EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

An Unsuccessful Attempt Made to Wreck a California Train.

The Pacific Midland to Build to Seattle — Earthquake Shocks Felt in Southern California.

Patti is in San Francisco.

Seattle had a $42,000 fire last week.

Conrad Buchter suicided at Astoria.

Dallas has organized a Board of Trade.

The Midland Pacific will build to Seattle.

Port Townsend has had an earthquake scare.

Arizona Pioneers eulogized General Miles.

Whatcom's new Courthouse is to cost $65,000.

Umatilla county's fall wheat is in fine condition.

Halsey is offering a $4,000 bonus for a flour mill.

Jack Palace killed W. H. Kelly at San Francisco.

Nine seals, worth $200, drifted ashore at Clatsop.

The Oregon is fully repaired and ready for service.

Stock is dying by the hundreds in Harney valley.

A canal is to join Port Townsend bay with Hadlock.

Money has been posted for the Carroll-McAuliffe fight.

The Pathfinder suffered damage in a gale off Victoria.

Herman Leutsch assaulted Augusta Colish at Tacoma.

The ferry at Peoria, Or., was washed away in the flood.

All the stock of Salem's big new cannery is subscribed.

Lane county, Oregon, lost $75,000 by the flood in bridges.

Henry George has sailed from San Francisco for Australia.

Sidney E. Marsh, a Port Townsend newspaper man, is dead.

Everybody is jubilant over the wheat prospect for next season.

The Union Pacific will not build wharves at Port Angeles.

A New York capitalist offers to establish a creamery at Salem.

Seattle bakers have raised the price of their products 10 per cent.

The Oregonian sold at 50 cents a copy at Salem during the flood.

Ned Buckley, the actor, was pounded by a rival in San Francisco.

Arlington, Or., has had an unsuccessful attempt at jail-breaking.

Joseph Dinklespeil was fatally asphyxiated in a hotel at Gilroy, Cal.

A clever check swindler has been operating at Tacoma and Seattle.

The Ellensburgh and Northwestern is advertising for bridge material.

Pete McCoy finished Charlie Gleason in six rounds at San Francisco.

Weston, Or., claims never to have had a business failure in its history.

Earthquake shocks have been felt at Colton, Pomona and San Diego.

The Assessors' convention at Portland denounced the mortgage tax law.

The Northern Pacific will put a steamer on between Kalama and Astoria.

Three arrests have been made of an organized band of thieves at Colfax.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck a train near Santa Maria, Cal.

The Western Union is putting in a new cable across the river at Portland.

The Central Pacific will keep its road open by snow plows instead of sheds.

The Northern Pacific will put on a daily train between Tacoma and Chehalis.

Eastern capitalists are considering the Roseburg and Coos Bay railroad project.

The Vancouver school for defective youth has passed a satisfactory inspection.

The La Grande-Elgin branch will be pushed at once, so Contractor Antonelle says.

Ships damaged in the gales are putting back into both Victoria and San Francisco.

The Northwestern Investment Company of Pendleton has incorporated with $100,000.

The Land Commissioner has ordered two townships in Columbia county, Or., to be resurveyed.

In San Francisco E. C. Lewis, aged 70 years, shot himself on his wife's grave; cause, despondency.

San Franciscans are becoming agitated because the murderers there go unhung—fifty-six in two years.

The Erickson from Port Townsend to Valparaiso had to throw her cargo of lumber overboard in a gale.

Perry Osborn's 17-year-old daughter committed suicide by drowning near Lebanon to hide her shame.

J. L. Lowe, special land agent of the Government, is in Astoria inspecting swamp lands in that vicinity.

The corner-stone of the reform school at Whittier, Cal., was laid by the Masons in the presence of 10,000 people.

Frank S. Cartwright, a son of Senator Cartwright of Oregon, suicided at Helena. Financial troubles formed his provocation.

Millionaire Mackay telegraphed to Portland his satisfaction at the hard work done by Manager Jeff Hayes during the storms and flood.

Augustus Somoni found his long-lost son in Seattle with a minstrel man, and endeavored in vain to induce him to return to his Philadelphia home.

It is estimated that the damage done in Sonoma county, California, by the recent storm will reach $350,000, $200,000 of which is railroads and bridges.

The Water and Electric Light Company, recently organized at Independence, Or., whose capital is $40,000, has elected the following officers: President, A. J. Goodman; Vice-President, J. Dornsife; secretary, H. H. Jasperson; treasurer, H. Hirschberg.

EASTERN ITEMS.

Secretary Blaine Resumes His Official Duties.

The Methodists to Build a National University at Washington City —Other News.

Sam Randall is again very ill.

