

## A DECOY LETTER.

Mr. C. B. Barrett, formerly Chief Inspector of the United States Secret Service, had a queer experience some time ago in a beautiful little town way down in Maryland. Mr. Barrett's long experience with this sort of work has taught him just how to dig a pit for his game, as the train neared the village he walked through the smoker to the mail car, asked for the mail clerk, showed his commission and said he had some thing which he wanted done.

"What is it?" asked the clerk nervously, eying the Chief Inspector.

"Where is the mail pouch you throw off at the next stop?"

It was produced.

"Open it."

It was opened, for an inspector has absolute authority, not only over mail clerks, but over the postmasters of the larger cities.

"Here is a letter," said Mr. Barrett, "addressed to James Lancaster, a fictitious name. The letter contains a \$10 bill. I want you to examine it, take the address, put it in that pouch and lock it with your own hands."

All this was done, and Mr. Barrett went back to his seat in one of the day coaches, confident that the next move in the game would answer his expectations.

The Secret Service agent stood upon the platform of the mail car when the train stopped and the pouch was thrown off, when he at once stepped to the platform. A boy, whose business it was to carry the mail, took the pouch over his shoulder and started up the village street, never dreaming that a Chief Inspector of the Postal Service was following him on the other side of the street and was watching him like a hawk, while seeming to watch nothing.

It was a beautiful June day, the birds were singing, and although it was high noon the leafy, lofty trees lining the quiet street cast deep, cool shadows that Mr. Barrett did not find walking unpleasant. For about a quarter of a mile the boy kept on, followed by the Inspector, and then turned into a small frame building, with a white and black sign over the door labeled "Postoffice."

"Now," said Mr. Barrett, inwardly, "my letter has reached its destination."

There was a crowd of visitors inside of the little Post-office and outside who swarmed towards the desk "to get their mail," and Mr. Barrett waited some fifteen minutes until they had all gone before he entered the place, and saw a handsome girl, about seventeen years old, dressed in an old-fashioned bodice and light colored skirt, sitting behind the wire grating in a rocking chair sewing.

"Is there a letter here for James Lancaster?" said the Inspector, and every one who knows his face and figure will not wonder that the girl took him for a well to do country man.

"No," she said, after sorting some letters in a case marked "L."

"Won't you look again?" and she did look, but with no better result.

"I am sure the letter must have come," said Mr. Barrett, and I, who know him well, can imagine how gently he said it.

"Are you the Postmaster?"

"No, I am the assistant. My father is the Postmaster."

"Who opened the pouch that came to the last train?"

"I did."

"No one to help you?"

"No, sir."

The girl's bright eyes looked at Mr. Barrett as any girl's bright eyes ever looked at a man.

"Maybeit stuck in the pouch. I've heard of such things," he said.

"Won't you look?"

She took the pouch, turned it upside down, shook it and looked inside. No letter.

"Won't you let me come in and help you look for it?" said Mr. Barrett.

"No. No one is allowed in here."

The Chief Inspector drew from his pocket his commission from the United States Government, with its official signatures and seals, and showed it to the girl, asking as she read it, "Can I come in now?"

presence. When that pouch was put off at the station I followed it and kept it in sight until it was taken in to the Postoffice. Now you say you opened it alone, that no one else touched it. Where is my letter?"

"I never saw it, sir. If you doubt me you can search me."

Mr. Barrett said that he would not do that, and that he had never done such a thing to a woman, and he began to pace the floor in deep thought.

The girl, more beautiful than ever in her excitement, sat down in the rocking chair, crossed her limbs and began to rock.

"Call your mother, and she can search you in my presence," said he at length.

"My mother is dead."

Again the Secret Service agent paced the floor. He looked into an adjoining room, brightly and neatly furnished, and wondered whether the girl could have secreted the letter there while she pretended to be going to the gate to let him in. As he paced back and forth he noticed the swinging feet of the Postmaster's daughter, that one of her stockings had sagged down, and that under that stocking was the shape of an envelope.

