

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.)

Miss Wigger tapped her on the shoulder and pointed to the door. "Are you well enough to see your way out?" she asked. Then to him: "I might have told you that I don't allow my house to be made an office for the engagement of governesses. As it is, I merely remind you that your carriage is at the door."

He took the only course that was open to him; he took his bat.

Sydney turned away to leave the room Linley opened the door for her. "Don't be discouraged," he whispered as she passed him; "you shall hear from me." Having said this, he made his parting bow to the school mistress. Leaving the house, Linley slipped a bribe into the servant's "I am going to write to Miss Westerfield," he said, "will you see that she gets my letter?" "That I will!"

At the first stationer's shop that he passed, he stopped the carriage and wrote his

"I shall be glad indeed if I can offer you a happier life than the life you are leading now. It rests with you to help me to do this. Will you send me the address of your parents, or the name of any friend with whom I can arrange to give you a trial as governess to my little girl? I am waiting your answer in the neigh-borhood. I add the name of the hotel at which I am staying."

The stationer's boy-inspired by a private view of half a crown, set off at a run-and returned at a run with a reply:

'I have neither parents nor friends, and I have just been dismissed from my employment at the school Will you permit me to see you, for a few minutes only, at your hotel? Indeed, indeed, sir, I am not forgetful of what I owe to my respect for you, and my respect for myself. 1 only ask leave to satisfy you that I am quite unworthy of the interest which you have been pleased to feel in S. W."

In those sad words, Sydney Westerfield announced that she had completed her education.

CHAPTER VII.

Not far from the source of the famous river, which rises in the mountains between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and divides the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland, travelers arrive at the venerable gray walls of Mount Morven; and, after consulting their guide books, ask permission to see the house.

If these strangers on their travels had been permitted to ascend to the first floor, and had been invited to say good night to Mrs. Linley's pretty little daughter, they would have seen the stone walls of Kitty's bed chamber snugly covered with velvet hangings, they would have trod on doubly laid carpet; they would have looked at a bright little bed, of the last new pattern, worthy of a child's deeply delicious sleep; and they would only have discovered that the room was three hun dred years old when they had drawn aside the window curtains and had revealed the adamantine solidity of the outer walls. Or, if they had found their way next into Mrs. Linley's sitting room, here again a transformation scene would have reveal ed more modern luxury, presented in the perfection which implies restraint within the limits of good taste. But on this ocea sion, instead of seeing the head of a lovely little child on the pillow, side by side with the head of her doll, they would have encountered an elderly lady of considerable size, fast asleep, and snoring in a vast armchair, with a book on her lap.

The lady, composed under the soporific influence of literature, was a person of importance in the house-holding rank as Mrs. Linley's mother; and being otherwise noticeable for having married two bushands and survived them both.

The first of these gentlemen-the Right Honorable Joseph Ormond-had been a member of Parliament. Mrs. Linley was his one surviving child. He died at an advanced age, leaving his widow well provided for. After hesitating for some little time. Mrs. Ormond accepted the proposal of the ugliest and dullest man among the ranks of her admirers. Why she became the wife of Mr. Presty, a merchant enriched by the sale of vinegar, she was never able to explain.

Returning to the sitting room after bidding Kitty good night, elrs. Linley discovered the old lady asleep, and saw that the book on her mother's lap was sliding off. Before she could check the downward movement, the book fell on the floor, and Mrs. Presty woke.

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry. I was just

"It doesn't matter, my dear. I dare say I should go to sleep again if I went on

with my novel." Mrs. Presty consulted her watch.

"Your husband is no longer in London." she announced: "he has begun his journey home. Give me a railway guide, and I'll tell you when he will be here to-morrow." But before this could be done a servant entered with a telegram for Mrs. Linley. Her mother, however, took it and read it. Her face assumed an expression of stern distrust. She shook her head.