The Navajo Indians have been pacified.

The Blair bill is now on in the Senate.

Lieutenant Schwatka is back from Mexico.

West of the Chicago Times is out on $10,000 bail.

A mail train was demolished near Connellsville, Pa.

General Sherman has just celebrated his 70th birthday.

Natural gas exploded and killed two miners at Kittaning, Pa.

A gas explosion near Luzerneborough, Pa., killed three miners.

Dr. Newton, the New York clergyman, has denounced Calvinism.

Cleveland attends the Central Presbyterian church in New York.

Colonel Isaac Patton, a prominet citizen of New Orleans, is dead.

The famous Planters' hotel of St. Louis has been closed by the Sheriff.

Little is done in congress but to quarrel over the proposed new rules.

Louis T. Barin has been nominated United States Marshal for Oregon.

The largest dance hall in New Jersey burned at Patterson. Loss, $300,000.

The Atchison road's earnings last month showed an increase of $364,000.

General Morgan has been confirmed as Indian Commissioner after a hard fight.

The House committee will report favorably on Casey's Wyoming admission bill.

Daniel Desmond was killed and four others injured in a gas explosion at St. Paul.

The death of Mrs. Tracy has put an end to Washington society events for the present.

General Miles is in Washington to help out the projects for Pacific Coast appropriation.

A lady gave birth to a child in the Grand opera house at New York during a performance.

The annual convention of the National Electric Light Association is in session at Kansas City.

The President promised the colored people's convention that he would do all he could for them.

The American Building and Loan Association at St. Paul has a deficit of $75,000 in its accounts.

The Methodists will erect a national university at Washington near Cleveland's country home.

Thomas Kane was hanged at Toronto for the murder of his wife in November. He met his fate resolutely.

W. H. Marsletter and wife of Youngstown, O., were struck by a passing train at a crossing and killed.

Ellis Bard, cashier of the Lincoln (Pa.) National bank, is a defaulter for $20,000, and has not yet been captured.

Nellie Bly lectured at Union Square theater, New York, on her trip around the world. The receipts were $1,400.

The Dania from Hamburg to New York reports passing through fifty icebergs in the North Atlantic on her last voyage.

Two boats containing eight boys were upset in the Mississippi river at New Orleans, and all of them were drowned.

The schedules in the assignment of Robert K. Davies & Co., New York, show liabilities of $796,000 and assets of $273,000.

The Senate Naval Committee has ordered a favorable report upon the bill to transfer the revenue marine to the naval department.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Slater at Kingston, N. Y., were drowned in an unsuccessful effort to rescue their four children from the same fate.

Blaine resumed his official duties at the State Department last Wednesday morning for the first time since his recent bereavement.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker is said to be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Don Cameron, whose term expires next year.

Hanlan has challenged O'Connor to row him at Duluth in August after the Australian regatta, which he says he thinks O'Connor will win.

At Garden, O., it has been found that Nancy Smith obtained a pension as the widow of a soldier from whom she was divorced many years before he died.

A train on the Norfolk and Western railroad was wrecked near Bristol, Va., by rails spreading, and the express messenger and baggage man were killed.

Samuel Van Dusen Abbott, aged 17, committed suicide at the home of his grandfather, Samuel B. Van Dusen, in New York, shooting himself behind the right ear.

Secretary Proctor, who has for some time been considering the advisability of purchasing the sword of the late General James Shields, has finally decided to pay $10,000 for it.

Josiah Sherman, a Republican, has given a site for the $45,000 hospital at Atlanta in memory of Henry W. Grady. Both white and black patients will be admitted to it.

It is rumored in Washington that General Schofield is to marry Mrs. Kilpatrick, widow of the late Colonel Kilpatrick. The widow, a Cuban by birth, is spending the winter in Washington.

Senator Walcott has introduced a bill to authorize the acquisition of lands for coke ovens and other improvements and for right of way for wagon roads, railroads and tramways in connection with coal mines.

The Society of Pioneers of Arizona has adopted resolutions protesting against the removal of the Chiricahua Apaches from Mount Vernon, Ala., to Fort Sill, I. T.

Senator Mitchell has introduced a bill to pay Hon. William A. Starkweather of Portland, Or., $2,648 for money paid a clerk when Starkweather was Register of the Land Office at Oregon City.

A Los Angeles paper has been counting up the losses by the floods of last month in that section, and instead of finding the damage to amount to $100,000, as was at first reported, it was found nearer $750,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A New Peruvian Cabinet Has Been Formed.

The British Premier Said to Be Suffering From an Incurable Disease —Death of a Sultan.

George Augustus Sala has married.

Emin Bey has decided to go to Europe.

