EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Ex-Governor L. M. Morrill, of Maine, is dangerously ill.

The death of Sir Andrew Buchanan, diplomatist, is announced.

A strike of coal miners in Mahoning valley, Ohio, is threatened.

The European & North American railroad company have elected Noah Woods president.

Kavanaugh, whose name becomes famous in connection with the siege of Lucknow, is dead.

Sir Stafford Northcote's health is very bad of late. He is advised by his physicians to go abroad.

Henrietta Hilderbrandt, a domestic, committed suicide in San Francisco on the 16th. Cause, whisky.

The boiler of a steam ginning mill, 12 miles from Montgomery, Ala., exploded on the 16th instantly killing three negroes.

Mrs. E. K. Hart, sister of the late Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, died of paralysis in Keokuk, Iowa, on the 15th, aged 73.

Ezra Cooper, a millionaire, has been arrested for the seduction of the wife of a reputable tradesman in Vinton township, Pa.

Inquiry into the Park theater fire at New York showed that the fire alarm boxes on the stage failed to work the afternoon of the fire.

The Mercantile and National banks in Mexico have advanced rates of discount 6 to 7 per cent; rates for accounts current from 7 to 8 per cent.

A small horizontal boiler being tested at Brantford, Ont., exploded and Charles and William Corbin, aged 13 and 15, were fatally injured.

In is reported the Russian government has decided to withdraw all embassies and legations in Germany, excepting at Berlin and Stuttgart.

Articles of incorporation of the Fair Electric Storage and Light Company have been filed at New York. The capital stock is stated to be $2,000,000.

The net earnings of the Union Pacific road for the first nine months of the year are officially reported at $10,491,783, an increase of $842,957 over the same period of 1881.

In Dewitt county, Texas, two escaped Mexican convicts met James G. Sparma on the road and shot him. They then beat out his brains with the gun and robbed him.

Ex-collector of port Charles H. Soughton, of Trenton, New Jersey, was convicted of transmitting false vouchers to the government and sentenced to pay a fine of $500.

A number of the younger members of the Chicago board of trade were suspended on the 16th for indulging in the pastime of knocking off the hats of the older members.

The dead body of Dr. J. G. S. Mohr, of Chicago, was found in his office. He had evidently been dead some days. There were no marks of violence, and the cause of his death is not known.

In the suit of Miss Lilian Spencer, actress, at Pittsburg, against Max Strakosch, manager, to recover $2000 salary unpaid, a verdict was rendered in favor of Miss Spencer for the amount of her claim.

A construction train collided with a hand car on the Alton road, near Kansas City, Mo., on the 14th. The men on the hand car escaped, but the construction train was ditched. Three men were killed and several wounded.

The body of Charles B. Curtis was found floating in the water near Union wharf, Port Townsend, on the 15th. It is supposed he fell off the wharf while intoxicated and was drowned. Deceased was a native of Machias, Maine; about 35 years old, and has been working for some time past in the Port Discovery mill.

Henry Kuhn, aged 20, of Brooklyn, attempted to kiss Barbara Danchelir, aged 16, in New York on the 12th. Her companion, named George Grover, aged 19, tried to stop him. Kuhn became enraged and struck Grover. They clinched and Kuhn was thrown heavily, his head striking the curbstone. Kuhn dying, Grover was arrested.

On the 14th the body of a Frenchman named Alexander Gagnon was found floating in Squaxon pass, near Puget Sound, with a sack of rocks tied to his feet and the painter of his boat around his waist. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide while laboring under temporary insanity. Deceased was a member of Western lodge, I. O. O. F., and was employed in logging.

News was received at Little Rock on the 14th of a double tragedy near Tepukaka, Texas, on the 11th. Charles Henry, jr., a merchant, after a quarrel with two brothers named Butler, went home and was pursued by the Butlers, they following him to a negro cabin where he had taken refuge and kicking the door down. Henry had a double barreled shotgun and killed both brothers as they crossed the threshold.

A new map of the United States, prepared under the direction of the general land office, is now in the hands of the printer in New York and will soon be ready for distribution. It is said to be the most complete and accurate one ever compiled by the government. It contains over 4000 places not on the old map. These additions are mostly in the west. The rapid strides of that section renders the map now in use almost valueless.

