# DEATH IN THE POT.

Dr. Talmage Takes for His Subject a "Polsoned Dinner."

A Hungry Man Wants Not to Listen

to the Words of a Lecturer. Elisha Caters to the Stomaches Before Beginning His Discourse.

Special to The Kansas City Times.

BROOKLYN, May 12.-The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle to day to a vast congregation, who sang with grand effect the hymn begin-

My sout be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise, And hosts of sin are pressing hard

To draw thee from the skies, His subject was "A Poisoned Dinner," and his text II Kings, iv, 40: "So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof."

Elisha had gone down to lecture to the students in the theological semmary at Gilgal. He found the students very hungry, as students are apt to be. It is very seldom the world makes large provision for those who give themselves to intellectual toil. In order that these students may be prepared to hear what Elisba says, he first feeds their hunger. He knew very well it is useless to talk, to preach, to lecture with hun-

gry men.
So Elisha, recognizing this common sense principle, which every Christian ought to recognize, sends servants out to get food for these hungry students. They pick up some good healthful herbs, but they happen to pick up also some coloquintida, a bitter, poisonous, deathful herb. They bring all these herbs, they put them into the boiling pot, they stir them up, and then a portion of this food is brought to the students and their professors. Seated at the table, one of the hungry students begins immediately to eat, and he happens to get hold of some of the coloquintida. He knew it by the taste. He cries out: "Poison, poison! O thou man of god, there is death in the pot!" Consternation is thrown over the whole group. What a fortunate thing it was that this student so early found the coloquintida in the mixture at the table! You will by reference find this story is precisely as I

have mentioned it. Well, in our day there are great caldrons of sin and death. Coloquintida of mighty temptation is pressed into it. Some dip it out, and taste, and reject it and live. Others dip it out, taste it, keep on and die. And it is the business of every minister of religion and every man who wishes well to the human race, and who wants to keep the world back from its follies and its sufferings, to cry out: "Beware! poison, poison! Look out for this caldron! Stand back!

Sin has done an awful work in our world. It has gone out through all the ages, it has mixed up a great caldron if trouble and suffering and pain, and the whole race is poisonedpoisoned in body, poisoned in mind, poisoned in soul. But blessed be God that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the antidote, and where there was sin there shall be pardon, and where there was suffering there shall be comfort, and where there was death there shall be life.

Some time ago, you will remember, I persuaded you of the importance of being charitable in judgment of others. At the same time I said to you briefly what this morning I wish to say with great emphasis, we must denounce the sin, that while we pity the unfortunate we must be vehement against transgression. Sin is a jagged thing that needs to be roughly handled. You have no right to garland it with fine phrases or lustrous rhetoric. You cannot catch a buffalo with a silken lasso.

A group of emigrants settle in a wild re gion. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off one of the children. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off another child. Forthwith all the neighbors band together, and they go out with torch in one hand and gun in the other to hunt those monsters down, to find their hiding place, to light up and ransack the caverns, and to destroy the invaders of their houses. So we want now not merely to talk about the sins and folies of the world we want to go behind them, back of them. Down into the caverns where they hide we need to go with the torch of God's Word in one hand and the sword of God's eternal Spirit in the other to hunt out and slay these iniquities in their hiding places. Or to come back to the figure suggested by my text, we want to find what are the caldrons of sin and death from which the iniquities

of society are dipped out. I. In the first place, I remark: that unhappy and undisciplined homes are the caldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government, wickedly loose in their government, are raising up a generation of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfuiness are dominant is blood relation to the gallows and the penitentiary! Petulance is a serpent that crawls up into the family nursery sometimes and crushes everything. Why, there are parents who even make religion disgusting to their children. They scold them for not loving Christ. They have an exasperating way of doing their duty. The house is full of the war whoop of contention, and from such a place husband and sons go out to die, Oh, is there a Hager leading away

Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thirst and parched of the sand? In the solemn birth hour a voice fell to thee from the throne of God, saying: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." At even time, when the angels of God hover over that home, do they hear the children lisping the name of Jesus? O traveler for eternity, your little ones gathered under your robes, are you leading them on the right road, or are you taking them out on the dangerous winding bridle path, off which their inexperienced feet may slip. and up which comes the howling of the wolf and the sound of loosened ledge and tum-bling avalanche? Blessed is the family altar at which the children kneel, Blessed is the cradle in which the Christain mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed is the song the little ones sing at nightfall when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed is that mother whose every heart throb is a prayer for her children's welfare.

The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to re fresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overspan it, and its long story of sin and shame and the glory and triumph will soon turn to ashes; but influences that started in this early home roll on and roll up through all eternity- blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song, or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children?