The Empress of Austria is growing insane.

Oporto will vote money for national defenses.

Fred Douglass is pleased with his Hayti mission.

The American squadron has arrived at Ville de France.

The German troops in East Africa are being reinforced.

Dr. Schliemann, the explorer, is back at Athens from Troy.

Several plotting Bulgaria commanders have been dismissed.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is dead. His brother succeeds him.

Mobs are crying for a Dictator in the streets of Rio Janeiro.

Russia is becoming alarmed at Chinese aggression in Manchuria.

Zorilla, the most popular Spanish Republican, is living quietly in Paris.

Tolstoi's new drama, "The Power of Darkness," has just been produced.

The Duke of Orleans has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Serpa Pinto has accepted the leadership of the Portuguese Republicans.

Parnell has compromised his libel suit against the London Times for £5,000.

Grace Darling's brother George is still living at North Sunderland, England.

English merchants are being expelled from Lisbon's commercial associations.

The troops of King Menelek of Abyssinia have routed the army of Ras Alula.

Edward Greig, the Norwegian composer, is the rage in London musical circles.

A duel is on between the British Minister at Lisbon and a prominent Portuguese.

The dock laborers of Dundee, Scotland, have struck for an advance in wages.

Lieutenant Andreas and his sweetheart poisoned themselves at Stuttgart, Germany.

The heir to the throne of Roumania has fallen in love with Queen Natalie of Servia.

Brazil is trying to form an offensive and defensive league of Hispano-American States.

John Morton, 75 years old, shot and killed his son and daughter-in-law at Miami, Manitoba.

General Salamanco, Captain-General of Cuba, has been interred with great pomp at Havana.

The Elhorn Mining Company of Montana was placed on the London stock market last week.

The former palace of Margaret of Navarre on the Rue de Seine, Paris, was burned; loss, $400,000.

The opposition of British bankers has killed proposed legislation in Parliament for an issue of £1 notes.

Lord Salisbury, the English Prime Minister, is said to be suffering from an insidious and incurable disease.

A partner of Herr Most is under arrest in Germany for a murder done in 1886 there before he came to America.

King Mwanga has regained authority over Uganda, destroying the slave dhows, and is friendly with the Christians.

Louis Rubenstein, champion fancy skater of America, won the championship of the world at St. Petersburg.

The Parnellite members of Parliament have re elected Parnell Chairman and adopted a vote of confidence in him.

The Australian Colonial conference has unanimously adopted Sir Henry Harker's motion in favor of Colonial federation.

A German State Council will be convened within a short time to consider the rescripts lately issued by the Emperor.

The French Cabinet has decided to ask Germany for details of the labor conference to which it has been asked to take part.

The British corvette Conquest is ashore on the island of Pemba, thirty miles north of Zanzibar, in a dangerous position.

A Russian imperial decree, just promulgated, authorizes the issue of a further redemption loan of 90,000,000 roubles at 4 per cent.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich islands has postponed his visit to this country. Probably he could not borrow enough money.

A Madrid dispatch says that the Orleans plans were settled at a family council at San Lucas before the Count of Paris sailed for America.

President White of Cornell College says the bad streets and smells of Constantinople make him homesick, they so strongly resemble those of New York.

The English Government has not yet considered the invitation extended by Switzerland to England to take part in its proposed labor conference at Berne.

In the French Chamber of Deputies Pardene moved the repeal of the law banishing pretenders to the French throne. The motion was rejected—382 to 171.

The Pope is well, but in consequence of the death of his brother, Cardinal Pecci, his Holiness will seclude himself for a few days. The body of the Cardinal is lying in state.

A new Cabinet has been formed in Peru as follows: Foreign, Dr. Yngoven; State, Colonel Ferryos; War, Colonel Secada; Finance, Delgade; Justice, Supreme Judge, Gallindo.

In the House of Lords the Duke of Fife took the oath on his election. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Norfolk and Westminster, wearing robes of state.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, backed by a syndicate of American capitalists, took in $720,000 in Paris during the Exposition. Of this the syndicate, of whom J. P. Jones is one, gets $200,000.

Six Italian Cardinals will be created next month in view of the minority of Italian Cardinals as compared with the number of foreign Cardinals. The Pope has decided against the holding of the new conclave outside of Rome.

PORTLAND MARKET.