"Your stocking has dropped," he said.

The girl turned scarlet and white, and stopped rocking. She caught her breath, as if to faint.

"Now, give me my letter," said the Inspector.

She took it from its hiding place, handed it to him and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

The decoy letter, as is usual in cases of this sort, had been fixed so that it would be apparent to anyone that money was enclosed. It had done its work.

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Barrett.

"In the garden," sobbed the girl.

Mr. Barrett went out into the garden, found the old man hoeing and brought him in, and when he was told all he bowed his white head and sobbed with his child. The Inspector learned that the girl had admirers, as was natural; that her father was very miserly, not giving her even the money needed for a bright bit of ribbon, a new hat or a new dress; that she had been tempted to take money from the mails for bits of finery, and had done so. Mr. Barrett bitterly accused the old man of being the one to blame, and he acknowledged it.

"I suppose you will arrest her?" said the girl's father.

"Will you make restitution of the sum (it was about \$10), she has taken on account of your miserliness?"

"Yes; here it is," and it was handed over.

"Will you arrest her?"

"If I did what would be her future? No. Unless you or she tells this it will never be known in the village."

Inspector Barrett left after forcing the old man to promise his daughter should never be compelled or allowed to handle the mails again, and when he submitted his full report to the head of the department at Washington his course was fully approved.

### Patti and the Burglar.

It is said that shortly before Mme. Patti left Wales for her South American tour had a thrilling experience with a burglar. The songstress was alone in her chamber preparing to retire for the night, when she heard a sound in an adjoining room, as if someone were moving about. Patti hastily donned a wrapper, and walked boldly into the room from which the sounds came, and stood face to face with a gigantic burglar. He wore a mask to conceal his features, and in his hand he carried a heavy club.

The plucky woman asked him what he was doing there.

"Don't you see," he replied in a broad Welsh dialect, "I am stealing your diamonds?"

And he held up to her astonished eyes the most beautiful bracelet which she possessed. Patti did not scream.

She simply walked across the room, pressed an electric button to summon the servant. Instead of the servant, however, Signor Nicolini appeared on the scene. The burglar attempted to strike him with his club, but his game was frustrated by Patti. She grasped the club as it was raised in the air. Nicolini and the burglar then clinched, and in the struggle that ensued the enterprising but altogether too candid thief was pitched out of a second story window. He descended gracefully and broke a leg. He was found to be a peasant whom Patti had frequently befriended.—London Cor. New York Press.

### Two Great Curiosities.

A traveler once with great business related to a large company that he had traveled through all the world, and had seen at least one curiosity which had never yet been mentioned by any author.

This wonder, according to his assertion was a cabbage-plant so large that under one single leaf fifty armed horsemen in battle array could station themselves and perform their evolutions. No one who heard this exaggeration deemed it worthy of refutation; but one said, with the utmost composure and coolness, that he, too, had been somewhat of a traveler, and had been as far as Japan, where, to his astonishment, he had seen more than three hundred coppersmiths at work upon an immense cauldron, and that five hundred men were to be employed to smooth and polish it. "For what purpose, then, would they wish to use this monstrous cauldron?" asked the first traveler, sneeringly. "For cooking the cabbage-plants, sir, such as you were telling us about just now," was the answer.

### Segato's Ghastly Table.

Fifty years ago or thereabouts Giuseppe Segato, a Florentine physician, announced that he had discovered a way of petrifying the human body so as to preserve its form without change of appearance. He submitted specimens of his work to the grand duke of Tuscany, who thought well of the discovery, and offered to buy it from Segato. The physician refused the offer, and while he waited for a higher bid died, either suddenly or after a very short illness. He never revealed his process, and his secret was buried with him.