A house took fire and the owner was very careful to get all the furniture out. He got all his books out, and he got all his pictures out, and he got all his valuable papers out, but he torgot to ask. until it was too late: "Are my children safe?" Oh, when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the mountains shall blaze, and the seas shall blaze, and the earth shall blaze, will your children be safe! Will your children be safe! Unhappy and undiciplined homes are the of much of the wretchedness and

sin of the world. I know there are exceptions to it some times. From a bright and beautiful Christian home a husband or a son will go out to die. Oh, how long you had that boy in your given him every advantage and every kind- they disolved them in a cup, and the sick ness, to have him pay you back in ingrati-tude! As one Sabbath morning a father came to the foot of the pulpit as I stepped out of it, and said, "O my son, my son, my son." There is many a young man proud of his mother, who would strike to the dust son!" There is many a young man proud of his mother, who would strike to the dust respectability, the pearl of Christian hope, any man who would insuit her, who is at the pearl of an everlasting heaven, and this moment himself, by his evil doing and presses it to the hot lips.

his bad habits sharpening a dagger to plunge I tell you the dram shop is the gate of hell. his bad habits, sharpening a dagger to plunge through that mother's heart. A telegram brought him from afar. He went bloated

having the lifeless form of his mother. ppositives er hair gray; it had turned gray in the? W. Those eyes had wept floods of the? The his wandering. That still white to make the his wandering. That still white the many a kindness and the many a control of those places! A "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of the many a kindness and ple room. "I saw a man on the steps of the many a kindness and ple room." I saw a man on the steps of the many a kindness and ple room. "I saw a man on the steps of one of those places! A "sam the many a kindness and ple room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those places! A "sam the many a kindness and ple room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample room." I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample ro or 6, I was a loving invitation and good or 6, I was a loving invitation and good or 6, I was a loving invitation and good or 6, I was a loving invitation and good on which sobbed outright: "Mothors lips that had kissed or print uttered so many kind green were sealed. Rather nemory come to my 819 have rolled over on by ve imalayas.

But while sometimes there are sons who turn out very badly coming from good homes, I want to tell you for your encour-agement it is a great exception. Yet an unhappy and undisciplined home is the poisonous caldron from which a vast mul-titude drink their death.

iniquity is an indolent life. All the rail trains down the Hudson river yesterday, all the rail trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long Island road brought to these cities young men to begin commercial life. Some of them are here this morning, I doubt not. Do you know what one of your great temptations is going to be? It is the example of indolent people in our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement—plenty of money, and yet idle. They hang around our great hotels—the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, the Brunswick, the Stuyvesant, the Gilsey house—all our beautiful hotels, you find them around there any day-men who do nothing, never earn anything, yet well dressed, having plenty. Why should I walk? Why should you work? Why drudge and toil in bank and shop and office, or on the scaffolding, or by the anvil, when these men get along so well and do not work! Some of them hang around the city halls of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall from the office holder's table. Some of them hang around the city hall for the city van oringing criminals from the station houses. They stand there and gloat over it-really

enjoy the disgrace and saffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts. Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only four ways of getting money-only four: by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it; and there are a vast multiade among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by beg

ging it. I do not like to take the responsi

bility of saying how they get it! Now, these men are a constant temptation. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store, or the shop, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal bet-ter, and that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steeps. The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight of hand is all the time increasing. A New York merchant saw a young man, one of his clerks, in half disguise, going into a very low place of amusement, The merchant said to himself: "I must look out for that clerk; he is going in bad company and going in bad places; I must look out for him." A few months passed n, and one morning the merchant entered his store, and this clerk of whom I have been speaking came up in assumed consternation and said: "Oh, sir, the store has been on fire; I have put out the fire, but there are a great many goods lost, we have had a great crowd of people coming and going." Then the merchant took the clerk by the collar and said: "I have had enough of this; you cannot deceive me; where are hose goods you stole?" The young man instantly confessed his villainy.

O the numbers of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are a mighty temptation to the industrious young man who can-not understand it. While these others have t so easy they have it so hard. Horatius of olden time was told that he could have just as much ground as he could plow around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plow and he cut a very large circle and plowed until he came to the same point where he started, and all that property was his. But I have to tell you today that just so much financial, just so much moral, just so much spiritual possession you will have as you compass with your own in- er! and vet they are a bridal pair. ing of your life to the evening of your life you can plow around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." One of the most awful caldrons of death to-day is an indolent life. Thank God that you have to

III. Once more I remark: that the dram shop is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anacharsis said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was Pleasure, the next was Drunkenness, and the next Misery. Every saloon above ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license and it may go along quite respectable for a while, but after a while, the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh," says some one, "you ought to be easier on such a traffic when it pays such a large revenue to the government, and helps support your schools and your great insti-tutions of mercy." And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said-I think it was the first time he was chancellor of the exchequer-when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English government. Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentlemen, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of sober people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus.'

