AN UNFORGOTTEN LESSON.

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inoy, with whitelescrib

Neuill

he time was about a fortnight before istmas. There were not many travs, and I had a compartment in the ytidal train to myself. My destinaf Englaryland was Paris, my errand to convey from father (a London jeweler and silverith) to his agent in that city a very usble ring. "The diamonds in it are th £500 if they are worth a penny," father had said to me, "so I hope you I take special care of the ring, Ned, d neither lose it on the way nor allow urself to be robbed of it." I smiled ittle supercitiously as my father spoke. if it were at all likely that I should her lose it or allow it to be stden from ! I was just turned one and twenty, d my father had no right to speak to as if I were still a boy.

I had got the ring safe in an inner

I had got the ring safe in an innercket of my waistcoat, as I toot care to
sure myself from time to time. I had
if seen it since my father put into a
tile velvet box, in which it was still
int up. When I had finished my first
gar, and had got through with the
orning news, the thought struck me
at I might as well have another look at
a ring. There could be no harm in Was g ering. There could be no harm in at you know. I took the box ent of its at you know. I took the box att of its sling place and opened it. My eyes ere dazzled as I looked. Therelaid the arling in its nest of purple velvit. Who old have resisted the pleasurs of taking and the pleasurs of taking and the place. og it out and trying it on? Certainly of I. First on one finger and then on nother I tried it. Had it been made or the third finger of my right hand it ould not have fitted me better. I looked

imply exquisite.

Now I come to think of it, was there or ould there be a safer hiding place for the ing than my finger? I had only to mg than my inger? I had only to seep my glove on and not a sail would mow anything about it. I was far afer there than in my pocket. In such case to hesitate was folly. I blaced the ing on my finger and put the supty box n my pocket. As I was alonethere was to occasion to put my glove on just then; o I mused and smoked, and watched he many colored rays of light that lashed from the brilliants, and wondered what great swell's finger it was destined o decorate. How I wished that I could call it mine.

There was no larm in dazzling the eyes of the ticket collector with it. He vas only a railway official. But I took eare to pull on my glove and butten it before alighting from the tran. A quarter of an hour later we wire steaming out of Dover harbor. There were not more than a dozen

assengers on deck. The day was cold and clear, with just enough sea to make the voyage unpleasant for bad sailors. Only two ladies were visible. One was a stout, middle-aged person, who was eating and drinking neary all the way ecross—evidently an old silt. The other was—well, simply the nost charming creature I had ever set eyes on. In point of fact, I could not keep my eyes off her. I passed her and repassed her as I paced the deck from end to end, and every time I passed her I looked at her.
What lovely gray eyes! What superb
yellow hair! But as for the complexion, it would take a poet to describe the wild rose tints. Once or twize her eyes met mine just for a moment, and it struck me that they were full of a wistful sadcould judge she was So far as I entirely alone. We were about half way across when, as I passed her for the fiftieth time, she spoke: "Would you, Monsieur, have the goodness to ask the steward to bring me a little Cognac?" She spoke in French. As the song says, "Her voice was low and sweet." too flattered to answer her. I could only bow and grin and make a bolt for the steward's den. Of course I took the Cognac to her myself. You should have seen how prettily she thanked me. She sipped it as a canary bird might do, if that bird were in the habit of drinking brandy. "I hope Mademoiselle is some-what revived," I ventured to observe

presently. Yes, very much revived, thanks to Monsieur. I am not mademoiselle. I a widow. She pressed her handkerchief o her eyes as she spoke. How interesting, nay, how touching, was the simple confession. This wistful sorrow in her eyes was at once accounted for. Would hat it had been my happy lot to comfort her.

There was a camp stool close by. Presently I ventured to draw a little nearer and sit down on it, blushing at my temerity as I din so. She did not seem at all offended, and we were presently in the midst of an animated and interesting conversation. There was no hauteur about Madame. On the contrary, she was candor itself. She had only been three days, she told me, in London. She had been staying with Sir Henry Fitz-Evans, who had charge of her late husband's interests in England. She was now going back to seclusion, going back to the little cottage in which she dwelt ever since her husband's death. She would not be able to go forward by the tidal train, she told me, having a business call to make in Calais. She would go forward by the evening train.