The following description of Segato's best known specimen, first published about a year ago in a medical journal, has since appeared in almost every newspaper in the country:

In the Pitti palace, at Florence, is a table which for originality in the matter of construction, and ghastliness in conception, is probably without a rival. It was made by Giuseppe Segato, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture.

To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upwards of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their luster, and seem to follow the observer. Segato died about 50 years ago. He obtained bodies from the hospitals and indurated them by impregnation with mineral salts.

Curiosity led the present writer, when in Florence recently, to obtain a view of this curious piece of furniture. What he saw was so entirely different from what he had been led to expect, that he is moved to tell the readers of the Sun about it.

In the first place, the "table" is not in the Pitti palace, but in the anatomical collection of the new St. Mary's Hospital; there the present writer had an opportunity of examining it, in company with Dr. Stanislao Bianchi, who is in charge of the collection.

The "table" is oval, of what looks like mahogany; it is about 18 inches long by 12 wide, and consists of a top only, it has no appearance whatever of ever having had a pedestal. The human petrifications on it consist of thin or small sections or slices about 1-64 of an inch thick, which are veneered upon it; some are diamond shaped, some oval, others square, with surface like fine grained wood, all arranged in an asymmetrical rectangular oblong design; there is a border around it, presenting at first sight the appearance of a checker board. Some of these veneers, by the effects of dampness, have become detached; one or two have fallen off altogether. Prof. Bianchi pointed out that these were small bits of organisms of the human body, such as the loins, kidneys, liver, spleen, lungs, skin, all of natural color, and that probably, in order to get them of small size they had been taken from boys' cadavers.

There were, however, no human eyes in the border or anywhere else. Dr. Bianchi showed other specimens of Segato's process—a female scalp of perfectly natural color, with long flowing hair attached; a woman's breast, fair and white, perfectly life-like. In these cases the parts preserved were like medium pasteboard in thickness and firmness. He showed also petrified reptiles, fish, and separate parts of the human body, all prepared by Segato, and doubtless submitted by him when he offered to sell his secret to the Tuscan government.

It was difficult to get an expression of opinion from the doctor about the value of Segato's process, and the consequent importance to science of its loss. "It has not been discovered since; it is a pity that it still remains unknown," was all that the kind and courteous professor would say on the subject. "Segato asked rather a large price, perhaps, but he knew his own business, doubtless."

The "table" is not seen by many visitors to Florence, or even by many Florentines; the custodians of Segato's specimens, even if they do not discourage sight-seers, certainly evince no great enthusiasm for the objects of their care.—New York Sun.

### A Humorous Senator.

Senator Evarts has a command a contentions humor that is rarely hinted at in such of his oblong periods as are most familiar to the public. A correspondent says that he remarked of Rhode Island that "it was settled by the Dutch; the Yankees settled the Dutch," and of certain Christians who landed in New England: "They praised God and fell upon their knees—then they fell upon the aborigines." The ex-Secretary also sent to Bancroft this letter:

"Dear Bancroft: I am very glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of picked pig pork and my thanks to Chief Justice Chase. Yours, "Evarts"

## The Judge and the Baby.

The Judge of the County Court was in trouble.

He had adjourned his court, the jurors had gone home, and he was left alone with the Sheriff.

No—not entirely alone—a sallow-faced woman in a limp and faded gingham sunbonnet and a limper and more faded homespun dress crouched down by the door of the Court House with a baby in her lap.

The Judge stepped outside for a moment and looked down the one straggling street which constituted the main thoroughfare of Blue Rock. A dreary, drizzling rain was falling, and there was scarcely a sign of life in the little village.

"Jim!"

In response to the call the sheriff followed the Judge—he was a big, tall fellow, with a good natured face, and his shambling walk impressed one with an idea of his laziness and general incapacity.

"Jim," said the Judge, "I'll be darned if I know what to do with Sally Black."

The sheriff hitched up his baggy jeans trousers and then scratched his head.

"We're in a fix, Judge," was his reply, and a broad grin spread over his face.

