EUGENE CITY GUARD

TELEGRAMS.

EASTERN.

Change Contemplated.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—An editorial in the National Republican this morning is thought to be semi-official and to foreshadow an intention of the administration to make a change at West Point and put Gen. Howard in charge. For some time Gen. Schofield and the head of the war department have not been in harmony as to the conduct of affairs at the military academy.

Jesse the Wicked Boy.

CONCORD, Mass., Nov. 15.—Jesse Pomeroy has been detected in another scheme to escape from his strong cell by sawing through the thick boiler casting with a saw improvised from a knife. He cut an aperture through 18 inches long and 9 inches wide. He was discovered by the yard officers.

Big Price for a Drink.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15.—Four railroad men went into Flannigan's saloon about half past 11 last night, and ordered the drinks which were paid for. Shortly afterwards more drinks were taken, and the party started to leave the saloon without paying for them. Flannigan asked for pay; a row ensued in which Flannigan drew a revolver and shot Tobias Laughlin dead, and shot a ball through the lungs of his brother, Daniel Laughlin. The dead body of Tobias was taken to the morgue and his brother sent to his boarding house, 1709 Broadway. Tobias Loughlin was an engineer on the Wabash road, and had a wife and two children somewhere in Canada.

Asphyxiated.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 17.—When Daniel Burr, watchman in the rail mill in the 18th Ward, left home for his work last night his wife and children were well and his three-year old daughter followed him to the gate to kiss him. When he returned this morning the house was locked and there was no sign of life. Climbing through a window he was horrified to find the whole family lying senseless and a powerful odor of gas from a base-burner stove pervading the air. His little daughter who had kissed him was dead, and the mother and an eleven-year old daughter in bed and an infant on the floor unconscious. A neighbor's daughter visiting them was also insensible, and a woman, a friend of the family, sitting at the foot in a semi-comatose condition. The last named may recover; the others will probably die.

The Number Lost.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 17.—It is now believed that 23 is the number of patients burned in the insane hospital at St. Peters. Thirty are missing and only six bodies have been found, but there is reason to believe quite a number of the missing have escaped to their homes. Some are wandering about the country and will probably die of cold. Gov. Pillsbury will supply bedding and temporary shelter to the unfortunates and also rebuild the burned portion of the hospital at his own expense.

Emigration from Europe to Louisiana.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The success of Texas landholders and capitalists in attracting European emigration causes the Louisiana Commissioner of Agriculture to negotiate with steamship agents for cheap fares for emigrants hither. The movement from the agricultural district of Austria and the German provinces towards Texas is steadily increasing in volume, one thousand arriving at New Orleans in the steamer Nuremberg on the 12th.

A Good Nag and a Beautiful Driver.

OAKLAND, Nov. 18.—St. Julien was taken through to-day, in charge of O. A. Hickok, in a special car for San Francisco, where he will be wintered. He is in good health and condition. A few weeks ago he was attacked with epizootic, but has entirely recovered, the disease appearing only in a mild form. Hickok is elated over St. Julien's brilliant performances of the season, and stands ready to back him for a large sum against Maud S. or any other trotter or pacer. He intimates that the managers and owners of Maud S. are not anxious to match her against St. Julien, and he doesn't think the two horses will ever be brought together in a race. He says St. Julien may not beat his own record against time nor that of Maud S., but that he can beat her in a race of three mile heats out of five, and will meet her at any time.

OAKLAND, Nov. 18.—Hickok with St. Julien, went west on route to San Francisco, to-day. The horse is entirely free of epizootic, and Hickok says he will bet $50,000 he can beat Maud S. or any other horse side by side. He will come east next season. His net earnings have been $28,000 this year. Capt. Stone says he expects next year to get Maud down to 2:08 or perhaps 2:06.

U. S. Troops Wrecked on a Train.

COMANCHE, Tex., Nov. 18.—A train load of U. S. troops, which was ditched last night four miles north of here, arrived this morning. Eight of the most seriously injured were left here for treatment. Forty-eight were injured by the accident.

Shot Himself.

BUFFALO, Nov. 18.—Herman Schmidt, a saloon keeper at Milwaukee, claiming to be the husband of a German actress who recently married Earl Wade, a prominent musician of this city, shot himself today, leaving for a letter saying a word from him would send her to the penitentiary.

