FAVORITE STUDIES OF ROYAL READERS



MANY OF THE YOUNGER BORN TO THE PURPLE ARE FINE STUDENTS



PRINGE of MOMAGO

N THE good old days Kings and Queens were not expected to know inything about literature; it was one of the prerogatives of royalty to be ignorant The past century has changed all that. A King has to be a walking encyclopedia; a Queen wins admiration from her people when it is known that she love books and has a cultivated taste. Toung Princes have to wade through languages, science and political economy; small Princesses are expected to have a loving acquaintance with poets and the setter sort of novelists. The change has come about within our own





TO LITERATURE

many ploughboys. Take the English royal family for an

example. The late Queen Victoria was ndoubtedly a woman of great brain power and character, she probably knew as much about the ruling of her immense possessions as any of her ministers, and unwritten English constitution by putting direct personal restraint upon the responheads of state departments. She read a good deal of Tennyson, no doubt, but it was mainly because of a certain sentimentality in which her poet laureate met her own womanly feeling; what was had no sound literary judgment. And her later reading was either in books of desent up sales, as in the case of Rhoda Broughton or "Rita," but it almost al-

things" for him while he himself went his

Prince of Wales and the Kalser. of the King in his interest in letters and and thought. To hear him speak in public, if only at some absurd unveiling ceremony or the laying of a foundation stone, is to recognize at once a man fairly abreast of the intellectual achievement of really fine and great in Lord Tennyson's his day, a man of personal convictions work almost certainly left her unmoved.

Her diaries—rewritten mostly for publication. He is a well-educated, cultivated tation. He is a well-educated, cultivated man, representing the new generation of

royalty.
On about the same intellectual plane stands the much-talked-of Kaiser. votion and sermons, or in novels of the it is true, is not a great reader of books. least intellectual order. Her indirectly He has been called the "yellow journalexpressed approval of a book several times | 1st of royalty," on account of his love for ultra-modernism, his passion for splurge and display. Naturally he is a ways meant that the book was devoid of all real value. The old Queen read simply to while away the heavy hours. She belonged, able woman though she was, to serves it up. He lets other people do the age of uncultivated royal persons. the work of research for him, he gets Her son, the present King, belongs prac- his learning at second-hand, but he lets

resents fairly well the jovial mediaeval monarch who paid learned men to "know quaintance with the history of the historical disquisitions, varied by plunges things" for him while he himself went his world in former ages—except in so far into profound tomes dealing with mystiway in contented indifference to all the intellectual life of his day.

Prince of Wales and the Kalser.

as his fetish, the house of the Hohen-zollerns, was concerned. The Kalser is a man of his own day, intensely interested all that Queen Marguerite's simple taste The contrast of the order with the new ecomes evident in the case of his son, he Prince of Wales. The Prince is not a the but cold towards the past. His there is, of course, another crowned head to be thought off—sh venerable pontiff, the but equipped in the world; a numer—the lives daily in the midst of the becomes evident in the case of his son, press bureau, by the way, is possibly the Prince of Wales. The Prince is not a the best equipped in the world; a numer-conspicuously learned man, nor perhaps a ous staff of "imperial readers" wades brilliantly gifted man, but he is far ahead of the King in his interest in letters and and thought. To hear him speak in pubcles on literature and science which may interest him. As a sort of side-dish, he devours also fact-articles dealing with sport, especially, I have heard, with pu-gillsm. The Kaiser does some boxing him-self in the privacy of Potsdam: it is very probable that Prince Henry of Prussia returning from the United States trip brought a good deal of ring-gossip with which to regale the leisure of his imperial