The New York Tribune, in a leading editorial, espouses the Chinese cause, and says that Pacific Coast politicians will soon demand supplementary legislation of a prohibitory character in the matter of Chinese imports. It asserts that the people of this coast are growing fearful of Chinese competition in manufactures, though restricted to working on Asiatic soil, and says that San Francisco newspapers are looking forward to the time when the Chinamen at home will manufacture for themselves and so cheap that they not only can supply their own markets, but ours as well, unless congress comes to the rescue with protective customs duties which will eclipse the most extraordinary provisions of the present tariff.

Two pilots were drowned while attempting to reach a distressed vessel on fire off the Frith of Forth.

A duel has been fought in Paris by Carnudel, a deputy, and De Lignieres, a journalist, in which the latter was wounded, but not seriously.

Ex-Mayor Navin, the bond forger of Adrian, Michigan, was in the vicinity of El Paso, Texas, recently, but being recognized, he went over into Mexico, and cannot be taken.

The Stewart down town property corner Broadway and Chambers street, N. Y., is to be improved. Several new buildings will be erected, and the Broadway structure is to be raised two stories.

Railroad coal miners of the Pittsburg district resolved to strike November 20th, unless operators would concede them an advance of half a cent per bushel for mining. The present rate is 3½ cents per bushel.

Harrison, the boy preacher, has been holding revival meetings at Grand Rapids for several weeks. Three persons have been driven to insanity by the excitement, the latest victim being Miss Emmons, a dressmaker.

A company with a capital of $750,000 has been organized by prominent iron men of Pittsburg, Pa., to erect works for the manufacture of nails and spikes from steel, something which has never before been done in the United States.

At Salina, Ont., Wm. Trimble and two daughters, aged 25 and 18, partook of a supposed herb tea to relieve a cold. All were taken sick and Trimble and one daughter died on the 17th. The other daughter is not expected to recovery.

Jasper Spaulding, a well-to-do-farmer living three miles from Raub, Ind., on the 15th knocked senseless his little son and wife with a whipple-tree and then cut their throats with a razor, after which he cut his own throat with the same weapon.

At New York, while a Watertown engine, designed for the use of the fire department, was being tested it was overturned, instantly killing an unknown man, fatally injuring Geo. H. Sayre, of Philadelphia, and breaking the shoulder of a boy looking on.

The English admiralty has received a telegram from Suez stating that the Arabs took Palmer's search expedition party to a place where Palmer and his companions were murdered, and where were found buried in the ground Palmer's dispatch boats and a bag containing $1200.

The case of Emanuel J. Hanson, charged with grand larceny in stealing two checks valued at $50,000 from the Pacific bank, San Francisco, was resumed before Judge Rix on the 16th. Hanson was placed on the stand and cross-examined by the prosecution, after which the case was continued.

Dr. G. W. Wiener, formerly of Baltimore, where his parents now reside, was found unconscious in his room in Denver, Col., on the 16th, the Argand gas burner on the table turned on but not lighted. All efforts to revive the asphyxiated physician proved futile, and death resulted. It was probably the result of an accident.

Vernon Seamon and Wm. Hamilton were arraigned at the Toombs court, New York, on the 16th, and charged with malicious libel by George M. Pinney. The accused is charged with printing and disseminating in their city an extract from San Francisco papers of Sept. 8, 1877, which reflected on the conduct and antecedents of the complainant.

The remains of a man who had committed suicide by shooting were found near San Francisco on the 15th and identified as those of Edward A. Brewster, a barber, who disappeared from his residence, 1305 Leavenworth street, S. F., October 22d, after setting fires in several of the closets, which were discovered in time to prevent the destruction of the premises.

On the 15th, at Robert Station, 20 miles east of Hudson, on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad, a stock train, while stopping for water, was run into by a freight train from behind. The caboose, in which were the conductor, a brakeman, stockmen and several passengers, was smashed to pieces. The conductor was burned to death, nothing but his bones recovered. The brakeman had an arm torn from the socket and died from loss of blood within an hour. A passenger, named Fink, was badly injured. A number of cars were badly wrecked and many cattle killed.