The Mineral Resources of Utah.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Professor J. S. Newberry read before the National academy of Science yesterday a lengthy account of the enormously extensive mines of iron and coal veins in Utah. He said its iron ore is without a rival, and the territory possesses not far from these ferruginous beds four thousand square miles of coal veins that are equal to any in Illinois. Copper, sulphur, salt, nitrate, asphalt, mercury and antimony are plentiful. The antimony mines, some two hundred miles south from Salt Lake City, on the line through which a railroad is about to pass, are the most remarkable of the kind in the world, and surely will be worked to great advantage.

Business Failures.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Doty's Chicago grain and provision exchange, 122 and 124 Clark street, failed this morning owing to the rapid depreciation in the values of grain, provisions and stocks. It has branches in several cities of the west. It failed about a year ago and resumed business shortly after. Wm. Doty is president. This is a different concern from the Chicago public produce exchange. The particulars are not yet known. Liabilities probably not heavy.

Later.—Doty's liabilities are about $80,000 of which about $5,000 is stocks and the rest on grain and produce.

A. W. Rohe of the Garden City exchange has also suspended. Liabilities not over $200. No other failures.

Trial for Murder.

DR. CRAM, on trial for murder and abortion, was found not guilty to-night.

Confession of Guilt.

BILLY BOWERS confessed to-night to having shot and killed the Chinaman Ye Mon, claiming he acted in self-defense.

Cheap Farm and Increased Revenue.

The roads which are participating in the cheap fare fight agree in reporting increased earnings even in passenger business. It is noteworthy that the Atlantic road, whose business has heretofore been the heaviest, reports the heaviest gain for the week ending the 10th inst. Its earnings were $6,000 greater than the same week in 1879. Of this increase $4,000 was from passenger business. Since January 1st its earnings have been $1,800,000 greater than in the same period in 1879. This is used as an argument in favor of cheap rates.

Illness of Gov. Williams.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Gov. Williams, of Indiana, is seriously ill of inflammation of the bladder. Fears are entertained that he will not live to complete his term of office.

Fire.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 19.—The refining and smelting works at Chelsenhal, near this city, burned this morning; loss, $125,000; insurance, $40,000.

Forestalling the Message.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—The Journal has what purports to be a forecast of the president's message. It says it will be an endorsement and reaffirmation of the policy of southern reconstruction; will advise a 3½ per cent loan, but not a popular 3 per cent loan, which Secretary Sherman considers impossible; will urge extension of American, Central and South American commercial relations.

Costly Carelessness.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 19.—To-day a boiler in Capt. O'Neal's saw and grist mill near Stevenson, Alabama, exploded, killing four men and wounding two fatally and two seriously. The mill was destroyed. The catastrophe was caused by the carelessness of the engineer.

Spinners' Strike.

FALL RIVER, Nov. 19.—Deputations of spinners are waiting on manufacturers to-day asking for 10 per cent advance. They are courteously met but told that the state of the market does not warrant an advance, and some manufacturers told them now would be a good time perhaps for both manufacturers and employes to take a vacation.

The Granite State.

CONCORD, Nov. 19.—The count of votes for governor was finished by the governor and council to-day. The republican candidates were declared elected and will meet November 30th to vote for president.

Vote of the Bay State.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—The executive council completed the official canvass of the presidential vote of this state as follows: Garfield, 183,135; Hancock, 121,860; Weaver, 1,595; Dow, 926.

Vote of Illinois.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—The Tribune's Springfield, Ills., special says: The majorities of all the counties in the state give the following result on governor: Cullom, 134,860; Trumbull, 27,320; Streeter, 28,888; Cullom's plurality, 37,540; majority, 8,228.

Election Judges Bailed.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 19.—Three election judges—James Walsh, John J. Benger and Hugh Redmond—who were arrested for refusing to receive legal ballots votes in the fourth ward, were admitted to bail in $1000.

Refused to Grant the Motion.

DETROIT, Nov. 19.—Judge McGrary to-day refused to grant the motion of the attorney general to transfer the case of Indian Agent Beery to the state courts on the ground that the United States has exclusive jurisdiction in Indian reservations.

Murder.

SANTA FE, Nov. 19.—Last night three Mexicans cut threats attached the store of J. Becker and one Santiago Baca was shot through the heart.

Latest from the St. Peters Horror.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 19.—A St. Peter special to the Pioneer Press says: The remains of six unidentified victims of the asylum fire were buried here to-day. No more missing patients have reported and it is feared that all reported missing are dead.

