DAYTON HERALD.

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DAYTON .....OREGON.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The mine firemen's strike has been declared off.

The southwest was again scorched by a hot wave.

The steel trust has made no effort to start up idle plants.

The rivers and harbors committee has returned from Alaska.

The international mining congress has opened at Boise, Idaho.

Whitmarsh has been exonerated of the charges brought against him.

The ministers at Pekin have agreed upon the question of indemnity payments.

San Francisco teamsters have quit work and the wholesale trade is about tied up.

Colonel Albert Jenks, a well known artist, dropped dead in Los Angeles of heart disease, aged 75 years.

A Pittsburg woman started the fire with kerosene and, with her three children, was burned to death.

The mayor of Santa Paula, Cal., was shot and probably fatally wounded by a tough character of that place.

Corbin and Chaffee have decided on radical changes in the army in the Philippines. The military force will be reduced to 20,000 or 30,000.

A movement has been started by the labor unions of San Francisco to shut out Japanese, placing them on the same footing with the Chinese.

At a Chicago race track four horses became frightened, threw their riders and bolted from the track into the spectators and several persons were severely injured.

It is estimated that $2,000,000 in bank notes is in circulation which have been printed from the plates of a defunct bank. The plates were supposed to have been destroyed 50 years ago.

The Havana drydock may be towed to Subig bay, Luson.

Aguinaldo is irritated by his continued imprisonment.

The steel trust will attempt to open several plants this week.

Friendly relations between Russia and Thibet have been opened.

Hot weather continues in the British Isles, but relief is predicted.

Another heat wave has visited the corn belt of Kansas and Nebraska.

Peasants of the Volga, Russia, provinces are on the verge of starvation.

General Davis has relieved General Kobbe in the southern Philippine islands.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of ex-President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, is dead.

International Epworth League convention at San Francisco has adjourned.

It is almost certain that the stationary firemen's strike will soon be at an end.

Major O'Neill, the third mayor of the city of Portland, is dead at his home in Spokane.

It is feared that disorder and distress will follow opening of government lands in Oklahoma.

The next official map of the United States will show the Lewis and Clark route and incidentally advertise the 1905 fair.

No move has been made to settle the steel strike.

General Daniel Butterfield died at his home at Craigside, N. Y.

Earl Russell will enter the plea of guilty to the charge of bigamy.

One man was killed and 50 wounded in religious riots at Saragossa.

L. S. J. Hunt has abandoned project to establish a newspaper at Seattle.

International convention of Epworth League has opened in San Francisco.

The American Sugar Refining Company has reduced the price on all grades of sugar.

Italy is investigating representations made regarding alleged lynching of two Italians in Mississippi.

The British and French navies will unite in a series of maneuvers in order to see which can out general the other.

The tinworkers' union has refused to handle non union plates, thus coming to the support of the striking tinplate makers.

The relief from drought in Kansas was only temporary. The weather has again turned warm and all crops are withering.

William C. Whitney, of New York, paid $50,000 for the two-year-old colt Nasturtium.

It is reported that a company at St. Cloud, Fla., has succeeded in making excellent paper from the leaves of the palmetto.

Andrew Atlan, the only surviving founder of the Allan Line Ocean Steamship Co. and president of the line, died at Montreal, Can., at the age of 80 years.

The Pennsylvania supreme court has declared that the governor has the right to veto in whole or in part any item of appropriation that the legislature may make.

John W. Woolley, who was the prohibition candidate for the presidency, has started on a tour around the world to investigate the liquor question in all its phases.

Herbert L. Bridgeman has been selected by the Peary Arctic club of New York to head the expedition it will send north this summer to the relief of Lieut. Peary.

MAJOR O'NEIL DEAD.

Third Mayor of the City of Portland, 1856-7—Passed Away at Spokane.

Spokane, Wash., July 22.—Major James O'Neill, one of the earliest pioneers of the Northwest, died at 11 o'clock last night. He was the third mayor of Portland. At the time of his death he was deputy clerk of the federal court. He was born at Dunansburg, Schenectady county, N. Y., February 8, 1826. In 1853 he came west to Oregon. He settled in Oregon City, but soon went to Portland and became agent for Wells, Fargo & Co. He was elected the third mayor of Portland and held that office during 1856-7. In 1861 he went to Lapwai, in the Nez Perces reservation, as superintendent of education, and next year took full charge of the agency under a commission issued July 5, 1862, by President Lincoln, appointing him United States Indian agent for the territory of Idaho.