The fine residence of Judge Sam Wilson, on Pine, between Stockton and Powell streets, San Francisco, took fire from a defective flue on the 16th. After a long continued attempt to smother the flames by the occupants an alarm was turned in, and the department, after a vexatious struggle, subdued the fire. There was no outburst of flames, which crept slowly through every partition in the house without showing themselves. Much of the furniture, pictures, etc., were removed, but the house was finely furnished, and Judge Wilson estimates the damage at not les than $100,000; insured.

Jocob R. Shipherd, of Peruvian claims notoriety, appeared in a suit in the United States circuit court, Philadelphia, on the 15th. This was an application for judgment for want of sufficient defense against recovery on three bills of exchange, for five hundred dollars, signed by Shipherd and held by Catherine Cokefair, New Jersey. The defendants, John Paules & Co., Pennsylvania, alleged in their affidavits that the drafts were not purchased for value, and the suit was brought improperly in Mrs. Cokefair's name. The court decided the defense sufficient and passed the case to the jury.

Speaking of the destruction of western forests, the New York Tribune says: "In these far western forests there is nothing to take the place of our eastern hickory, oak, ash or other hard woods, but the stores of Douglas fir and red wood, with other timber trees like Port Orford cedar, the tidewater spruce, the red cedar, the yellow and sugar pines, are worth more than all the gold in all the mines of that region, to say nothing of their higher value of conservators of those beneficent climate conditions which are absolutely essential to our future prosperity, comfort and health. The one hopeful symptom in the case is the wide interest which these authoritative statements from the census bureau are exciting. They ought to prepare the way for prompt and intelligent action."

A WESTERN MAUD MULLER.

Miss Muller, so the gossips say
Flirted in quite a shameless way;

But Maud with a laugh, pronounced it fudge—
Yet we caught her wink at the ratty Judge.

And the Judge—but we mention this sub rose—
Blushed up to the roots of his bulbous nose

Till he craned his neck, and, in passing by,
Gave a sinister wink with his dexter eye.

Quoth Maud to herself, as on she passed,
"I've his royal nibs in tow at last;

"My mother shall wear a sealskin sacque—
My pa swing out in his broadcloth black:

"My brother shall sip his whisky-skins,
And my sister revel in gay breastpins!"

Quoth the Judge, as he sauntered listless on,
"She's a rattling gyirl; you bet I'm gone!

"No doubt my last wife's ma will kick,
And my heirs cut up the very Nick;

"But tho' I've known her a short, short spell,
You bet I'll have her in spite of"—well,

"No matter his word—'twas short and stout,
And the name of a place that's now played out

According to Beecher. Alack for all!
The maid and Judge ne'er wedded at all.

For he passed in his checks from too much gin,
And the maid grew long and lank and thin,

And eke, as her chances glimmered away,
She ceased to flirt and began to pray.

God pity the maid and pity the Judge,
And these days of twaddle and bosh and fudge,

For all sad words from a heart bereft,
The saddest are these: "You bet I'm left."

HER BLUE BLOOD.

The Van Nores were present at the creation of the world. Some people say they made it; but one really knows better than that. If it had not been for their unaccountable belief that the builder of the ark that rested on Mount Ararat was a Jew, and their unutterable contempt for the race of Spinoza and Mendelssohn, of Heine, Auerbach and Disraeli, they would not have hesitated to conceive that the family name of the Patriarch was Van Nore.

At any rate, you may understand that the Van Nores were an immensely ancient family, so old as to be really worm-eaten. In the dust of the Van Nores there were soldiers and statesmen, and even a less regarded author or two: in this century there was nothing at all to speak of. If, however, any one says their family tree was like one of those of old, wide and deep-rooted fir trees sometimes seem, with but a single guarled and linched branch left of all its forest glory, the best part of it underground, you can see that the person is no friend of the Van Nores, but one whose eyes have been hurt by the dazzle of their splendor, who has been forgotten at their banquets, looked at with a stony glare upon the street or possibly knocked down and bruised and ignored by their fast horses.