We might in this country-this traffic perished-have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes, and we would have more peace, and we would have fewer peo-ple in the penitentiary, and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now on the road to hell who would start on the road

to heaven. But the gnancial ruin is a very small part of it. This iniquity of which I speak takes everything that is sacred out of the family, everything that is holy in religion, everything that is infinite in the soul and tramples it under foot. The marriage day has come. The twain are at the altar. Lights flash, Music sounds. Gay feet go up down the drawing room. launch on ever vessel

a bright and beautiful sea! The scene changes. Dingy garret. No fire. On a broken chair a sorrowful wife. Last hope gone. Poor, forsaken, trodden under foot, she knows all the sorrow of being a drunkard's wife. "Oh," she says, "he was the kindest man that ever lived, he was so noble, he was so good! God never made a grander man than he was, but the drink did it, the drink did it!" Some day she will press her hands against her temples and cry: "Oh, my brain, my brain!" or she will go out on the abutment of the bridge some moonlight night and look down on the glassy surface and wonder if under that glassy

surface there is not some rest for a broken A young man, through the intercession of metropolitan friends, gets a place in a bank or store. He is going to leave his country home. That morning they are up early in the old homestead. The trunk is on the wagon. Mother says: "My son, I put a Bible in the trunk, I hope you will read it often." She wipes the tears away with her apron. "Oh," he says, "come, don't you be worried, I know how to take care of myself. Don't be worried about me. The father says: "My son, be a good boy and write home often, your mother will be anxious to hear from you." Crack! goes the whip, and over the hills goes the wagon. Five years have passed on. and a dissipated life has done its work for that young man. There is a hearse coming up in front of the old homestead. The young men of the neighborhood who have stayed on the farm come in and say: "Is is possible? Why, he doesn't look natural, does he? Is that the fair brow we used to know! Is that the healthy cheek we used to know? It can't be possible that is him." The parents stand looking at the gash in the forehead from which the life ooced out, and they lift their hands and say: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee,

O Absalom, my son, my son!" Lorenzo de Medici was very sick, and some of his superstitious friends thought if man drank them. Oh, it was an expensive draught. But I tell you of a more expensive draught than that. Drunkenness puts into its cup the pearl of physical health, the

The trouble is they do not put up the right kind of a sign. They have a great many different kinds of signs now on places where strong drink is sold. One is called the "res-taurant," and an other is called the "saloon,"

"Oh," says some man, "I am kind, I am indulgent to my family, I am right in my respects, I am very generous, and I have too grand and generous a moral nature to be

the persons who are in the most peril have the lightest hearts, the best education, the brightest prospects. This sin chooses the fattest lambs for its sacrifice. The bright and the orator. Charles Lamb, answer! II. I remark that another caldron of Thomas Hood, answer! Sheridan, the English orator, answer! Edgar A. Poe, answer! Junius Brutus Booth, answer. Oh, come and look over into it while I draw off the cover-hang over it and look down into it, and see the seething, boiling, loathsome, smoking, agonizing, blaspheming bell of the drunkard. Young man be master of your appetites and passions. There are hundreds-might I not say thousands -of young men in this house this morning -young men of fair prospects. Put your trust in the Lord God and all is well. But you will be tempted. Perhaps you may this moment be addressed on the first Sabbath of your coming to the great city, and I give you this brotherly counsel. I speak not in a perfunctory way. I speak as an older brother talks to a younger brother. I put my hand on your shoulder this day and amend you to Jesus Christ, who himself was a young man and died while yet a young man, and has sympathy for all young men. Oh, be master, by the grace of God, of your appetites and passions! I close with a peroration. Ministers and than was ever uttered by human lips. Two quotations. The first is this: "Who hath woe? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause! They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This is the other quotation. Make up your mind as to which is the more impressive. I think the last is the mightier: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and youth, and walk thou in the sight of thine

A Blind Bridal Pair. to idle away with inconsequential thoughts and observations, there passes my window a couple that greatpretty face, so white and peaceful, with something of sadness in it, something of joy.

She has great eyes that stare strangey at you, and at the sound of her companion's voice their lids are dropped and the long, graceful eyelashes fall upon her cheeks. The man reminds me of one of the old Saxons. He is big and strong and has the curly golden hair and the big blonde beard of that race of men. His companion hangs on his arm and yet he seems to depend upon her as much as she on him, for they cling very closely indeed together, while he carefully picks their way out with a light cane. Both are blind. I inquired about them the other day. Neither ever saw the light of day. Neither can ever know how glorious the sunlight is, how prettily blend the beautiful hues of the flowers, how grand all nature looks. Neither ever saw the oth-

They only live in a world of darkness and each other. They met long ago, became devotedly attached to each other and were married. And so now every evening, when the weather is fine, they go out for a little stroll and as they slowly, carefully walk been hammering at all the morning, past my window I think: "It is a sad | and reached down a covered bassin of and yet pretty sight-a blind bridal curds and a lump of bread from a party."-Toledo Blade.