Italy's Well-Read King and Queen. The same contrast that I have pointed erations of royalty in the case of English reigning is exhibited also in the Italian court. It is well known that old King Humbert contemptuously "left books to those who liked them," and contented himself with being a mighty hunter on those who liked them," and contented himself with being a mighty hunter on the Alps. Queen Marguerite was equally indifferent to literature. She cared for nothing but works of piety, and simple little stories such as children read. Their son, the present King, is of another way of thinking. He is a student, almost a content of thinking. He is a student, almost a content of thinking. He is a student, almost a content of the most highly cultivated reigns. One of the most highly cultivated reigns. Lamartine and of Victor Hugo—which me in princes in the world is a man scarce—lamartine and of Victor Hugo—which me is a man scarce—lamartine tically to the same period; he is not in nothing escape; he is in the closest nothing but works of piety, and simple the first bloom of his youth and he, too. touch with modern science, art, literature. But nothing but works of piety, and simple touch with modern science, art, literature. But nothing but works of piety, and simple touch with modern science, art, literature.

The positive and personality. I have heard a son, the present King, is of another way

less Vatican collections of priceless, cient volumes have been for years his daily joy, and he has kept the great library up-to-date, personally seeing that no new book of zeal, first hand in importance in any language of the world, be left unstocked. But of late years, it is said, the Pope has practically read lit-tic that is new. A Cardinal Camerlengo keeps him informed as to the latest results achieved in science and the big new departures in philosophical thought, but apart from the world, politics and the progress of the Catholic Church, led things interest the venerable Bishop of Rome. His valet told a French journalist of the Catholic Church, few the other day that the Pope kept by his ing: he is an old man and feeble, his

The Reigning

KING of ITALY

of a critic. Much less able than his mother, he practically is an uneducated man, say the Kaiser's ready memory, diligently except in the sense that he is a man of the world and knows life very thoroughly in all its phases. It is nowhere recorded in the world and its phases. It is nowhere recorded in the world and knows life very thoroughly in all its phases. It is nowhere recorded in the world and knows life very thoroughly in all its phases. It is nowhere recorded in the world and knows life very thoroughly in a learning came out of Egypt, out times have altered since the Greeks went whence we may conclude that, the scholar, a meditative, deeply read man, while the new Queen Helena, daughter the Land of Sphinx to acquire their which we may conclude that, the scholar, a meditative, deeply read man, while the new Queen Helena, daughter first training in philosophic thought, and the has the bad habit of reading in one little expects to find great knowledge now in that degraded Turkish province (Copyright 1992)

under an English protectorate. It is none the less true that the young Khedive pos-sesses one of the profoundest minds of his day. He is modern to the finger tips, but steeped also in the lore of old times, a highly skilled administrator under dif-ficult conditions of international interference, but at the same time a dreamy Oriental philosopher and a minutely learned Egyptologist, capable of disput-ing the family history of dead and gone Pheraohs with the profoundest of Ger-man savants. The wild Arab tribes over whom his rule extends revere and fear Abbas Hilmi.

In a downtown Syrian cafe of New York I have heard a dark-eyed ex-son of the desert solemniy declare that the Abbas ("Great Father") was a reincarna-Abbas ("Great Father") was a reincarnation of Solomon, the mystic doctor of all Syrian and Arabian mythology. "He has the key of Solomon and the Solomon Magic, because he is Solomon's soul, Abbas Hilmi," asserted this newly naturalised citizen, telling us at "Yousouf's" in Rooseveit street wild stories of the wondrous doings of the nighty Egyptian magician and Prince. The Syrians and the Arabians gathered there to smoke the perfumed nargillah together and in the perfumed nargilah together, and in the squalid new world cafe to tell stories of the old life of the mountain and of the desert, solemnly asserted before us cy-nical newspaper impressionists that he was the "Soul of Solomon, Abbas Hilmi." He may not be that, but he is a won-derful man—certainly one of the most learned and cultured that ever wielded princely power. He is skilled in all the knowledge of the modern world, has in his palace in Cairo as fine a, library as any European capital except London pos-sesses and turns readily from administrative work concerning irrigation and re-bellious Arabs to grind like a university professor at the reconstruction of the past of Egypt, or at the deepest problems of modern thought. He has acquired as much from the elevation of his character as from his practical administrative abilas from his practical administrative abliity an immense influence over the turbulent tribes of the North African Hinterland. They say of him in their metaphorical style, "You go into his presence
as a raging lion, and in his presence you
become a cat." He tames them by the
magnetism of his lofty personality.