Jobbers have been exceedingly busy all the week getting off orders and receiving goods delayed by the blockade. Continued bad weather still retards outside business, but as soon as weather and railroads assume their normal condition a considerable increase is anticipated. Altogether the outlook is considered cheering, and the prospective requirements of consumption inspires a feeling of confidence regarding the future that is the most significant feature of the present situation.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.	
Breaking Plow	$3 @ $5
Broadcast Seeders	9 @ 10
Binding Twine, 10 per ct dis	18c
Binding Wire, " "	12½c
Grain Drills	110 @ 160
Gang Plow	100 @ 115
Osborne's Mowers, 20 per ct dis	75
" Reapers " "	140
" Com Mwrs & Rprs " "	150
" Droppers " "	130
" Steel-frame self-bind'g Harvesters " "	180
Railroad Barrows, iron whls ₱ doz	48 @ 55
Railroad Barrows, wood whls "	30
Road Plow	20 @ 30
Solid steel scrapers	12 @ 14
Steel disk harrows	70 @ 90
Spring wagons	125 @ 170
Sulky Plow	75 @ 95
Walking plows	9 @ 25
Wagons, all makes	110 @ 150
BAGS.	
Burlaps, 40 in.	7
Burlaps, 45 in.	7½
Burlaps, 60 in.	1 4
Gunnies, 8x40	10
Potato bags, net cash	5½ @ 6
Wool 4 lb, "	40
Wool 3½ lb, "	38
Wheat sacks, spot, net cash	7½
Wheat sacks, extra, second hand	6½
COFFEES	
Green.	
Guatemala, ₱ lb	21 @ 23
Java, ₱ lb	25 @ 27
Mocha, ₱ lb	28 @ 31
No. 1 Costa Rica, ₱ lb	22 @ 23
Rio, ₱ lb	22 @ 23
Salvador, ₱ lb	21½ @ 23
Roasted, in Bags.	
Arbuckle's Ariosa, ₱ lb	27 @ 29
Closset & D.'s Columbia 1 lb prs	25 @ 27
Costa Rica	25 @ 28
Guatemala	25 @ 28
Roasted Java	31 @ 34
Roasted Mocha	35 @ 37
Vegetables (Fresh).	
Cabbage, ₱ lb	1½
Carrots, per sk	1 25
Carrots, young, ₱ doz	15
Celery, ₱ doz	90 @ 1 00
Lettuce, ₱ doz	12½
Onions, ₱ 100 lbs	2 00 @ 2 50
Potatoes, ₱ 100 lbs	1 25 @ 1 50
Potatoes, sweets, ₱ lb	2½
Radishes, ₱ doz	12
Spinach	....
Turnips, ₱ sk	1 25
POULTRY.	
Chickens, large young, ₱ doz	6 00 @ 6 50
Chickens, broilers	....
Chickens, old	6 00 @ 6 50
Ducks, ₱ doz	7 00 @ 8 50
Geese, young, ₱ doz	10 00 @ 11 00
Turkeys, young, ₱ lb	18
Grouse and Pheasants	3 00
FRESH FRUIT.	
Apples	1 50 @ 2 00
Bananas, ₱ bunch	3 50 @ 4 00
Lemons, California, ₱ bx	3 50 @ 4 00
Lemons, Sicily, ₱ bx, new	5 50 @ 6 00
Limes, ₱ cwt	1 50
Oranges, Riversides	3 00
Oranges, Seedless	4 50 @ 4 75
GRAIN.	
Barley, whole, ₱ ctl	80 @ 90
Corn, ₱ 100 lbs	1 50
Oats, good, old, ₱ bushel	....
Oats, new, "	40 @ 42
Rye, ₱ 100 lbs, nominal	1 22½ @ 1 25
Wheat, Valley, ₱ 60 lbs	1 17½ @ 1 20
Wheat, Eastern Oregon	1 12½ @ 1 15
DAIRY PRODUCE.	
Butter.	
Oregon fancy creamery	30
Choice dairy	27½
Common	8 @ 12½
Pickled, California	18 @ 20
Eastern fancy creamery	25
California choice	20 @ 22½
Cheese.	
Oregon full cream	15
Oregon skims and old	10
Swiss Cheese, domestic	15 @ 16
Young America, Or	14
Eggs.	
Oregon, ₱ doz	25 @ 30
Eastern, ₱ doz	18 @ 20
FLOUR.	
Portland patent roller, ₱ bbl	3 75
Salem patent roller	3 75
Dayton patent roller	3 65
Cascadia patent roller	3 65
Country brands	3 50
McMinnville	3 75
Superfine	2 50
White Lily	3 75
Graham	3 25
Rye flour	6 00
SEEDS.	
Grass Seeds.	
Timothy	6 @ 6½
Orchard Grass	11 @ 12
Red Top	7 @ 9
Blue Grass	12 @ 14
English Rye Grass	7 @ 9
Italian Rye Grass	9½ @ 11
Australian Rye Grass	7½ @ 9
Mesquite	7 @ 10
Millet	5 @ 6
Hungarian Millet	5 @ 6
Mixed Lawn Grass	12 @ 15
Clover Seeds.	
Red Clover	10 @ 11½
White Clover	16 @ 18
Alsyke Clover	15 @ 17
Alfalfa	9½ @ 10½
Miscellaneous.	
Canary	4½ @ 5
Flax	4½ @ 5
Hemp	5 @ 5½
Rape, California	3 @ 4
FEED.	
Bran, ₱ ton	17 00
Hay, ₱ ton, baled	15 00 @ 16 00
Ground Barley, ₱ ton	22 50 @ 24 00
Mill Chop, ₱ ton	18 00 @ 20 00
Oil Cake Meal, ₱ ton	30 00 @ 32 50
Shorts, ₱ ton	19 00 @ 20 00
LUMBER—ROUGH AND DRESSED.	
Rough	Per M. $10 00
Edged	12 00
T. & G. sheathing	15 00
No. 2 flooring	18 00
No. 2 ceiling	18 00
No. 2 rustic	18 00
Clear rough	20 00
Clear P. 4S	22 50
No. 1 flooring	22 50
No. 1 ceiling	22 50
No. 1 rustic	22 50
Stepping	25 00
SALT.	
Coarse—Fine.	
500-lb bags ₱ ton	17 00
100-lb bags, ₱ ton	17 00
Ground Rock, 50-lb bags, ₱ ton	12 50