Being immensely ancient, immensely distinguished, and also immensely wealthy, it goes without saying that the Van Nores thought immensely well of themselves. They never soiled their garments by contact with the crowd; they bought their pictures and statues straight from the manufacturers before they had been profaned by the vulgar gaze; they would have liked the gold they spent cast with a Van Nore device and the die broken. They could not hope to keep all the knowledge in the universe to themselves; but they did not care so much for that—there were always tutors and chaplains and all that to be had, after the custom of certain of the South Sea Island chiefs, who maintain a Fila-oma or Talking Man of Knowledge. If, once in a while, they allowed themselves to come before the public in a matter of suffrage, it was not altogether without the sensation of some wicked scribe who has written the Sacred Name with unwashed hands, and, being unusually defeated, they relapsed into a more profound contempt of the people than before, and talked glibly of the advantages of a monarchy, although not without an undercurrent of feeling that in the event of a monarchy the Van Nores would be monarchs. They intermarried, of course, only with families of a pedigree and assumption one degree less than—it could not be more than, and could hardly be equal to—the Van Nores.

Judge, then, of the bewildered and amazed wrath of the Van Nore family, when the son of the house, the last of the name, the only male Van Nore left to go go down the ages with the weight of the family illustriousness upon his shoulders, married a young girl in the west, unknown, obscure, poor, and a Jewess!

Nore Van Nore had a sister older than himself, a dark and imposing creature with the Van Nore nose; he had a sister, younger than himself, pallid, bloodless, with her mother's delicacy of feature, and with nothing about her but haughtiness to distinguish her from the herd of young women; he had one Van Nore cousin, a little apple blossom hardly coming up to the requirements; he had four Van Nore spinster aunts, who, if they quarreled among themselves like birds in a wood, presented an unbroken phalanx of family integrity to the public, and who, with the idea that they had the manners of duchesses, really gave some reason to believe them directly descended from the Patriarch, they looked so extremely like the wooden woman in the children's toy arks. His father embodied all the dignity, pomposity, and grandeur of all the Van Nores before him, as if he were the flame of their ashes; he had but one gift, and that was a faculty for satirical speech, which he exercised with impunity upon his wife—his wife, the line of whose descent was so long that it had worn to a colorless, attenuated thread in her, a pale, thin, languid woman, of whose condition it expressed little to say she dared not call her soul her own, because, in looking at her, or looking through her, rather, it was not clear that she had a soul—a woman without intellect, without individuality, and almost without vitality. Into this assemblage Nore Van Nore had dared introduce a person absolutely without a grandfather, and whose grandfather, had she one, would have been named Shacabac!

Mr. Van Nore and his household would entreat this vile and vulgar intriguer, who had thought to trust herself upon them, and had thought to lift herself by pulling them down, as she deserved. In their heart of hearts they had a complete, if inarticulate, consciousness that no one could have married the bridegroom in question for any other purpose. And Nore Van Nore received a letter of repudiation from his father, disowning and casting him forever into the outer darkness of the world of people who were not Van Nores.

And who was Nore Van Nore? He was a young man of twenty-six years, whose mental processes had mastered the rudiments of learning to such an extent that he could read the newspaper and make change. All attempts to cultivate those mental processes much further had failed; if he entered the university at last, it was because tutors and proctors and family influence, a fortuitous chance, and perhaps money, all wrought together. Entrance was all, however; before the first term closed Mr. Van Nore had private but authoritative information that unless he wanted expulsion for stupidity approaching imbecility, he had better withdraw his son. In a hot and self righteous fury Mr. Van Nore turned the tables and expelled the university. He withdrew his son with a wild show of anger and scorn for faculty, curriculum, endowment and career. "They have graduated no man who comes to anything in the last twenty-five years!" he said. And that the matter might be the sooner forgotten, he gave Mr. Van Nore a purse and a traveling companion, and despatched him to the far west. It was probably but a case of retarded development; perhaps he would do a little exploring and discovering; when he should return the affair would have quite blown over, and he would marry him to some maiden who had been so well brought up that she would feel herself taking a proper place among dominations, princes and powers by marrying a Van Nore of any calibre. All the same he did not fail to make his wife's life a burden to her by sarcasms on her feeble wit that had been strong enough to adulterate the strength of the Van Nores, while the very sense of his son's incapacity, thus forced upon him him, was another argument against the woman who would marry an imbecile for the sake of climbing into his rank and position.