Learned Prince of Monneo. Another learned prince is Prince Charles of Monaco. He draws his income from the gilded hell of Monte Carlo-"fattening on the ruin of the gam-blers of the world," as an American divine put it in a memorable discourse; but personally he is an estimable man, a slave to the curious conditions by which alone his little principality has been able to flourish. He has taken science for his playground, is constantly reading German and English periodicals dealing with na-ture research, and has himself published ture treatises on astronomical questions and on various curious researches he has made into tidal laws and into the flora and fauna of the sea.

The Char's devotion to literature treating of occultism, thought-reading, hypnotism and kindred subjects is well known. The King of Greece is the most vora-cious reader of French yellowbacks and has first editions of practically every nov-el, good, had or indifferent, published in Paris for the last 30 years. He has them sent to him at Athens as soon as they appear. He may often be seen driving on a Summer afternoon down to Phalerion with the carriage sent in front of him loaded with uncut volumes to be judged

a Summer afternoon down to Phalerion with the carriage seat in front of him loaded with uncut volumes to be judged at a glance and either filed away in the immense book-room of the palace or kept at hand for reading in a few days.

The Sultan of Turkey never reads anything but state papers, and the very few landstory articles upon himself which his diligent secretary now and then uncarths in some foreign journal. He has, however, a favorite daughter who is be-into the deoth of clouds that yell thy breast—late the carriage seat in front of him loaded with uncut volumes to be judged at a glance and either filed away in the lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! The signs and wonders of the element! Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise! Thou, too, hear-mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks, Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard. earths in some foreign journal. He has, however, a favorite daughter who is being educated in all the knowledge of the Giacur at Neuilly, just cutside of the fortifications at Paris. The Turkish princess is being made a very up-to-date young girl, learns the plane and goes to princess is being made a very up-to-date young girl, learns the plane and goes to the play; cultivatee, in fact, every society accomplishment, including the reading of Rise like a cloud of incesse, from the earth! the play; cultivates, in fact, every society, accomplishment, including the reading of the latest novel talked of in the Paris salons. People who have been presented to her say that she is very charming and to her say that she is very charming and and the latest have been presented to her say that she is very charming and the latest have been presented to her say that she is very charming and the latest have been presented to her say that she is very charming and the latest have been presented to her say that she is very charming and the latest have been presented to the latest quite European in her ways of thought, but not particularly brilliant. Her extensive novel reading is done out of a sense of duty. Leopold of Belgium is another describe of Frank novel. times: in nearly every case the younger sovereigns and royalites generally are highly cultured, devotees of learning and literature, while the older crowned heads.

In Roman society, where deep culture sense of duty. Leopoid of Beigium is hours without ever being detected in error of fact, though touching on nearly every house of human activity in the past hundred years.

In Roman society, where deep culture is looked upon as something almost uncompletely out of fact, though touching on nearly every book; probably he has read very few. Certainly his poor attempts at speech-making show him to be completely out of his literature, while the older crowned heads.

The attache thought, by the way, that the companion of the south water of the south with the world of thought. He rep.

