souled young creature."

Tracy was strongly moved by these compliments, and it seemed to him that the girl's lovely lips took on a new loveliness when they were delivering them. He said,

softly:
"It is a pity he could not know what a gracious impression his behavior was going to leave with the dearest and sweetest stranger in the land of—" "Oh, I atmost loved him! Why, I think of him every day. He is always floating about in my mind."

Tracy felt that this was a little more than was necessary. He was conscious of the sting of jealousy. He said:
"It is quite right to think of him—at

least, now and then—that is, at intervals—in perhaps an admiring way—but it seems "Howard Tracy, are you jealous of that

dead man? He was ashamed-and at the same time not ashamed. He was jealous—and at the same time he was not jealous. In a sense the dead man was himself; in that case compliments and affection lavished upon that corpse went into his own till, and were clear profit. But in another sense the dead clear profit. But in another sense the dead man was not himself; and in that case all compliments and affection lavished there were wasted, and a sufficient basis for jeal-ousy. A tiff was the result of the dispute between the two. They made it up, and were more loving than ever. As an affec-tionate clincher of the reconciliation, Sally declared that she had now banished Lord Berkeley from her mind; and added. "And Berkeley from her mind: and added: "And. in order to make sure that he shall never make trouble between us again, I will teach myself to detest that name and all that

have borne it, or ever shall bear it."

This inflicted another pung, and Tracy was minded to ask her to modify that a little—just on general principles, and as practice in not overdoing a good thing—but thought perhaps he might better leave-things as they were and not risk bringing on another tif. He got away from that particular, and sought less tender ground for conversation. for conversation.

"I suppose you disapprove wholly of aris-tocracies and nobilities, now that you have renounced your title and your father's earl-

"Real ones? Oh, dear, no, but I've thrown aside our sham one for good."

This answer fell just at the right time and just in the right place to save the poor, unstable young man from changing his political complexion once more. He had been on the point of beginning to totter again, but this prop shored him up and kept him from floundering back into democracy and renouncing aristocracy. So he went home glad that he had asked the fortunate question. The girl would accept a little thing like a genuine earldom; she was merely prejudiced against the brummagem article.

"Real ones? Oh, dear, no, but I've thrown aside our sham one for good."

A valuable pamphlet of *32 pages, setting forth in detail the treatment of catarrh, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis and consumption, in every phase of the disease, will be sent free to any address by the Penbus, O. This book should be in every household, as it contains a great deal of reliable information as to the cure and prevention of all catarrhal and kindred diseases. "Real ones? Oh, dear, no, but I've thrown

stroke.

Sally went to bed happy, too; and remained happy, deliriously happy, for nearly two hours; but at last, just as she was sinking into a contented and luxurious unconsciousness, the shady devil who lives and lurks and hides and watches inside of human beings, and is always waiting for a chance to do the proprietor a malicious damage, whispered to her soul and said: "That question had a harmless look, but what was back of it?—what was the secret motive of it?—what suggested it?" stroke. Two Victorias Who Have a Chance to notive of it?—what suggested it?"

The shady devil had knifed her, and could retire now and take a rest; the wound would attend to business for him. And it

Why should Howard Tracy ask that question? If he was not marrying, her for the sake of her rank, what should suggest that question to him? Didn't he plainly look gratified when she said her objections to aristocracy had their limitations? Ah, he is after that earldom, that gilded sham— it isn't near me he wants.

he is after that earldom, that gilded sham—
it isn't poor me he wants.

So she argued, in auguish and tears.
Then she argued the opposite theory, but
made a weak, poor business of it, and lost
the case. She kept the arguing up, one
side and then the other, the rest of the
night, and at last fell saleep in the dawn;
fell in the fire at dawn, one might say, for
that kind of sleep resembles fire, and one
comes out of it with his brain baked and
his physical forces fried out of him.

[To be Continued Next Standay.] [To be Continued Next Bunday.]

THE HONORS OF MACKENZIE.

Tokens Showing How Royalty Apprecia the Great Doctor's Services.

Pall Mall Budget.] Sir Morell Mackenizie kept a framed letter on the wall of his office. It is in English thus:

CHARLOTTENBURG, April 10, 1888,
My Dear Sir Morell.—You were called to
me by the upanimous wish of my German
medical attendants. Not knowing you myself, I had confidence in you in consequence onfidence in you in consequence mmendation. But I soon learne self, I had confidence in you'in consequence of their recommendation. But I soon learned to appreciate you from personal experience. You have rendered me most valuable services, in recognition of which, and in remembrance of my accession to the throne, I have the pleasure to confer on you the ross and Star of my Royal Order of Hohenzoltern. You'rs truly, FREDERICK.