In 1866, Major O'Neill passed through this country on his way to select land for a reservation, and the land then chosen constitutes the present Coeur d'Alene Indian reserve. He retired from his position in 1868, and May 10 of the following year went back to New York state, riding on the first through train on the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento to Ogden. He remained about nine years at his native place. In 1878 he returned to the West, locating at Chewelah, Stevens county, Wash., where he was sub-Indian agent, having charge of the Coeur d'Alenes. In 1887 he was elected auditor of Stevens county. He served two terms. He was then elected to the state senate to represent Stevens and Spokane counties. In 1892 he was appointed deputy clerk of the United States district and circuit courts of the eastern division of Washington, which he held at the time of his death.

WEARY OF PRISON.

Aguinaldo is Chafing Under His Long Continued Restraint.

Manila, July 23.— Aguinaldo is considerably irritated at his continued surveillnace by the American authorities. Whenever he signs his name he must add the word "prisoner." He refused the request of his friends to write to the insurgent General Malvar, still at large in Southern Luson, advising him to surrender. He consented to sign a copy of his oath of allegiance with the understanding that it be forwarded to Malvar for the purpose of influencing his surrender, but under his signature to the oath he wrote, "Prisoner in Malacanan Prison."

General Davis has been ordered to the command of the American troops on the island of Mindanao, and in the Jolo archipelago. General Kobbe, formerly commander of this district, will return to the United States.

The transport Sheridan, with the Fourteenth infantry, and Adjutant General Barry on board, sailed from here today. General MacArthur, who left here on the Meade July 4, will embark on the Sheridan, at Nagasaki, for San Francisco.

DISTRESS MAY FOLLOW.

Many Settlers Rushing Into Oklahoma With Little Money or Provisions.

Fort Sill, O. T., July 23.—Disorder and distress, will, it is feared, follow the actual opening of the Kiowa-Comanche reservation, August 6. It is now estimated that fully 150,000 people will have registered for a chance to secure one of the 13,000 claims to be awarded by lottery, when the registration booths close on July 26. Thousands of persons now on the reservation, who are neither mechanics nor artisans, and who have little or no money, announce their intention of locating around Lawton, if they fail to win a claim. Campers, who came in prairie schooners by the thousands, generally brought with them provisions sufficient to last from five to 10 days. Continued drought has caused the water to be restricted, and for days a hot wind has prevailed on the prairies, and the temperature has averaged over the 100 mark. With those conditions before them, many are already beginning to grumble, and when this is followed by disappointment over failure to draw a lucky number, the hope that bore many up will doubtless give way to more serious conditions.

Missouri Changing Its Course.

Kansas City, July 22.—The Missouri river has cut its banks at a point eight miles south of Leavenworth and is now pouring part of its waters into the Platte river. The bed of the Platte is being gradually widened, and there is danger that within the next few days the Missouri will be transferred completely to the bed of the Platte. An island five miles long and in some places nearly two miles wide has been formed. If the Missouri adopts this new channel this new land will be transferred from Missouri to Kansas.

Destructive Prairie Fires.

Denver July 23.— Considerable destruction by forest and prairie fires is reported from different points in the state, directly attributable to the condition of grass and timber from the long dry spell. Timber fires have been burning several days near Mount Evans, Long's Peak and on the Kenosha range. From Baca and Prowers counties, the center of the stock raising district, come reports of destructive prairie fires.

Long Touring Trip.

New York, July 23. — It is announced that Rear Admiral Bowles, chief constructor of the navy, is taking steps for the transportation of the Spanish drydock in Havana harbor to Subig bay, island of Luson. Had it not been for Rear Admiral Bowles' foresight, the dock would, within a nother week, have been in the possession of New York capitalists, who had opened negotiations for its purchase and were making final arrangements for the transfer when the navy department stepped in and bought it.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

A number of small hold-ups are reported around Athena and Weston.

A stage line has been established across the mountains from Prineville to Foster.

James Hall, a California pioneer of 1852, died recently at Fairview, Wasco county.