"Read it yourself," she then said, "and remember what I told you, when you trusted your husband to find a governess for my grandchild. I said: You don't know men as I do. I hope you may not live to repent it."

Mrs. Linley was too fend of her husband to let this pass. "Why shouldn't I trust him?" she asked. "He was going to London on business—and it was an excel-

lent opportunity. Read your telegram," Mrs. Presty re-

peated, with dignity, "and judge for your-

Mrs. Linley read: "I have engaged a governess. She will travel in the same train with me. I think I ought to prepare you to receive a person whom you may be surprised to see. She is very young and very inexperienced; quite unlike the ordinary run of governesses. When you hear how cruelly the poor girl has been used, I am sure you will sympathize with her as I do."

Mrs. Linley laid down the message with

"Poor, dear Herbert!" she said tender-"After we have been eight years mar-

| ried, is he really afraid that I shall be jealous? Mamma! Why are you looking so serious?

Mrs. Presty took the telegram from her daughter and read extracts from it with indignant emphasis of voice and manner. "Travels in the same train with him. Very young, and very inexperienced. And he sympathizes with her. Ha! I know the men, Catherine-I know the

CHAPTER VIII. Mr. Herbert Linley arrived at his own house in the forenoon of the next day. Mrs. Linley running out to the head of the stairs to meet her husband, saw him approaching her without a traveling companion. "Where is the governess?" she asked—when the first salutes allowed her an opportunity to speak.

"On her way to bed, poor soul, under the care of the housekeeper," Linley answered.

"Anything infectious, my dear Her-bert?" Mrs. Presty inquired, appearing at the breakfast room door.

Linley addressed his reply to his wife: "Nothing more serious, Catherine, than want of strength. She was in such a state of fatigue, after our long night journey, that I had to lift her out of the carriage." Mrs. Presty listened with an appearance

of the deepest interest. "Quite a novelty in the way of a governess," she said. Linley drew a deep breath of relief when he was left alone with his wife. What makes your mother so particularly

disagreeable this morning?" he inquired. "She doesn't approve, dear, of my leaving it to you to choose a governess for

Linley mentioned the advertisement, and described his interview with the school mistress. Having next acknowledged that he had received a visit from Miss Westerfield herself, he repeated all that she had been able to tell him of her father's wasted life and melancholy end. Really interested by this time, Mrs. Linley was eager for more information. Her husband hesitated. "I would rather you heard the rest of it from Miss Westerfield," he said—"in my absence."

"Why, in your absence?" "Because she can speak to you more freely, when I am not present. Hear her tell her own story, and then let me know whether you think I have made a mistake. I submit to your decision beforehand, whichever way it may incline."

Mrs. Linley rewarded him with a kiss. If a married stranger had seen them, at that moment, he would have been reminded of forgotten days-the days of his honeymoon.

"And now," Linley resumed, "suppose we talk a little about ourselves. I haven't seen my brother yet. Where is Randal?" "Staying at the farm to look after your interests. We expect him to come back to-day. Ah! Herbert, what do we not all we to that dear good brother of There is really no end to his kindness. The last of our poor Highland families, who have emigrated to America, have had their expenses privately paid by Randal. The wife has written to me, and has let out the secret. There is an American newspaper among the letters that are waiting your brother's return, sent to him as a little mark of attention by these good, grateful people." Having alluded to the neighbors who had left Scotland, Mrs. Linley was reminded of other neighbors who had remained. She was still relating events of local interest, when the clock interrupted her by striking the hour of the nursery dinner. What had become of Kitty? Mrs. Linley rose and rang the bell to make inquiries.