In May, 1887, Dr. Mackenzie was sum moned to Berlin to attend the Crown Prince. On the 28th of the following August, Queen Victoria wrote from Balmoral Castle to her royal son-in-law:

roval son-in-law: DEAF FRITZ—I shall have much pleasure in conferring a knighthood on the physician who has rendered you and us such great services; for Dr. Morell Mackenzie has indeed treated you with the greatest skill. The letter, from which the foregoing

but an extract, was given to Sir Morell by the Emperor. It is written in German, and signed: "Always your affectionate mother, The breastpin which Sir Morell Mac kenzie often wore belonged to the same cat-egory and had a curious history. It is in diamonds, forming the figure 50, surmounted with a crown set in pearls. It is one of the few identical in value and design that the Queen had made in celebration of her jubilee year. She presented one to each of her children, their husbands and wives. The late Emperor received one, and when he

like him to keep and wear it, since it had been particularly precious to her husband. THE DOSE OF QUININE

died the Empress sent it to Sir Morell Mackenzie with a note saying she would

It Depends on the Disease and the Habit of the Patient.

St Louis Globe-Democrat, 1 The quantity of quinine which some peo ple can take without trouble is so great as to be almost wonderful. There are many people who think 4 grains is a dose, and very few people ever take more than from 10 to 15 grains at one time. Even then the latter dose is apt to cause unpleasant sensations, such as a buzzing sound in the ears and a sort of dull, heavy feeling next

Yet cases have been known where the Yet cases have been known where the patient had as much as 100 grains of qumine in him and did not suffer from the effects. his second wife the secret of his first failure in matrimony. He said that during the in matrimony. only in extreme cases, where the fever is very high and heroic measures are necessary. You know that a person suffering with great physical pain can safely take doses of morphine which would kill a well man, and people with a high fever can take doses of quinine without bad results which would drive a healthy person half crazy.

Qualls as Fighting Cocks.

The Chinese of San Francisco use quails as fighting cocks, and one who has never seen the ferocity with which these birds fight, would be surprised at their energy. They will fight to the death, pecking, scratching, striking one another with their wings and their feet, and in every way apparently doing what they can to injure each other. The Chinese are very fond of the port and will frequently enough beauty sport, and will frequently spend hours over the pit where quails are fighting, many a dollars meantime changing hands on the

CATARRHAL DYSPEPSIA! AS DESCRIBED IN A POPULAR LECT

URE By Dr. S. B. Hartman at the Surgical Hote

REPORTED FOR THE PRESS.

Catarrhal dyspepsia is a disease which, in some degree, affects thousands of people and is the result of chronic catarrhal in flammation of the stomach or the duodenum The catarrhal state may have been brough about by irritating foods or poisons, intemperate use of alcoholic drinks, or catarrh of the throat extending into the stomach. I either case the result is the same, namely chronic catarrh of the lining membrane of the stomach. This state leads to diminished

the stomach. This state leads to diminished quantity of the digestive fluids, or else to a vitiated quality of them.

The symptoms of this particular variety of catarrh are more painful and damaging to health than catarrh of any other organ. Food taken into the stomach at once produces pain or heavy feeling. As soon as the stomach is empty there is gnawing pain accompanied by belching of gas. The tongue and throat look red and angry, with sometimes patches of white coating. The peculiar character of catarrhal dyspepsis, as distinguished from the other varieties, is pain, but if it is complicated, as is frequently pain, but if it is complicated, as is frequently the case, with the other kinds of dyspepsia, the symptoms will vary. No kind of food agrees with the stomach, but some kinds cause less uneasiness than others. The bowels may be loose, constipated or irregu-lar. The introduction of food into the

stomach often causes an immediate passage of the bowels.