A correspondent telegraphs: I think there can be no further doubt that Columbus McMillan, Wm. Gillispie, J. C. Gimes, Amos Calley, Ost Knudtson, J. E. A. Pellen, Wm. Fritz, F. Larsen, Moses, P. F. Fahey, Marcelle Georgeon, Hans Anderson, Henry Dickman, Andy McKay, E. D. Gordon, Andrew Tiesen, Lemers Dube, Edward Maloney, Daniel O'Brien and Patrick Clancy perished in the flames. No one has heard a word from any of them since the fire. The officers of the asylum have almost constituted that they never will be heard from. This brings the list of the dead up to 22. Possibly three or four missing patients may be found somewhere in the country, but not very probable, notwithstanding the fact that J. C. Brennan is reported to have been seen alive on the railroad track since the fire. The officers of the hospital have grave fears that he is among the dead. They think that if he had gone home he would have been heard from.

Sugar Cane Product.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 19.—The sugar crop of this state is partially estimated at 207,000 hhds, an increase of 71,000 hhds over 1879. The molasses yield will exceed that of 1879 by 810,000 gallons.

The Finances.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—It has been stated in several quarters that the secretary of the treasury, in his forthcoming annual report, will recommend a repeal of the requirement that a million standard silver dollars shall be coined monthly. Secretary Sherman may do this, or rather, he may recommend that the number of grains in the silver dollar be increased so as to make it equal in intrinsic value to the gold dollar, but in either event it is not considered probable that his recommendation will receive serious attention, at the hands of the present congress. If, however, any attempt be made during the coming session to interfere with the silver coinage, Director Burchard will earnestly object, being confident that we can go on coining silver without inconvenience at the present rate until we reach the same amount that France has, or $826,000,000.

New Mail Routes.

The postoffice department to-day issued orders to establish mail service as follows in Washington territory from Happy Home to Highland, in Idaho, from Challis to Clayton.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

At the Work of Blood.

LEITRIM, Nov. 19.—Last night the custodian of a farm near Newgalla, from which the tenant had been evicted, was shot dead by his fireside.

The Slayer Found.

The nephew of an evicted tenant has been identified as the man who shot the custodian of the farm near Newgalla.

Parnell's Trip to Paris.

It is stated that the real object of Parnell's trip to Paris is to have interviews with certain prominent Fenian leaders. The proceedings of both Parnell and his allies, if they are indeed his allies, will be closely watched by the French authorities.

Ulster Measures Suggested.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—The Times in a leading editorial says: We have no doubt whatever that the power of arresting active organizers and agents of agrarian agitation in Ireland, would bring immediate and enormous relief, not only to peaceable persons, but to many of the docile peasantry who have been coerced to join in the agitation.

Arrests for Murder.

CORK, Nov. 19.—Two brothers named Moore, have been arrested on charge of being concerned in the murder of Wheeler and Michael. Moore accompanied Wheeler when he was killed.

The Indicted.

DUBLIN, Nov. 19.—The indicted land leaguers will enter their pleas, traversing the indictment on Friday.

Pleas of not Guilty.

DUBLIN, Nov. 19.—Dillon has filed fourteen pleas of not guilty in behalf of the traversers.

Arming the Irish.

Intelligence has reached the police of Bali district that during the past week a large quantity of revolvers have been consigned to merchants in that neighborhood.

Anti-League Inhuman.

DUBLIN, Nov. 19.—Intimidation is even on the march in Dublin itself, as there have been some instances of threatening letters sent to persons in Dublin county. The anti-land league movement is spreading in the north of Ireland. A meeting of tenant farmers of Monaghan county, has strongly denounced the agitation.

Still more Fuel to the Flames.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—Evictions at Durham continue to be carried out with great cruelty toward families of miners. Eighteen more families have been turned into the street. Snow was falling at the time, and the suffering of the children was most intense.

Time of Parliament not Fixed.

The News, in a leading editorial, says: The cabinet did not come to any decision yesterday in regard to the meeting of parliament. It was not, we believe, remembered that the time had yet come when it could be finally decided whether an earlier session is necessary. The government is likely to be engaged some time in considering the scheme that they intend to introduce on the subject of land tenure in Ireland.