All this was told me with a charming frankness. There was no reason why I should not wait and go forward by the evening train-if she would only allow me to do so. When I threw out a hint to that effect, she offered no objection. She admitted at once that she was fond of society, and then she looked at me, andwell, I could almost have sworn that she blushed. I had already told her that I was bound for Paris on a special errand for my father; but I had not said a word about the ring, or had she ever seen it. I had put on my gloves before leaving the train at Dover, and I still wore them. A little while longer, and we found ourselves in Calais. When we landed, madame admitted that she was hungry, and that luncheon would be a desirable feature of the programme. Accordingly, while she went about her business, took a voiture and drove to the Hotel Dessin. There, in the course of half an

hour, madam joined me. Now, one can't very well partake of luncheon in kid gloves. The question was whether I should partake of mine with the ring on my finger, or whether I should put it carefully away in the bex and hide it out of sight. If you have any knowledge of what human nature at 21, especially when there's a pretty port. woman in the case, you will know the deeision arrived at.

Madame pecked a little at this and

utes seemed to fly! I could have lingered on in that cozy little room for a year. When the cloth was drawn and we were left to ourselves, with a bottle of hock on the table between us, somehow our chairs seemed to gravitate towards each other. Or, perhaps, it was the stove that attracted us, for the afternoon was chilly. In any case we found ourselves in closer proximity. Then said madame. "Do you smoke, monsieur?" "Yes, considerably more than is good for me, I am afraid. "Then smoke now. Oblige me. I like to see a gentleman smoke. I rose to get a cigar-case out of the pocket of my overcoat. Madame laid her hand lightly on my arm-and what a charming hand it was! "Tenez. I am going to make a confession," said she. I smoke, too-moi. Cigarettes. I lived for several years in Spain, where nearly all the ladies smoke. You are not shock-ed at the idea of a lady smoking cigar-

ettes?" "Shocked, madame—"
"No, of course not. You are too much a man of the world. You are above such insular prejudices. Eh bien, you shall smoke one of my cigarettes." From the satchel by her side she drew an embroidered case which she opened, and bade me choose a cigarette." I did so, and she took another. Then with her own fair fingers she struck an allumette, and held it while I lighted the weed. Then she lighted her own. She could not fail to see my ring as she lighted the match.

"I dare say you find the flavor a little peculiar," said madame a minute or two later. "These cigarettes are made of perfumed tobacco. I never smoke any others. I hope you don't find yours disa-

"On the contrary, madame, I am quite in love with it. As you say, the flavor is slightly peculiar, but aromatic and pleasant—very pleasant." To tell the truth, I don't like itat all, but I wouldn't

have said so for worlds. We smoked on in silence. What would this superb creature say to me, I wondered, if I were to tell her how madly I had fallen in love with her? or would she—I gave a sudden start, and was shocked to find that I had been falling asleep. Fortunately madame had not noticed me. Her large, melancholy eyes were bent upon the stove. There was certainly something very soothing, something that inclined to slumber and happy dreams, about madame's peculiar eigar-ettes. If I had but £2000 a year now, and this sweet creature to share it with me, how happy could I be! Certainly she must have been some six or seven years older than myself, but I never was one to care for your chits or school girls, who set up for being women before they are out of their teens. Here was an angel who had been cast on a bleak and unfeeling world, who had pined for a heart and a home-for a heart that brimmed over with love. Gracious goodness! I had a heart that yearned toward her-thatthat-why, eh-how was this? And where

was I? I awoke with a shiver. But for the court-yard the room would have been quite dark. My head was aching frightfully. I got up and staggered to the window. When I looked out and saw the familiar court-yard, everything came back to me like a flash of light. Where was madame? Why had I slept so long? What a boor she must take me to be? I they were Monday at work-time." They groped for the bell and rang it violently. must have been better behaved when Up came a waiter with a candle. "Where Madame wrote to the school mistress. hours ago, saying she wanted to make a few purchases, and would be back in a little while. On no account, she said, was her brother, who had suffered terribly from mal de mer in crossing, to be disturbed. Madame," he added, "has not returned.