For this condition I find Pe-ru-na to be For this condition I find Pe-ru-na to be an admirable remedy. In all cases it brings prompt relief to the painful symptoms, and in a large per cent of the cases it makes a permanent cure. Pe-ru-na soothes the inflamed mucous surface, and thus strikes at the root of the disease. In cases where the inflammation has been so severe and continued as to produce extreme irritability of the stomach, the remedy may be taken in small doses at first, diluted in water; but, as soon as the improvement is sufficient to soon as the improvement is sufficient to permit the full dose to be taken undiluted, it is a better way, and the cure is much more rapid. In catarrh of the head, throat and lungs, Pe-ru-na excels all other remedies. There is no other medicine that so perfectly restores the victim of la grippe either in its acute stage or in its after ef

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Sketch of General Sam Houston Apropos of the Monument Talk. SUPPRESSING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Eucceed Victoria Regina. WARLIKE PREPARATION OF FRANCE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

For the honor of the nation, as much as or that of Texas, the monument to General Samuel Houston, which is being talked of, should be erected in Washington. There it will keep green the memory of a patriot who has far more than local claims to fame. How many Americans are there who could accurately describe the

Sam Houston. events upon which Sam Houston's fame must rest? For the millions who could tell you something about the town of Houston, Tex., there are only hundreds who know more than the name of the hero after whom the town is called.

Eight or nine years ago the State of Texas erected on the spot where the battle of San Jacinto was fought and Texas made free, a monument which is chiefly in memory of General Houston. There is no more romantic figure than General Houston in American history, whether you take him as the pioneer living with the Cherokees in the woods of Tennessee, as the soldier earning the praise of General Jackson for his reckless bravery in battle with the Creeks, as the Governor of Tennessee, who laid down all his honor and fled from the sight of man because he found his wife had only married him through filial duty and he felt he must release her, as the man who went to Texas when she cried for freedom, cut from her the Mexican bonds and established the Republic of Texas, or as the man who brought the Republic into the United States, and who, when the crucial moment came, preferred the Union to his State, and cried as the roar of the cannon announced the secession of Texas, "My heart is broken!" Pioneer, lawyer, soldier, statesman and patriot, he is a good example of the Amer-icans who built the first story of this great country. It is rather hard to realize that it is little more than 50 years since Houston played such a great part in bringing into the Union a slice of territory equal at the time to one-third of the United States. If a monument in Washington—a statue of Houston-should only keep us from for-getting how our magnificent heritage was on, it were well to erect it.

The Story of Sam Houston's Sacrifice. The separation of General Houston and his wife, to which allusion is made above, created a tremendous sensation at the time. General Houston was Governor of Tennessee when he married Miss Eliza H. Allen, a lady of distinguished lineage in that State. This was in January, 1829, and in the following April just as he was entering upon a campaign for a second term as Governor, he auddenly left home in disguise and disapneared from his triends for months. Why ne relinquished his office and his home to make his abode with a Cherokee chieftain. whose friendship he had won in his youth, General Houston never explained to the world. All sorts of odd and disgraceful reasons for the act were assigned at the time, but Mra. Houston contented herself with a divorce upon the ground of deser-

honeymoon he noticed that his bride ap-peared to be in low spirits, and after much pressing confessed that she had married the General to please her father, while another man had her heart. To a man of Houston's mold to hold her to her promise was im-possible, and with singular nobility he gave his wife her freedom and took upon himself the odium. She afterward married the man

Farce of Suppressing the Slave Trade, event by three years.

The granting of an imperial subsidy to he British East Africa Company last week by Parliament, is another act in one of the most hypocritical dramas ever played by the English Government. For many years t has been conducting a sort of imaginary war against the African slave trade. Beginning with Sir Samuel W. Baker, and really before his time a great noise has been made about this crusade against slavery. Repeatedly, and by different methods, the suppression of the horrible traffic has been promised. Nobody has beaten this same British East Africa Company at promising. They promised to do wonders as soon as they had enough money. The bait was strong and the philanthropic Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Lord Kinnaird and many ather was strong and the philanthropic Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Lord Kinnaird and many ather these streets. others were caught, the first for \$50,-000 and the second for \$25,000. But, after the money was subscribed, the slaves dropped out of sight and the commercial objects of the company became paramount. Not a single, isolated effort was made in behalf of the poor slaves. Instead, excuses and promises have been as numerous as bacteria in milk, and in the meantime the

In a recent private letter to a friend Emin
Pasha, the Governor of Equatorial Africa,
states that the traffic is as bad as ever it was.
During his march to the Albert Nyanza last year he experienced all its horrors. Following the track of a well-known driver named Ben Chalia for six days he counted in that time no less than 51 fresh corpses, worn to skeletons, 39 with their skulls beaten in, and he was told that a short time previous one party of 1,200 slaves of both sexes, chained together in squads, was dragged to Mengo. It is at this juncture the East African Company makes demands of the Government, under a threat to withdraw from the savage country in which they have accomplished nothing in the direction

