# Eugene City Guard.

CAMPBELL BROTHERS PUBLISHERS. SATURDAY. - - - JULY 10, 1880

# TELEGRAPHIC.

# EASTERN.

# Disastrous Flood in Hancock County,

Sr. Louis, Mo., Jane 30 .- The Republiom's special from Warsaw, Illinois, says: The levee, which protects bottom lands in this county, broke last night, and water is pouring through crevasses two hundred feet wide. All wheat and corn and other crops will be lost, and 18,000 acres of land will be overflowed. The people are now engaged in getting their live stock off the bottom lands.

# Floods in Adams County.

QUINCY, June 30 .- The leves below the city gave away to-day and inundated from 80,000 to 100,000 acres of the best farming lands in Illinois. The damage to hay and corn is incalculable. Wheat is largely secured.

## Census of Milwaukee, Wisconsin,

MILWAUKEE, June 30 .- The census re turns of this city gave a population of 118,-131, with two districts estimated. Alarming Mortality in New York,

NEW YORK, July 1.-Seventy-nine fatal cases of sunstroke have occured in the

past 24 hours ending at noon to-day. Grant Going West,

CHICAGO. July 1.-General and Mrs. Grant left Galena to-day for Kansas and Colorado, going via the Illinois Central to Bloomington; thence by Chicago and Al ton and St. Louis to Kansas City.

A Railroad Cose.

PRILADELPHIA, July 1 .- A bill of foreclosure against the Reading Railroad Company was filed to-day on behalf of the holders of a general mortgage loan of 1874 in the circuit court of the United States for the eastern district of Pennsylvania. The bill was filed by John C. Ballett, solicitor for English and other bondholders. Yale Wins the Inter-Collegiate Race.

New London, July 1 .- The fifth annual eight-oared race over the four-mile course between crews from Havard and Yale was won by the latter in 24 minutes and 27 seconds; Havard's time, 25 minutes and 9 seconds. The race was pluckily rowed and hotly contested up to the third mile. At that point Yale drew ahead and steadily increased the lead until ten lengths ahead at the finish.

#### A Mother Murders her Boy

KENNEBUNK. Me., July 1,--Mrs Sylves ter Chick took her only son, eight years old, to the river to-day, undressed him and held him under water till he was drowned. She then attempted to drown herself.

#### Another Oil fire.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 30.-Lightning struck a 25,000 barrel iron tank near the Acme refinery at Orleans, N. Y., this evening and the oil is now burning furiously and the tank is expected to overflow towards morning. A hundred men are digging trenches for the protection of the surrounding property. Oil and 'ben-zine is being drawn off from tanks in the vicinity. The fire department is at the scene but the people of the vicinity are greatly agitated, it being the first oil fire

# The fleading Bailroad.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2.—It is said that the Reading Railroad Co. have made prep-arations and have money to pay \$85,063 interest due on their first mort age bonds, and have also furnished their leased lines with all the money due to July 1st. They are also prepared to meet all dividends on their leased lines falling due during the

month, which amounts to \$600,000, and have provided about \$1,500,000 to meet interest and dividends falling due daring July. Horrible Murder.

# NEW YORK, July 2.-Mary O'Connor, of Jersey City, killed her children during iast night. Mrs. O'Connor has been sick for a long time and has been unable to care for her children, and she thought that by killing them they would go to heaven.

# PACIFIC COAST. W. P. C. Meeting.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.-The working men's state convention held an adjourned meeting last night for the purpose of defining the position of the party in the presidential contest. Only three delegates were present from outside the city. The proceedings were .very tumultuous, and great difference of opinion was manifested as to endorsing the democratic nominees. A resolution was adopted to ask Kearney to define his position, after which the con-vention adjourned till this evening. The proceedings made, more than ever, evi-dent the width of the split between the two wings of the party.

Dividend. The board of dircetors of the Central Pacific R. R. Co. have declared a semi-annual dividend-3 per cent, payable on August 15th.

#### Vennel Lost

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2 .- Advices received at the merchants' exchange from New York report that the German Lark Vesta, from Newcastle, England, to San Francisco, was totally wrecked on the coast of Patagonia on June 3d. No particulars received.

# Marysville has 4340 Population.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., July 2 .- The census figures show the population of Marysville to be 4340, including 1030 Chinese. Marysville township, just outside the city limits, has 389 population.