The attache thought, by the way, that the companion of the south water of the so fiction staring conspicuously out of his

Queen of Roumania,

The Queen of Roumania, the brilliant writer whose clever stories of her picturesque country have appeared in so many American magazines, has a collection of books dealing with the folk-lore of all countries. This specialized library is reckoned the completest of its kind possessed by any one person; it is cer-tainly one of the very most beautiful 'Carmen Sviva" loves exouisite bindings and brings a refined artistic taste to the designing or choosing of choice cases for A well-known cherished books. hours as the Queen's guest at Bucharest Indians, tells me that Carmen Sylva's library, for the mere richness of its bindings, is probably the most costly tion of purely modern books gathered to-gether in one place. The Czar, by the way, shares the Roumanian Queen's love bedside for constant perusal the works of of dainty books; whenever he is much Thomas Aquinas, St. Augustine's "City struck with the contents of a new volume, of God," the works of Virgil and the he has it especially rebound in some rich "Divine Comedy" of Dante. Besides these and his breviary he reads little or noth; collection of favorites that he keeps in his collection of favorites that he keeps in his personal apartments. During his latest visit to France he brought with him literary days are past.

One of the most highly cultivated reign—
Lamartine and of Victor Hugo—which the STEPHEN AUSTIN.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



columns. Letters should be writof the writer, not for publication, however. All letters without the name of the writer go to the waste-basket.

What per cent of the United States are made factured in the United States are made N. T. What per cent of the car wheels manu-

No statistics are at hand telling what per cent of the car wheels of the United States are of paper, but it is small. The paper car wheel industry has been declining for the past 10 years or so, and the leading manufacturers of paper car wheels are now making steel wheels also. With ian to which the first surveys are rethe lessening cost of steel it is driving paper wheels out

United States Surveys.

1. Is our present admirable system of state survey of public lands due largely to the efforts of Thomas Jefferson? Why were the first six standard meridians initiated at or near the mouths of rivers? And why was the Willamette meridian not initiated from the mouth of

the Williamette, but near it?

3. Are some lands surveyed from the boundary line between Ohio and Penn-sylvania known as the "Ellicott line"? nounced?

If so what lands?

Rauvie's Island.

How did the name, "Sauvie's Island," originate: also, how is "Sauvie's" pronounced?

J. J. C.

such townships?

6. Are the "correction lines" "guldes" meridians 24 miles distant uniformly or do they vary in this particular?
7. If I am informed correctly it was by act of Congress decreed that town-ships should be 10 miles square. Were any lands so surveyed?

1. Yes. He was chairman of the first Congressional committee on the subject. 2. No special reasons, except that such points are prominent geographical features. By starting near the mouth it of course, in this and other states in makes a more convenient line for farmuch a manner that in the event of ing lands through the Williamette Valley. ing lands through the Willamette Valley, are numbered from south.

5. Thirty-two principal meridians, not counting a number of guide meridians. 6. They vary. 7. The first report to Congress was for 10-mile townships, but it was amended. No lands were so surveyed.

ETTERS asking for general infor- Land Department to have Congressional Wapato Island, on account of the wapa- cited by Judge Bean in Thomas vs. reach of the water. Also any other in mation will be answered in these townships sub-divided by the same toes which grew there. It received its Thomas 24 Or. 255, though old are still formation in regard to the matter wi and | timers.

> "Saw-ve's" is probably the correct prowas named for the wife of the white

Real Estate Held Jointly. Can real and personal property be held jointly, the real estate by deed its title will vest in the survivor absolutely without probating executors or other vexations and costly processes? I have been told that this is the case. If this be true just how is it managed?

rule does not apply to personal property. who makes his own will." To prevent an estate from going through the Probate Court, it is necessary, where 3. Are some lands surveyed from the boundary line between Ohio and Pennboundary line between Ohio and Pennsylvania known as the "Ellicott line"?

If so what lands?