Several rich clean ups are reported from the placer mines of Mule Gulch, Grant county.

The Eugene excelsior factory is running night and day, turning out 12 carloads every month.

Oregon college presidents are discussing a more thorough regulation of intercollegiate athletics.

The natural ice caves near Elgin, Union county, are becoming quite a summer resort for that section.

A. W. Sturgis, of Josephine county, expects to realize $10,000 from the annual clean up on his Forest creek mine.

Timber fires are raging in the mountains in Lake and Klamath counties, and the valleys are getting blue with smoke.

The prune crop in Benton and Linn counties will be such a record breaker that it is feared much of the fruit must go to waste for lack of drying facilities.

The number of children in Lane county between the ages of 4 and 20, according to the reports of the several school clerks, is 7,549. Last year the number of children was 7,382.

The Oregon rattlesnake seems lacking in real venom. Several men were bitten recently in various hayfields in Eastern Oregon, but no fatalities or serious results are recorded.

Some of the Polk county prune growers are already engaging hands for the harvest, as a labor famine is anticipated on account of the size of the crop and the outside demand for laborers.

Good coal prospects are reported on the old H. C. Owen place, eight miles from Eugene. Capital has been interested and development work will soon be begun. The vein was known years ago, but an obstinate owner blocked progress.

Milton is trying hard to get a cannery located there.

Wagoneers are doing a heavy wool business freighting out of Lostine.

The Crook county court paid bounty on 740 coyote scalps last session.

Florence people are working for more adequate protection against fire.

Bob Whtie quail have been seen in small coveys near Lostine, Wallowa county.

Numerous bands of sheep are headed for the summer pastures in the Greenhorn mountains.

A California lion was seen lately in the suburbs of Marshfield and badly frightened several small children.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 55@56c per bushel; bluestem, 57c; valley, nominal.

Flour—best grades, $2.90@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—White, $1.32½@1.35; gray, $1.30@1.32½ per cental.

Barley—Feed, $16.50@17; brewing, $17@17.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $17 per ton; middlings, $21.50; shorts, $20; chop, $16.

Hay—Timothy, $12.50@14; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $6@7 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@19c; dairy, 14@15c; store, 11@12c per pound.

Eggs—17½@18c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 11@11½c; Young America, 12@12½c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.25@4.00; hens, $4.00@5.00; dressed, 10@11c per pound; springs, $2.50@4.50 per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $2.50@3.50 for young; geese, $4 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12½c per pound.

Mutton — Lambs, 3½c, gross; dressed, 6@7c per pound; sheep, $3.25, gross; dressed, 6@6½c per lb.

Hogs — Gross, heavy, $5.75@6; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal—Small, 7½@8½c; large, 6½@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $4.00@4.25; cows and heifers, $3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@14c per pound.

Wool — Valley, 11@13c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—$1.00@1.25 per sack; new potatoes, 1½c per pound.

Pasteboard armor is likely to come into military fashion. It is, if thick enough, almost impenetrable to carbine bullets, which can pierce five-inch wooden planks. Recent experiments prove this.

The record was broken recently in the sale of unoccupied lands in Nebraska, Wyoming and Kansas. Over 50,000 acres were disposed of, the largest amount in any one week in the history of the land department.

Berlin has on the average only 12 days a year when no clouds at all are seen in the sky.

At the close of 1900 there were 92 plants in the United States making open hearth steel, as compared with 76 at the end of 1899.

Oliver Love, a Negro poet of Detroit, while writing verse recently, was unable to fill out one of his lines. In desperation he beat his head with a pencil. The sharp point of the lead pencil entered his ear and broke the drum, rendering him entirely deaf.

AN ALASKA TRAGEDY.

Three Men Left on an Island Mysteriously Disappear.

Port Townsend, Wash., July 24.—The steamship Oregon arrived in quarantine from Nome last night, and remained in the stream awaiting inspection until this morning. She brought the largest number of passengers of any steamer arriving from Nome this season. The Oregon sailed from Nome July 13. She reports that for several days previous to her sailing a fearful surf was sweeping the beach at Nome, which endangered both life and property.

