EUGENE CITY GUARD.

God. She has got fifty thousand, they L L. CAMPBELL, - . Proprietor. 85V.

HO! WINTER.

The Winter, ho! Winter, King of the northern blast! You need us all, you greet us all, With grip that freezes fast, In result pomy you've rathered up Tour royal rohes of show. The bound on the state of the show With grip that freezes fast, With the trailing men shall trace With the trailing men shall trace With the trailing men shall trace With and the show you go. And the show you go. The show the forse and blasting hearths Tour carnival may secon, With and Cheer may relign su-prene. From wassail eve till morn.

II. But ha' Winter, ho' Winter, What about the poor. Who've no strongthold against the cold. No bribe or sinecure To set a thay the stinging day. Or soften down the night.— Or soften down the night.— Who note the thickening window panes With sinking hearts affright.— Who draw their bahles close and sing Ther shivering fullay. Then sleep and dream of steaming feasts That hunger sleep supplies.— That hunger sleep supplies.— To wake at morn with shuddering sense Of lengthened f'st and cold. Man that hunger sleep supplies.— II. And find that gaint-eyel want has wrought Its trace within the fold. Hal Winter, ho! Winter, Hard your reign on these; God pity such and send warm hearts To all who starve and freeze, -Marie Barret Buller, in Chicago Current.

A QUAKERESS.

How Jack Dormer Fell in Love With "That Horrid Girl."

Kate Ingleby stood at the drawingroom window in Curzon street, tapping the tip of her little Wellington boot impatiently with her riding-whip. A sharp summer shower was pattering down upon the street, and Kate was waiting until it was over to go out for her daily ride. Not that a shower of rain made, as a rule, much difference to Miss Ingleby; for she was accustomed to go out in all weathers. She waited to-day simply because the friend she promised to ride the side of her friend. with declined to go out in a heavy thunderstorm, for which exercise of wise discretion Kate heartily despised her. She was getting very impatient. discreetly retired, she inquired: There seemed no end to the straight white rain shafts that came swiftly down from the heavy clouds. Misst Ingleby's chestnut mare, led by a groom, was walking up and down out-side. Kate loved her dearly; but there attentively in a hand-glass the while. is a limit to equine affection, and at last she got quite tired of watching her. edly, turning her head from side to On the opposite side of the street was a side. book-seller and librarian, to whom she was accustomed to subscribe for the solemnity. few three-volume novels, which at odd times she skimmed through. It struck her all at once that her uncle was dintable. ing at his club that night, that she herself had no engagement, and that she had no book of an exciting nature Ingleby, in a deep voice of horror. wherewith to while away the solitary evening. She gathered up her habit in one hand and sallied forth, picking her way gingerly across the muddy street. went into the back part of the shop, She and stood turning over a whole heap of works of fict on which lay piled togeth-

What erushing bad reled already? What did he say to you?' luck! "Nothing. "Whet did you say to him, then?" nning. ane rep aled, gloomit "Theo, what on eacth-are you mad, Kate?-for goodness' sake, explain-"I was in a shop; they came inyour brother and a dreadful friend of Adela nodded; the "dreadful friend" was a particular erony of her own, but she let that pass. They began talking about me Lord Kyrle said I was a 'horrid g ri' he described me as a sort of wild animal, a tom-boy who climbed trees, a vulgar creature who swore and talked slang-oh. it was shameful!"

asked the tall man, laughingly; "has she snubbed you, Kyrle?" "Not she; I don't know her, thank worse than all, her private theatricals would have to be put off altogether. Finally, she burst into passion of angry tears, which threatened to end in a lit of hysteries.

Then, suddenly, Kate relented. "Very well, then, I'll come, and I'll act in the theatr cals-but on one conto her and sat down beside her. price, in fact; why, she swims like a fish, climbs trees like a monkey, talks slang like a school-boy, swears like a trooper, shoots like a keeper, and smokes—bah! like a chimney!" Miss Rose, so you must forgive me for talk to you?'

M as Rose, the Quakeress.

her dress.

you remind me of them.

"What do you mean?"