List the policy of the United States

The Island was called by the Indians

The sauvie's Island, "

One is free from debt. to make an absolute gift and an unconditional delivery,
during life or at the time of death,
tell me if they are in operation and if
the Probate Court, it is necessary, where
one is free from debt. to make an absolute gift and an unconditional delivery,
during life or at the time of death,
tell me if they are in operation and if
T. P.—The Sucs canal was begun in 1839

The Island was called by the Indians

Still the words of Jesus, Son of Sirach,
there is any land to be had along or in

and finished in 1869.

mation will be answered in these townships sub-divided by the same toes which grew there. It received its Thomas, 24 Or., 255, though old are still parties who ran out the exterior lines of present name from a French Canadian true: "Give not thy son and wife, thy ten on one side of the paper, and must 5. How many standard meridians are be accompanied by the name and address used in the United States public surveys? is the theory generally accepted by old- while thou livest, and give not thy goods to another, lest it repent thee, and thou entreat for the same again. As long as nunciation, though many pioneers call it thou livest and hast breath in thee give "So-ve's," and there are still others who | not thyself over to any, for better it say "Sophie's," holding that the island is that thy children seek to thee, than that thou shouldst stand to their courtesy. In all thy works keep to thyself the pre-eminence, leave not a stain in italists do not spend their money for the thine honor. At the time when thou shalt end thy days and finish thy life,

distribute thine inheritance." Can a man write his own will and file it away, or should it be witnessed and put on record to make it legal?

L. R.

A will need not be recorded. In Oregon it must be signed by two persons as witnesses, whether written by the testator or When real estate is deeded to husband by some one else. It is never eafe for a and wife jointly, they are tenants by man not versed in the law to draw up entireties and upon the death of either his will. When lawyers meet at banquet the other takes the whole estate. This they never forget a toast to "the man

formation in regard to the matter will be thankfully received. A. E.

Eastern Oregon is a pretty wide and varied country. There are numerous irrigating ditches in operation in it, and land is to be had under any of the ditches. If the inquirer means Government land it may be said that there is none reached by the present ditches, Irrigating works require the investment of considerable sums of money, and capbenefit of the public domain. By purchase or through grants they first obtain control of the land, then invest their money in reclamation works, which make worthless. There has recently been a good deal of activity by irrigation enterprises in the Deschutes Valley, and if they shall succeed there will be several large areas brought under water there and offered for sale on easy terms. A simflar project is under way in Harney

To Various Correspondents. host of inquirers-The "s" dime of

Klamath-The highest flood in the Columbia was in June, 1894.

Pioneer—The Pioneers' reunion will be held June 18, this year, the 15th falling

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

Coleridae's Hymn

(Before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny.) Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star. In his steep course? So long he seems to pause On thy bold, swful head, Oh sowram Blanc! The Arve and Arvetron at thy base Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form! Risest from forth thy sitent sea of pines, How silently! Around thee and above row sienty: Around thee and anove Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black, An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it, As with a wedge! But when I look again, It is thise own calm home, thy crystal abrine, Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in
prayer
I worshiped the invisible alone,

Tet, like some sweet beguiling melody, So sweet, we know not we are listening to it. Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought. Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;

I ea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, ennapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell vast to heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret cestasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my hearf, awake!
Green hills and ley cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn,
Co-decaid; wake, Oh, wake, and utter paise!
Who sank thy suntoss pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents flercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter
death.
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks, Forever shattered and the same forever? Who gave you your invulnerable life, Who gave you your invulnerable life, Your strength, your speed, your fury and your

sasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded (and the silence came), Here let the biliows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-fails! ye that from the mountain's brow Adown enormous ravines slope amain— Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice And stopped at once amid their maddest

plunger at once amore their manners plunger Motionless forrents! silent cutaracts! Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living

forers
Of lovelest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God!-let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer: and let the los-plains echo, God!
Sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!

Thou dread embassador from earth to heaven

The balms and blisses of the South, And blow across the longing land The breath of your delicious mos

Come from the almond bough you stir, The myrtle thicket where you might.
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here

The robin whistles far and nigh! Thrills with the fullness you shall take, And wrapped away from life and love

For here in reed and rush and grass, To meet the sun-the sun and you.

Create the old delightful things, And woo the frozen world again With thints of heaven upon you

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the atr. Which dwells with all things fair, Spring, with her golden suns and aliver rain, Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns Its fragrant lamps, and turns Into a royal court with green festoons

The banks of dark lago In the deep heart of every forcet tree The blood is all agies.