A tragedy is reported on Unimak island. Three men were landed there last fall by the steamer Thomas F. Bayard. The Bayard was to return for them this season, and when she arrived a party was sent ashore and found a collapsed tent, the strong ropes of which had evidently been cut with a knife or some other sharp instrument. Inside were a couple of garments, coat and vest, both of which were pierced with sharp knife cuts. The Bayard sailed for Nome and arrived there July 9, and made the foregoing report.

The steamer Ruth, which was disabled by ice at Golodin bay, after making temporary repairs, started for Cape Nome in a leaking condition, and was caught in the storm in Behring sea and she was again disabled, and while drifting about helplessly was picked up by the steamer Santa Ana and towed to Nome.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Steamer Burned on the Lakes—Crew Believed to Be Lost.

Marinette, Wis., July 2.—During a severe electrical storm today a boat supposed to be a large schooner or steam barge was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire, and her crew is believed to have been lost. The lightkeeper at Menominee saw the boat burning just south of Green island. He called up the local fire tug and the latter started out to render any assistance possible. When about three miles out all signs of the boat or fire suddenly disappeared, and an examination afterward showed no wreckage. The nearest land is Green island and the crew, if they had escaped with their lives, would have gone there. There was a heavy sea running, and it would have been impossible for a small boat to live in it. The boat was on her way here from the Sturgeon bay canal, and was undoubtedly one of the Chicago or Milwaukee lumber carriers. Communication with Sturgeon bay fails to establish the identity of the lost craft.

FIREMEN'S STRIKE ENDED.

Declared Off at a Joint Meeting at Wilkesbarre—Work Resumed

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 24.—The strike of the stationary firemen was jointly called off at a joint meeting of the strikers and the executive board of United Mineworkers tonight. A resolution was offered requesting all strikers to report for work tomorrow, and if they are refused by any of the companies, then the United Mineworkers will take up their cases. The resolution was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

More mines, with the aid of the United Mineworkers, resumed operations in the Wyoming valley today. Committees from the striking stationary firemen waited upon the superintendents of the coal companies and asked to be reinstated. At some of the mines the committees were told that the places of the strikers were filled. At others the names of the old firemen were taken and the committees were told that if their services were needed they would be sent for.

In accordance with the agreement entered into at the conference last night by the executive officers of the United Mineworkers and the chief officers of the stationary firemen, some of the firemen belonging to the United Mineworkers gave notice today that they will give up their positions. This will make room for the old firemen.

Ambushed by Boers.

London, July 23.—The casualty lists received tonight at the war office indicate that a party of South African constabulary was ambushed near Petrusburg July 16 and that two members of the party were killed, one dangerously wounded and 17 are missing and are believed to have been taken prisoners by the Boers.

All Depends on the Powers.

Tien Tsin, July 23. — Europeans here consider that the prevention of a speedy recurrence of trouble depends entirely upon the firmness displayed by the powers. It is thought that this fact should be recognized in Europe and the United States. The general feeling in Tien Tsin is that China is in no wise overawed or repentant. Li Hung Chang is reported to have adopted an off-hand tone toward a member of the provisional government, and to have talked of ousting the provisional government.

British Missionaries Indignant.

London, July 24.—The party of British missionaries who accompaied Major Periera to Tai Yuen Fu, in Shan Si, to investigate the condition of the mission property, and of the native Christians, traveled unarmed, says a dispatch to the Times from Pekin, relying upon a promise of protection, which was faithfully fulfilled. Everywhere they were well received.

Five Trainmen Hurt.

Cleveland, O., July 2.—A heavy freight train on the Big Four road ran into a heavily loaded passenger train at Columbia station, 18 miles west of Cleveland late last night. Five trainmen were hurt.

Missoula Warehouse Burned.

Missoula, Mont., July 24.—Fire broke out this afternoon in the warehouse of the Missoula Mercantile Company, destroying that building and damaging another to the extent of $15,000.

FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train bound for Albany stood in the depot, waiting the signal to start, and just before the final "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his daughter, whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying him were his wife, Jenny and a gray-grained man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curls and low whispers, as each noticed and commented upon the unearthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with the effort she had made.

The sight of her, so young, so fair and apparently so low, hushed all selfish feelings, and a gay bridal party who had taken possession of the ladies' saloon immediately came forward, offering it to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and laying Rose upon the long settee, he made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions he had brought with him. As the creaking engine moved slowly out of Boston Rose asked that the window might be raised, and, leaning upon her elbow, she looked out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward nightfall of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more fatigued than she was willing to acknowledge, now that she was so determined to get well, was lifted from the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her cap was of this year's fashion or last.