The International Regatta.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—In the first heat boat this afternoon Wallace Ross, of St. John, won the lead by a length; Boomer, of Boston, Mass., second; Riley, of Saratoga, N. Y., third; Nicholson, of Stockton on Tees, fourth. It was a fine race. The course was from Putney suspension to Chiswick church, two and a-half miles. The water was rough, but no rain. Time, 21 minutes and 22 seconds. The second heat was over the same course and distance, won by Laycock, Warren Smith, of Halifax, N. S., second; Trickett, of Sydney, N. S. W., third; Hawdon and Delaney, fourth. Laycock rowed in splendid form and won easily. At Hammersmith he was four lengths ahead of Smith, who was leading Trickett by three lengths. Opposite the dress Trickett made a spurt and almost reached Smith; he then slackened and was beaten easily.

Hotchkiss fouled with a large opposite the suspensions. Trickett's claim for second place in the second heat on account of an alleged foul was not allowed. Trickett started first favorite for the heat, 7to-4 being laid on him. His collapse was even more marked than in his race with Hanlan.

The Foundered Coaster.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—The coasting steamer Alba, which foundered off St. Catherine's head, had a crew of twenty-seven and seven passengers.

Lost with all on Board.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—The British steamer Millwall, from New York, Sept. 20th, for Marseilles, has foundered in the Atlantic and the crew, 25 in number, were drowned.

Answering the King.

ATHENS, Nov. 19.—The Chamber of Deputies passed by a vote of 100 to 90, an address in reply to the speech from the throne.

The Economical Council.

BERLIN, Nov. 19.—The economical council will consist of 72 members, chosen for five years, 45 members to be selected from 90 names presented by the chambers of commerce and agriculture. The remainder, of whom at least 15 must be workingmen, will be chosen by the ministers of commerce, public works and agriculture.

Fire Damp Explosion.

MONS, BELGIUM, Nov. 19.—An explosion of fire damp occurred in a coal pit near this place to-day. Twenty-seven men were in the pit at the time, of whom fifteen have been rescued.

The Pardoning Power.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 19.—The porte has prepared a reply to the note of the powers demanding the execution of the assassin of Col. Commerford. The reply declares every sovereign has the right to extend clemency to his own subject, and states that the assassin having asked clemency, his sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

The Slave Trade in Egypt.

VIENNA, Nov. 19.—The noted Soudan traveler Dr. Schweinfurth, has published a letter denouncing the increase of the Egyptian slave trade, stating that the resumption of the traffic dates from the deposition of Ismail Pasha, but has increased more especially since Gen. Gordon left the country.

Light Penalty.

VIENNA, Nov. 19.—Count Karolly, who some time ago killed Count Zichy in a duel, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the seconds in the duel to three weeks' imprisonment.

Life Senatorship.

PARIS, Nov. 19.—At a plenary meeting of senators belonging to various groups of the left, Gen. Farre, ex-minister of war, was unanimously accepted as a candidate for life senatorship to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Broca.

Russia's Danger.

PARIS, Nov. 19.—Grave rumors of another nihilist conspiracy, even more terrible and more carefully organized than any of the plots hitherto discovered, are afloat here. It is to be feared that ere many weeks, perhaps ere many days, we shall have news of a catastrophe that may rival the one and many innocent people their lives. The czar has lost much of his popularity since his morganatic marriage. Several high officials attached to his person are believed to have relations with the nihilists.

CALIFORNIA.

The Biggest Suit on Any Docket.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—In department two of the Superior Court today, before Judge Sullivan, the case of John H. Burke vs. the estate of W. S. O'Brien, deceased, to recover twenty-six million dollars, the value of mines and tailings, and in the case of John H. Burke vs. J. C. Flood and estate of O'Brien to recover $11,428,571, the value of Comstock-dated Virginia stock appropriated by the defendants, came up on a motion on the calendar, when A. W. Holladay, counsel for Burke, moved that both cases be placed on the equity calendar for trial by the court. Mr. Hillyer, for defendants, consented, provided he did not waive the right to a jury hereafter, but to this Mr. Holladay would not consent, as the time had passed within which defendants could demand a jury trial. Thereupon Mr. Hillyer waived trial by jury, and both cases were placed on the equity calendar for trial by the court. The court sitting in chambers to-morrow will hear the application for an order on Flood to produce the books and accounts before the Notary Public, and answer questions not answered on examinations heretofore had.

Kalloch and others Indicted.

The grand jury has presented an accusation against mayor Kalloch, charging him with having procured the appointment of W. P. Bagley to a position in the office of registrar of voters and then having demanded from him a part of his salary which was paid him. The jury also has presented an accusation charging the mayor, auditor Dunn and city and county attorney Murphy with having had work finished on the new city hall without advertising for bids.