On the point of answering, the servant looked round at the open door behind him. He drew aside, and revealed Kitty. in the corridor, hand in hand with Sydney Westerfield-who timidly hesitated at entering the room, "Here she is, mamma," cried the child. "I think she's

afraid of you; help me to pull her in." Mrs. Linley advanced to receive the new member of her household, with the irresistible grace and kindnes swhich charmed every stranger who approached her. "Oli, it's all right," said Kitty. likes me, and I like Syd. What do you think? She lived in London with a cruel woman who never gave her enough to eat. See what a good girl I am! I'm beginning to feed her already." Kitty pulled a box of sweetments out of her pocket and handed it to the governess with a tap on the lid, suggestive of an old gentleman

offering a pinch of snuff to a friend. "My dear child, you mustn't speak to Miss Westerfield in that way! Pray excuse her," said Mrs. Linley, turning to Sydney, with a smile; "I am afraid she has been disturbing you in your room."

Sydney's silent answer touched mother's heart; she kissed her little friend. "I hope you will let her call me Syd," she said gently; "it reminds me of a happier time." Her voice faltered; she could say no more. Kitty explained, with the air of a grown person encouraging a child: "I know all about it, mamma. She means when her papa was alive. She lost her papa when she was a little girl like I didn't disturb her. I only said: 'My name's Kitty; may I get up on the And she was quite willing; and

we talked. And I helped her to dress," Mrs. Linley led Sydney to the sofa, and stopped the flow of her daughter's narrative. The look, the voice, the manner of the governess had already made their simple appeal to her generous nature. When her husband took Kitty's hand to lead her with him out of the room, she whispered as he passed: "You have done quite right; I haven't a doubt about it.' The two ladies were alone. Widely as

the lot in life of one differed from the lot in life of the other, they presented a contrast in personal appearance, which is known about her.'
was more remarkable still. In the prime "Serious news for of life, tall and fair-the beauty of her delicate complexion and her brilliant blue eyes, rivaled by the charm of a figure which had arrived at its mature perfection of development-Mrs. Linley sat side by side with a frail little dark-eyed creature, thin and pale, whose wasted face bore patient witness to the three cruelest privations under which youth can suffer: want of fresh air, want of nourishment

and want of kindness. The gentle mistress of the house wondered sadly, if this lost child of misfortune was capable of seeing the brighter prospect before her that promised enjoyment of a happier life

Sydney told all the details of the sad history of her young life. When she had finished she looked round, and started to her feet. "Oh, here's a lady! Shall I go

The curtains hanging over the entrance to the library were opened for the second time. With composure and dignity, the lady who had startled Sydney entered the

"Have you been reading in the library?" Mrs. Linley asked. And Mrs. Presty an-

"No. Catherine; I have been listening. Introduce me to Miss Westerfield," Mrs.

Presty proceeded coolly. Mrs. Linley showed some hesitation. What would the governess thing of her mother? Perfectly careless of what the governess might think, Mrs. Presty crossed the room and introduced herself.

"Miss Westerfield, I am Mrs. Linley's mother. And I am, in one respect, a remarkable person. When I form an opinion, and find it's the opinion of a fool, I am not in the least ashamed to change my mind. I have changed my mind about you. Shake hands."

Sydney respectfully obeyed.
"I had the worst possible opinion of you," Mrs. Presty resumed, "before I had the pleasure of listening on the other side of the curtain. If I had been ashamed to listen behind those curtains, there is no injury that my stupid prejudices might not have inflicted on this unfortunate girl. As it is, I have heard her story, and I do her justice. Count on me, Sydney, as your friend."

'Now we are alone, Catherine," she added, when the door had closed on the gov-erness, "I have a word of advice for your private ear. We have much to anticipate from Miss Westerfield that is pleasant and encouraging. But I don't conceal it

from myself or from you, we have also something to fear." . "To fear?" Mrs. Linley repeated. "I

don't understand you." "First obstacle in the way of her mora development, her father-tried, found guilty, and dying in prison. Second obstacle, her mother—an unnatural wretch, who neglected and deserted her own flesh and blood. Third obstacle, her mother's sister-being her mother over again in an aggravated form. People who only look at the surface of things might ask what we gain by investigating Miss Wester-field's past life. We gain this: We know what to expect of Miss Westerfield in the future.