### Miners Killed.

GOLD HILL, July 2.-Two minert, Dun-can A. Bethune and John Abbot, were instantly killed in the Union shaft this morning by the falling of a wall plate, which slipped from the 900 foot level and struck the men at the 2500 foot level.

# hearney Deposed.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3. - The state convention of the democratic wing of the workingmen's party last night disposed Kearney as president of the party, and declared the offices of vice-president, secretary and treasurer vacant, elected a state central committee, endorsed Hancock and English and democratic presidential electors, and adjourned till Tuesday evening next.

#### Fatal Aceldent at Montercy.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 4.-Companies C and G, of the National Guard of this city, are visiting Monterey to-day. A dispatch reports that by the explosion of a powder magazine at Monterey, W. C. Burke, of Co. G, was killed, B. F. Hastings, of Co C, terribly mangled, and Mr. Bucktell, of Co. G, slightly injured. No furthur particulars yet received.

#### Base Ball Game.

At Recreation grounds to-day the Athletics beat the Knickerbockers after the that has taken place there. At present it is thought that the fire will not spread. Baces at \*anta Cruz.

# TRIED AND TRUE.

In the midst of a pleasant conversa-tion with his hostens, Harold Arleigh abruptly paused, a sudden flush on his face, a strange, startled look in his handsome dark eyes. What he had been about to say he

never knew; of his ungraciousness he was not conscious until he saw Mrs. Goldsby's glance of politely surprised inquiry.

"Pardon me," he said, turning toward her with a winning and apologetic smile, "I saw a lady among your guests just now so like a dear friend I knew and lost long ago, that the resemblance quite excited me.

"Ah, you mean the young lady in white silk and opal ornaments, with yellow curly hair and cheeks like peachblossoms. She is very beautiful-there is none like her. She is Ermengrade Burroughs, a dear friend, who is staying with me for a few weeks. Shall I introduce you?" returned the lady.

"If you wish -- if you will be so kind as to honor me," faltered the young man, visibly embarrassed. His hostess gave him one keen but

covert look. "Ermengarde has made another con-

quest" she thought. "If I dared I scarce should warn him. I should tell him then. that this fair woman, with her alluring, smiling eyes, her sweet voice and her exquisite grace, has no heart to be won.'

Five minutes later her two friends were whirling through a waltz together, and she wondered somewhat why Harold had grown so pale, and why Ermengarde seemed so haughty and cold. "One would think they were lovers

who had quarreled," was her mental criticism.

She was not wrong, for years before these two had loved each other dearly. They had been betrothed, and the mar riage day fixed, when the trial came that parted them. Harold Arleigh suddenly found himself fatherless and utterly penniless; but idleness and luxury had not spoiled his high and noble spirit. He could cheerfully accept years of toil and study and struggling, but he felt that he could not happily and conscientiously wed his wealthy Ermengarde until he might regain his worldly equality with her.

"The world says unpleasant things of poor men who marry rich women," he had told her.

"Why should we care for what the world has said or may say?" the girl returned impatiently. "All I have bereturned impatiently. "All I have be-longs to you, Harold. Do not leave me." Even in that trying moment, with her dear hands clinging on his arm, her pleading eyes upon him, he never

wavered. "I must, my darling,," he had answer-ed her firmly, though his heart was heavy with regret and pain. "And remember, though I leave you free, I shall remain loyal to you in heart and deed as the only woman I can ever make my wife. I am not selfish enough to ask you to wait for me for years, my Ermengarde."

What the girl replied she could never distinctly remember, but she knew her words were cruelly reproachful, and she was half mad with the agony of losing him for even a few brief years. And he left her with with a look on

# his white, beloved face she would never

forget until her dying day. ons affection insulted her womanly

ing? She is a lovely creature. Just the least bit a coquette, perhaps. I believe she is engaged to the gentleman who is dancing the German with her."

and Harold Arleigh despised gossip regarded all rumors as unreliable, but

in his present mood of suspense the words of his hostess grieved him as the most bitter proven truth could do. Ermengarde had pledged herself to another, and this was the end of his dreams and hopes. All that was left for him to do was to bravely bear his disappointment. But how could he meet her day after day and look upon her fair, dear face, listen to her sweet, beloved voice, and not betray the pain of his cruel loss?