Explorer Baker said many years ago that nothing would or could be done until the civilized nations banded together for a common purpose. There is not much indication of this, consequently the slave trade is likely to continue for at least some time to

In this connection it may be apropos to recall the fact that Captain Timothy Meaher, a noted steamboat man, who died on the 3d of the present month, was the importer of the last cargo of slaves brought to the United States. That was in 1861 and the 30 negroes in the party settled in the neighbor-hood of Mobile, Ala., where they are said to still preserve their native language and customs to a remarkable degree, even to being ruled by a queen of their own choos-

French Fortification of Northern Africa. It is rather odd that France should fortify Bizerta, the most northerly town of Africa, and that so energetically, employing, it is stated, no less than 3,000 men. No other reason can be assigned for this action other than that France contemplates having important use for this place later on. Bizerta portant use for this place later on. Bizerta is really a natural fortress, Agathoeles, the Sicilian tyrant of a couple of thousand years ago, erecting defenses there as early as 307 B. C. With this place as headquarters, he repeatedly defeated the Carthaginians and Macedonians, besides ravaging the seasonst of Italy. The town is surrounded by massive walls and defended now by two castles. It is only vulnerable from the land side, the heights a short distance away commanding it. I understand that these heights are now being fortified with such precautions it would take quite a large force to reduce the

town.

It offers one great advantage, if the French choose to take it. It is situated upon a deep gulf of the Mediterranean and at the mouth of a lagoon, connected with the gulf by a narrow channel. Its port was formerly one of the best on the Mediterranean, but has gradually filled up until now only small vessels can enter. Should the French take the trouble to clear it, they would be able to shelter an entire fleet from direct attack. They might not be able to use it as a rallying point as Agathocles did, but it would certainly give them an excellent vantage point on the Mediterranean cellent vantage point on the Mediterranean that could be used with telling effect in case

The Chances of Two Victorias.

Everyone surely likes to manage his own love affairs, but, according to the ideas of the European royal families, the principals appear to have nothing to do with the case. For instance, there is Prince George, the heir presumptive to the English throne, a very nice young man of undoubted intelligence and one who could be depended upon to do nothing Victoria of rash, particularly in

affairs of the heart. Schleswig-Holstein. Whatever George's personal preference may have been in the past, he is not likely to have any future trouble in the matter of selection, from this on. A very careful and solicitous royal grandmother has considerately taken charge of all the details and all that George will have to do is to step up to the altar and be made one, two or the Irishman's half dozen, as the case wight be with some selection of royalty with might be, with some scion of royalty with whom, perhaps, he has previously not had the pleasure of a speaking acquaintance. Of course, the royal grandmother insists that she really does not interfere, excepting so far as demanding that the Princess' name shall be the same as her own. Victoria helds ware fared arriving on this point. holds very fixed opinions on this point. She loses no opportunity of perpetuating her own name. The royal "consent" has her own name. The royal "consent" has been given on many occasions to bestow the name on towns, parks, bridges, colleges, decorations, flowers, vehicles, etc., and it is quite generally known that when the Duke of Clarence engaged himself to marry the Princess of Teck, it was not long before pretty "May" was warped into heavy, hard-sounding "Victoris."

The same sort of favoritism caused the recent explation of a common nurse in the

cent exaltation of a common nurse in the queen's apartments, who happened to be so named, high above any of her companie and now when it has been determined that eligible princesses have gradually reduced themselves to two, both of whom are named "Victoria." Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is English by birth and a sister of the Prin cess Louise, whose marriage to Prince Ari-bert of Anhalt was one of the sensations of last year. Victoria of Hesse was also born in England, but has dwelt the most of her life in the German province ruled by her father, whose dangerous illness was announced during the past week. She is said to be a charming young woman of ex-cellent education and high order of intelligence. It was said at one time that she was



Victoria of Hease. ove for the English prince.