"Oh, mamma, I never knew you so un just before. You can't have heard all that Miss Westerfield said to me. You don't know her, as I know her. So patient, so forgiving, so grateful to Herbert.

"So grateful to Herbert," Mrs. Presty looked at her daughter in silent surprise. There could be no doubt about it; Mrs. Linley failed entirely to see any possibil-ities of future danger in the grateful feeling of her sensitive governess toward her handsome husband. At this exhibition of simplicity, the old lady's last reserves of endurance gave way; she rose to go. "You have an excellent heart, Catherine," she

"Well, and what of my head"

"It's always beautifully dressed, my dear, by your maid." With that parting shot, Mrs. Presty took her departure by way of the library. Almost at the same moment, the door of the breakfast room was opened. A young man advance shook hands cordially with Mrs. Linley.

CHAPTER IX.

Self-revealed by the family likeness as Herbert's brother, Randal Linley was nevertheless greatly Herbert's inferior in personal appearance. His features were in no way remarkable for manly beauty. In stature, he hardly reached the middle height; and, young as he was, either bad habit or physical weakness had so affected the upper part of his figure that he stooped.

"Have you seen a new face among us since you returned?" were his sister-inlaw's first words. Randal answered that he had seen Miss Westerfield. The inevitable question followed. What did he think of her?

"I'll tell you in a week or two more," he replied.

"No! tell me at once." "I don't like trusting my first impres sions; I have a bad habit of jumping to

conclusions. "Jump to a conclusion now, to please

Randal smiled and gave way, "Your governess," he replied, "looks out of health, and strikes me as being insignificant and ugly. Let us see what our fine air and our easy life will do for her.

He went into the library and returned with his letters. "This will amuse Kitty." he said, handing to his sister-in-law New York newspaper, to which she had already referred in speaking to her hus-

Mrs. Linley examined the engravingsand turned back again to look once more at an illustration which had interested her. A paragraph on the same caught her attention. She had hardly glanced at the first words before a cry of alarm escaped her. "Dreadful news for Miss Westerfield!" she exclaimed.

'Read it, Randal." He read these words:

'The week's list of insolvent traders includes an Englishman named James Bellbridge, formerly connected with a disreputable saloon in this city. Bellbridge is under suspicion of having caused the death of his wife, in a fit of delirium tremens. The unfortunate woman had been married, for the first time, to one of the English aristocracy-the Honorable Roderick Westerfield-whose trial for casting away a ship under his command excited considerable interest in London some years since. The melancholy circumstances of the case are complicated by the disappearance, on the day of the murder, of the woman's young son by her first husband. The poor boy is supposed to have run away in terror from his miserable home, and the police are endeavoring to discover some trace of him. It is reported that another child of the first marriage is living in England. But nothing

"Serious news for Miss Westerfield, a: you say," Randal resumed. "And, as I think, serious news for us. Here is a mere girl-a poor, friendless creature-

absolutely dependent on our protection It was thought necessary to break the news to Miss Westerfield, and this Miss Linley did herself as gently as possible. Randal awaited his sister-in-law's return

from the governess' room. After a much shorter absence than Ran dal anticipated, Mrs. Linley returned "Has it been very distressing?" he asked,

seeing the traces of tears in her eyes.
"There are noble qualities," she an swered, "in that poor ill-used gorl. All she asked was to be left in her room for the rest of the day. I feel sure of her resolution to control herself; and yet I should like to encourage her if I can. Her chief sorrow must be-not for the mother who has so shamefully neglected her-but for the poor little brother, a castaway, lost in a strange land. Can we do nothing to relieve her anxiety?"
"I can write," Randal said, "to a man Great Combination of Strength and Beauty.

whom I know in New York, a lawyer in "THE TIE THAT BINDS." large practice."