Gone three hours ago! Her brother! Mal de mer! What could it all mean? As I sat down, utterly bewildered, my arm pressed against the little box in my pocket. Mechanically I glanced at my inger. The ring was no longer there! My heart turned sick within me. I sank down and buried my face in my hands. The waiter thought I was ill, and ran to fetch some cognac. I saw it all now. Fool-fool that I was! I had allowed myself to be swindled, and by a common adventuress

At 9 o'clock next morning I stood before my father a miserable, haggard, woe-begone wretch. I told my tale, but as I did so I could not keep down my tears—tears of mingled shame and vexation. He listened to me with a curious cynical smile. When I had done he went to his bureau and opened a drawer. "Set your mind at rest, Ned," he said. "Here's the ring, safe and sound!" I could only stare at him in open-

mouthed astonishment. "When madame, with the ring in her possession, left you fast asleep, she was ust in time to catch the afternoon boat back to Dover. The ring was in my hands again before 10 o'clock last night." "But-but," I stammered out, don't understand. When she had once got the ring in her possession, why did

she bring it back to you?" "Because she was paid to do so. Because she was hired by me, through the agency of a private inquiry office, to act as she did act. Madame, by profession, is not a thief, but a thief-eatcher. You had grown so half-conceited of late, Master Ned, you had got such a mighty tall opinion of yourself and your abilities, that I thought that it would do you no harm to take you down a peg or two. I hope I have succeeded in convincing you that there are people in the world quite as clever, or it may be cleverer, than a certain young nincompoop of oneand-twenty years. If you will profit by the lesson, my money will have been

well spent.' An hour or two later I said: "But wasn't it rather a risky thing to do with a ring worth £500 ?"

My father winked at me with the solemnity of a judge, "My dear Ned, what do you take your old dad for? The diamonds were nothing but paste.

The Chilians don't brag much about their Bunker Hills and their forefathers, but when called to the front they don't let nobody nor nothing drive em up

Mr. W. W. Corcoran says that the fulllength portrait of Washington in the White House is only a poor copy of the original by Stuart, which is at New-

Every time two women meet on the street and kiss, the thermometer sinks seventeen degrees and people hustle that, but hardly ate more than a sparrow around and bank up their cellar win-

Mme. de Malutenon as a School Mistress.

The only character in which Mme, de Maintenon becomes really lovable is as a school mistress. Her first foundation at Rueil was chiefly for poor children, and to do her justice, she loved and tended them as carefully as ever she did the young ladies of St. Cyr; but in the end the greater and more aristocratic establishment swallowed up the less. Her children are to be well fed; to have as much bread as they can eat. This she insists on several times. They are to be warmly clad, in uniform, if possible, for Mme, de Maintenon loves order in all things; but if the expense would be great she will be content with a partial one -as that all the girls should wear the same headdress and aprons, or handkerchiefs of the same cut and color. She wishes them to be gayly dressed, and indeed this element of brightness and cheerfulness is a leading feature in her scheme of education. "I think the black aprons very lugubrious," she writes to Mme. de Brinon; "let's give them green or blue serge." St. Cyr was brilliant with light and color and song. Madame has a hearty contempt for "the meannesses and littlenesses of convents." She wishes her dear children to grow up to be "reasonable persons." They are to live in the world, and accordingly even their school frocks are to be cut in the fashion and their "coiffuir" to be that of the day When the so-called "reform" took place at St. Cyr she thought it very hard that "the tailors" were henceforth excluded. We find muslins and ribbons and even "a ri nming of lace" as part of the uniform. Nay, pearls and girdles were not unknown. The education was as unconventual as the dress. "A solid piety, far removed from the trivialities of the convents, perfect freedom in conversation, an agreeable spirit of raillery in society. elevation in our religious feelings and a great contempt for the ways of other schools." The young ladies read Moliere and Scudery; the religious world held up his hands in holy horror. There was a reaction for a time, but the blow had been struck; a new ideal rose before the world, and the sable throne of Ignorance and Routine received a shock from which it will never recover. Madame is always writing little notes to Mme. de Brinon. Now it is to beg a holiday, now to announce a sudden visit and to ask "for some little treat for our Sisters of Charity. Let me see them dine properly.'
When the children were ill she sends M. Fagon, the first physician in Europe, to prescribe for them and a whole list of curious remedies for their disorder. When they are well she despatches by bearer "one pot of butter and eight pots of jam," but the careful soul begs to have her jam-pots returned, and the "demoiselles" are to get twice as much jam as the little peasants, for is not noble blood to be respected in all things? No wonder the children were free with her, as she boasts with pardonable pride. She has a special fondness for the naughty girls. "I don't too much dislike," she says, "what are called naughty children-I mean self-satisfied, boastful, quicktempered children, a little wilful and obstinate, for these faults may be cor-