"I shall come, not as Miss Ingleby. bright color rose in her cheeks. the heire s, the fast, slangy g'rl' she jerked out the words spitcfully-"bit as Miss Rose the Quakeress, the daug horor. A woman of that description is ter of your old governess." Miss Rose?-a Quakeress-?" gasped back to it.

revolting. I would go a long way to avoid coming across her." Adela Ellerton. "Yes, my name is Rose, Katherine Rose, so that will be true enough." The shower was over. The two friends nodded to the shopman and took

"But a Quakeress-how can you do their departure. After a m nute or two Kate came into the front of the it? Shall you say thee and thou?

"The women, for instance, they look so strange; so-almost bold and un-feminine. I suppose it is because my "No, that is out of date, they don't do it now; but I shall wear drabs and eye is unaccustomed. Now you, for grays and be demure-oh, very demure -your brother will think me charmanybody I have seen since I have been ing

"Don't be sarcastic; but surely it home. can't be done-somebody will recognize VolL.

"Mr. Dormer, a great traveler, miss; She tossed her hat off and se'zed a hai mash. Away vanished all the crisp prise She mounted her horse and rode dark little curls that r ppled all over her head, a straight parting, flattened away; and it was characteristic of her locks falling back on either side, lowthat she utterly forgot to call for the norant.

rightly; that you are the cleverest amateur actress in London! Why, I don't believe even James would recognize you?"

"Sir James must be in the secret, of time, and burst like a whirlwind into course, but no one else; it will only be for four days, and then I go on to the Wigrams. You agree? All right, then memory dwelt with so much fondness. I come!

Lady Ellerton, a pretty little woman of some two-and-thirty years, whose celicate pink and white fairness, good "And if I don't make that young man fall head over ears in love me in four days," said Miss Ingleby to herself, as temper, and prosperous circumstances generally, had somehow preserved her she ran away down stairs, clenching from looking her full age, sat before the to let-table arranging the pale-blue bows of her bonnet-strings. her little fist as she went, "then shall I vote myself forever unworthy of the name of Woman!"

A week later Jack Dormer stood in his sister's little blue and white bou-doir at Fosborough Court in the County of Wessex. He had just arrived and the dressing-bell had rung, rung, but still Jack lingered chatting to his favorite sister-leaning with his back against the mantlepiece, to the no small danger of the China menagerie of wild beasts which were arranged thereupon.

Lady Ellerton continued to pat down "And whom have you got staying in the flaxen curls of her fringe with lovthe house, Ady?"

> fear; old Lord and Lady Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Halket, Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter-rather a loud girl, you remember.

a never-to-be-forgotten item of her

"A cousin of James', George Andrews, a clerk in the Board of Tradeand, let me see, who else-oh, only little Miss Rose.

"Rose-Rose. I don't remember the name."

were a baby then." replied Lady Elhas made up her mind to tell lies, she is generally a thorough mistress of the had some difficulty in suppressing. art. calmly

a howling wilderness, wherein every-body would be bored to death; and. somed from all the other women! How try-I learn very quickly by heart, and you might show me.

s mple, how womanly, how good, was "My dear, you are an angel, a darthe expression in her quiet face! Who was she, he wondered, and then sudling!" cried Adela, rapturously, clasping Miss Rose in her arms. How too dealy he recollected; of course this was dear and good of you! I can't tell you After dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, he went straight up how grateful I am."

"You are the first per on in the worl to do a kind and good-natured action." whispered Jack in her ear, almost flat-ly contradicting the very last remark he had made to her. But he was in that idiotic condition of mind with re-"My sister told me who you were, introducing myself. May I sit here and gard to her, when whatever a woman "Oh, yes!" Her eyes fell, and a does or says, or leaves unsaid or n.

"I have been a long time out of En-gland, traveling in Eastern countries. done, seems to be equally perfection in a man's eyes. Nevertheless, when M.s. Rose had been carred away by h s and you can't think how odd English sic ety seems to me, now I have come ter to be drilled and coached, he co de not help owning to himself that, am

able and good-natured as was Min "Yes!" still with downcast eyes, Rose, he feared that her acting would playing with the dove-colored folds of be a failure.

"At such a short notice, and such a part, so wholly foreign to her nature! Poor little girl, how can she do it?"