Undoubtedly the Judge was in a fix—he knew that well enough without hearing from the sheriff. Sally Black had been convicted of vagrancy in his court, and he had sentenced her to six months' imprisonment—a sentence which was to be carried out by knocking down the prisoner to the highest bidder.

As a rule, the prisoners disposed of in this manner were negroes, and the farmers of the country were always ready to bid for them and put them to work on their plantations, where they were treated like the other hands until their term of service expired.

The farmers around Blue Rock were a simple-minded, old-fashioned set of people, and the county court in their eyes was not a mill of criminal justice it was merely an agency through which they were supplied with laborers. They wanted Sally Black put through, as they expressed it, because she was the only regular tramp and beggar in the county—a good-for-nothing white woman, who had come from no one knew where, and was evidently going to the devil.

But when their wish was gratified—when the forlorn woman in her rags and desolation had been tried, convicted and sentenced, the honest countrymen slipped out of the court room with downcast faces and started homeward. Sheriff Jim spent an hour on a stump in front of the temple of justice vainly endeavoring to auction off his human merchandise, but nobody would offer a bid.

Of course it was no feeling of compassion for Sally Black that they held them back—it was the baby!

"Billy Betts would take her," said the Judge, coming out of a brown study. "I think, Jim, I'll send you down to the house."

"All right, Judge," answered Jim. His Honor looked inside the door. Sally Black still sat on the floor leaning against the wall with her baby in her lap. She did not look up at the Judge's stern face, but the little girl did, and began to laugh and crow in a spasm of delight.

The Judge hastily beat a retreat.

"Jim," he said, "you needn't go after Betts."

"All right, Judge."

The fact is, Betts is not the right sort to have a convict; he's a hard man—too rough, you know."

"Jesso, Judge."

"We'll lock her up in jail until to-morrow," said the other.

The Judge walked inside the court house and stooped down to tell the woman of his determination.

A pair of blue eyes flashed at him in riotous merriment, and a pair of pink fists struck at him and then the child's long fingers entwined themselves in his long beard.

"Oo's oo!" chirped the baby.

His Honor pushed his cap back, very gently, and then looked at the Sheriff.

"She's a peart gal," remarked Jim.

The Judge bolted out of the door, followed by the faithful officer.

"Jim, this is getting serious."

"Looks like a tough old case," volunteered the Sheriff.

"I can't lock that baby up in our dirty old jail, and I won't."

"How will you fix it, Judge?" asked the other. "Under the law we can't bid for the prisoner."

"I know what I'll do," said the Judge—"I say, Bob, come here!" he shouted to a man on the other side of the street.

"See here, Bob," growled the Judge, with a determined look, "you just put this woman and her baby in the little cabin on the hill. They won't starve, I'll send them enough to eat."

Bob had no more to say. It was a good bargain for him, and in less than five minutes he was marching down the street, followed by Sally Black and the baby.

The next day the Judge sent in his resignation to the Governor.

To his friends he made a very satisfactory explanation.

"Under our special act," he said, "I receive no salary. I am paid in fees, and I don't get any. Then I have to lend the prisoners money to pay their fines, and it is getting so that I will have to support some of the convicts. This court business will ruin me in debt if I stick to it, and that is why I resigned."

So Sally Black and the baby were quartered in a comfortable log cabin on the Judge's plantation, and their rations were sent to them every week from the big white house over the river.

What became of them after Sally's term was out?

The Blue Rock people would laugh at such a question. They knew the Judge. Sally Black needs no written lease—no contract with witnesses. She will stay in the little cabin as long as she and the baby like it, and the neighbors think she is settled there for life.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Cowboy and Spook.