Many things puzzled Harold during ie ceks that followed. Often he the ' found her regarding him with a singu-larly thoughtful, half resentful look in her earnest blue eyes. Once, coming into the unlighted parlor at twilight, he saw her sitting before the piano, her golden head bowed low, her lovely form shaking with silent sobs. And once, when they were quite alone, she spoke kindly and gently of the evening they met.

"You asked me a question that night," she said, with a quiet dignity and and delicate reluctance of manner, "it was scarcely my fault that it was not answered

"I know what you would have said, Miss Burroughs," he returned, gravely; "I am sorry for having so startled and offended you. I was wrong and inconsid-erate, and I can only acknowledge my fault and ask pardon for it."

She regarded him for a minute with shy wonder, and then turned away haughtily, her fair face scarlet, and an unmistakable expression of scorn and resentment in her blue beautiful eyes.

"I fear I am hopelessly stupid," resumed Arleigh, in pained, perplexed tones, "I am sure I have displeased you again, but I cannot conjecture how. Ermengarde, will you never understand that I would not willingly give you one moment of disquiet?"

"I do not profess to understand you at all." she answered as she left him. "She denies me even her friendship,"

he thought sorrowfully. A long time after ske had gone he stood by the parlor window, gazing out into the night-a black, dreary night, with the rain drifting over the roof in sheets, and the wild wind roaring up from

the river. "Just the evening for a cosy chat before a comfortable fire," observed Mrs. Goldsby, coming in, and after ringing for lights, drawing the heavy curtains with a little shiver. "I thought Ermengarde was with you, Harold-you are not going? Mr. Goldsby wished to show you those curious things sent him to-day. The dear fellow has a passion for odd and antique relics, and his study is quite an interesting museum, I assure you. Alan, do bring Miss Burroughs," concluded the vivacious little lady.

Presently Ermengarde came-a slim, elegant figure, dressed simply in black silk, with a cluster of white roses on her besom

"Here is something you would like, Miss Burroughs," observed Mr. Goldsby, taking from his box of relics a curious necklace of gold with a pendant of exquisite pearls.

"If one could only know the history of all these things," murmured the girl, as she glanced over them-a tiny gro-She felt that he had wronged her gea- tesque bronze statuette, a few coins centuries old, a cup of silver fantastically

# THAT LITTLE FRIGHT.

"For my part," said Harry Sinton, 'I'm not particular ; a good little heart, fair sense and a sweet temper ; after that her hair shall be what color heaven Not that I am afraid of beaupleases.' ty-I like a pretty girl as well as anyone -but I don't insist on it as something I

am entitled to." The elegant Bert Dean smiled a smile

of contempt. "My good fellow," said he, "your powers of comparison must be very limited if you propose exchanging your thousand bachelor privileges for such a trifling consideration.

"Well, what do you want? Let us hear. "I don't know that I want anything; I

am very well contented as I am." "But what would induce you to

come a Benedict?" "Let me see; I don't wish to be unreasonable. Beauty is, of course, the first requisite; wouldn't look at an heireas without it. Mere beauty, however, is a very slight matter. I must not be afraid of my wife's opening lips. Of course she must sing, speak several languages. Given all these, and a suit-

able income-cay twelve to fifteen thousand a year-and I might think of it then.' "What, nothing more?" asked the

other, ironically, "I am afraid you go too cheap.

"bert Dean," said Harry, solemnly, 'you are a conceited fop ! A good looking one, I admit, and not originally destitute of brains; but eaten up, devoured by inordinate vanity, and I firmly expect to see you knocked down, some day, to a girl with red ringlets."

Bert Dean shrugged his shoolders. "May will expect me early," he said, and retired to his dressing room.

He emerged from it an hour or so was scarcely a chance that they should later, in the most scrupulously exquisite condition. He had some excuse for meet except at her own house. And do making extravagant demands about a he really care enough about the acquain His Cousin May called him when ance-was it valuable enough-for hi wife. all things were considered, the first to take trouble to find it? young man in society, and was casting swered in the affirmative, as the next in her eyes around for a suitable match for mim. When he entered her well-lighted brought him to Miss Pierce's door. M rooms, they were already quite full. He was that the only occasion on which t made a tour of the apariments, bestowneighbors opposite had the privilege ing a little languid notice on two or seeing him. Again and again he can but as time was going on, he grew stran three favored ones, and presently subly diffident. Drawn day by day by Iren

sided into a chat with Mrs. Miller. This lady was neither very young nor particu-larly pretty, but he liked to talk to her, and so he remained at her side. "Mr. Dean," she said, when half an hour or more had elapsed, "I am afraid the young ladies will hardly forgive me

for absorbing your attention so long. Sce-there is a young lady quite alone; pray go and make yourself charming."