## Torture in Bokhara.

The report that the amir of Bokhara lishmen. The commonest form of tormeeting of the Royal Geographical seem to have occurred to him."-St. | James Gazette.

The Largest Wheel Ever Made. The largest wheel of the kind ever the largest of any kind, is now in course of construction at the machine shops of the Dickson Manufacturing els and jeweled work, sprawled a large love that inspires in throbbing verse, in land pressed it so tightly that the flesh laughed, and as Selim collected his is called a sand wheel and is being made for the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, of the Lake Superior region. The great wheel will be 53 feet in diameter and several feet wide, and the Dickson Manufacturing Company will get \$70,000 for it. It is being built around a twenty inch hollow shaft of gun metal and it will weight between 150 and 160 tons when completed. When the great wheel is put in place at the copper mines it will be made to revolve slowly by means of enormous cogs on the surface of its circumference. These cogs | booth of Selim the unsociable, atare being cast in segments and will tracted by the restless tap-tapping that weigh many tons in the aggregate. On each side of the mammoth wheel sluiceway. After the great wheel has A few final directions and explanaprayers! He does not know how many they could dissolve a certain number of been built up and the finishing touch- tions, and the three boys sunk stealthideepless nights you have spent over him. pearles in a cup and then he would drink less not understand how many tears you them it would cure him of the disease. So less have been put on it will be taken the west, there are men with whom contour of olive cheek or dimpled hint seemed as covetous to pearless as he taken the west, there are men with whom contour of olive cheek or dimpled hint seemed as covetous to pearless as he was locally them it would cure him of the disease. So He does not understand how many tears you have shed for his waywardness. Or, it is hard, after you have tolled for a child, and the beautiful pearls they could find, and be mumbered, so that there will no Then silence reign transport it.-Philadelphia Record.

### Not Always Speedy. "Who was that young man, Kitty, that you tried to let out of the house

some time this morning without my

hearing you?" "That, pa, was Charley Curve, the ball pitcher. He's ever so nice, and he's got a terrific speed."

"Has he? He doesn't show it in going home."-Chicago Herald.

Too Much Refining. Proud Mother-"Don't you think my little son looks very refined?" Blunt Doctor-"Yes, indeed; looks grand and generous a moral nature to be as if he could be knocked over overthrown in that way." Let me say that feather."—New York Weekly. as if he could be knocked over with a

est garlands are by this carbuncled hand of OR A PERSIAN LOVE STORY.

The Star of His Heart-The-Shadow-ofthe-Sultan's-Hand-The Fidelity of True Love.

One midday, a little less than 200 cites before eating his second meal.

like Shah Abbas-and when the newer pursuers on a further search. invasion by as fierce 2 foe was as yet in the undreamed-of-future.

ation, and they generally roll up some grand imagery to express what they have to say. I close with a peroration mightier than was aver uttered by the control of the contr clothed with gently swaying trees, other name for the child. The "grandconveyed a pleasant suggestion of son of Mohammed" approached the coolness to the thirsty townsfolk. Re- Egyptian, proffering a moderate gift fleeted from these burning lines and with his right hand, and concealing the at high noon, the light gleamed on the his back. When he came within reach softly shadowed, richly colored walls the Cairene dropped his pipe stem and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy of the prosperous persian city. From grabbed both the child's hands; the the lustrous tiles of purple porcelain right surrendered its gift, the left reown eyes; but know thou that for all these encrusting gorgeous mosques, on whose mained closed, until it, too, yielded at things God will bring thee into judgment." Every pleasant evening, in that hour | chastened color glowed everywhere. | comrades was an act of homage to the just before twilight which we all love But the focus of the city's heaped gor- Cairene's rough joke. The descendant ly interests me. The ludy is but a for it was then too hot even for an ac- irregularity. young girl it seems and she has such a | climatized Oriental to work, and, the hour having been proclaimed, labor rapidly subsided.

A little longer than elsewhere its were sold. In the bazzar of the brassdistant and unattractable, bought food at the cook-shops and carried it to the stall of a popular merchant who kept coffee and Kalian or hubble-bubble ready for all comers.



A LARGE EGYPTIAN LAD.