And there's a look about the leafless bowers.

As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we truce the hand Of Winter in the land. Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,

Flushed by the season's dawn; Or where, like those strange semblances we That hge to childhood bind, The elm puts on, as if Nature's scorn, The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know That, not a span below, A thousand germs are groping through the gloom, And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,

The crocus breaking earth; And near the snowdrop's tender white and green The wielet in its screen, But many gleams and shadows need must pass

Along the budding gram, And weeks go by, before the enamored South Shall kins the rose's mouth. Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn

In the sweet airs of morn; One almost looks to see the very street Grow purple at his feet. At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by, And brings, you know not why,

A feeling as when eager crowds awalt Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would

start, If, from a beech's heart A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say, "Behold me! I am May!"

-Henry Timrod.

Lines to Spring. I heard a thousand blended notes While in a grove I sat reclined, In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

The human soul that through me ran; And much it grieved my heart to think What Man has made of Man. Through primrose turfs, in that sweet bower

To her fair works did nature link

The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that every flower The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,

Their thoughts I can not measure— But the least motion which they made It seem'd a thrill of pleasure The budding twigs spread out their fan To catch the breezy air,

And I must think, do all I can, That there was pleasure the If this belief from heaven is sent, ch'be Nature's holy plan, What Man has made of Man?

-Wordsworth.

Strangers Yet. Strangers yet! After years of life together, After fair and stormy weather, After travel in far lands.
After touch of wedded hands,—
Why thus joined? Why ever met
If they must be strangers yet?

Strangers yet! After title of "old friends," After passions fleroe and tender, After cheerful self-surrender,

Hearts may beat and eyes be me., And the souls be strangers yet. Strangers yet? Oh! the bitter thought to scan the loneliness of ma Nature by magnetic laws, Circle unto circle draws,

But they only touch when met, Never mingle-strangers yet, -Lord Houghton.

Longfellow.

The winds have talked with him confidingly; The trees have whispered to him, and the night Hath held him gently as a mother might, And taught him all sad tones of melody; The mountains have bowed to him, and the

In clamorous waves and murmurs exquisite, Hath told him all her sorrow and delight-Her legends fair-ber darkest mystery. His verse blooms like a flower, night and day; es cluster round his rhymes, and twitterings Of lark and swallow, in an endless May, Are mingling with the tender songs he sings, Nor shall be cease to sing-in every lay

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER - FLAT

their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The locars toward for compained. The locars toward for compained the locars toward for compained the locars toward for compaining the locars to the loc The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more chearful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney.* Only Mother Shipton, once the strongest of the party, seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day the called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm the said in a voice of querulous "the said in a voice of querulous "bases of the party of the said in a voice of querulous "bases of the said of before him. The Duchess, more cheerful going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say snything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it."
Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother
Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she
said, pointing to the sleeping Pinoy.
"You've starved yourself," said the gambler, "That's what they call it." "That's what they call it," said the

passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside and showed him a pair of snowshoes which he showed him a pair of snowshoes which he had fashioned from an old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney, it's there," he added, pointing to Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simon, "Til stay here," was the "I'll stay here," was the curt reply,

"You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the canyon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face affame and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement, Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst, It brought the storm again, and the whirling

1894 (not 1893) commands a high price from | snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled be-side the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, days longer. but she hid them from Piney.

The women siept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, (Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of darelling white that toward 20 feet above

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly black-ened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney and North the allense of more bourse. and broke the silence of many hours; "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, "Simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and,

them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rift-ed clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and foot-steps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized

locked in each other's arms. But at the head of the guich, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a howle-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:

> Beneath this Tree JOHN OAKHURST.
> Who Struck a Streak of Bad Luck
> on the 23d of November, 1850,
> and
> Handed in His Checks
> on the 7th December, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a derringer by his side and a builet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strong-