Bert turned his head. "What!" be exclaimed, "That little fright? Mrs. Miller, do be merciful!" But Mrs. Miller did not smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said, politely 'It was very wrong to speak as I did.' "It was indeed. I am afraid she heard

you, too.' "That is not possible!" he said, with

real mortification. Mrs. Miller relented at the sight of his vexed countenance.

"The only atonement you can offer," she said, "is to seek an introduction and make yourself as agreeable as you can. Perhaps she will forgive you, or think

she did not hear aright." exist? "Must I? Will you pardon me on no Oh, no! Her resolution was unalt other terms?" "Certainly not. When I see the young lady smiling upon you you shall be restored to my esteem, and not till then. "Cruel! but I am obedient." And he went in search of an introduction. Mr. Sinton chanced to be near at hand, self. and opened his eyes slightly when he learned his friend's desire. "Know her? he said. "Of course I do! Prophesied concerning her before we came, red ringlets and all. Didn't think, ment.' though, that your fate would be down on

# "You can't deny that her hair is red laughed Harry. "Certainly not; but it was tastefully

arranged.

CHAPTER II.

The next day, in the afternoon, found Bert Dean standing on the steps of the honse, which belonged to Miss Pierce's father. He did not tell his friend that he had asked permission to call, but he did. He found Mrs. Pier.e and her dauge ter sitting together in the back parks with their work. Irene was brading sacque for her little sister, and be mother employed on something me practical. She had not been wa schooled, as the idea that she was leave the room did not occur to he Irene did not look as plain as she ha done last night, as her animated conversation dazzled him. There was an a fectionate confidence between moth and daughter that he had not met in the

best society, and he found it, or som thing else, so pleasant that he larger outstayed the limits of a fashi call. "I had better not call again," he

thought as he went home ; " but what a delightful companion she would be !" A week or two went by, and Bert adhered to his new resolution of not calling, but was unable to prevent himsel from watching for her.

" May," he asked carelessly of hi cousin one evening, "who are the Pierces?

"Old friends of mine," she answeared excellent, substantial people; but whe do you ask?" "I have met them but here, and the

is the last time I have heard of then

"Mrs. Pierce thinks home is the be

place for girls, so she does not go on

If Irene Pierce went out so little, th

Probably these questions were

side, happy nowhere else, he could affin even to himself that she was more than

friend to him. There had been a tin

that, to declare himself a lover, involve

some sacrifices on his part; it seeme strange now that he should be anxious

make such sacrifice, yet doubt, with anxiety whether Irene would care to

Some weeks of suspense went by, a he could wait no longer. One brighter

when favoring fate had left them ali

while alone, he spoke-not very a quently, but still sufficiently coherent

Irene colored deeply, and refused his At this he grew a little more self p

sessed, and begged to know he reasons.

sisted; was there a previous attachm

She blushed more vividly, and said

then ? Might not her resolution be or

come ? Might not these reasons cease

She declined to state them. Hep

Was there not some hope for hi

to make his meaning plain.

such thing existed.

be said.

much?'

cept it.

Train ditched.

Chicago, June 30 .- An east bound Atchison train of the Chicago, Burlin on & Quincy Railroad this morning struck a cow on the track near Mendota and one passenger car and a sleeper were ditched and overturned. About 15 passengers more or less seriously hurt but none fatally.

The Population of Philade' phia

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.- Official returns to Census Supervisor Steele show the population of Philadelphia to be 847,542. Census of Eric, Pa.

Entr, July 1.-Revised figures show the population of this city to be 28,565, a gain of 9000 since 1870.

#### Arrest of Counterfeiters.

Eight men charged with counterfeiting were brought from Venango and lodged in jail to day.

#### sale of Blooded Cattle.

CHICAGO, July 1 .-- Cochrane & Canon's herd of short-horns, from Canada, were sold to-day, the price obtained being the best since the New York Mills sale. The sale took place at Dexter park. The best prices paid were for the Seventh and Duchesses of Hillhurst, which lighth prought \$8000 each, and for the Seventh Duke of Hillhurst, which brought \$3900, Forty-three animals sold for \$38,122, 32 cows averaging \$905, and 11 buils averaging \$662.

