EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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PRINCESS CINDERELLA.

The Daughter of a Swedish Prince Officially Ignored by Royalty.

Prince Oscar Karl August Bernadotte, the son of the King of Sweden, as is well known, in 1888 married a Miss Munk, a daughter of a Swedish citizen, and for the sake of love resigned his rights to the throne. His marriage, of course, placed him in a rather peculiar and, in many respects, an awkward position to the royal family. But this is still more true of his wife and daughter and their mutual position and rank both in society and in relation to the Prince.

The Stockholm Dagblad, in a special article on this dilemma, reports that the Swedish official calendar mentions Prince Bernadotte and wife, but not on the same page with the other members of the royal house. Their daughter's name is omitted, and is therefore not officially recognized as of royal blood. In the Almanak of Sweden Prince and Princess Bernadotte are again named, likewise after the rest of the royal family, but their poor daughter is treated as not existing. In the calendar of the Swedish nobility the Prince's name is recorded under the Munk family as married to one of its members.

His child's name was not admitted. She is evidently not even considered a member of the nobility. To get her name into the list of the proud nobility of Sweden she must, like her father, marry one of its members. The Svenska Ättartal, it seems, is the only almanac which thinks it worth while to mention her name. As if to excuse itself, it informs its readers, moreover, that both Prince Bernadotte and his wife are descendants of Margareta, the mother of Karl, son of Knut, ancestress of Gustaf Vasa. Now, it is strange that while in her own country the daughter of a royal prince should not appear in the lists of royalty or aristocracy, to wait many a year for such honor, the Almanach de Gotha should have taken pity upon this Princess Cinderella and mention her, together with her parents, but, of course, not among the members of the royal family, where the Prince is also listed, but in the supplement. Who knows whether or not her beauty, which she is said to have inherited from her mother, some day will win for her a prince's heart and title?

ABOUT YOUR NOSE.

If That Organ Is Intact Every Thing Is Well With You.

It is refreshing to meet a doctor who will talk to one about some part of the anatomy other than the stomach or the head. A clever old gentleman has an office in one of the down town hotels. I think he calls himself resident physician or something of that sort. He met me the other day and asked: "How is your nose?" The inquiry was new. He continued:

"I ask you that because if your nose is not well your whole body is sick. A man doesn't appreciate his nose. Neither does a woman. If a man has an eruption or an abrasion on his nose, I don't care how indifferent he may be, he can't keep his hand away from it, and he thinks, very properly, that every one he meets sees that his nose is not what it ought to be. You can't hide your nose. It is like a city set on a hill. More appropriately, it is like a red school-house on a hill. All great men have been sensitive of their noses. The surgeon has the highest respect for the nose. How seldom he touches it with his lance! A woman will go to the opera with a bunion, with a pain in her side, with the neuralgia, with almost any ailment, but if there is an eruption on her nose she won't budge from her room. Slap a man's face or hit him on the back, and he may not resent either. Tweak his nose and if there is any manhood in him he will fight. I have adopted a new rule. I ask a patient when he calls how his nose is. If that organ is intact I have no trouble in treating him."—Chicago Tribune.

THE VALUE OF ALASKA.

What the Opening of the New Country Means to Americans.

Americans are just beginning to learn something of the value of Alaska. Fur seals and icebergs are not its only productions. The gold mines are valuable, though they have not developed as richly as was expected, but it seems that the fisheries will outrank all other industries of importance, not excepting gold-mining and seal-taking. It is now known that the rivers of Alaska are filled with the finest salmon. The quantities are so vast that constant capture can not diminish them. On the small island Americans have invested a capital of $4,000,000 and take and cure $1,000,000 worth of salmon annually. Similar establishments are found in other parts of Alaska, and it is said that there is enough salmon in the Territory to supply the world for generations.

Travelers have recently been pouring into Alaska, and they say that in the southern part of the Territory vast regions are habitable, that the climate is tolerable, the soil fertile, and that the conditions upon which the comfort of man depends are better than in many northern countries of Europe which possess a considerable population. We must allow something for travelers' tales, but it is nevertheless a fact that the climate on our Pacific coast is much warmer than that of the Atlantic of the same latitude.