It was not altogether to be wondered at, then, if his wife did not fully sympathize with him in this extremity, and if, being of an affectionate disposition, so far as she had anything to impart, having imparted that also to her son, she wrote a little surreptitious letter—she who had usually not a thought nor a deed nor an emotion of her own.

"My Darling Boy—I send you all my love. Any wife you choose to marry will be the dear daughter of your mother."

That was the letter written so secretly; it meant volumes to her; it meant volumes to her boy. She was frightened to a trembling ghost of her ghost-like self when she stopped the carriage and asked the footman to drop it in a street-box, for she felt that if her husband knew it it would not be impossible for him to blow out her flickering flame of life altogether, or stamp its feeble spark into the earth. He never had struck her, but she never knew what he might do yet.

The father's letter, when it came, was not at all unexpected by Hero Van Nore, nor was the mother's a surprise. She was a girl of twenty, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her superb mouldings would have fed a sculptor's eye with rapture, her superb coloring would have driven wild another than Titian; the great braids upon her head seemed made of strands of spun gold; she wore them like a crown, as became a daughter of the royal tribe of Judah. She was undoubtedly a Jewess; but as Miriam, as Deborah, as Susannah may have done, she had the large beauty of that Clytie in her sunflower who some think to be Isis in her lotus. She waited in her father's shop, and she sold Mr. Van Nore a pair of gloves there.

He had given his purse sometime since to his traveling companion, and he was waiting in this little place till he should receive a fresh remittance from his father. When he saw Hero he had something else to wait for. He hung round the shop corners, and when she went home he followed her. She stepped as if the earth were air; he said to himself that it was because his heart were under feet. He knew intuitively that she would not give him a second look. What were the Van Nores out here in the wilderness? He was able to see, for all his deficiency, that she was on a higher plane of being than his own. But if he could not hope he could at least suffer; he could not gaze at the star he might not win. He bought another pair of gloves. Ah, heavens! to feel the touch of those pointed fingers of hers as they stretched the kid from side to side of his hand. The next day he bought another pair. Before he was through he had bought the whole stock of gloves in the shop.

Of course this attracted her attention, and she made some inquiry concerning him. "You had better go away," she said, when he came in again. "You do not need gloves, or ties, or any of our goods. You are making yourself ridiculous."

"I have nothing to do with it," he replied. "I was made so when I was born."

And so one word led to another, and in the course of time he had told her his story, which somehow seemed full of wrongs, the story of a rather feeble-minded youth who had been snubbed and brow-beaten and ill-used by a disappointed father, from his birth. Her heart was stirred with pity, she let him come to the house. Hope bounded within him. If the star should fall from the sky to his arms! He wrote his father—I forgot to say that he could write—that he wanted his influence to help him marry the most lovely, the most brilliant of women, who waited behind the counter of her father's little Jewshop. The answer to this letter made his hair stand on end. Cold, sneering, vindictive, cruel, threatening—what should he do but show it to her? Her blood would have been cold and thin stuff had that not made it boil. "I can never go back to him," said Nore. I never will go back to him. It is the last blow he shall strike me."

"Would you be happier here in the shop helping me?" she asked.

"Beyond measure!" he cried.

So she told him to see her father that night. She meant about the situation; he meant about a wife. And her father, in as good and strong contempt as Mr. Van Nore himself could feel, ordered the fellow from the house.

"The worthless varlet!" cried the old man. "Can he earn his salt? What do I care for his name and his family and his entailed moneys—the dog of a christian. He can have them all; but he can't marry my girl to an idiot!"

"He is not an idiot, father," said Hero. "There is more in him than any see," and she calmly canvassed the subject. "He has been made to look up till he does not know how to look straight ahead. Some day he will assert himself—"

"You?" said her father. "You? I believe you care for the lout! When you have sweethearts to fill a regiment! When you can marry any man in the country!"

"I don't know," she said. I'm very sorry for him. I care to have him happy—he has had so much unhappiness." And at that moment they heard a groan outside, and they ran to the door to pick up Nore Van Nore, helpless and just returning to consciousness with a broken leg.