The late Mrs. Beesly, the wife of Professor E. S. Beesly, whose death was announced by cable a few days ago, was an ardent supporter of the Irish Nationalists, and was the authoress of the much-sung English version of "The Wearing of the Green."

Fire in the New York World office, when work was nearly completed, caused a panic among the printers, but the editorial force was cool and prevented accident during the flight. The fire was soon extinguished.

The tow boat Port Eads was sunk in the Mississippi opposite Memphis by running into a pier. A colored cook was drowned, but the rest of the crew of forty were rescued, many of them cut and bruised. Loss, $50,000.

Douglas S. Green, a prominent New York banker, has eloped with Mrs. Alice Snell-McCrea, daughter of the murdered Chicago millionaire, for South America. He left behind a wife and two children.

"YES, LITTLE DEAR."

Bess went to church one sultry day,
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

The moments into hours grew;
O dear! O dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stooped and said in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome:
"Please, preacher man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound;
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused and bent his stately head:
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

—Christian Advocate.

SPHINXY.

She Looks After the Welfare of the Unfortunate Æronaut.

A balloon descended one day in the cornfield of a farmer on the banks of the Ohio, in that region of Southern Illinois locally known as "Egypt." The æronout, a slight, serious-looking young gentleman with spectacles, extricated himself from the balloon just as the farmer came running from the next field to the scene of the descent.

"Reckon you lit suddin, didn't you?" said the farmer. "Glad to see you, sir, on my property, though folks does gener'ly come in by the front yard when they're comp'ny. Much shook up, do you find?"

"No, I thank you," said the balloonist, "I'm very comfortable. When I saw the 'chute was bound to come down anyway, I steered for a cornfield. It's lucky you didn't have the river run through this field."

"You mought have got some wet, that's a fact," said our farmer with an appreciative grin. "Sphinxy says the Nile don't never drown folks."

"Sphinxy? The Nile? Where am I anyway?"

"In Egypt."

"In Egypt! Impossible. Why, I only left Cincinnati day before yesterday!"

"Yet here you be, said the farmer. "My name's Shelby, and my folks will be tickled to death to have a ballooner to dinner. They's yellow-legged chicken fried, too, to-day. I see Sphinxy and her ma fixing it when I was to the pump, a spell ago."

"But what do you mean about the Nile?" persisted the stranger. "My name is Sewall, and I'll be much obliged for a dinner, but I don't understand. That's the Ohio river, and I must surely have come down in Illinois."

"Shucks, now," laughed the farmer. "Reckon you've lost your bearings, careering and shassaying up 'round in the clouds in that machine o' yourn. In Egypt you be, and I reckon you won't find a pearter section of country nowhur you'll look for it. Come on in, and have some dinner. 'Taint dinner-time for half an hour, but I reckon you'll want to rest up some, before you explain your star-cart to an old fellow like me."

"Oh no, Mr. Shelby," said Mr. Sewall, "your hospitality shan't run away with your curiosity in that way. Let us spend the half-hour with the balloon. I'll be delighted to tell you any thing I can about it.

They were still looking at the balloon and talking it over when a tall, young girl, wearing a green gingham sunbonnet and a freshly-starched pink calico frock, came out across the corn-field from the farm-house. She walked up to her father and, without looking at the balloon or the balloonist, said: "Paw, come to dinner. Maw says it's spilling powerful fast for lack of eating."