Fire.

A Truckee dispatch says Jackson, Fluma county, was burned at 4 o'clock this morning. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary. The whole town is in ashes. About 60 houses, including a fine hotel, three stores, several saloons and other business places.

Accident to a Train.

The train from San Francisco due here at 1:55 P. M., did not arrive until 6:30. The detention was caused by an accident to the north bound freight train which ran into an open switch on Tulare plains, wrecking several cars. The passengers were transferred from the down train to that going to San Francisco and the up train returned to this city.

NEVADA.

The Water will Flow.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—A Gold Hill dispatch says Capt. Taylor, superintendent of Yellow Jacket, has notified all superintendents of mines concerned, that he will to-day stop bailing water at the Jacket shaft. The reason is the wear and tear of machinery and cables are too great to be continued. This will flood the lower levels of Exchequer, Alpha, Con Imperial, Confidence, Kentuck, Crown Point, and Belcher, and stop work there for six weeks.

In Streaks.

Ore in the cross cut west on the 2500 foot level of Union proves to be in streaks.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S ADVICE.—By awl means Joe get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and shiver it out. There ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel, they have all been picked up long ago. Remember Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awfully slippery and thawe dreadfully easy. Do not marry for fur neither; fur is like a a cooking stove, good for nothing when when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, being dressed, with about two hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket, a gud speller, handy, and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. A mixture will will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. Don't marry for pedigree unless it's backed up by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

LUCK.—A book might befilled with accounts of remarkable vagaries of fortune cropping up now and again. One we remember reading about was in connection with the calamitous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. A young man had been left a legacy of £3000, and having no immediate use for the money he paid it into the bank. In a few days he saw an advertisement about a business for sale, and entering into negotiations with the proprietor, ended by making the purchase. Singularly enough, the amount required was exactly what he had in the bank; so, closing his account he paid for the deeds and and entered into possession. The outgoing tenant having no immediate use for the money, invested it in shares in the City of Glasgow Bank. The next day the crash took place which is still fresh in the minds of all. Here we have an example of a double stroke of what may be termed luck—good and bad.

A lady of Holyoke, Mass., has built a house of money made by selling her husband liquor. He drinks regularly, and she bargained with him that if he would drink he should buy all his liquor of her. Thus she got all the profit instead of the saloon keepers. But we would risk something on it that she hasn't let her procedure become known to the internal revenue officer of the neighborhood, for she is liable to be arrested for selling liquor without a license, and thus violating a United States law.

"Woman naturally shrinks from exposing the sad passages in her life to the world," says Ruskin. This is true. The most smiling face at the party often conceals a broken bustle.

THE SCENES BY FIRELIGHT.

After rather a wandering life, mother and I have at last settled down in a little manufacturing town in the west of England—a queer little place, where the small of available society is split up into still smaller cliques which are again divided into factions, the cause of this latter division being chiefly parish matters and real or supposed difference in religious opinion. I say supposed, for the worthy inhabitants of Narromyndham are more learned on the subject of looms and spindles than that of doctrines, and could advance a better argument in favor of their own views than "I know what I like," or the well-worn, "because I do."

Our parish church is all that an antiquary could desire—a glorious old procathedral. Its pewing arrangements, however, are, I regret to say, all that a young woman who wishes to say her prayers in a correct and devotional posture, and who yet has a certain amount of tender regard for her back and knees would not desire; and our staff of clergy consists of a vicar and two curates, one of whom is furnished by that most evangelical body, the Pastoral Aid Society, and goes by the name of "Pastoral Aid Curate," or more often, on the principle that brevity is the soul of wit, the "P. A. C.;" so, with this liberal supply of divines, our souls should be well weeded and watered, if they were not.

One day, in the end of October, I was sitting over the fire; chatting with Carey, who had come to Narromyndham. Carey is my particular friend, and very nice and very pretty, but she has one sad fault—she is a shocking flirt. I often remonstrate with her on the subject; but it is quite useless, and she makes some very uncivil and profane retorts about "notes" and "beaums" and "brothers," which I don't like.

As I was watching the light dancing on her soft brown hair and lighting up her glorious hazel eyes—fascinated as I always am by anything beautiful, and thinking that when (perhaps I ought to say if) I turn into an angel I should be like her—she suddenly inquires:

"Are there any curates here?"