Hero installed herself as the chief attendant. In the long hours of patient pain, in the devotedness of his silent worship for her, something stirred her heart that was not pity. Heaven knows what it was! There are some strong natures that must wrap themselves about the weak. The first time he could stand upon his feet again they were married. And then Nore Van Nore went down to help her wait behind the counter in the shop where she consulted him and referred to him and honored him until she was likely to make others share the strange respect she had for him. "He is single-hearted," she said to one of her old lovers in that primitive community, who felt the right to make some outspoken complaint; "he is upright; he is unselfish. He is kind to the fly on the wall. He loves me and no other. What more do I want in a husband? He suits me. And as for religion, what does that signify when at any rate, we both worship the same God!"

A year from that time Hero did not go to the shop much; she had a little son—and not such a very little one either—a bouncing, magnificent boy, with his mother's colors and eyes, full of life and joy and spirit, and quite the most remarkable baby in the world. And so, when the child was six months old, it seemed to Nore Van Nore, in his happiness, that he was wrong to deprive his family of the pleasure of knowing of such a blessing, and he wrote home for the third time, but this time to his mother.

This was shaking the red rag in the face of the bull. Mr. Van Nore trampled up and down his wife's sitting-room awhile, reared and stamped and snorted and bellowed, and not till he had reduced her to tears for having brought such a son into the world, and had pursued it till she gasped for breath and had to have the maids and ether and hot bottles, did he subside into silence and thought.

That this son of a beggarly shop girl of a Jewess should be the Van Nore! Never, never, if he had to put out the light of all the Van Nores at once! Jocelyne, his eldest daughter, should marry young De Vere, and he should take the name of Van Nore. For a sum of money Nore should break the entail and renounce his name, taking instead that of his lowborn wife. And so Jocelyne's son, who was a foregone conclusion in Mr. Van Nore's mind, should be the great Van Nore to come. He had a satchel packed within an hour, and he slept that night, for the first time in his life, in a vulgar sleeping car, always before having left the train at nightfall rather than be one of the promiscuous canaille sleeping a common sleep. Days and nights and days and nights of this wretched contiguity. It was a hard experience for Mr. Van Nore. He added it all up against his son. And the selfishness of the modern traveler did not tend to increase his appreciation of his kind. His kind? Not the least bit his kind! Mr. Van Nore was more than ever persuaded he was a superior integer of the race—taking, perhaps, one of those points of progress from which one development steps to a higher. At last he stood in the presence of his daughter-in-law.

A shapeless little greasy Jewess, selling old clothes—or a stately young goddess assuming a human smile? One convulsive sensation thrilled across him of pride in Nore's taste at least, souring instantly to anger to think that taste was all. And then he opened the subject.

"No, father-in-law," said Hero firmly, despite his wincing, and after the fashion of speech in use among her people. "No, father-in-law; we do not want your money. Nor will we surrender your name; it is our name by all right and that it is yours. And, as for your grandson, we have no power to foreswear his birthright for our mess of pottage."

It was a will as strong as his own that opposed him. Storming was no use here. He left the house without another word, and left Hero dancing her crowing boy in the broad transfiguring sunbeam, looking up proudly at her husband, yet fondly, to see if really she and the boy compensated him for all he had lost.

An hour afterward Mr. Van Nore was brought back to his son on a stretcher; two trains had collided, and he was among the killed and wounded. An artery had been severed, and before a physician could reach him he was bleeding to death. When at length, the flow was stanched, and he lay fainting and sinking away, "It is almost hopeless," said the surgeon. "There is little blood left in his body."

The sight of his dying father had changed the current of Nore's irate feeling. "If I could but give him mine!" he cried.

"It would do him small good," said the doctor looking at the pale and spindling fellow with an anatomist's contempt; and from him the glance traveled to Hero, standing near in her abundant life, with the dancing boy in her arms, still followed by the sunbeam. Hero read the glance in a moment, and had given the child to her husband.

"Here, doctor," she said, baring an arm that Hebe, carrying life and nectar to the gods, might have lifted.