"I am weary," she said. "Lay me where I can rest." And with the grandmother leading the way, the father carried his child to the chamber prepared for her with so much care.

"It's worse than I thought 'twas," said Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor below, where her daughter had thrown herself with a sigh upon the chintz-covered lounge. "It's a deal worse than I thought 'twas. Hasn't she catched cold, or been exposed some way?"

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twirling the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and the whole faculty ought to be indicted for manslaughter."

Jenny's clear, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any one until she went there, and I consider it my duty tso warn all parents against sending their daughters to a place where neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and housework."

Jenny had not quite got over her childish habit of occasionally setting her mother right on some points, and she could not forbear saying that Dr. Kleber thought Rose had injured herself by attending Mrs. Russell's party.

"Dr. Kleber doesn't know any more about it than I do," returned her mother. "He's always minding other folks' business, and so are you. I guess you'd better go upstairs at once, and see if Rose doesn't want something."

Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to a window, which had been opened that she might breathe more freely, said, "Just listen; don't you hear that horrid croaking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid croaking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a goblin form and sound. Seating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the frogs. I love to hear them dearly. It makes me feel both sad and happy, just as the crickets do that sing under the hearth in our old home at Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not so well sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally spying some tall locust branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "and creaks, I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through these old trees, and were it not for you, I should wish it might blow so that I could lay awake and hear it."

When it grew darker and the stars began to come out, Jenny was told "to close the shutters."

"Now, Rose," said she, "you are making half of this, for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters."

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't. What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me."

"They'll have to climb to the top of the trees, then," said Jenny, "for the ground descends in every direction, and the road, too, is so far away. Besides that, who is there that wants to see you?"

Rose didn't know. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed away in the closet adjoining.

"Rose was afraid somebody would look in and see her," said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her face.

"Look in and see her!" repeated Mrs. Howland. "I've undressed without curtains these forty years, and I'll be bound nobody ever peeked at me. But come," she added, "set up and see if you can't eat a mouthful or so. Here's some broiled chicken, a slice of toast, some currant jelly that I made myself, and the swimmiest cup of black tea you ever see. It'll cenainnot bear up an egg."

"Sweetened with brown sugar, ain't it?" said Rose, sipping a little of the tea.

In great distress the good old lady replied that she was out of white sugar, but some folks loved brown just as well.

"Ugh! Take it away," said Rose. "It makes me sick, and I don't believe I can eat another mite;" but, in spite of her belief, the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately made fun of the little silver spoons, her grandmother's bridal gift, and found fault because the jelly was not put in porcelain jars instead of the old blue earthen teacup, tied over with a piece of paper!

Until a late hour that night did Rose keep the whole household on the alert, doing the thousand useless things which her nervous fancy prompted. First the front door, usually secured with a bit of whittle-shingle, must be nailed, "or somebody would break in." Next the windows, which in the rising wind began to rattle, must be made fast with divers knives, scissors, combs and keys; and, lastly, the old clock must be stopped, for Rose was not accustomed to its striking, and it would keep her awake.

"Dear me!" said the tired old grandmother, when at about midnight she repaired to her own cosy little bedroom, "how fidgety she is. I should of s'posed that livin' in the city so, she'd got used to noises."

In a day or so Mr. Lincoln and Jenny went back to Boston, bearing with them a long list of articles which Rose must and would have. As they were leaving the house Mrs. Howland brought out her black leathern wallet, and, forcing two ten-dollar bills into Jenny's hand, whispered, "Take it to pay for them things. Your pa has need enough for his money, and this is some I've earned along knitting and selling butter. At first I thought I would get a new chamber carpet, but the old one answers my turn very well, so take it and buy Rose everything she wants."

All this time the thankless girl upstairs was fretting and muttering about her grandmother's stinginess in not having a better carpet "than the old, faded thing, which looked as if manufactured before the flood!"

CHAPTER XX.