One man rose from sitting on his heels, put aside the lantern he had shelf, placing them beside the spot where he was in the habit of sitting. Then he looked out of the front of his little shop as far as he could see up and down the market, his large dark has ordered the abolition of torture in eyes moving with slow reluctance, as his kingdom, in honor of the czar's es- though to prolong the illusion that cape from death in a railway accident, something that he knew would not be will suggest painful memories to Eng- there might have been conjured thith-

er by some friendly sprite. His search ended, he hooked a curture in Bokhara is confinement in the tain across the open front of his booth "black well." where the luckless victim and hid himself and his doings from is devoured by vermin. This was the sight. Yet, though he had put away fate of Stoddart, who was afterwards his ostensible employment, the lantern, put to death along with Connolly by he must have gone to work again on the present amir's grandfather. Other something, after a very hasty meal, cruelties, too, were practiced by "the for, from behind the curtain, came butcher," as he was fitly called. Men clear the sound of his solitary hammer. were thrown down from high walls or towers, were flayed alive, or roasted in overs. Mr. George Curzon, at the last others freely took; but no one, it ovens. Mr. George Curzon, at the last seemed, troubled themselves very much about him-he was only Selim society, showed a photograph of the the unsociable. There was nobody of tower from which criminals are still any account just now to be interested that chillies could be objected to as a when awake. Now and then one cence. means of judicial investigation did not | would start and turn over, and there those whom he disturbed.

that can remain energetic through an noisy, squabbling little Persians; but on Company, at Scranton, Pa. It is what | Egyptian lad-a picturesque blackguard from Cairo, in crimson fez and white garments, with a pair of turquothe rest, and smoked his hubble-bubble with a grown-up air as he reclined, disdaining the whispers and amusement about him. As a big boy the conspired to make his life a burden. They conversed in snappish whispers, interrupting one another continually; he smoked lazily, rolling from time to time a crafty eye in the direction of the went on within.

A raid was being concerted on the there will be fifty buckets, each of fruit and sweetmeat bazaars; three of which will hold about one hundred the strongest and sharpest lads were to gallons, and these buckets will elevate execute it, whilst the rest of the boys the washings and dump them into a looked after the brass workers' shops.

trouble in putting the wheel together, workers' bazaar except for the ham- in many things that foreign traders perhaps in a happy lifetime—she came and it will take eight or ten cars to mering of Selim. His hammer struck, valued, and, though a cruel and unit could be heard now, at irregular scrupulous man, had the gift of always gered for an hour, playfully making intervals. A fellow craftsman could having the law and minions on his have told that Selim was finishing some side, the result, perhaps, of his accupiece of work, turning it over and rate assessment of their money value. over, giving a skillful stroke just now After awhile Selim became uneasily punches and dies with which he im- as the young lady has begun suit and then where it was needed; now aware of his presence, and looked up stopping sto use the file on a rough swiftly, disappointment filling his face edge, or the knife to chip off a piece as he realized the bearded and illought that the lady filled a note for die that dinted a tiny whorl the sum just over his signature and beaten out and fragments of which beaten out, and fragments of which his work.

still clung to its intricacies. nounced that the raid was beginning. time of rest?" said the merchant, stew-The very smallest boy in the bazaar, ing down his eager look into a sodden Sooth he guarded, opened his eyes to their full width, and looked burdened with guilt. The cap he wore was made of an old piece of stuff that had once so the state of an old piece of stuff that had once state of an old piece of stuff that had once state of an old piece of stuff that had once state of the state of th as he sat trembling on the steps of the smile.

cendant of the prophet ! The sound of keep hidden, which concerns you as lows was distantly audible, the shouting became less, and louder, and less again, as the pursuers followed the marauders about the intricacies of the

market. At length the pursued regained the brass bazaar-in a moment their spoils were hidden away, and themselves disposed in attitudes of tranquillity and meditation. A few minutes later a couple of men with sticks appeared, years ago, the people of the town of looked round the bazaar, seemed re-Naishapur were concluding the noon assured and then again suspicious, and prayer which each devout Moslem re- finally addressed themselves to the Egyptian. He looked at them craftily It was in that prosperous period as he delayed his answer, relishing the when the expulsion of the Turks from suspense of the other lads. It would the province of Khorassan was almost have amused him greatly to hand them an old story—one of the many legends over to a beating, but it was more of patriotic conquest told of the war-natural to lie, so his reply started the Then the spoils were divided, the lad

from Cairo continuing to smoke in a The brilliant sun, now right over lofty manner. The portion of sweethead, drew a burning line along the meat allotted to the green-capped boy middle of lengthy streets, whose pro-jecting roofs and overhanging balcon-he called, "grandson of Mohammed could be seen to the east of the city a nickname, but dignity can be resumed stretch of dusty desert. From the at any moment and sweetmeats pass north and southwest broken hills, away irrevocably, and he knew no spots where the sun could intrude only bulk of his treasure in his left behind walls the name of Allah was blazoned, a threat from the other's dog-like linked with a thousand epithets, even teeth. The little boy retired in tears to the rags of beggar and peddler, to his booth, and the laughter of his geousness was in the great market of the prophet continued to sob on his with its many bazaars, where the pul- shop steps, the others chatted, the sations of the business were even now Egyptian munched and smoked; Seslackening into the repose of noontide; lim's tap-tapping went on with steady And now came silently into the