Cheyenne Leader

This is hardly the season for ghost stories, but one which reached the ears of a reporter the other evening may entertain those fond of spooklore. The Leader can vouch for the reliability of all the persons mentioned, except the ghost itself. The narrative runs in this wise:

Joe Henley, a rollicking cowboy who rides the range for the Carlisle Cattle Company, was engaged in transferring a bunch of horses from one ranch on the Sweetwater to another and passed the historical Independence rock after nightfall. When near the noted landmark Joe was nearly scared out of his wits and his charges almost stampeded by the appearance of a ghastly apparition across the trail. The figure was that of a man and white in color. The outlines were clearly defined but the cowboy is unable to describe the costume of the unearthly tramp.

Henley, who is a quick-witted chap of great nerve, hurried his horse to a corral, about a mile distant, and returned to visit the uncanny thing. The goblin damned, like the village maiden, was over modest and kept its distance. At times it floated rapidly through the air and again loomed steady by jerks, as the toad walks. The adventurous puncher proposed to drive the ghost into the horse herd and then rope it. He was unsuccessful, however, but exhausted his mount and emptied his six shooters in the attempt, and what more could be required of an honest cowboy?

As is usually the case the ghost finally melted away, leaving the pursuers completely mystified. Another cowboy met with a similar adventure in the same locality last year, and every range-rider in that region swears by the Chicago market that the place is "sure enough haunted."

### Swagger in the Old Days.

From Besant's "Fifty Years Ago."

There is still swagger, even in these days; cavalry officers in garrison towns are still supposed to swagger. Eton boys swagger in their own little village; undergraduates swagger. The putting on of "side" by the way, is a peculiarly modern form of swagger; it is the assumption of certain qualities and powers which are considered as deserving of respect.

Swagger, fifty years ago, was a coarser kind of thing. Officers swaggered; men of rank swaggered; gentlemen in military frogs—there are no longer any military frogs—swaggered in taverns, clubs, and in the streets. The adoption of quiet manners; the wearing of rank with unobtrusive dignity; the possession of wealth without ostentation; of wit without the desire to be always showing it—these are points in which we are decidedly in advance of our fathers.

There was a great deal of cuff and collar, stock and breastpin about the young fellows of the day. They were oppressive in their gallantry; in public places they asserted themselves; they were loud in their talk.

### A Pike County Story.

The Paupack Creek, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, is the dwelling place of a monster more wonderful than the sea serpent, if one can believe the stories told by people in the vicinity. They describe the beast as having a head like an ape and square shoulders like a human being. From the shoulders of the creature there extend legs arms, which terminate in great claws. The body of the monster, which is fully six feet in length, is of a reddish brown tint, very like that of a lizard, and terminates in a tail like that of a fish. The creature's body is bare of any covering, but about the head and neck is a mane of reddish hair. It is needless to say that the county is excited over this strange animal. Various parties surround the creek each day in hopes of capturing the beast, but up to the present time their endeavors have not been crowned with success.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, APRIL 26—THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Golden Text: "Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon." Luke xvi, 13.—The Relations of the Present Life to the Future.



OUR LESSON for today includes from the 13th to the 21st verses of Luke, chapter 16.

We still continue to study the series of parables recorded only by Luke, illuminating a number of truths the people needed to know and which, through these many sides to truth, and there is danger of emphasizing one to the exclusion of others.

In the last lesson we saw as in a heavenly vision the love of the Father and hope for the lost through repentance; and heard the joyful songs of the angels over the returning wanderer.

Today we see in the parable of the unjust steward how to make this word the means of reaching the everlasting habitations; and in that of the rich man and Lazarus the danger of eternal loss if we misuse this world and its goods.

Place in the Life of Christ.—Still in the Persian ministry, about three months before the crucifixion.