"So my angel is planting fresh works of slaughter," thought I; but answered: "Yes, two; one is old and married, and has St. Vitus's dance and the other is young and unmarried and sound, likewise is he a pastoral old curate. Will he do?"

"Don't!" with a laugh. "I know the animal. It seems to have outgrown its clothes; is weak about the legs, hair long" (touching her collar) "and sleek, complexion pallid and unwholesome; expression meek. It makes constant use of the word 'steadily,' has a voracious appetite and a little weakness for tea and old ladies. There's an inventory of its charms; and I don't believe the society would have anything to do with a man not possessed of all those qualifications.

Mother opened her mouth to remonstrate against this flippant tirade; but the remonstrance was never destined to be uttered, for at that moment a servant announced "Mr. Lloyd," and the subject of Carey's long-winded speech entered the room.

A young man, in very correct clerical costume, with a fierce, determined, good looking face, and not a trace of weakness about him, legs or otherwise; in short, a man, every inch of him, and not a curate, for somehow one can never think of a curate as quite a man.

I glanced at Carey, and saw she liked the look of our visitor, for she had put on that air of lovely childish innocence (little humbug!) she can always assume at will, and always does when there is a man present whom she thinks it worth while to fascinate, and I never knew it to fail.

Mother having gone through the ceremony of introduction, the Pastoral Aid Curate proceeded to inform us that there was a parochial row on.

"There always is in Narromyndham," said I. "I wonder you think it worth mentioning."

"I shouldn't, only that you and perhaps your friend" (here a quick glance of admiration at Carey, which I saw wasn't lost on her in spite of her downcast eyes) "can help us if you will."

I opened my mouth to refuse, for I am not parochially-minded, and am proof against all petitions, even from handsome young curates, to make myself useful in that line; but Carey was too quick for me.

"It would be nice if we could, Kitty, but there is so little girls can do." This with an humble look at our spiritual pastor.

"I hope you won't think me very rude if I agree with you," was the answer. "As a rule, I think it the greatest possible mistake for young ladies to go pottering about a parish, interfering in matters they don't understand, or teaching poor little Sunday school children shocking false doctrine. But this is really something you can do; it's music."

"Now, you must give a full, coherent, but, above all, short account of what has gone wrong, and inform us what part we are expected to bear in putting it right," said I.

"It's Miss Trills——"

"Stop!" from Carey. "I must know who the spinster in question is. What an alarming name in connection with music!"

"Miss Trills does not belie her name. She is a good lady, who had a strong voice in her youth, and in those far-off halcyon days volunteered to assist in training the choir, and having some knowledge of the music, was really a help. She and her sister—her exact counterpart, voice and all—used to sit with the boys, who had not then arrived at the dignity of surplices, and lead the choir——"

"Out of the straight path into flowery ways," put in I; "but what do you want us to do?"

"This. On Wednesday week there is to be a harvest thanksgiving service. Rather late certainly, but Narromyndham, as you know, is always behind in everything. Miss Trills wants to have an extra ugly and flowery anthem; and this being objected to she declines to sing at all, or, what is far worse, to teach the boys a simple one. Will you and your friend come and practise with the boys? You won't be expected to sit among the surplices at the surface."

Carey professed herself delighted.

Mother said we (sight; so I, with a very sad grace, had to consent to be at the practice, and the handsome young divine, having gained his point, made his adieus (giving Carey a little more than the regulation handshake, it struck me), and took his departure.

Shall I ever forget those choir practises? The well-meant efforts of the organist to drown the very small voice of the boys; the hopeless ignorance and stupidity of the aforesaid little mortars; the cold, very often wet, walks to the church—for such was Carey's zeal in the good cause that nothing would induce her to miss a practice (the P. A. C. always being our escort); and last but not least, being considered to play the unmongenial part of gooseberry.

How the Misses Trills attend every practise—not, indeed, opening their mouths to sing or speak, but marking with pale green, spiteful eyes, every fresh failure; how Carey and P. A. C. alwas sang out of the same book making, no doubt, sweet harmony for themselves, but not materially assisting in reducing something like time and tune the harsh discordant voices with which it was my doubtful privilege to cope, almost unaided—are not those things given on the fleshy tables of my heart? O, Damon, thy friendship sinks into insignificance beside this nineteenth century devotion; for thine was but one sacrifice, while those things—yes, and more also—did I endure many times for the sake of friend.