Then she turned and walked away toward the house.

"That's Sphinxy," said her father, in a tone of pride. "Most women folks would have stood around and pestered us to death asking questions: 'What is that?' 'How did it get here?' and all the like of that. But Sphinxy, if you notice, 'tends strictly to her own business. 'Paw,' says she to me, 'come to dinner,' says she. That's enough for Sphinxy, and no questions asked. It's always her way.

"Why, onst they was a cyclone come sudden one night; first one ever heard of in this part of the country. Sphinxy, she was milking the speckled cow when it struck the milking-shed. It took the cow and her both right up, whirled 'em round and whisked 'em off and landed 'em both on that thur island out yander in the river. I had to fetch 'em both off in a flat-boat.

"Sphinxy scared? Not a bit of it!

"'Paw,' said she, 'I'm sorry I spilt all that good fresh milk,' says she, 'but it don't seem to be Speckle's fault no more nor mine,' says she. Never asked once what struck her. No, Sphinxy never asks no questions. Said afterward she knew the Nile wouldn't drownd nobody."

"Do you really call the Ohio the Nile down in this Egypt?" asked Mr. Sewall. "I remember now hearing that Southern Illinois is Egypt."

"Shucks, now, you're getting your wits back, aint you?" laughed Mr. Shelby, as they walked toward the farmhouse. "We call it the Nile here on our farm. Well, 'this is the land o' corn and wine,' and they aint no taller corn than mine."

Mrs. Shelby sat down to the dinner-table with her husband and their guest, whom she welcomed cordially, and concerning whose adventures she asked a hundred questions. She was a small, sallow, vivacous woman, and Mr. Sewell had scarcely a chance to answer half her questions, so rapidly were they showered upon him.

Sphinxy meanwhile, still wearing her green gingham sunbonnet, waited upon the table. She sliced a cucumber fresh from its cooling in a pail of cold well-water, filled Mr. Sewall's glass with milk, and brought him a piece of pie. Still he had not seen the face of the girl with the extraordinary name. She was hidden from observation by her sunbonnet.

Her figure was slender, and not ungraceful in her clean pink frock, her hands were singularly nice hands for a girl who washed dishes three times a day.

After dinner Mr. Sewell sat upon the piazza with his host and hostess for half an hour while the daughter cleared away the dinner things. They could hear the rattle of dishes in the kitchen, but no sound of Sphinxy's voice.

Mr. Sewall asked after awhile how far it was to the railroad station.

"It's a matter of seven miles," said Mrs. Shelby. "Be you going right back to Cincinnati with your balloon?"

"I think I shall. It's badly out of gear," said Mr. Sewell. "I shall know how to arrange it in better shape next time.

"And you think you must be leaving us right off? That's too bad," said Mr. Shelby. "Well, if you must go, I'll drive you over to town in time for you to take the eight o'clock train this evening for Cincinnatah."

"I shall be very much obliged to you," said Mr. Sewall, "and if I could offer you ——"

"Don't mention it. Proud to have sky-scrapers come to visit us. Drop in on us whenever you feel like dropping," returned cordial Mr. Shelby, laughing at his own wit, "and next time you drop, we'll have a feather-bed out in the cornfield all ready for you, eh, mother?"

Sphinxy came out on the piazza.

"Paw," said she, "the cat's fell down the windless into the well, the bucket's off and the cat's squalling."

Mr. Shelby disappeared in great excitement, followed by Mrs. Shelby. Sphinxy turned to Mr. Sewall, looked at him with a frank smile, then ran out to the well to aid in rescuing the cat, whose accident she had announced with much calmness as she had announced dinner, in the usual and unexpected presence of a balloon and a balloonist. Mr. Sewall had smiled in return.

Her look had expressed the most intense admiration. It was evident that the descent of the balloon and the appearance of the young stranger at dinner had touched Sphinxy's imagination. Mr. Shelby was clambering down the stones within the well-shaft when his visitor reached the curb. It was a perilous descent, and a still more slippery ascent after he had sent the drenched cat up in the rescued bucket.

At six o'clock Mr. Shelby brought a rickety old buggy and a lean horse to the front gate, called "Hello the house!" and announced his readiness to take a passenger to town.

Mr. Sewall, who had spent most of the afternoon in a sound sleep on the lounge in Mrs. Shelby's best parlor, making up for sleep lost while in the clouds, came out refreshed and ready to go. They were to drive to the cornfield fence and take up the broken balloon. Mrs. Shelby shook hands heartily, and stood on the piazza smiling and speeding the parting guest.