It was with very nervous feel ngs instance, you remind me more, do you know, of the women of the East than that Jack watched the curtain go up be fore a crowded audience that evening. He saw upon the stage Miss Rose. and yet Miss Rose myster ously transformed: a wealth of dark carls over "Oh! Are they not very ignorant, her brow, a red satin dress made in poor things?" Up went the brown eyes, flashing into his a look of innocent surthe latest fashion, and the glitter of diamonds upon her white smooth throat; and then the saucy glance of Jack laughed. "Ah-you had me her laughing eyes, that seemed as if there. I do not mean that it is in the r more than once they singled him out of the aud ence before her, the easy ignorance and want of education that "Oh, I am very glad of that!" with a gestures, the perfect enunciation, the natural talent with which she went little effusion that was complimentary. througa a part in which she had acted "I should not like you to think me igmany times, filled him first with amazement, and lastly with admira-"I am sure you are not," answered Jack very fervently, although why he tion; she was more beaut ful than he was so sure of it he would have been had ever conceived her to be, and her puzzled to say. He was, however, very certain that Miss Rose had the loveliest acting was so marvelous that it almost took away his breath. There came one scene wherein the "Girl of eyes and the sweetest manner of any the Period" had to smoke a cigarette, woman he had over met, including all the Eastern houris upon whom h s Miss Rose went through the performance with a graceful ease, which, although it made his heart stand still, He devoted himself to her the whole evening, and during the next day it was yet very far from jarring against his taste; the cigarette, as smoked by the Quakeress, became almost a poetwas remarked that the gray frockwhich by daylight was of cashmere incal and feminine action. "Nothing," stead of silk-was never without the he said to himself, "can vulgarize her; attendant figure of handsome Jack she is the innate embod ment of a lady Dormer in close proximity. Lady L .lerton and her easy-going hustand, who in mind."

Nevertheless, he was glad when the play was over. The curtain went down amid thunders of applause, and Miss Rose, in her gray silk Quakeress garb, came back presently and sat down among the aud ence while some impromptu charades were being acted by the others.

Jack made room for her beside him. "How did I do it?" she whispered to ŝm

It was perfect. I am speechless with amazement at your acting. I had no idea you were so elever." This praise It idea vou were so elever." was grateful to her; she was so conis, however, to be surmised that she threw herself into the part con amore, scious of having acted her best.

and that the character she was portray-"If you had studied the part for weeks you could not have done it better." She had studied it for weeks ing was in no way unpleasant to her; for she evinced much willingness to be led into retired shrubbery walks, and She played with the buttons of her showed no indisposition to unduly linglove, and held her tongue. "It was dreadful to me to see you act that part like that," he went on in a ger in distant green-houses and sum-mer-houses; so that Mrs. R tchie made spiteful remarks about the aptitude of whisper. "Did it pain you?" She lifted her Quakeresses for flirtation, in sp te of their charity-school-like personal ap-

dark eyes and fixed them upon him, pearance; and Lady Sale murmured with an earnest yearing look in them: not original allusions to those quiescent how different was now their expression waters whose springs are supposed to from that which he had seen in them half an hour ago!

"Yes," he murmured back, "because Of course Jack never thought of taklove you, and you know it. lerton, tranquilly; for when a woman only place for which Miss Rose exper- charades were going on upon the stage and the audience was in a state of semidarkness. She lowered her eyes, and a faint sm le hovered upon her lips; was have gone to them himself and smoked | it of joy or was it of tramph? a l tile of each, perhaps. "I love you as you Farmer a day or two since. "I know are, and yet everything you do and say is right in my eyes, because it is you, it to be a fact, because I've had exhe went on passionately. perience with both large and small. In

"I have tried to make myself lovely in your eyes.

"Because you love me?" "Because I love you!" she answered. simply

And that waltz straightway became as Heaven itself to the infatuate I young man

"Hello, old chap, you are maling the running famously with the heiress!" This was from Viscount Kyrle, who stood behind him and slapped him playfully on the back.

"Heiress? what heiress? How do, Kyrly, I didn't expect to see you to-Whom are you speaking night. about?"

"About Miss Ingleby, to be sure, the fast young woman I wayed you against?" sa d his friend, Lughing

"I really don't know whom you mean, Kyrle!"