Weeks passed. The harvest thanksgiving service was over, the singing not having been worse, but better than usual whatever Miss Trills and her friends may have seen fit to say to the contrary. And yet Mr. Lloyd's daily visits, began at the time of the practices, and always purporting to have something to do with them, were not discontinued. He is the most earnest man I ever met with. Whatever he does is done heartily and thoroughly; and he couldn't even admire Carey, as every one does, without going to the judicious length of falling in love with her. Of course she encouraged him, though seemingly in the most artless way; and it seemed to me a shame. Our P. A. C. was too good and true a man to be her plaything—although a different stamp from the young fellows who had fallen in love with her lightly one season, and, doubtless, forgotten her as lightly the next, when she had been exerting her powers of fascination to the utmost, and, I am bound to say, with unmitigated success.

"You're jealous, child," said she lightly.

"That's humbug, and you know it. The P. A. C. doesn't admire little people; and besides—besides——"

No, I certainly wasn't jealous; for was there not lurking warm about my heart the thought of some one very big and strong who, nevertheless, did admire little people, and could treat them with a chivalrous greatness of which the P. A. C. was utterly incapable?

"Do you know that he under discussion is going away very soon?" said Carey, after a pause.

"No. Where?"

"He is almost sure of that appointment in India he was telling us of and if he is appointed must sail in January."

Before I could answer this startling piece of intelligence she had glided from the room.

A few days after this I had come in from a walk; which Carey had declined me on the plea of a slight cold—not in her head; the lucky little beauty is never afflicted with anything so unbecoming, and I can't recollect ever having seen her pretty nose red, and by undue friction, or she isn't given to tears; on the same principle, I suppose, the influenza doesn't attack her. The drawing-room door was slightly ajar, and, as I entered noisely, it did rather astonish me—accustomed as I am to that chocking little flirt's vagaries—to see her and Mr. Lloyd most becomingly posed in the attitude of the famous Huguenot picture. My first impulse was to withdraw as noiselessly as I had come, but it seemed rather a sneakish thing to do, so I notified my presence by a loud "Ahem!"

The two sprang apart guiltily. The P. A. C. began shaking hands wildly and muttering something incoherently about "great hurry," "he off," literally flew out of the house, shutting the street door with a bang that set every window in the old house rattling and left Carey with cheeks that put the well-worn crimson curtains quite in the shade, and me, I regret to say, in a paroxysm of laughter on the hearth rug.

Carey couldn't stand that. She flew at me and shook me exclaiming:

"You are mean and hard-hearted and cold-blooded, too!"

"I am awfully sorry," said I, picking myself up and fishing my hat out of the coal scuttle; "but I couldn't know you were doing *tableaux vivants*; and besides, you really ought not to."

Here, to increase my astonishment, she threw her arms around me and kissed me; and when she let me go I saw there were tears in her eyes.

"You're not to preach, and I shall often do it again, only you are not to come into the rooms so suddenly. He" (the pronoun with great expression) "has got that appointment."

"Was that a fond farewell?" said I, my bewilderment, I suppose, appearing in my face; for Carey, putting her two hands—such pretty, soft, white hands—over my eyes, said:

"You mustn't look like that;" and added, very softly, "I'm going too, my dear."

"What did you say about P. A. C.'s? and didn't you always tell me you had no heart? and I wish nothing short of a title would content you," said I, severely.

To which she made answer:

"He won't be a P. A. C.; and of course one talks like that, but one don't mean it; and I haven't a heart, for I've gone and given it away, and I think it's a very good match, indeed!"

Having wound up her sentimental speech with this astonishing fib she settled herself at my feet, and we had a long explanatory conversation, at the end of which she promised me voluntarily to give up her evil practises in the way of flirting—a promise I am bound to say, she has to the best of my knowledge faithfully kept.

There is little more to be told. Carey being a spoilt darling at home, of course got her own foolish way. And the match was not such a bad one after all, for the India appointment was a very good one, and Mr. Lloyd turned out not to have no inconsiderable private means, though how this latter fact escaped the knowledge of the Narromyndham gossips remaineth until this day a mystery.

The wedding was necessarily quiet and hurried, but I was bridesmaid nevertheless; and already I have had two quaint letters, dated from Bengal, and signed "Carey Lloyd."

On the day before the new happy Benedict's departure from Narromyndham—before Carey had left us—I told him to ask her opinion of a Pastoral Aid Curate.