"The very person we want! Write-pray write by to-day's post." The letter was dispatched. It was decided—and wisely decided, as the result showed-to say nothing to Sydney until the answer was received. Randal's correspondent wrote back with as little delay as possible. He had made every inquiry, without success. Not a trace of the boy had been found. The one event that had happened, since the appearance of the paragraph in a New York newspaper, was the confinement of James Bellbridge in an asylum as a madman under restraint, without hope of recovery.

(To be continued.)

Effect of Crime on Trade. "The bromo-seltzer trade is busted temporarily," remarked a down-town druggist.

"I suppose as many people get up with headache in the morning as ever, but they don't drown their sorrows in bromo-seltzer, since the Cornish poisoning case came out. 'Guess I'll get a bottle of seltzer,' remarked a man in here yesterday.

"Bromo-seltzer? queried a friend, as if the very idea gave him a cramp. "'Er-well, no, I guess I won't,' remarked the first man, as if he recollected something. And he didn't buy it. Curious how people are influenced by imagination. I'll bet there isn't an anonymous box of candy sent once a day in Chicago now. The Bodkin case knocked that. People who send candy sign their names to it. Why, one day at luncheon I stepped in and ordered a box of candy sent home. When I got there that evening my wife was in a state of excitement bordering on hysteries. 'Who do you think could have done this, Henry,' she whispered. 'I've saved the wrapper and the string, and wouldn't touch a piece of that candy for a million dollars."

"Then the sausage trade was knocked into a cocked hat for nearly a year by the Luetgert trial. I know every time my wife suggested sausage for breakfast that winter, I kind of wished she wouldn't mention it."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Filipino Women.

Much has already been written concerning the women of the Philippines, for the subject is engaging. For all their dark faces they have figures the grace of which is accentuated by the very garments they wear. They have lustrous dark eyes and luxuriant black hair, in which they take great pride; it is long, thick, and glossy, anointed with cocoanut oil, cleaned and washed with lime juice, and usually worn in a coil or knot held by a golden comb or orns mented pins. Hats and bonnets are unknown among the Filipinos, so no doubt many an American husband wishes he lived here. The native women have finely shaped feet that never knew a stocking; they wear low slippers of an Oriental pattern, sometimes wooden shoes. The dress of a Filipino woman usually consists of a single garment with wide sleeves; a pina-cloth handkerchief is generally worn around the neck, and every one wears a rosary or a crucifix. Housekeeping in the native section is quite primitive in its details. Lovemaking, courtship and marriage are here conducted in the manner common in Oriental lands, the lover serving the father of his future wife. Fifteen years is the customary age for marriage here in the Philippines .-Manila letter to Collier's Weekly.

Women Workers in England.

The prevalent idea has been for some time that the typical English woman is. above all things, domestic, and it has been mentioned that the pushing, bustling, fine de siecle American girl might profitably study the shrinking, cringing femininity of her English cousins. The American woman has also proudly claimed that she was the pioneer in women's occupations, and that there are more trades and professions open to women in America than anywhere lished in England, upon perusal, will soon take this conceit out of her. Among the numerous occupations may be noted the following: Feminine architects, farmers, plumbers, bankers, chemists, contractors and gardeners Women drivers, cab drivers, pilots and letter carriers figure conspicuously.

The Herp of Brian Boru.

What professes to be the original harp of Brian Boru is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; but its history, which is now more clearly traced does not bear out the popular tradition as to its origin. It belonged, probably, to the illustrious sept of O'Neill, and was, in all likelihood, made for one of the two noted prelates of that name. It is a curious fact that it was last played on by one of that family, though at that time its real origin was not suspected; for the eminent Arthur O'Neill woke its slumbering music at Limerick in 1760, and it has ever since remained silent.

Burial in Africa.

In certain parts of Africa it is considered a mark of disrespect to bury out of doors'at all. Only slaves are treated in such unceremonious fashion. The honored dead are buried under the floor of the house.

Largest Bronze Statue. St. Petersburg has the largest bronze statue in existence—that of Peter the Great, which weighs 1,000 tons.

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