"Oh, ho! a good joke, my boy, when you have just been dancing with her, and she wouldn't dance with anybody until you came!"

He looked across the room; Miss Rose stood talking to his sister; her face was glowing with animation and excitement; the Quakeress in her little gray frock seemed to have van'shed. Suddenly the scales fell from Jack Dormer's eyes, and he perceived the truth; his sister's greatest friend. whom she had written so often about. telling him he must really marry her; the handsome, dashing Miss Ingleby, whom other people called "fast," whom Adela swore by, declaring that her good heart and her true sterling character amply made up for a little over-exuberance of spirit in her manner; the Miss Ingleby who rode, and fished, and swam, and acted, yes, and smoked cigarettes-Miss Ingleby the heiress, and little Miss Rose, the Quakeress, were one and the same person! Jack walked straight across the room, and stood before her.

"Miss Kate Ingleby," he said, look-ing her full in the face, "you have taken me in shamefully."

She colored deeply, all over her cheeks and throat, and up to the very roots of her hair. Then she raised her dark eyes to his, looking at him penitently with a little pucker on her brow, like a naughty child waiting to be scolded.

"What was I to do?" she said, deprecatingly. I had the misfortune to fall in love with you at first sight, in a bookseller's shop, one wet morning, and at the same time I had the mortification of hearing you say you did not wish to know me. I could think of no other way of persuading you to think better of me than the character your friend gave. Won't you forgive me?" she addel, softly.

He tried to frown, but a smile was in his eves.

"On one cond tion-will you be married in your Quaker's dress?'

"Yes, if I am to be married to you, Jack!" she answered, speaking his name for the first t me with that sweet timidity which a man loves to hear upon the lips of the woman he loves.

As for Lord Kyrle, he was made to feel that he had put his foot very much into it on a certain wet morning, in Adams, the bookseller's shop. Never-theless, Kate always declared herself to be under a debt of gratitude to h m; for had it not been for his remarks con-cerning her, she would never, she deelared, have been so bent upon proving to Jack that it was possible for him to fall in love with "that horrid girl." -Belgravia.

SMALL FARMS.

A Man Who Has lisd Experience in Small

and Large Farm . Expresses His Prefer-eace For the Former,

"Small farms are the best," said Mr

D. R. Emory, of Longmont, to the

Colorado a man is very apt to get the

land fever, and the result is he has

more land than his means will allow

him to cult vate, or, if it be grazing

land, he has no money to buy stock

with; his purchase is of no use to him,

and, unless by some extraordinary stroke of good fortune, he remains as

poor as a church mouse to the end of

his days.

had promised to do his part-which, as his wife said, was only to hold his tongue-looked on with amusement and with satisfaction. As to the Quakeress herself, it is difficult to explain exactly what was in her mind about the gigantic fraud she was perpetrating upon her innocent victim. She was very reticent upon the subject even when chance threw her alone in the society of her friend, and received the laughing congratulations upon her acting with an extraordinary quietness and a si-lence which was truly remarkable. I "Oh, not a very amusing party, I

"Yes," shudderingly, "her voice is

Lady Ellerton jumped, and the glass fell out of her hand upon the dressingpresence.

"Do you mean to tell me that you

"Who is Miss Rose, pray?" "An insignificant little person; a daughter of an old governess of mine."

be run in the depths of profundity. "No; it was before your time, you

"I see nothing horrible in that. She EUGENE CITY, OREGON. ought to suit you down to the ground, you g nteel pauper!" "She'd be dear at the price, or at any

shop.

son.

"What a category of crimes!" "After that, do you care to be intro-

"Not if I know it, thank you! If I had a chance, I should decline the

"Who were thosy two gentlemen?"

:'The slight dark one is Viscount

Kyrle, miss, Lord Greyrock's eldest

he has just returned from the East."

she asked of the man.

"And the fair one?"

Kate colored hotly.

"Is Lady Ellerton in?"

the front bedroom.

startled me!

ing for her drive, she was told.