The Romans Off on Their Dates. It is reported that the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Torquato Tasso will be celebrated with great ceremony in Rome this year. If the Romans paid as much attention to their dates as they evi dently do to the ceremony, the affair might attract greater and more general interest. There does not seem to be the slightest difference of opinion among biographers that Tasso died in 1595, consequently the Romans' celebration of his demise, if the report concerning it be true, antedates the

A Phenomenon in Mathematics. A living calculating machine, a young man to whom the multiplication table never

had terrors, is making Parisians open their eyes and shrug their shoulders in amazement. He is not a Frenchman, 3 but an Italian, born in Piedmont, and a audi. When he was a boy he astoun ded the goed, simple country folk of his

native place by reckoning without use pen or paper and with lightning sreed. Then he set out on his travels and at every place he stopped created a furore by some feat of mathematics. But he did not have much of a chance to tax his mind with footings of his own fortunes, until Gill, the famous caricaturist, took hold of him in Paris, and procured him an engagement in the cases chantants as a lighting calculator. He is being taken more seriously now; scientific men are speculating as to his methods, which he is wise enough to keep secret, and he is being likened to that mathematician, inventor and mechanic Charles Babbage—though the reports o Inaudi's performances hardly justify the comparison. Inaudi's genius seems to be wholly mathematical, and it is wonderful enough within those limits. Though he has enough within those limits. Though he has no knowledge of algebra, and in fact has no education at all to speak of, he has no difficulty in mastering the most difficult questions, and in all complicated problems given him he has never yet failed to give correct answers, and in a marvelously short space of time. As has been said, he conceals his methods, and to those who ask him how he does it he replies, pointing to has forehead:

does it he replies, pointing to his forehead: "It's here, but how it came there I can't Grip With a New Complication. A new kind of "grip," or influenza, has arisen to terrify the Hungarians. Recently in the prison at Agram, a town of 30,000 inhabitants in Hungary, the doctor noticed that some of the prisoners who were suffering from influenza, or what is popularly called here "the grip," showed symptoms which were new and alarming. First, the patient would be seized with shivering and patient would be seized with shivering and fever alternately, together with cramp in the stomach. The pain was so intense that delirium usually set in, and in the case of women hysterics. After the first attack the patient generally fainted away or fell to the ground exhausted. So violent were the convulsions and delirious attacks of the prisoners that a dozen jailers had to be tolled off at one time to attend to those suffering from the complaint.

tolled off at one time to attend to those suf-fering from the complaint.

It is supposed by some that this is a new epidemic, but the doctors sent by the Aus-trian Government to investigate the out-break are inclined to think that it is "la grippe," supplemented by a nervous dis-order arising from the depressing influence of imprisonment. Luckity, the approach of warm weather renders it unlikely that the grip in its new shape will reach this country. The original disease is quite suf-ficient for our needs. W. G. KAUFMANN.

PARLOR furniture reupholstered HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water st. ACCEPTING A CREED

Most Men Are Too Busy to Travel the Way to Demonstration.

THEY TAKE OTHERS' WORD FOR IT.

It is Not Necessary to Master Theology to Have Christian Faith.

THE GREAT FACT FOR BELIEVERS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) We are all able to sympathize with the man who said, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." This man believed; he had faith. But no sooner had he said his creed than there

came upon him a deep consciousness of the weakness, of the inadequacy, of the ignorance, of the limitation, of his faith. What did he believe? He believed that Jesus of Nazareth could help him. He looked into His face, he heard His voice, and he recognized in Him a helper in his time of need. Yet had you asked him questions about Jesus of Nazareth he would have been puzzled how to answer. Was He only another rabbi? was He the long expected Messiah of Israel? was He the incarnation of the Son of God?-this man would have replied, "I know not. Yes; He is a rabbi, but what more I cannot tell." Not a Sunday school scholar in any Christian parish but could have posed him. That is, this man had faith, but he was notably lacking in knowledge of theology.

Didn't Know His Theology.

Yet Jesus helped him. The density of his theological ignorance was not dark enough to keep the light of that benediction out. The man was blessed, though he was ignorant of systematic divinity. The inference is that there is a difference be-

tween theology and faith. That there must be a difference between theology and faith would seem to be plain from the fact that theology is difficult, complicated, full of entanglements, and impossible of acquirement except to people of intellectual ability and training, while faith is expected from the simplest Christian. Faith, indeed, is set beside the gate of entrance into religion. It is one of the prerequisites of the initial sacrament. First faith and then baptism. Evidently this cannot be theological faith, or else nobody should be baptized without a satisfactory theological examination. Only the graduates of divinity schools would have any right in the Christian Church. Only the parsons could be saved. The parsons? How many of them, in these undogmatic days, could stand the test? Few are even the parsons who could get into this theological heaven except on large conditions.

Theology Does Not Include Faith. Another reason for being sure that theolsaints and scholars have from the hirst agreed.