quiet bazaar a man who seemed fascinated by the sound of the unsociable hum and clatter hung about the stalls dently in the habbit of cavesdropping, lantern-maker's hammer. A man eviwhere fruit and other kinds of food for he did not draw attention to himself by looking round to see if he were workers the change from clatter to the object of it, but walked quietly to hush was sharply defined. Most of the brass-workers went home to pray and eat, and then to sip coffee and smoke eagerly in His eye was caught and in the company of their wives. A few held by a piece of work that lay on the who were lazy, or whose homes were craftman's lap-a large and beautifully proportioned perfume-holder of brass, of that rich colored oriental brass with much copper in it that is far mellower than the sharper yellow amalgam of western civilizations. It was pierced in lace-like designs, the piercing itself a monument of patient art; the unpierced portions were incised with delicate scrollwork, with strange or beautiful figures, and with graceful inscriptions whose characters were fantastically interlaced. The stranger drew in and his eyes glared wolf-like with the

who read this easterm story, what the perfume-holder means. With you the word "scented" carries a half reproach



flung, and he expressed a hope that this in his movements; the brass-workers' DREW THE CURTAIN STEALTHILY ASIDEbarbarous punishment would before bazaar contained besides him only an almost degraded thing. You know long be abolished. Torture is by no dogs and boys, and only the boys were scent, but you do not know perfume means uncommon in the Indian native awake; the dogs were as sound asleep you lack the dry fresh air of Persia, states; indeed, Sir Lepel Griffin de- as good Moslems, lying all together in and perhaps the nostrils of the Persian. scribes it as a recognized form of judi- a heap, with heads resting on and In the nomes of the east the pierced cial procedure. He mentions the case | backs against each other, and legs | perfume-holder stands in its honored of a ruling chief who was openly ac- sticking out very straight in every place, containing its mixture of precicused of having the acrid juice of direction. They complained a good ous matters that, like the heart of the chillies squeezed into the eyes of reluc- deal in their sleep, having perhaps only lover, will be sweet as they burn and tant witnesses. "He was an old gentle- time in their slumbers to realize the fade. Charcoal from the brazier is man," Sir Lepel says, "of the most soft | full pathos of the numerous kicks and sprinkled on the perfume, and each and courteous manners, and the idea | disappointments that they underwent passing breath fans the rich incandes-

To lie and dream awake in the cool would come fierce snarling snaps from air of the zenana, and when some The boys were left to look after through the room, to watch the delicate large-eyed, silent-footed girl has passed the various shops while the owners blue curls of scented smoke jet suddenwere away, a boy being the only thing ly out from the brass vessel and slide passionately after her, and, having lost made in this country, and probably Eastern noonday. They were mostly her, spread and spread in widening circles until they strike your sense with the steps of the largest and wealthiest deliciousness, is it not to behold the booth, wherein there was a store of jew- very image of love?—or the poetic verse that affects not the cruel-hearted | was red and inflamed on each side of | senses to reply the merchant continued, one whose gracious movement has it. It must have hurt him constantly, "A poor old man such as I can dream, ise-encrusted pistols stuck in his waist not purposeless, since it sweetens your drawn it from the burning soul; yet is shawl. He affected a superiority over life and mine. If you have read those stories of the east that are rendered into your own tongue, you will remember how they wander and digress even others accepted his pretensions; had he the story, and you will pardon an oriin the very stress and emergency of been a man they would probably have ental, though disorientalized, if he digresses when most, if it ever can, his story should interest you. Even to a Persian born and bred there is no return to eastern tranquillity after tast- and his heart stood still with wonder- This the merchant made him repeat so ing the feverish scramble of your wonderful, boastful, mistaken civilization. There is no healing for the rabies of hurry that has infected the blood, and if my soul linger for the purpose of a through the brass-workers' bazaar al- chant, but not yours; there is my mertale about Khorassan I will henceforth remember that the fingers and the pen

are hastening in London. It was with no thought of such asevery conceivable thing has its one of the neighborhood of lips. Then silence reigned in the brass value in money. He was a merchant | One day-one of such days as come

been green, and in the badinage of the is no rest to be found, O merchant, in she relinquished the die to Selim, and brass market he was called the des- spying into what other men would he swore he would use it on no other capacity at bars is very great."