While it is not probable that Alaska will ever receive more than slight immigration, at least, not until the world is crowded, if that day ever arrives, that country may become, notwithstanding the lack of people, an important source of supply. For fish and furs it will be unrivalled, and these are two commodities very important to the civilized world. What its mineral wealth is no one can tell. It may possess more gold than ever Australia or California had, but that is for the future. We only speak of the treasures already revealed.

There can be no longer any doubt of the great value of Alaska. Secretary Seward's bargain was not a Louisiana purchase, but it was not the least profitable investment the United States has made.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Real Reason.

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Passoe as her poem was returned to her, "I don't see why the editor returned it."

"Because you sent a stamped and directed envelope, my dear."—N. Y. Sun.

—The humbled ex- twenty-fifth housekeeper of an old ower of Pleasantville, Pa., gave h a thrashing the other day.

A DEAR LITTLE MAID OF TWO.

I'll sing you a song to a nursery tune
Of a dear little maid of two,
Who has peaches cheeks and rosebud lips,
And eyes of a soft sea blue;
With charms of a graceful innocence,
That are ripe at the age of two.

She is not an angel, no, no, no!
And Heaven be praised for that;
She is fairly human from top to toe,
With limbs that are daintily fat,
And where she trots, be it high or low,
There is wealth of surprising chat.

Somebody's heart is strong and brave,
And somebody's love is true,
By day, by night, they are amply tried
By this little maid of two;
But somebody's love would never tire,
Had it ten times more to do.

What reward does somebody get,
Dear dreamer with eyes of blue?
A kiss, a smile, from the roguish pet,
A tender caress or two.
Why, each of these is a Heaven of bliss,
From a sweet little maid like you.

Come, happy maid, with the sea-bright eyes,
And prattle about my knee,
Then lay that soft round cheek to mine,
And laugh in innocent glee;
That childish talk and downy touch
Give joy and strength to me.

Then grow, my sweet, as well you may,
And be like somebody, true,
For high-born dames of noblest heart
Have been as tiny as you—
And in the maiden of twenty-one
May we find the maid of two!

—Henry Johnston, in Good Words.

THE GILA MONSTER.

Facts Concerning This Mysterious and Dreadful Lizard.

It Is a Sluggish Reptile But When Suddenly Attacked or Cornered Spits a Deadly Poison—Studying a Captive by Submitting It to Tests.

The Gila Monster (*Heloderma horridum*), which lives in the valleys and sandy plains of Arizona and Sonora, is called by the native Mexicans *Escupion*, which means "Spitter," derived from the Spanish verb *escupier*, to spit. It has at all times given rise to many seemingly improbable stories, and excited considerable curiosity; so it may not be amiss to take a closer look at the mysterious object in the light of recently-developed facts, and an experience of many years spent in the regions of this animal's habitat. The lizard—for such it evidently is—varies in length from fifteen to thirty inches, and has a heavy rounded body, which touches the ground when the animal creeps along, unless enraged, when it assumes a more erect posture, moves quicker and begins to spit. Its coloring is like that of the rattlesnake, black figuring on yellow, the entire body being apparently scaly, though in reality the whole skin is composed of small particles, closely joined together, like an embroidery-work of beads. It is the only one of the lizard family that is extremely venomous.

Mr. Paul C. Brown, in a most interesting recent article, says that the long-debated question as to the venomous nature of the Gila Monster was brought up at a late meeting of the College of Physicians at Philadelphia. Drs. Mitchell and Reichart had on hand live, vigorous specimens of the lizard. Dr. Mitchell caused one to attack the edge of a dish, and some of the saliva was caught in a watch-glass. This was first tested. The venom of poisonous reptiles is acid, but this was alkaline. A minute quantity was then injected into a live pigeon, which died in less than nine minutes. Other experiments were tried which demonstrated the dangerous character of the poison. According to these learned doctors, "rattlesnake poison is a bagatelle in comparison."