Jesus is giving a series of personal and national instructions with vivid illustrations. The full text of today's lesson is as follows: 19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: 20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, 21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. 22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died and was buried. 23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. 24. And he cried out and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame. 25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. 26. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. 27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, Father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: 28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. 29. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. 30. And he said, Nay, Father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. 31. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

Explanations to today's lesson follow: 19. "A certain rich man." His name is not given, perhaps to show that in heaven's estimation it has no worth. "Was clothed in purple." His outer robe was made of silk or wool dyed purple, very costly, and worn by kings and heroes. "And fine linen." The under-garment, or tunic, of fine linen.—Godebt. It was made from the Egyptian byssus, a flax that grew on the banks of the Nile. "And fared sumptuously every day." Literally, "making merry every day, splendidly." It indicates a life of banquets.

20. "Laid at his gate." The entrance from the inside to the first court, "so that the rich man saw the wretched object every time he went in or out of his mansion." "Full of sores." "Ulcerated all over." "Full of sores" he could have picked them up as they fell; he would share the leavings with the dogs when all the garbage and remnants were thrown out into the street, after the common practice.—Prof. I. Hall. "Moreover" (R. V., "yea even") "the dogs came," in strange contrast with the other brute creatures in the picture. The dogs showed kindness where the rich man was indifferent.

21. "And desiring." In the Greek the same word is used of the prodigal who would fain eat of the hucks. He was eager; he set his ardent desires upon "the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." Lazarus was not where he could have picked them up as they fell; he would share the leavings with the dogs when all the garbage and remnants were thrown out into the street, after the common practice.—Prof. I. Hall. "Moreover" (R. V., "yea even") "the dogs came," in strange contrast with the other brute creatures in the picture. The dogs showed kindness where the rich man was indifferent.

22. "The beggar died." Nothing is said of his burial, because probably his body "was without honor thrown into a ditch," but his soul, his real self, was "carried by the angels," blessed hangers, glorious funerals, into Abraham's bosom, the strye of Paradise, where Abraham was the host of a great feast (Matt. xxii, 2; Rev. xii, 7-9); and to lie in his bosom, as St. John in that of our Lord (John xiii, 23), was to be there as the most favored guest.—Elliott.

Compare the martyr who hung clothed in white and singing with the angels, who had come out of great tribulation, but had "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. vii). "The rich man also died. . . . was buried." There is a sublime irony in this mention of his burial, connected as it is with what is immediately to follow.—Trench. The last service his wealth could give him was a burial "crowned with the vain and extravagant pomp of his life," with rich men and not angels for his pall-bearers.

23. "And in hell" (R. V. Hades). The unseen world, including both the Paradise of the good and Gehenna, "the hell of fire" for the wicked. It was "the grave, the intermediate condition of the dead between death and the final judgment."—Cambridge Bible. "Being in torment," "tormented in this flame," not literal fire, for a spirit cannot be touched by flame, but "an anguish of soul as intolerable as the touch of earthly flame is to the nerves of the mortal body."—Elliott. "And seeth Abraham afar off." So represented, because both in condition and character they were as far apart as possible. "And Lazarus in his bosom." Reclining in honor at the banquet of bliss.—G. W. Clark.

24. "And he cried and said." "We have reason to believe that in the unseen world there is not the same sense of distance as there is in this."—Sadler. "Father Abraham," for it was one of his descendants who called, and felt that he had a right to. "Have mercy on me." Abraham did have mercy on him, of course. "Send Lazarus," whom he saw near Abraham. "Dip the tip of his finger." He asked the smallest possible favor, possibly as an offering for more. But what a fearful contrast with his former state. "Cool my tongue," that had refused so many requests for help, and spoken so many selfish words.

25. "But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."—Trench. The last service his wealth could give him was a burial "crowned with the vain and extravagant pomp of his life," with rich men and not angels for his pall-bearers.

26. "And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."—Elliott. Compare the martyr who hung clothed in white and singing with the angels, who had come out of great tribulation, but had "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. vii). "The rich man also died. . . . was buried." There is a sublime irony in this mention of his burial, connected as it is with what is immediately to follow.—Trench. The last service his wealth could give him was a burial "crowned with the vain and extravagant pomp of his life," with rich men and not angels for his pall-bearers.

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