little as whether I work or rest at mid-

Selim had a cloth beside him, in which he would have concealed his work had not the merchant perceived it before he was aware of him. He did not hide it now, but paused in his hammering and looked to the other to go. This the merchant evidently did not greedy glances. He offered a price for it, which Selim refused; he raised his offer, and the craftsman told him that this work of his was not for sale. Still the merchant lingered incredulous; telling a tale of a rich islander from far | Then, too suddenly, too soon, the comin the northern seas, for whom his friend Marco, the Venetian, was

buying such samples of Eastern craftsmanship as this piece of Selim's. That artificer was proof against even the wealthy islander; in whom, by the way, he no more believed than the importunate merchant did that a piece of unsold brasswork was not for sale. Selim, wrathful as his perseverance, drove him away at last by wrapping and locking up the perfume-holder and successively pressing on him every other piece of work-and they were not many-that he possessed. The would-be customer at length departed, saying aloud that he would come again when Seltm might be more in the mind to do business. And Selim, opening his shop, set to work again on the lantern that had occupied him in the morning. The merchant paused for a few minutes, when out of Selim's sight, but

still in the confines of the brass-workers' bazzar, and, with a lowering and complexioned face, seemed to call on unseen powers to attest a mental vow. The Egyptian lad watched from the steps of the big shop the merchant's pantomime of irrepressible passion, and seemed to ponder the possibility of profit following such observation. In spite of his simple attire there was a suggestion of wealth about the merchant's person, for, however artfully disguised, the rich man stands revealed to him who lusts for gold.

A strident voice from outside the brass market proclaimed that the noonday rest was ended.

Unhurrying the workers returned to resume the day's task. The measured body of clattering sound rose again, half way towards silence in its continual busyness of msects and birds in a wood.

Then came a buyer, and there was | ing his hammer. one hammer the less at work and two tongues the more; the more buyers, buyers' friends and sellers' friends, and gradually the chattering gained upon the clattering.

Think with me a little, you westerns through the din of trading penetrated touch. The moment passed and then the street, and some of the sellers fol- til he came to a pain that he knew. man-no less than the son of the late | Selim. King, dignified by the present Shah with the title of The Shadow-of-the- finished, there for one moment was Sultan's-Hand, though the low rank of | Selim complete, sitting in his shop in having any claim on the throne.

bors made his head ache, that was all. had fallen asleep. Nobody asked him to mind their goods Sein unwound it, rescaling a little



strip of hammered brass that circled the finger like a ring. It had been this little booth more adventures than twisted together while on the finger, and the rag-wrapping, which he presently soaked in water and replaced, was necessary as a bandage.

lessly given it to him, and then back | the Venetian, to the great profit of my to the moment when he had first seen | Selim and myself. Have I stumbled her; the moment when his soul was on the truth in a dream, my friend?"

ing delight at her lovliness and the that all could hear it; and even then depth of her eyes. Except those eyes her face was always veiled, as she used to pass

most daily on her way into the market. | chandise; if you will buy I will give But, when she came to appreciate the you good worth, for I need money tohomage of Selim's obeisance, to return | morrow; if not, leave me, in the name his salutation, even to linger for a few of him on whom be peace. Sociation with it that the spy gazed at Selim's masterpiece. In the east, as in would yield to view some rounded Selim's delicate handiwork, which here

to make a purchase of Selim, and linpattern. She tried this upon a shred then tore the leaf out of the albam. A distant barking and shouting anfor you, O, Selim, that you labor in the little hand that held the tool, lest hammer and crush her tiny fingers. Once and again she did miss her aim

work than for a gift for Let. Smilin and not seeming to believe in his es nestness, she told him where an o relative dwelt at whose house he mig leave the present for her. Then, wi the playfulness of a child, she took th shred of brass and bent it round Selim finger like a ring, and without the pincers brought the ends tightly to-gether and folded them over, looking intend to do without the perfume-holder, at which he continued to cast face to see if she could make him

wince. After this a few words were exchang ed, Selim's happy, modest soul feast-ing the while on the lustrous eyes that told him the whole story of Paradise. bination unknit itself and he was left with a never-dying image in his soul. On that day he had named her for himself the Star of his Heart and had pro-



jected and begun the perfume-holder, laboring at it ever since in all spare hours. He has seen her again as she passed, less frequently of late, not at all the last two weeks, but the ex-

quisite interview had never been re-

peated. Selim took out the little punch-like tool that dinted the whorl pattern, and reaching his largest file, slowly defaced the die, casting the remainder of the tool out into the market. The harsh scraping of the file had made his head ache the more; he pressed his hand to his brow, and then with a sign took up the lantern again. In the moment of beginning to work he fell asleep. He was sitting on his heels, his head fell forward un'ii the chin rested on his breast; his left hand was curved round soporific influence on the ear, like the | the incomplete brass lantern that lay on his lap, the hand of his slack right arm lay on the ground beside him hold-