Her adyship was in her room dress-

She bounded upstairs, two steps at a

"Good gracious, Kate! how you

"Adela, I have seen him!" cried

Kate, sinking down on her knees by

Lady Ellerton looked nervously

round to see if her maid was still in the

room, but finding that that damsel had

"Yes, Jack, as you call him-your

"Well?" she inquired, unconcern-

"I hate him!" said Kate, with tragic

And he hates me," continued Miss

have met him somewhere, and quar-

"Seen who? not Jack?

brother, Mr. Dormer.'

"Good gracious!"

duced to this elegant heiress, Jack?"

works of fict on er on the counter.

Miss Ingleby had a tall, well-made figure, which looked its best in a riding-habit. She was a handsome girl, and yet her beauty was not of the order that is universally admired. Adela nodded; She had bright brown eyes, a small retrousse nose, a mouth that was full of decision and character, and a small head well set upon her shoulders. She wore her dark brown hair cut short all round her head, like a boy's, and in a profusion of thick crisp curls, upon which her riding-hat now sat a little bit to one side, with a decidedly rakish air. Miss Ingleby had many accomplishments, but they were all of one character. She could ride, fish and swim; she was a good actress and a clever mimic; moreover, she could smoke eigarettes with enjoyment, and shoot rabbits with precision. In addition to all this, she was the acpossessor of fifty thousand pounds comfortably invested in Government securities. With all these advantages, it was, perhaps, not wonderful that this young lady had a very high opinof herself. Kate had heard it said that if you wish others to think well of you you should begin by thinking well of yourself. She was determined to stand well in the opinion of other people; to be liked and admired ing and liking herself immensely. As she stood in the far background

of Mr. Adams the book-seller's shop, there entered two gentlemen, who came running in for a moment's shelter, and who stood in the doorway with their backs turned toward her. leaning upon their dripping umbrellas. Mr. Adams bowed obsequiously and addressed one of them as "My Lord," begging him to take a seat. "My Lord." however, a slim young man of about twenty-eight. declined to be seated and went on talking to his friend. Kate glanced once at the two figures in the doorway, and she noticed that my lord's friend was tall and fair, broad-shouldered and decidedly good-looking. She did not think, however, that she had ever seen particular attent on to them, but went on turning over the novels and dipping into third volumes to see if young men talked. It d d not occur to Kate to listen, yet suddenly she heard one of them-the tall handsome manremark:

"That's a good sh-looking chestnut walking up and down-1 wonder who it belongs to?"

"Oh, I can tell you," answered the other. "It belongs to that horrid girl Miss Ingleby.

Kate start st, and shut up the book she was ling r ng with a snap. An expression of norror came into her eyes,

"Well, but Kitty, people do say that you are fast, you know," suggested her friend

"What do they mean by 'fast'? what does anybody mean?" she cried passionately; "they don't know them-selves. It is true I have high spirits, and that I like bodily exercise, but I never did the dreadful things that brute said of me."

"Cigarettes," murmured her lady-

ship. "And where's the harm! there's no sin in a cigarette! But I haven't told you half. After he had g ven this delightful and perfectly veracious sketch of my character to your brother, he mentioned the amount of my fortune (that was correct enough), and asked him if he would like to be introduced to was a monomania with her; so she set a good example to mankind by a lmir-would go a long way to avoid coming would go a long way to avoid coming across me! There-what do you think of that?"

"Pooh! Jack will like you when he knows you, Kitty, as I do.

Miss Ingleby got up from her knees, and began pacing up and down the room; suddenly she stopped behind her friend's chair and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Adela, you know you meant your brother to marry-hush! don't exclaim, and don't deny it; I know exactly what you are going to say, so you needn't Lady Ellerton had got very say it." "I don't think you are at all to red worth lifty thousand pounds, and a n ce impecunious brother, I should do my best, too, to bring about a coalition of either of them before, so she paid no forces-but, Adela-let me tell you, it won't do!"

"Kate how you do jump at conclusions!" murmured Adela confusedly, she liked the look of them. The two for Miss Ingleby had stated the cas exactly.

"My dear, it won't do: I am not go ing to run the chance of being snubber by any man, not even by the brother of my greatest friend. I refuse to meet the young lady opposite to him. Mr. Dormer, and I am not coming to Foshorough next week.

Who could have believed that so simple a statement could have created such a storm?