The writer's personal experience with this saurian, which covers a period of over twenty-two years, may be condensed into the following facts. In 1867, while in the employ of the United States Quartermaster Department, I was stationed at Fort Wallen—since abandoned—in the Territory of Arizona, on the upper San Pedro river, and having considerable leisure time, I occupied myself frequently in collecting tarantulas, centipedes, snakes, campamochas, etc., and studying their habits. One day during the summer, our mail-rider from Tucson reported to me that he had met on his home-trip—in fact, that very morning—with a horrible animal, at sight of which his horse shied precipitately, almost unseating him. He quieted the horse, which, although trembling in every limb, came to a stand. Before the rider had time to pull his revolver and take aim, the strange animal disappeared among the rocks which line both sides of the road at that place. He described the animal as about four feet long, and not unlike a young caiman or crocodile (the rider was a native of Louisiana). We had at the fort several Mexicans, employed as brick-makers and herders; and upon their hearing his imperfect description, they came unanimously to the conclusion that he had seen an *escupion;* only they shook their heads at the alleged size of the animal, all stating that they had never seen one exceeding a *vara* (thirty-three inches) in length.

In the evening I called these men to the office, and offered them five dollars for a live specimen, and half that amount for a dead one, not mutilated to any great extent. On the following Sunday two of them started out, and towards evening brought in a Gila Monster twenty-eight inches in length, which they had lassoed while it was asleep, or apparently so, on the sunny surface of a large rock, which allowed them to crawl up from behind unperceived and to throw the noose over its head. They were carrying it between them, hanging from a Cereus pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders, leaving between the dangling animal and its carriers a distance of at least six feet. Still they appeared to me to be uncomfortable, and as soon as I approached—in my ignorance and eagerness—somewhat close to the reptile, they both burst out with: "Por Dios, senor, cuidado!" (For God's sake, sir, take care!)

There being an empty grain-room about the place, I lodged the saurian in it, attached to a raw-hide rope fastened to an iron picket pin, giving him about four feet play-room. This I did with the help of my two Mexican friends, armed with long blacksmith's tongs, while they continually cautioned me to look out for my fingers and keep out of reach of the animal's spittle. After paying the men, I sent for something from the sutler to compose their nerves, in order to ascertain from them the cause of their abject fear. Their stories mainly coincided with those of the other Mexicans and Indians whom I have interrogated upon the subject since, and though but hearsay evidence, I would state that these reports may be accepted as facts, the narrators being men of unquestionable veracity, and my later experiments bearing them out in their assertions.

A wood-cutter who had laid down in complete health to sleep, wrapped up in his blanket, failed to arise in the morning when his co-laborers called him. Upon uncovering him they found him stone dead, and near his body a Gila Monster, which, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, made good his escape. The body of the man bore no mark of a bite or other wound.

Near Magdalena, Sonora, a man was hunting rabbits with a dog. The latter inserted his snout into a rabbit hole but immediately retreated, uttering fearful howls while he was trying to shake off a Gila Monster which had fastened its teeth into the dog's nose, and although snarling and spitting without interruption could not be made to let go its hold till it was killed, and even then its jaws had to be forced apart with an iron rod. The dog, upon being released, began to act very strangely, and showed something like the same symptoms as a horse does when suffering from the "blind staggers;" but soon began turning around itself in a circle with the head for its center, and in about twenty minutes fell down dead. The same actions before death were observed in a mule, only this animal was bitten in a hind-leg and lived for several days.

A young miner while prospecting was bitten just above the shoe. Although previously in the best health, he at once began to lose flesh, became melancholy, and died after a few months in the manner of those who succumb to what in Germany is called the galloping consumption.

If space allowed, I could enumerate many similar cases, more or less authenticated; but suffice it to say, that among the natives the universal belief is that the spittle or saliva, and even the mere breath and exhalation, of the animal in an excited state is deadly poison. I have been told by many Mexicans that the Yaqui Indians hunt the Gila Monster for the sake of its flesh, which is indeed appetising enough to look at; but several Yaquis to whom I spoke about the matter have denied the assertion.