Sphinxy came around the corner of the house, and walked across the grass to Mr. Sewall. Half-way down the front yard, midway between her father at the gate and her mother on the steps, she stopped beside him.

She had left off her sunbonnet, and he saw a bright, girlish face. She held out a small parcel.

"You might need it. Don't open it till you get to town," said she, blushing with timidity. Then before he could thank her or say good-bye she had put the parcel into his hands and had run away. Her pink frock whisked out of sight around the corner of the house directly.

"What did Sphinxy present you with?" asked Mr. Shelby, as his guest got into the buggy beside him, looking at the parcel with much curiosity.

"She said I'm not to open it till we get to the town," replied Mr. Sewall. "It was very kind of her, I'm sure, whatever it is."

"Sphinxy's a girl of few words. Never spoke to you at all till you was leaving, did she?" said Mr. Shelby, touching the lean horse with his hickory switch.

"Not once," answered Mr. Sewall.

At the railway station in the village he opened the parcel containing Sphinxy's gift. It was a little old faded red silk purse, netted in an old-fashioned form, and gleaming through it Mr. Sewall could see two gold pieces.

"Why, this is very kind of your daughter!" he exclaimed, astonished. "but really I can't accept her money. The purse looks like a keepsake, a treasure of her own, too!"

"It is. It belonged to her grandmother, who left it to her when she died, with them two five dollars," said Mr. Shelby, in low tones of much sympathy and tenderness. "Sphinxy thinks the world and all of that money. I reckon she thought, being as you'd come by balloon, going home by train with car fares to pay and so on might come a little awkward to you."

"But you will take it back to her, and explain that I have more than enough to pay my fair to Cincinnati, won't you?" said Mr. Sewall. "And tell her how much I thank her. She is very good and thoughtful."

"Sphinxy is a good girl," said her father, "and she's one that's wonderful set in her own way, two. I don't think," he added, thoughtfully shaking his head, "I don't think she would, to say, really stand it if I should take the purse back to her. No," he said, with determination, "I can't take it back to Sphinxy, Mr. Sewall. She'd take on and cry if I should do such a thing. I know just how that girl thinks, though she never says much.

"She always feels as though nothing's too good for any body that comes to see us, and when any body comes, so to say, right out of the sky, her granny's present's got to go, or Sphinxy wouldn't be Sphinxy. She has had some notion of saving up her chicken and egg money to put with it and buy her a melodeum, but, laws! she'll never do it. She'll just spend all she gets along, for pink calico dresses for every day and white Swiss for Sundays, and there that purse'll lie in her trunk. Take it along, Mr. Sewall, take it along, do. I really couldn't take it back to her, nohow."

"Well," said Mr. Sewall, reluctantly, then, as a thought came into his mind, he smiled, and put it carefully into his large pocket-book.

"How did you happen to name your daughter Sphinxy?" he asked. "Give her my best thanks, won't you? It's a odd name."

"Yes, rather odd," admitted Mr. Shelby. "But I noticed when she was a little bit of a slip of a thing that she never asked no questions the way her mother does. Perhaps you noticed Mis' Shelby's way. 'She's a powerful good woman, my wife is, but she can't never seem to stop asking questions, and my girl's just the other way.

"We named her Maria when she was a baby, but when she was about three years old a man come through these parts, peddling reaping-machines. He staid to my place over night, and he told me that he heard say that in the early original Egypt, back there in the old country, there was a race of women what never asked no questions.

"Now them women is called sphinxies, and I says to my wife right off we'd name our little girl that. 'If she'll grow up to be one of them kind of women,' says I, 'that's the best kind of luck I can wish to her husband when she grows up.'

"My wife says—— Oh! there's your train, Mr. Sewall. Got your check all right for that balloon? good! Now do come and see us sometime, and drop down on us whenever you feel like it. Good-bye."

Mr. Sewall wrung Mr. Shelby's hand gratefully, then hurried into his car. From the window he saw the tall figure in blue jeans, the kindly, smiling face, the gesture of affectionate farewell.

About a fortnight later, the young æronaut, whose regular occupation in life was in a large Cincinnati banking-house, where he held a responsible position, received a letter, which he put away, after reading, with two gold pieces in a faded silk purse. It was written on blue-ruled paper with pale ink and signs of a spluttering pen, but it seemed to please Mr. Sewall very much as he read it. This was the letter:

DEAR SIR—Your letter came duly to hand, also the box with the music instrument by frate, which I took home and unloaded, and set it up in the parlor before my wife and Sphinxy see me.