Lady Ellecton sprang to her feet as thouga she had oven suot; she turned hot and cold, red and white by turns: coupled with a blank amazement that she stormed and she raved; she enwas almost comical. She listened in treated and she coaxed, she declared

"A Quakeress; how amusing! Idon't does she say thee and thou?'

"Oh, no; that is out of date now." replied Adela, quoting her friend's information on the subject; "but you are not likely to speak to her, Jack, she

of that friend of yours, Miss Ingleby; she is not here, I suppose?'

"Oh. dear. no?"

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I'm sure I shouldn't have liked her."

"You will see her next week at the Wigram's ball." "Well, I shan't dance with her, that

is certain.

"Won't you, my friend!" muttered between her lips a young lady, who in the gathering twilight stood above them upon an upper flight of stairs. "We will see about that!

Jack Dormer took Mrs. Halket in to dinner-she was rather pretty, but excessively duil; the lady on the other be bound; you are the last person on side of him was Miss Ritchie, with a earth to care about making a public loud voice-she on the contrary was lively-over-lively, indeed, to please him-and she was moreover singularly plain. Jack, who was a perfect epicure egram in her hand. on the subject of women, felt 'in- "What am I to do?" she cried. tensely bored between the two. In the am in perfect despair. Here is a teleintervals of eating his dinner and gram from Miss Grey to say that she keeping up a desultory and forced con- can not come, her grandmother is dead. versation, his eyes wandered perpet- Oh, what shall I do! nally across the table to where, exactly opposite him, sat a young lady in a high gray silk dress. The dress was the success of the night's, entertainthe first thing that struck him about ment depended, and without whom There was all around him agreat her. blame, my dear; if I had a great friend exhibition of bare necks and shoulders, fall to the ground. There was, howand of fat arms displayed in all their ever, no Miss Grey in existence. unlovely length. Jack, who was fresh what shall I do!" crist Lady Ellerton. from a long residence in the East. wringing her hands and almost in tears

> womanhood had exercised a strange fascination over his somewhat over- people are asked, and the supper and refined and sensitive mind, regarded these customs of modern English life how can I put it all off! Oh. Jack. with something akin to disgust.

"It is a remnant of barbarism!" said Jack to himself, and then his eyes rested once more with satisfaction upon

Her dove-gray dress was softened at the throat by folds of white tulle; her Halket the timid mother, and Colonel sleeves were long, only displaying the rounded whiteness of her wrists and arms up to the elbow. Then from look- that can act a bit except Miss Grey ing at her dress he began to look at her the woole thing depended upon her, face. Her long eye-lashes were for the most part downcast. If she looked up, part?" the glances from her beautiful brown eyes seemed to him to be mode-t and

ing his Ouakeress into the st only place for which she ienced unhealthy longings, which she ienced single although the suppressing. He "She is a Quakeress," she added, was foud of horses, and would like to his pipe there in peace and comfort. think I ever met one in society before; But it would have been a profacety to have subjected this sweet, old-fashioned blossom of a g rl to the odors of stables and tobacco, and to the lowering atmosphere of a stable yard. It won't interest you, poor little thing. And now really, my dear boy, we must go and dress for dinner; look at the whom the coarse influences of da ly life did cross Jack's mind once to think "By the way, Ady," sa'd the young man, as he followed Lady Ellerton up-thing, and anything was better than the fash onable girl of the present day the fash onable girl of the present day must be forever carefully guarded. -such a one, for instance, as h s friend Kyrle had descr.bed to him.

As the days wore away, Jack Dormer was obliged to confess to himself that he was over head and ears in love with Miss Rose.

On the last evening of her visit there were to be private theatricals at Fosborough Court. A small farce was to be acted before a select but not a large audience, and the name of it was "The Girl of the Period.

"Are you going to act, M ss Rose?" asked Jack of his divinity. "Oh, no; I could not," she answered.

"No-acting is not in your line, I'll be bound; you are the last person on

show of yourself." At this moment Lady Ellerton burst wildly into the room, with an open tel-

Now "Miss Grey" was supposed to be the "leading lady" upon whom all "The Girl of the Period" must needs "Oh. where the charming mystery of veiled (after all, she was almost as fine an actress as Kate Ingleby). "All the the stage scenery have arrived, and what am I to do?'