madame?" I demanded. "Madame, "Haven't you some pastry-cook at Noisy he answered, "went out nearly three or Bailly whom you can help to a joi when your children are to have a colla-tion?" The woman who habitrally wrote and thought in this strain cannot have been altogether bad and heartless, as her enemies would have us believe. It is in trifles like these, where there can be no hope of publicity and no desire to deceive, that we can best discern the natural working of Mme. de Maintenon's heart. 'These things which seem nothing and which are nothing really mark character too much to be overlooked. This pregnant sentence from her arch foe must be our apology, and with it we close our article on one of the most interesting characters in modern history.-

> Bangor Whig: "The sweetest voice I ever heard, said the Bishop, "was a wo" man's. It was soft and low, but penetrating, musical and measured in its accents but not precise. We were on a steamer and she murmured some commonplace words about the scenery. do not remember what she said, but I can never forget the exquisitely tender, musical voice." "The sweetest voice I ever heard," said the Professor, "was a man's. I had been out fishing nearly all day and got to the hotel about 8 o'clock. The man came out and roared, 'DIN NER' till it soured the milk in the cellar. I have heard other voices since then, but I never"-But the Bishop with a look of intense disgust all over his face, had already walked away out of hearing, and was lighting a fresh cigar by himself.

The plumber fell twenty-six feet in a house in Washington and lay for ten hours in an unconscious condition, and the owner of the house had to pay for it at the rate of twenty cents an hour.

So many societies for the promotion of things are established that Johnnie wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.

Professor: "Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (triumphantly)

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PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29, 1879. My Kidneys were in a very bad condition. The urine was like brica dust, and I suffered a great deal with my back. All remedies were unavailing until 1 tried OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which gave me almost immediate relie H. HAMILTON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, August 2, 1879. Having a severe back ache last winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It was not more unpleasant to take than other tea. I would recommend it to those afflicted as I was.

JOHN P. FARMER.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879. The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the my gratitude. I shall always remember the OREGON KIDNEY TEA with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances. J. H. P. DOWNING (at P. Selling's).

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879. While I was at Tillamook last winter I was affected in my back and kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was induced to try the ORE-GON KIDNEY TEA. I drank, at my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who were afflicted as I was. E. COHN. were afflicted as I was.

EUGENE Ciry, Oregon, Oct. 20, 1879. Thereby certify that I was suffering from an attack of back ache so severe that I went about doubled up, and could not straighten up. I used one package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help.

JOHN W. LENGER.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS: ASTORIA, Oregon, Dec. 28, 1879. I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON RIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from kidney troubles, and during that time have tried nearly every kind of kidney medicine in the market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package feel completely cured. SAMUEL GRAY.

> HARRISTRE, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
>
> I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for pains in the back, and I am satisfied with its effects and do not hesitate to recommend it as a withhead of product. Z. T. SCOTT. mild and safe remedy.

> HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879. HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
> Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe pain in my back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and by the time I had used one-half of it I was catirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back as a pleasant, safe and good remedy.
>
> B. J. GRIGSBY.

> PORTLAND, Oregon, Jan. 12, 1880 Having a severe back ache last summer, I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I used one can, which effected a radical cure. I would recom-mend it to all who are afflicted as an unfailing JULIUS ACH. remedy.

> Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining any per-

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INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, Dec. 13, 1879.

and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help.

I JOHN W. LENGER.

HARRISDURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.

The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has done my wife as much if not more good than any of the many remedies she has used for pains in the back, and I believe it to be a good remedy for the diseases which it is recommended for.

A. M. COX.

Tried many remedies without obtaining any permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently cured both of us, as since taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We can heartily redimend it to others similarly afflicted, as we become discussion of the disease. We can heartily redimend it to other similarly afflicted, as we become discussion of the disease.

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