#### Trial of Moonshiners.

ATLANTA, July 1 .- Ayres and Tom Jones, two mountain moonshiners, to-day were tried in United Jtates circuit court for complicity in the murder of Lieut. Melntyre, of the 8th infantry, in Gilmer county, three years ago. MeIntyre went there with part of his company to aid revenne officers in making an arrest, and was murdered in Ayres and Jones' house in a desperate fight between the officers and moonshiners. The affair created great excitement at the time. Little evidence was found against the Jones brothers, and they were acquitted.

#### Fatally Crushed

New Lospos, Conn., July 2.- The only sad occurrence of yesterday's regatta was the painful accident that happened on the Northern railroad, and which resulted in the death of President T. W. Lincoln, of the Boston and Albany Railroad Company, and Mrs. Dr. William Appleton, of Boston Lincoln and Mrs. Appleton were seated on the rear platform of the private car of Mr. Lincoln, attached to a moving grand stand, watching the race. The car was next to the forward engine of the train Soon after the train started, when the first race was begun, a coupling-pin, which connected the private car with the platform car in the rear, broke in twain. The forward engine, released of a heavy weight, shot rapidly ahead. The shock threw Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Appleton on the rail forward of the wheels of the platform car, which passed over them, crush ing them terribly. The rear wheels of the car left the track and the train then came to astandstill. Mrs. Appleton died within 15 or 20 minutes after the accident, and Mr. Lincoln lived nearly an hour.

#### The Last Oil Fire.

BRADFORD, Pa., July 1 .- The 25,000 barrel tank of burning oil ran over this after-noon at Orlean and a number of men digging trenches were probably fatally burn-ed, being unable to escape. The fire is now controlled. Estimated loss \$35,000.

SANTA CRUZ, July 2 .- This was the opening day of the Santa Cruz races. The course was largely attended by strangers and residents and betting was lively, especially on the second race. The first race was a 3-mile dash, in which Clara D., Twilight and Mattie Glenn started. Clara D. was the favorite, and won the dash after a close contest in 1:17. The second race was a heat of one mile for 3 year-olds. Ella, Doan, Connor and Euchre started, Connor being the favorite in the pools. First heat, Connor won in 1 47]. Second heat, Euchre won in 1 46}, and the third heat was taken by Euchre in 1 47}. Mayor J. D. Chae, D. Ferguson and J. O. Simpson are the juages. To-morrow the second

day's programme will be carried out for the Winters' stake and Stanford cup. The town is filled with people, who intend to spend the fourth here. The weather is

# FOREIGN.

#### French Sparkling Wine Reports.

The chamber of commerce of Rheims bas just issued a report on the statistics of sparkling wines in the department of the Marne for the year ending April 1, 1880, at which date there were stored in cellars in the department 12,571,300 gallons of sparkling wine. During the year 16,524, 593 bottles were sent out of the department at the average price of one franc and 85 centimes per bottle.

#### Afghan Affairs. SIMLA, June 29 .- Uneasiness prevails

here in regard to Afgan affairs, The Devouring Locusts. ST. PETERSBURG, June 29 .- A dispatch from Kameusk reports that locusts have invaded the steppes of the Don, and the wheat crop is regarded as lost. Complaints of the tavages of insects are universal

throughout the country.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS .--- A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall these 800 feet in the long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rie de la Plata has so gentle a scent to the ocean that in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone-that is to say, which, on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.

Dr. Shmidt has proven by experiment that sponges may be grown artificially. A sponge is cut into small pieces, which are fastened to a pile and immersed in the sea where they grow rapidly into perfect sponges.

pride and left her with pitiless indifference to be scorned and mocked as a bride descried by her bridegroom. She had heard of sweethearts who had waited for lovers who had never come; of women who had wasted the best years of their lives upon lovers that were false; and her whole soul cried out in bitter, unforgiving anger against him. Neither pardon nor trust would she give him. And yet she accepted the freedom he had given her with that sort of defiant misery all women feel when slaves of a love that neither time nor anguish nor humiliation, nor inhuman cruelty even, can ever lessen.