On the same day when Rose Lincoln left Boston for Glenwood Mrs. Campbell sat in her own room, gloomy and depressed. For several days she had not been well, and besides that Ella's engagement with Henry Lincoln filled her heart with dark forebodings, for rumor said that he was unprincipled and dissipated, and before giving her consent Mrs. Campbell had labored long with Ella, who insisted that "he was no worse than other young men—most of them drank occasionally, and Henry did nothing more!"

On this afternoon she had again conversed with Ella, who angrily declared that she would marry him even if she knew he'd be a drunkard, adding, "But he won't be. He loves me better than all the world, and I shall help him to reform."

"I don't believe your sister would marry him," continued Mrs. Campbell, who was becoming much attached to Mary.

"I don't believe she would either, and for a good reason, too," returned Ella, pettishly jerking her long curls. "But I can't see why you should bring her up, for he has never been more than polite to her, and that he assured me was wholly on my account."

"She isn't pleased with your engagement!" said Mrs. Campbell, and Ella replied:

"Well, what of that? It's nothing to her, and I didn't mean she should know it, but Jenny, like a little tattler, must needs tell her, and so she has read me a two hours' sermon on the subject. She acted so queer, too, I didn't know what to thing of her, and when she and Henry are together they look so funny that I almost believe she wants him herself, but she can't have him—no, she can't have him," and secure in the belief that she was the first and only object of Henry's affection, Ella danced out of the room to attend to the seamstress who was doing her plain sewing.

After she was gone Mrs. Campbell fell asleep, and for the first time in many a long year dreamed of her old home in England. She did not remember it herself, but she had so often heard it described by the aunt who adopted her that now it came vividly before her mind, with its dark stone walls, its spacious grounds, terraced gardens, running vines and creeping roses. Something about it, too, reminded her of what Ella had once said of her mother's early home, and when she awoke she wondered that she had never questioned the child more concerning her parents. She was just lying back again upon her pillow when there was a gentle rap at the door, and Mary Howard's soft voice asked permission to come in.

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Campbell. "Perhaps you can charm away my headache, which is dreadful."

"I'll try," answered Mary. "Shall I read to you?"

"If you please; but first give me my salts. You'll find them there in that drawer."

Mary obeyed, but started as she opened the drawer, for there, on the top, lay a small, old-fashioned miniature of a fair young child, so nearly resembling Franky that the tears instantly came to her eyes.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Campbell, and Mary replied:

"This picture—so much like brother Franky. May I look at it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Campbell. "That is a picture of my sister."

For a long time Mary gazed at the sweet, childish face, which, with its clustering curls, and soft brown eyes, looked to her so much like Franky. At last, turning to Mrs. Campbell, she said, "You must have loved her very much. What was her name?"

"Ella Temple," was Mrs. Campbell's reply, and Mary instantly exclaimed:

"Why, that was my mother's name."

"Your mother, Mary! your mother?" said Mrs. Campbell, starting up from her pillow. "But no; it cannot be. Your mother is lying in Chicopee, and Ella, my sister, died in England."

Every particle of color had left Mary's face, and her eyes, now black as midnight, stared wildly at Mrs. Campbell. The sad story, which her mother had once told her, came back to her mind, bringing with it the thought which had so agitated her companion.

"Yes," she continued, without noticing what Mrs. Campbell had said, "my mother was Ella Temple, and she had two sisters, one her own, and the other a half-sister—Sarah Fletcher and Jane Temple—both of whom came to America many years ago."

"Tell me more—tell me all you know," whispered Mrs. Campbell, grasping Mary's hand; "and how it came about that I thought she was dead—my sister."

Upon this point Mary could throw no light, but of all that she had heard from her mother she told, and then Mrs. Campbell, pointing to her writing desk, said:

"Bring it to me. I must read that letter again."

Mary obeyed, and taking out a much-soiled, blotted letter, Mrs. Campbell asked her to read it aloud. It was as follows:

"Daughter Jane—I now take this opportunity of informing you that I've lost your sister Ella, and have now no child saving yourself, who, if you behave well, will be my only heir. Sometimes I wish you were here, for it's lonesome living alone, but I suppose you're better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has never written me a word since he left England. If I live three years longer I shall come to America, and until that time, adieu. Your father,

"HENRY TEMPLE."

"How short and cold!" was Mary's first exclamation, for her impressions of her grandfather were not very agreeable.