Far away flew his soul into the warm and kindly world of dreams to make her he had so often met there without her knowledge. And now it seconed, with the strangeness so u hal in a Selim, so intent when all had been dream, that the consciousness was his, resting, seemed more thoughful and that she was the seeker and he wasless active now. The mere work-a-day | -where? He could not tell, but helantern that he labored at appeared to or some one-saw that she found the grow distasteful to him, the blows of his hammer followed one another with him, touching it with the fruit velvet less eagerness; once he covered his of her cheek; letting the sik of her eyes with his hand, clasping his fore- hair fall over it like the blessing of his breath at the sight of the treasure, head convulsively as though it ached. Allah. For a moment the hammered It was a glaring hot afternoon and brass became the soul and the senses the bazaar was full of noise. Presently of Selim, and felt and thrilled at her other sounds from outside the market. the voice said, "But Selim, where is The shouts of a moving crowd and the | Selim?" and the dreamer-but it apsounds of their feet, and beating of peared to Selma that it was another, drums and gongs, and, from time to not himself-sent out to look for him, time, loud trumpet blasts. Loiterers saying to her and to the voices, "I will decamped to join the throng outside, find Selim, I know him by the ache in buyers were carried away by their his finger;" and wandered among a l curiosity to see what was happening in | the sorrows and pains of the world unlowed them, first charging their friends | And beginning with that he toiled and who remained to keep a protecting worked in a strange dream process-eye on their wares. The news dif-half piling of things that would fall fused itself through the market that it | and crumble as they were piled, half was the marriage procession of a great | creation by more will-to build up

And, when the building process was his beautiful mother prevented his the bazaar with a hammer in his hand, and an unfinished lantern in his Selim hardly heard the gossip that lap; and no Star of his Heart anywhere, buzzed about him; he was too much but the bazaar full of people discussoccupied with his own thoughts; the ing the marriage procession, and some shouted news that interested his neigh- laughing about a ridiculous fellow who

In a moment the bazaar vanished, as for them-his reserve had made him a glimpse of the street through a doorcondemned as unsocialable, and if he | way when the dark curtain falls across; had cared to go, there was no one he and there again was the lovely lady could ask to protect his little store of There, too, was Selim now; he remembrass lanterns and the like. He had | bered himself by the pain in his hinger. no wish to leave his shop; what was a | He had a great mace in his right hand prince's wedding to him that he should | and was armed like the mighty Rusrejoice at it? But he was relieved by tem, and the hand that ached rested the emptiness of the bazaar and the on his shield. A company of davils comparative quiet about him. He laid roared against han, and among them aside the incomplete lantern and look- were two Satans fores and aid-ons as ed at his left hand. Round the little the White Demon that his tent varfinger of it was wrapped a piece of rag; quished. But the sweet lady, we ex loved him too much on fear for home bent and kissed im wounded hand and the two white Satons, round who and prepared for batter

And suddenly be wake, and was a

his little shop in the b zear again. a satirical crowd were gaung at him, for he had muttered and moved in his sleep. In the midst of the through smiled the crafty merchant, and a till tle behind grinned the big boo from, Cairo, watching both lone and belon. "O my Seiim," said the mercleant, "do you spin your dreams from the juice of the pappy-head or the wine of Shiraz, or are you an eater of hashish, that you go through in Firdusi has ever sung?" The crowd too, not of ladies' lips and of battle but of mere buying and selling. As slept after my bread at midday l His thoughts went away to her whose dreamed that Selim had a rare perpresent to him was this little circle of fume-holder to seil tae, and that I pain-to the hour when she had care- bought it, and sold it again to Marco "I have no pertume-holder to sell And again at the recollection, as you," said Selim; "I have but the then at the reality, his breath paused things you see on my shop board."

> began at him again "But dreams are sent from Allah -"Some dreams are from Allah, merwas loath to part with his own coin.

> > LCONCILIDED NEXT W She Was O'er Sharp.

Not long ago a young man in Rockhim teach her the way he wrought in | ford, Ill., was coaxed to write his terme brass, asking the use of the grounds of in a young lady's album. Now he lead or of pitch and of all the little | would like to get his signature book, pressed the ductile metal. One lit- against him for \$800, claiming that she tle die, freshly made and never holds his note for that sam. It is

> Capacity Great, Mrs. Hobson-'Your husband is very

fond of fox hunting, is he not, Mrs. Vancouver?" Mrs. Vancouver-"Yes, indeed, very. Mrs. Hobson-"How many bars can

he take?" Mrs. Vancouver-"I don't know ex-actly, but I have heard it said that his