And that night at Mrs. Goldsby's soirce they had met again-met after long years as strangers.

And during those years Harold Arleigh had won that for which he had toiled so faithfully. He had won an honorable position among the most honorable men; he was esteemed as one of the most brilliant members of the legal fraternity. and by travel and study he had acquired that elegance and dignity of manner that commands the homage of society. If Harold Arleigh chose to wed an heiress the world could not say he married for money and social distinction, nor would be feel that be would barter the noble independence of his manhood by such a union.

But for him the wide world held only one woman, sweet and dear, and she, i seemed, was no longer attainable.

"Is this the Ermengarde I have loved all my life?" he asked himself, as he gazed upon her fair, passionless face; the Ermengarde in whose affection and faithfulness I trusted despite her unreasonable anger against me?

And he sighed heavily as he led her to a seat after the waltz was over.

"I did not think to meet you here," he faltered, as the gay groups swept by, leaving them alone.

"We meet many people unexpectedly, Mr. Arleigh," she answered in a cold, serene voice.

Her cool tranquility almost maddened him. The years that had passed seemed to him but the dreary dream of an hour, and the sorrowful parting but of yesterday

He bent over her until his hot breath burned her cheek.

"Ermengarde," he whispered in hoarse agitated tones, "are you so changed ? Have you really forgotten, or do you quite ignore what we were once to each other? I have been faithful. I have made myself worthy to ask you to be my wife. Give me one word, Ermengardeone word to send me from you again, or to keep me by your side for the remainder of our lives.

Her stony calmness was all gone now. She trembled perceptibly and arose before him pale as death.

Her lips moved with a little gasp, but what she meant to say she did not utter, for at that moment a gentleman came to her side, and with a word of apology to Harold claimed her for the next dance. And just then his hostess touched his arm with her fan.

"My husband is asking for you, Mr. Arleigh," sho said, adding lightly, "Did you not find my dear Ermengarde charm-

carved, and among them all a small toy pistol with a jeweled stock. "This, at least, is not very ancient," she pursued, taking up the diminutive weapon.

"Be careful, dear, it may not be harmless," remarked her hostess.

The wise injunction came too late. As Ermengarde turned it' about scrutinizingly in her white fingers, there was a sharp click and report; the dangerous toy dropped at her feet and she flung up her shivering hands with a little cry of fright and pain.

"Oh, what have you done ?" cried Harold, as he saw the red blood trickling over her soft neck and staining the white roses on her bosom.

"It is nothing," gasped the girl, and then tottered back upon the sofa, pallid and unconscious.

'She has only fainted," said Arleigh as he bent over her. "There is no cause for alarm. The ball merely cut the tendor flesh.

But the host had gone, evidently to send for a physician, and his frightened wife had followed him aimlessly into the hall

"Oh, my love, my love," moaned arold. "I had almost rather see you Harold. lying here before me dead than to know that you will be the wife of another."

It would seem that she heard his voice and understood his words even in her unconsciousness, for she suddenly opened her eyes and smiled like a little child awaking from a dream.

"What were you saying, Harold?" she asked, faintly, regarding him with a wondering look.

"That it is agony to give you up to an-other, my darling," he rejoined slowly. Her pain and fright were all gone now. She rose before them proudly, her pale

cheeks growing rosy. "Harold," she said, gravely, "if I am not your wife, I shall never be the wife of another. You have wronged my love and

fidelity if you have ever thought differently. The spell of the sweet old love dream

was upon them; there was no need for explanations, for heart spoke to heart and such understood the other; all anger was forgiven and all mistakes forgotten.

"I suppose only for my stupid accident we should never have been reconciled, smiled Ermengarde, by and by; "and I should have been angry with you all my life as I had been for years."

"Those years of our lost happiness have not been lived in vain," he answered, seriously. "Our love is tried and true, and your husband will be your honor and supporter, instead of a pensioner on your beauty."

Lovely, happy Ermengarde was in clined to test the practical part of her lov er's argument, but thinking of his great, manly love so "tried and true," she, with womanly sentiment, began to betrue,

lieve in his wisdom. "After all," she confessed to Mrs. Goldsby; "I think I should despise a hus-band who would be what my dear Harold would have been if I in my silly fondness could have made him so. I loved him then; now I adore and honor him."

"And we shall send you that enchanted pistol for a bridal present," Mr. Goldsby assured her, laughingly. intelligent.

vou so soon.