"It is like all his letters," answered Mrs. Campbell. "But it was cruel to make me think Ella was dead, for how else could I suppose he had lost her?" Then, as the conviction came over her that Mary was indeed the child of her own sister, she wound her arms about her neck, and kissing her lips, murmured, "My child—Mary. Oh, had I known this sooner, you should not have been so cruelly deserted, and little Allie should never have died in the almshouse. But you'll never leave me now, for all that I have is yours—yours and Ella's."

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were rendered less bitter by the knowledge that she had cared for, and been a mother to, one of her sister's orphan children.

"I know now, why, from the first, I felt so drawn toward Ella, and why her clear, large eyes are so much like my own lost darling's, and even you, Mary——"

Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the haughty lady turned away from the sober, homely little child, who begged so piteously "to go with Ella" where there was room and to spare. All this came up in sad review before Mrs. Campbell, and as she recalled the incidents of her sister's death, and thought of the noble little Frank, who often went hungry and cold that his mother and sisters might be warm and fed, she felt that her heart would burst with its weight of sorrow.

"Oh," said she, "to die so near me—my only sister, and I never know it—never go near her. I with all my wealth, as much hers as mine—and she dying of starvation."

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling how affectionately her mother had always remembered her. "And even on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you, and bade me, if I ever found you, love you for her sake."

"Will you, do you love me?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

"Do you know aught of my Aunt Sarah?" Mary asked at last; and Mrs. Campbell replied:

"Nothing definite. From father we first heard that she was in New York, and then Aunt Morris wrote to her sole, making inquiries concerning her. I think the Fletchers were rather peculiar in their dispositions, and were probably jealous of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's uncle wrote, he said, that 'independent of old Temple's aid she had received a good education;' adding further that she had married and gone West, and that he was intending soon to follow her. He neither gave the name of her husband nor the place to which they were going, and as all our subsequent letters were unanswered, I know not whether she is dead or alive; but often when I think how alone I am, without a relative in the world, I have prayed and wept that she might come back; for though I never saw her that I remember, she was my mother's child, and I should love her for that."

(To be continued.)

HOW A SAILOR'S PAY GOES.

Jack Tar Usually Squanders His Wages, Sometimes by Proxy.

What do the jack tars in the navy do with all their money? has often been asked, although most people have answered the question to their own satisfaction beforehand by deciding that they spent it the first chance they got. Many of the younger or newer ones do get rid of their cash at the first opportunity, but then they spend it themselves and get their money's worth, or what they think or are made to believe is their money's worth. Those who are really warm in their following seldom take all their wages from the paymaster. They let him keep it during the cruise and draw 4 per cent interest on it until the cruise is over. Then, of course, some spend it all before they go back to the ship. They have a good time all in a lump and are satisfied to wait for extravagant days again until another cruise is over. These are the men who have no one except themselves to care for. While on the man-of-war they need not go short of anything and yet not use their money. Moreover, they will probably attend to their duties better and have a much finer time when the cruise is at an end.

Those who have wives or families or relatives to care for usually send their money home regularly and faithfully. Often, however, their confidence is meanly abused. Married men make up this class. They send their wives comfortable incomes and that is all these wives care for them for. These are the wives who married simply for what there was in marriage in a money way, with the additional advantage or convenience of not having a husband around much. Unluckily for women of this class, not all jack tars can maintain wives. Only chief petty officers or first-rate petty officers can afford the luxury of marriage, and even they have to watch out pretty keenly not to impair the due to their better halves.

Many of these better halves are adventuresses pure and simple, who make it a business to get acquainted with naval men, make an impression, get married and then take the money sent to them and do what they please—marry someone else at another navy yard belonging to another ship sometimes, and keep track of the cruises of the vessels.

The older men seem to fall most easily before the adventuress. And when they discover their mistake and have obtained divorces and are free again usually get back into the same boat.

Still, many a woman is a sailor's wife who has not seen him for years who is just as good and true and saving as woman ever was. She takes care of baby while he is away and almost dies for joy when she can meet him at the end of a cruise. Sailors, too, in many cases are just as true to their wives, although sometimes with them only two months in three years. Then, again, others slave simply that a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, may get an education and will not have to work as hard as they do, or are sailors so they can earn enough to keep an aged parent out of want.—New York Press.