He looks back and notes that questioners have tested this old creed with every acid known to theological chemistry, and that the creed has endured. He makes up his mind that the tests of the present day questioners are likely to result in the same assurance of the validity of these ancient truths. And he asks no questions, he puzzles himself with no problems, he vexes himself with no doubts. He accepts the Christian creed as he accepts the law of gravitation, worrying as little about the theological difficulties of the one as about the mathematical complications of the ogy and faith are not by any means identi-cal is the fact, which is attested by many unfortunate experiences, that it is quite possible for men to be excellent and accurate theologians without being very good Christians. Everybody knows that when our Lord was here the people with whom He was able to find least in common, against whom He had to use the strongest language of condemnation, were the pro-fessors of systematic divinity in the theological seminaries of Jerusalem. Jesus found more good in publicans and sinners than in scribes and pharisees.

There is a difference, then, between the-ology and faith. The Christian religion in its demand for faith must not be understood as requiring a knowledge of theology. The Apostles' Creed may be recited by very imperfect theologians. "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," may rightly be the voice of our own heart. What, then, is the difference between theology and faith?
This will best be understood by asking, first, "What is theology? and, then, What is faith?

A Definition of Theology. What is theology? Theology is ordered religious knowledge. It is the technical, scientific and exact statement of religious truth. The business of the theologian is to gather together all the religious truth that can be found, to classify it, to set it in a system, and to draw inferences from it. He is to do in his department what the man of

cience does in his.

Plainly, then, theology will contain a great many statements of a great many de-grees of importance. Part of it will be of very considerable value; part of it might be lost or forgotten and the world be quite as happy. Plainly, also, theology will include a great many mistakes. It will not, in this respect, be much different from the similar its guesses and its misses. It will have its guesses and its misses. It will have its working hypotheses, some of which will be presently found to be unworkable. It will advance and recede. It will abandon some of its positions. Theology, that is, like any other science, will grow with the growth of man. And there will never be a time—perhaps not even in heaven itself—when the whole of any man's theology will be true. For that would mean the end of growth.

The Realm of Metaphysics. There is no sense in decrying theology. There is no sense in decrying theology. There has always been theology, there always ought to be theology, and there always ought to be theology. Theology is to be censured only when it forgets its place. Theologians are not to be accounted pernicious members of society so long as they mind their own business. Yes; there is a large element of good in even the most metaphysical theology.

There will always be metaphysics not only

grams, the remaining 114 kilograms hav-ing been absorbed by the oil. The residue at the bottom of the vessel is again submitted to the process of heating and stirring, which is continued five times, after which the maximum impregnation of five kilo-There will always be metaphysics not only in theology, but in every other department of thinking, so long as man continues to be a rational and inquiring being. Metaphysics is the region into which we get when we take for our guide the mark of interrogation. It is the only possible answer that can be made to certain questions. Every object of thought it it is questioned long. grams is obtained. ance of thick varnish, and is ready for application, either with a brush or sponge. object of thought, it it is questioned long

object of thought, if it is questioned long enough, takes us into metaphysics.

Here is a scrap of paper. There is no appearance of metaphysics in the look of this paper. But ask the paper where it came from. You will not ask very long before you get back to a plant growing in a field. And there you are in the presence of mystery. The mystery of growth, and the mystery of life—these are even yet beyond discovery. Nor can they be adequately discussed without the aid of metaphysics.

Windows Into the Infants.

Windows Into the Infinite. Every stone in the strest represents the mystery of matter. The wisest man of science does not know what matter is. Every hit of metal represents the mystery of force. Who will define force? Emerson said that every object that can be seen by human sight is a window into the infinite. It is also a great wide-open door into the

metaphysical.

Take the simplest question in morality, "Thou shalt not steal." Is there any metaphysics about that? Is there anything transcendental about being honest? Suppose we set beside the commandment—as pose we set beside the commandment—as we must if we think—the question, Why? Why must we keep the moral law? At once we are precipitated into an arens of gladitorial metaphysicians. We must keep the moral law because it is the will of the Supreme Moral Being. We must keep the moral law because it is the dictate of our own enlightened conscience. We must keep the moral law because this is the verdict of the world's experience of pain and pleasure. There are three different answers. Every There are three different answers. Every one of them involves metaphysics. A Striking Parallel Case.

A Striking Parallel Case.