"Do you know what it means for you?" said the doctor. "And for your child, perhaps? Loss of strength, it may be of health—"

"I know it is my husband's father, my child's grandparent," she said slowly. "If my blood can save him, it is right that he shall have it." And when she came to herself after her first fainting fit, save for her fatigue and languor, she did not know that she felt much the worse, and her father-in-law was smiling at her with luster in the eyes that she so lately saw nearly set in death.

Strange and awful moment to Hero! She had given life to this man. She had gone behind the veil of death and darkness and work-ee with forces of creation. There was a bond between her and him such as there could be between no other people in the world. For half a fainting heart beat, she thought she had made him, for half as long again he thought she had. She felt her heart irradiate with a tender warmth toward her husband's father. She fell on her knees beside him and kissed his hand. "Oh, my father," she said, "you must forgive us, for we love you!"

As for Mr. Van Nore, I never saw anybody happier than he was, some weeks afterward, on his way home with his party. His son accompanied him, with the nurse of a superb rosy baby folded in white fleecy wools, and a lady, stately as any princess ought to be, but seldom is, with her black bear skin robes about her. "She is very teachable," thought Mr. Van Nore. "A month of our life will give her all the *savoir faire* she needs. Her tact is inestimable." And then he wondered if she could hold her own with Jocelyne. "My grandson, the future Van Nore," he said to every acquaintance he came across, and they all seemed to be traveling on various portions of that trip. "Hero, my dear. My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Van Nore. My daughter-in-law. A great addition to our circle, I assure you. An old family, an old family. We—we are not exactly, so to say, related, but we—we—we have some of the same blood in our veins."

USEFUL RECIPES

Pop-Overs.—One cup of milk, one cup of flour, one egg, a little salt. This will make one dozen cakes, one tablespoonful to each patty pan. Bake in hot oven.

Pickled Grapes.—Fill a jar with alternate layers of sugar and bunches of nice grapes just ripe and freshly gathered; all one-third full of good cold vinegar and cover tightly.

Chicken Cheese.—Two chickens boiled tender, chopped not too fine, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil hard three or four eggs, and slice, with which line molds and pour in the chickens, adding the liquor in which they were boiled. When perfectly cold slice for luncheon, or Sunday tea, or for sandwiches.

Bread Crumbs for Pastry.—Many puddings that are commonly baked in a crust, such as cocoanut, potato, apple and lemon, are equally good and more wholesome, made by strewing grated bread crumbs over a buttered pie plate or pudding dish to the usual depth of crust; pour in the pudding, strew another layer of bread crumbs over the top and bake.

Breakfast Puffs.—May be made on baking day by taking up a little dough, pulling out to thickness of doughnuts; cut two and one-half inches in length, drop in boiling lard, and fry like doughnuts; to be eaten with butter, like biscuit. Some cooks work into the dough a little butter, and let it rise before frying in the lard. They are delicious with coffee for breakfast.

Celery Soup.—Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until it will pass through a sieve. Grate the white part of three heads of celery on a bread-grater; add this to the milk after it has been strained; put to it a quart of strong veal stock; let it boil until the celery is perfectly tender; season with salt and cayenne pepper, and serve. If cream is obtainable, substitute one pint for the same quantity of milk.

Quail on toast—Dry-pick them, singe them with paper, cut off heads and legs at first joint, draw, split down the back, soak in salt water for five or ten minutes, drain and dry with a cloth, lard them with bacon and butter, and rub salt over them; place on boiler and turn after dipping two or three times into melted butter; broil about twenty minutes. Have ready as many slices of buttered toast as there are birds, breast upward, on each slice.

Buckwheat cakes.—Warm one pint of sweet milk and one pint of water (one may be cold and the other boiling); put half this mixture in a stone crock, add five teacups buckwheat flour, beat well until smooth, add the rest of the milk and water, and last, a teacup of yeast. Or the same ingredients and proportions may be used, except adding two tablespoons of molasses or sugar and using one quart of water instead of one pint each of milk and water.

Miss Grundy says that recently the daughters of the late Senator Bright, of Indiana, were serenaded while in Kentucky by some young gentlemen, who had secured the services of colored men with voices and banjos. In speaking of this pleasant southwestern custom of serenading ladies, Miss Grundy says: "In the Eastern States serenades seem to be reserved for gentlemen, and especially politicians."