"I know it," said he: "I overheard it before I saw her."

The American Rubber Plant.

Readers will remember an account among general news items some weeks ago of a public experiment made in New York to test a material which, it was claimed, rendered articles water-proof. It now appears that the substance is a preparation of the outer peel of the milkweed. The inventor, reflecting on the expensiveness of rubber and the adulteration to which it is subject had bethought himself of the milkweed as capable of furnishing a substitute. A description of the varied uses of the plant is given in the subjoined "interview" between the discoverer and a reporter which appeared in the *Graphic*:

"The more I thought of this vast industry, the more convinced I became that a substitute might be found among the trees or plants indigenous to America, which could then supply the market of the world. One plant suggested itself to me repeatedly, that was the common milkweed (of the genus Asclepias) which I firmly believe to be the india rubber tree of North America, and the source of supply in the future."

"How did you carry out your experiment?"

"I planted twelve acres in a farm out West, and before I put through with my experiments I made up my mind that the plant would be to the West what the palm has been to the East. To begin with, I found that by such slight cultivation as a single top dressing, the plant grew to the height of six and seven feet and an inch and a half in diameter. I had a mistaken idea that the rubber lay in the sap or juice, and it was difficult to convince myself at first that the gum was stored in the cells on the outside of the stalk, plainly to be seen through a magnifying glass, and as regular and even as the honeycomb of a beehive. When I discovered this natural laboratory it did not take long to find a process to separate it from the plant. This done, with my experience in the gaseous treatment of hydro carbons, I succeeded in converting it into a substance, which is similar to rubber in appearance, of superior lightness and possessing the same qualities. I also found that it could be vulcanized or hardened; or used in its pliable state for dental purposes it is the best thing I have seen."

"What would be the cost of manufacturing this new rubber?"

"The outside cost, including labor, etc., would make it twenty cents a pound, and the expense of importation saved. It needs little care, only one top dressing, and can be gathered at the owner's will. It would pay better in proportion to the time and labor consumed than any other farm product. One acre of land will yield three tons of milkweed, or 300 pounds of gum. An interesting fact I noticed was the great similarity of the plant in fibre, leaf, etc., to the India rubber tree proper."

"How long have you been experimenting with the milkweed?"

"Since 1865, and during that period I have discovered a use for every portion of it. As I said, in the course of my experiments I hit upon this water repellant, which I stopped to perfect, seeing its value and knowing that thousands of dollars had been spent by rubber firms in endeavors to procure an invisible, 'unsmellable,' water-repellant. In the course of tests I found, that by gathering the pods before they opened I had two treasures—the seeds, from which can be extracted a lubricating oil finer than linseed, besides acting as a liniment, being an excellent cathartic; while from the floss inside a material very much like Irish poplin could be woven. The experiment with the floss was tried in Europe during our civil war when a substitute for cotton was needed; but as the milkweed had to be exported and the war came to a close, the experiment didnot end in practical results.

"And what can be done with the refuse of the plant?" was asked, but hardly in earnest.

"Why, use it for fuel; it gives out exactly the same heat as wood, and makes a pleasant grate fire, while the root has long been utilized for medicinal purposes," concluded the inventor, who has already taken out eight patents on this plant, which henceforth demands more than common respect from the lovers of the useful.

SHORT BITS.

It takes an old woman well versed in herbs to give sage advice.

It is not whisky that makes a man drunk, it is his inability to carry it.

Thought at a church fair: Faint pocket-book never cultivated fair lady.

Partridge is the name of a prominent Southern divine. Is he a bird of prey?

A man is a perfect brick when he shows himself all the better for being hard pressed.

"So much for bucking ham," as the Chicago man remarked after drawing a check to settle his losses in the pork deal.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* is doubtless correct when it asserts that the fair sex cares more for pickles than for politics.

As a street car conductor took a rural passenger's money the other day, he called it an agricultural fair.

She was singing "Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall," and her cruel parent immediately set the spring-gun and unloosed the bulldog.

"Mark where he stands," as the shoemaker said to his assistant, while taking the measure of a customer's foot.

"He was a kind parent, a good citizen, and had three horses that could beat 2:30," is considered about the right thing for an obituary in Kentucky.

When the shopman seizes you warmly by the hand as you enter his establishment, you readily understand what is meant by a pressure of business.

Physicians now say that the telephone is injurious to the ear. We presume it is the strain of the listening and hearing nothing that does the harm.