Now, what moral philosophy is to morality just that is theology to faith. Question morality and you get moral philosophy. Question faith and you get theology. But who will mantain that only the moral philosophers can be moral? How, then, can it be maintained that only the theologians can have faith? A good man said to me the other day that no one had a right to say that he believed the Apostles' Creed unless he is able to answer the metaphysical

questions that are therein suggested. But ought it not to be said with equal force that no one ought, then, to keep the commandments unless he is able to answer the metaphysical questions that are suggested by the moral law?

This, however, comes out more plainly when we leave our inquiry about theology and ask the other question, what is faith? Faith is the accepting as true what we are told. If I see an event happen, I know that that event has happened. That is knowledge. If I am told by somebody in whom I have confidence that an event has happened, I am as sure of it as if I had seen it with my own eyes; but my certainty is not knowledge, it is faith.

Faith Depends on Authority. A GOD IN A BELL

Faith Depends on Authority. Faith, then, has regard both to a proposition and to a person. It may be thought of in both ways, as the accepting of the

truth of a statement, and as the putting of faith in a person. These two elements enter into faith. Faith, then, depends upon au-

into faith. Faith, then, depends upon authority. Authority is one of the essential factors of human thought. We cannot get along without it. Authority is no more to be decried than metaphysics. Like theology it is both right, and valuable, and necessary so long as it keeps its place. Authority gets distinctly out of its place when it speaks in imperatives, when the says to another "you

Original Investigation Is Too Slow.

We have great reason to be profoundly

grateful that we are so made that by this

hand of faith we can reach out and accept,

Otherwise, the world would be full of grown

up babies. Each person would have to discover all knowledge for himself. As it is,

we all help each other. All the generation

we all help each other. All the generations of the past help us to do our thinking. All the discoverers, all the explorers, all the inventors, all the deep reasoners, help us to do our thinking. No man lives, though he be the most independent of all free thinkers, who does all his own thinking.

This which is true in the domain of physical science is also true in the domain of theological science. We depend upon the masters. We have not the time nor the ability to reason out these great scientific problems, whether physical or metaphysical. We must accept the conclusions of the few men who have the means and the power. And we do that. A man works in a mill, going upon great principles which he takes for granted, which somebody else has worked out. He does not feel that he must begin by verifying those have to himself. He does not wait till he understands those hard matters. And another man of equal good sense, accepts the great elements of theological truth which are set down in the creed in the same way.

Acceptance of the Creed, The creed is the verdict of the great body

of spiritual masters upon the truths of re-

igion. Let a man, if he can, work it all out

for himself. Let him test each article by all

the tests he knows. The Christian Church welcomes all such testing. But let no man blame another who, not being of a theological bent of mind, is content to accept what the church teaches. This person is satisfied that the church is wiser than he is. He is glad to have set down in this brief form of words the simple statement of the truths.

words the simple statement of the truths in which the great company of the Christian saints and scholars have from the first

Faith of a Little Child.

the acceptance of a proposition, it is the putting of our trust in a person. Faith, ac-

putting of our trust in a person. Faith, accordingly, is level to the attainment even of a little child. Christian faith is faith in Christ. The Christian looks into Christ's face, like the man in the text, saying: Lord, I believe. And like the man he may not have an answer to any of your questions. Yet he believes in Christ. Can he believes in Christ without knowing how the divine and human meet in him?Caunot a child believe in his father without knowing how body and soul, the spiritual and the physical, meet in him?

That is what faith is at its best. It is that

That is what faith is at its best. It is that loving, personal, abiding confidence. No question in the world can touch it. No puzzle can perplex it. It cludes definition. It does not lend itself to the systematic logic of the theologian. It is a matter of personal experience. You may prove to the Christian that even the Christian creed is full of error. It makes no difference. How that may be he knows not—one thing he knows. He knows Christ, and Christ has helped him, and he loves Christ. Jesus Christ is the beginning, and the middle, and the end, and the whole of the Christian faith.

George Hodges.

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USED BY PRIESTS FOR 650 YEARS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) During my visit to Japan Akira, my faithful servant, took me on a pilgrimage to Enoshima. After we had finished the great temple of Eu-gaku-ji, Akira said: "Now we shall go to look at the big bell."

We turn to the left as we descend, along a distinctly out of its place when it speaks in imperatives, when one says to another "you must not think, you must let me do your thinking for you." To such a demand no rational being has any right to yield: no, not for one hour. That means intellectual slavery.