"My dear girl. I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure. I don't know what can be done; can nobody else take her part?' "No. Who is there? Miss Ritchie

does the sprightly old maid, and Mrs. Spriggs the heavy father, and George Andrew the lover. He is the only one and who is there who can take her

Then Miss Rose said very hes' tat ngly "Oh, Lady Ellerton, I'm afraid I should h's arm round her waist. very earnest to what might come next. that without Kate she would be un-"What makes voir call her borrid?" done-her party be a failure, her house talked to her neighbor her voice was a difficulty I would do my very best, if night?" he mu:mured in her ear.

A twinkle in her downcast eye. "Even the eigarettes?" she murmured.

"I torgave you even that: no other woman could have acted, that, and yet produced no sensation of disgust upon ine; and yet, dearest, tell me that you ove me, and that, for my sake, you will never smoke a cigarette again in your life?"

"I will never smoke ac garette again in my life," she answered; and she kept her word. But she would give him no answer to that other quest on, although he urged her to do so.

at the Wigrams' ball, then?"

"Do Quakers go so balls?" "How can I tell—you will go, will you not? You are going to stay with people close by, I hear; they will surely take you.

"In my gray frock?" she asked with a sm le.

"What does your frock matter? you are always lovely in my eyes. If you love me you will be there to meet me.

"Very well." She answered in her quiet Quaker-like minner. And he

could get nothing more out of her.

The next morning, M ss Rose had taken her departure before the rest of highest prices and meet with a ready the party assembled at a late breakfast- sale. The eggs and poultry also sell table

The ball was crowded; the party from

the block of people at the door-way, his eve ran eagerly over the bright parterre of well-dressed women; he saw there many beautiful faces, many brilliant dresses, much glitter of diamonds upon white necks and arms, but nowhere the little gray dress and the quiet demure face of the girl he looked for; a pang went through his heart; she was not there, then! Then suddenly, through an opening in the crowd, he saw-what? A lovely woman clad in white, but white that was not so much the garb of Farmer. Virgin simplicity as the imperial wit-

nesses of a Queen-a white that shone with the the luster of rich satin softened by the fall of costly laces; diamonds sparkled at her throat and ears, and glittered in shining circlets about her round white arms.

Could this indeed be Miss Rose, the Quakeress?

She was not dancing: when she saw him she smiled, and held out her hand ten through while the operator is away to h m

"How late you are-will you dance with me?" "Will I not?" he answered, passing

"What have you done to yourself, to-

"Now the man who owns but forty acres determines to get as much out of this land as possible, and to this end though he urged her to do so. fertilizes it, sees that it is irrigated properly, and gets in most cases as much as his ne ghbor who farms eighty. The natural reasoning then is that small farms, as a rule, yield the largest profits. Another reason why they pay is, that whoever owns a small farm

generally has poultry, swine, etc. As the farm does not take all his time, he sees the hens, the chickens and the turkeys have proper care. He has a few cows and a small dairy, which, as he is not obliged to be working the land all the time, receives the attention needed. The butter and cheese from this dairy are always well made, and invariably bring the well, the former being fresh, and the latter fat and plump, as only well-

Fosborough Court arrived very late. As cared-for poultry can be. Jack Dormer edged his way through "On the forty acres can be grown a liberal supply of vegetables, and there is ample time to give them, too, the necessary attention. A little of everything is found on this farm, a perfect exempl fication of mixed farming. have often heard people say of poultry on a farm, as an instance of how small things are regarded, 'Pshaw' Chickens are a nuisance.' Yet i know a family in Colorado which this same nuisance furnished largely with their subsistence for one while,"-Colorado

explains in this way why it expects to keep clear of entangling alliances with the Sherifl : "We ut lize all of our stale letters, split open envelopes to get at the unwritten side, and call into service the brown wrapping paper in which we carry home our bundles from the store. Our special telegrams are gotat dinner, and we compel, the proprietor to set type, to sweep out the office (monthly), kindle fires, fetch water, make up forms, entertain visitors, discourage bores, and deliver the

paper to city subser bers. We don't intend to bankrupt on th's l'ne."

-A Texas paper, the Luling Wasp.