And then in comes Sphinxy and sets down and played a piece she learned of her school-teacher, who has got a melodeum, and she says, as she played her piece: Paw, says she, this is an organ with thirteen stops and I never sposed I'd ever have a melodeum like teacher, says she. And as to where it came from or any thing about it she never asked no questions.

So no more at present from yours respectfuly,

JOSEPH SHELBY.

P. S.—My wife presents her compliments and says tell you we are all very much obliged, and so we are. Sphinxy went to town and bought a piece of sheet music with a song about a balloon man on it, and she sings it every night when she plays on the instrument.

The purse and its contents found their way back to Sphinxy the next summer, but Mr. Sewall keeps the letter.—Minna C. Smith, in Youth's Companion.

EXPLORER STANLEY.

His Latest Achievement Even Grander Than His First Successes.

In the history of exploration and adventure few things are more memorable than the dispatch lately received from Stanley, announcing that he and Emin Pasha are well advanced upon their journey to the east coast of Africa. It is almost a quarter of a century since, to the amazement and admiration of the world, a man previously unknown undertook to find Livingstone, and found him. Of the career thus begun it was a fitting crown that Stanley should determine to rescue Emin, and should triumphantly fulfill his purpose.

We had learned from former dispatches that when Stanley, after accomplishing the long and difficult ascent of the Congo and one of its main affluents, first encountered Emin Pasha, the latter was unwilling to forsake the equatorial province which his self-devotion had carved out of the heart of Africa. Although cut off from Europe by the capture of Khartoum, Emin Pasha continued faithfully to humanize and civilize the people committed to his care, and he had up to that time succeeded in protecting them from Mahdist aggression. Should he abandon them, he knew that they would speedily relapse into savagery and be anew subjected to slave-hunting devastation. He would stay at his post, therefore—so he told Stanley—as long as there was work for him to do.

It is fortunate that Stanley did not take the man, whom he had come to rescue, at his word. Had he done so, and returned to Europe by way of the Congo, we now know that Emin must have shared the fate of Gordon. He retraced his steps, however, only as far as the place where he had left a large deposit of arms and ammunition with his rear guard. Once possessed of these resources, Stanley hastened back to the last surviving representative of the Khedive's authority in Central Africa, but found that in his absence Emin had been made a prisoner by some of his own men, and that the ferocious Mahdists were advancing up the Nile.

From the meager news thus far forthcoming, we know not what measures were taken for the liberation and escape of the heroic Governor. But the measures must have been effectual; Mr. Herbert Ward, who was for several years Stanley's companion in Africa, has no doubt of the correctness of the information.

Both rescuer and rescued deserve the homage of the world. The high aim of Emin's self-consecrating labors and the brilliant gallantry of Stanley's achievement will shine forth on the dark background to which, it is too probable, the heart of Africa is now condemned for many years.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Man Who Marries Money.

The man who seeks a wife for the purpose of securing the means of living without working does not merit the respect of the meanest person on earth. His intentions are so manifest that they deceive no one. He plans his attack with the ingenuity of a General. His is an aggressive courtship, and a hypocritical one as well. He can not afford to let the flame flicker for a moment. He must act the role of deception continually. If there should ever come the moment when a feeling of self-independence and self-respect enters the young woman's mind, his hopes in that instant may be shattered beyond redemption. There is the necessity of ever-present caution and a constant recourse to hypocrisy.—Detroit Free Press.

LINCOLN'S WHISKERS.

The President Ceased to Shave to Gratify a Very Young Lady.

President Lincoln's kind heart always responded to a child's advances. He indulged his own children, saying: "It is my pleasure that my children are free and happy, and unrestrained by parental tyranny. Love is the chain whereby to bind a child to its parents."

Before his election in 1860 a little girl of eleven years, seeing his lithograph portrait, thought his appearance would be improved should he wear whiskers. She uttered her childish thought in a letter to Mr. Lincoln, and in a few days received a friendly answer, in which he asked:

"As to the whiskers, as I have never worn any, do you not think that people would call it a piece of silly affectation were I to begin wearing them now?"

During his journey to Washington, after his election to the Presidency, the train stopped at Westfield, Chautauqua County, at which place the little girl resided.

"I have a correspondent in this place," said Mr. Lincoln, "a little girl whose name is Grace Bedell, and I would like to see her."

She was brought to the station. He stepped from the cars, extended his hand and said: "You see I have let those whiskers grow for you, Grace." Then kissing her, he bade her good-bye.

When he stood up at the Capitol to deliver his inaugural address friends were surprised to see that the President was raising a crop of whiskers. Vexed at his spoiling a face which expressed power and pathos by wearing a coarse, stiff, ungraceful beard of the blacking-brush variety, they made inquiries, and learned that he had ceased to shave to gratify a very young lady.—Youth's Companion.