Authority, however, is in its proper place when instead of commanding, it bears witness. Perhaps a better word than "authority" would be "testimony." Authority in its right meaning signifies the witness, the judgment, the verdict, the decision of one whom we consider to be competent to decide. In this sense of it, we are all the time letting other people do our thinking for us. path cut between hills faced for the height of seven or eight feet with protection walls, made green by moss; and reach a flight of extraordinarily dilapidated steps, with grass springing between their every joint and break-steps so worn down and displaced by countless feet that they have become ruins, painful and even dangerous to mount. We reach the summit, however, without mischief, and find ourselves before a little temple, on the summit of which an old priest awaits us, with smiling bow of welcome. We return his salutation, but ere entering the temple turn to look at the tsurigane on the right-the famous bell. ..

> Peculiar Shape of the Bell. Under a lofty open shed, with a tiled Chinese roof, the great bell is hung. I should judge it to be fully nine feet high and about five feet in diameter, with walls about eight inches thick. The shape of it is not like that of our bells, which broaden toward the lips: this has the same diameter through all its height, and it is covered with Buddhist texts cut into the smooth metal of it. It is hung by means of a heavy swinging beam, suspended from the roof by chains, and moved like a battering ram. There are loops of palm-fire rope attached to this beam to pull it by; and when you pull hard enough, so as to give it a good swing, it strikes a moulding like a lotus flower on the side of the bell. This it must

grain of very dense wood, has been battered into a convex disk with ragged protruding edges, like the surface of a long-used print-A priest makes a sign to me to ring the bell. I first touch the great lips with my hand very lightly, and a low, rich murmur comes from them. Then I set the beam swinging strongly, and a sound deep as thunder, rich as the bass of a mighty organ -a sound enormous, extraordinary, yet beautiful, rolls over the hills and away. Then swiftly follows another and lesser and sweeter billowing of tone; then another; then a wondrous eddying of waves of echoes. Only once was it struck, the astonishing

have done many hundred times; for the

square flat end of it, though showing the

bell; yet it continues to sob and moan for at least ten minutes! And the age of this bell is 650 years. In the little temple near by the priest shows us a series of curious paintings, representing the six hundredth anniversary of the cast-ing of the bell, for this is a sacred bell, and the spirit of a god is believed to dwell within it. Otherwise the temple has little of interest.

A God Dwells Within It.

In nearly every celebrated temple little Japanese prints are sold, containing the history of the shrine and its miraculous legends. I find several such things on sale at the door of the temple, and in one of them, ornamented with a curious engraving of the bell, I discovered the following tra-

In the twelfth year of Bummel, this bell rang itself. And one who laughed on being told of the miracle met with misfortune; and another who believed, thereafter prospered and obtained all his desires. Now, in that time there died in the

name was Ono-no-Kimi; and Ono-no-Kimi descended to the region of the dead, and went before the judgment seat of Eunna-O. Curious Legends of the Bell.

And Ennna-O, Judge of Souls, said to m: "You have come too soon!-the measure of hie alloted you in the Shaba-world has not yet been exhausted—go back at once." But One-no-Kimi pleaded, say-ing: "How may I go back—not knowing my way through the darkness?" And Eunna answered him: "You can find your way back by listening to the sound of the bell of Eu-gaku-ji, which is heard in the Nan-en-budi world, going south." And Ono-no-Kimi went south, and heard the bell, and found his way through the dark-ness, and revived in the Shabe.

Also in those days there appeared in many provinces a Buddhist priest of giant stature, whom none remembered to have stature, whom none remembered to have seen before, and whose name no man knew, traveling through the land, and everywhere exhorting the people to pray before the bell of Eu-gaku-ji. And it was at last discovered that the giant priest was the holy bell itself, transformed by supernatural power into the form of a priest. And after these things had happened, many prayed before the bell and obtained their wishes.

THREE MINUTES UNDER WATER.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Wonderful Performances of the Pearl Divers

The most skillful pearl divers in the world are those of the Tuamotu Archipelago. They think nothing of staying under water for three minutes on occasions, and they carry no weights to drag them down to the depths, as do the fishermen of Ceylon. Unlike the latter, they do not stop their ears and nostrils with cotton soaked with oil, but descend with no other preparation than a few inflations of their lungs. However, they do wear a sort of headdress with spectacles of glass, by the aid of which they are able to look down many fathoms into the catal mark the oysters which they propose to mark the oysters which they propose to gather. Forty years ago it was possible to buy with a gallon of rum or a few handfuls of flour, in those South Sea islands, most beautiful molluscan jewels, but since then the fisheries have been so overworked that they are seriously threatened with ex-

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