"Nonsense! Sinton, pray be serious. "Because it is such a serious matter with you? Very thing I was saying; how unreasonable you are! But come on.' And Miss Pierce and Mr. Dean were presently exchanging opinions on the staple party-going topics.

To do Bert justice, he sincerely regretted his thoughtless exclamation. He was ungentlemanly, he knew, and he had, besides so great a horror of female ugliness as to regard all subjects to it with a painful compassion. The dread that Miss Pierce had overheard his remark gave him just that sting of self reproach that one would feel had he alluded to the infirmity of a deformed person in his presence. He determined to be so agreeable and deferential that she

should imagine that her ears had deceived her. Conversation progressed very pleas

antly between the two. "Nice girl to talk to," Mr. Dean de-ded. "Sweet voice, no giggle, no afcided. fectation."

Just as he made this reflection, he encountered the eyes of Harry Sinton, and fancied he saw them in satrical amuse-Awakened by this glance to the ment. conviction that he was making himself the subject of mirth, he sought the side of an acknowledged belle, and saw no more of Irene Pierce until dancing began.

She was standing opposite him, in a set where the fashionable Miss Bently was his partner. This young lady was considered a very elegant personage. She wore a Paris dress, and the costlicst ornaments of any one in the room. Bert Dean's glance rested with satisfaction on Irene Pierce. Her face, undeniably pretty, her dress was a stranger to Paris. and had, perhaps, been made at home; but it was accompanied by a smooth, white neck and a pair of rounded arms. As Bert made these comments, and listened dissatisfied to his companion's

common-place remarks, he decided to engage his riz-a-riz for the next set. He found himself repaid for his daring, for Irene Pierce could speak of her own sex without malice. Her conversation was intelligent, which assured him she was familiar with the best books, and her choice language pleased him. All this he discovered in the pauses of the dance, and she pleased him so well that he lingered at her side rather longer than mere politeness demanded when the set was over. On his homeward way, in company with his friend Sinton, he had Then it passed up the side aisle and encountered some raillery. He an-nounced himself to have found Miss Pierce the most agreeable girl he had found in a long time, truly lady-like and strayed from a Broadway yard-

Then he urged an explanation, and i sisted on it as his right. His suits pushed with ardor, and Irene's agitati proved that she was not insensible. B with a great effort she commanded h

"I should be most unjust to you an to myself," said she, "could I allow transient feeling to set aside my jud

"Transient! O Irene!"

But she silenced him.

"Could I allow myself to give you wife whom everybody—you, most of -must consider disagreeable?"

She hesitated a moment. "What do you mean ?" cried Bert, amazement.

"You cannot have forgotten our meeting," she said, more compose "do not oblige me to repeat your we that evening."

The room swam around Bert 1 "That little fright!" Oh! the sacr the horror, of that speech! Con have made it-and about that Overwhelmed with mortification strove to explain, to say how entire feelings were altered.

"Enough, sir," said Miss Pierce, dignity. "Spare yourself the troub apologizing; it is quite unnecessary, altogether uscless." And so she left i Surely this was an awkward situal for a lover, particularly for Bert, had contemplated arranging matrim affairs in such a quiet, well-bred He went home in despair. Could woman-even Irene, gentlest, den women-forgive such an insult vanity? If she could only see hi and know how long he had ceased gard her as plain, in how many w. was even beautiful to him! But plain this to her-it was impossi

could never obtain her pardon. And love? That was too far and dear dream of.

Private life has its Napoleous, h ever. They rout impossibilities, prove them to be the merest shams week from this dreadful day, Bert sitting-very much at home-in the parlor whence he had withdrawn ignominiously, and Irene looked at in a way that clearly showed that she relinquished her "resolution and sa ficed her judgment."

JUST LIKE A YOUNGSTER. - An ( occurred at the Broadway Church. wich, before the morning service Sunday, which greatly amused the gregation. The people had asse and were awaiting the arrival of pastor, when a stray two-and-a-half old child, neatly attired, with a hat on his head and a mop in his walked up the broad aisle and t seat in the empty pew of a well kn citizen. After sitting a while, it to ity feet and pattered down the w waving the mop, and halted in from the pulpit to view the congregation invited into a pew, where it kept its until the janitor called for and rest it to its frightened parents. wich Bulletin.