After this digression, let us return to my prisoner in the grain-room. The reader may imagine that, after the repeated cautions I had received from its captors, I personally gave the animal a wide berth, although I tried to induce a pointer, which we kept for hunting quail, to investigate the nature of the new-comer's temper. When the dog perceived the big lizard he stood perfectly still and trembled with fear, then turned about and fled. One of the men now brought a very brave and even vicious rat-terrier, who entered boldly enough and walked, sniffing cautiously, towards the Gila Monster, which, in its turn, came forward to the length of the rope. The two animals were now only a few feet apart; the dog began to whine and bark alternately, advancing a few inches and retreating again, showing plainly that he would like to go in and shake his adversary, who by this time had straightened his legs and was spitting furiously, shooting out his forked black tongue, while his little black eyes exhibited the "uncanny" fire of an angry snake. The dog could not be induced to go any nearer, and the fight was abandoned. The lizard was then given the corner of a woolen blanket; into this it bit furiously, holding on with such tenacity that we had to procure a crowbar to pry its jaws open. Cats placed in the same room—which had no door—with the suarian would, upon perceiving the animal, bristle up like the "fretful porcupine" and make a very speedy exit. I placed some chopped meat and a bowl of water within the reach of my captive and left him to himself. On the following morning he was gone, having dexterously slipped the noose over his head—at least there was no visible sign of gnawing on any part of the rope.

Since then I have experimented with many specimens, in fact, I buy a few every summer, either for that purpose or for stuffing. One I kept for over three months. It appeared to be quite old, and I used to place in its prison—a large dry-goods box—rats, mice, lizards and birds with clipped wings. It remained entirely inoffensive, but the animals thus introduced into the box would at once retire into the farthest corner and remain there with evident signs of abject fear.

Finally I resolved to stuff it, and now became acquainted with a new feature of this animal's nature, a feature so extraordinary, so altogether incredible, that I almost hesitate to relate it, although I can produce several eye-witnesses to the performance. In order to preserve the skin without the least mutilation, I thought that the best way to kill the animal with the least possible suffering would be to drown it. I therefore attached a heavy stone to the wire which held the animal fast around the shoulders and immersed it in a barrel full of water, keeping the lizard completely under its surface, anchored, as it were. But when I found, after twelve hours of continuous immersion, that the saurian was as alive as ever, I then, with the help of another man, tried to strangle the animal, but did not succeed. At this stage a friend arrived at the house, and I related to him my perplexity; and he—a native of Sonora—killed the animal in a second by giving it a moderate short dry knock with the poker on the back part of the skull where the latter joins the backbone, telling me that the Gila Monster had a soft spot there, which I found to be the case while stuffing the animals.

In direct contrast with the last-mentioned, peacefully-inclined specimen were several which I kept at different times. They would pounce upon anything that came in an aggressive manner near them; and I do not remember any small animal or bird that lived longer than from ten to thirty minutes after being bitten, with one exception. Small creatures, like mice and little pullets, would die almost immediately. A good-sized three-year-old rooster, however, which had a fight with him one day and was bitten in the leg, survived the battle for several years, although remaining lame. The lizard had one eye put out and was otherwise pretty badly used, so that I killed him in order to make a new experiment. I boiled him for about two hours in a well-cleansed kerosene can, and then gave a street cur about one pint of the liquid substance. He lapped it eagerly, as if it were beef-tea, appeared to enjoy it greatly, and manifestly looked about for more. Although I kept him locked up for several days in my courtyard, I failed to discover in him the least inconvenience resulting from the unaccustomed diet. This experiment I repeated at different times, whenever I received a specimen whose mutilated carcass did not admit of stuffing, and always with the same harmless result; so that I came to the conclusion that either the process of boiling or the gastric juice of the dog's stomach neutralised the venom.

But where is this deadly venom located? When I dissected the first *Heloderma*, I found, to my great surprise, that notwithstanding the evident outer resemblance of its head to that of the rattlesnake, there were no fangs, no venomous bladders, no visible receptacle for venom; and furthermore, that whereas the jaws of venomous snakes are simply held in position by a number of elastic skins, which allow their throats to stretch to a great extent and thus enable them to swallow bodies of a much greater circumference than themselves, the jaws of the *Heloderma* are well locked or hinged like those of the quadrupeds.

Although I have always been careful not to come in direct contact with a live Gila Monster, I have never taken any particular precautions for my hands while stuffing one and have handled its flesh freely. The animal has two rows—upper and lower—of very sharp teeth on each side, those of the upper jaw being considerably longer than the lower. The stomach is very small. Strange to say, the skin is thinnest on the back and along the spine is as thin as paper, while it becomes thicker towards the belly and is thickest around the tail. The little paws are exquisitely shaped and the forepaws resemble—the thumb excepted—very much a human hand in form.

I have never yet seen a Gila Monster eat or drink, although I had several that became tame enough. What little they did eat or drink was made away with either at night or when nobody was present. I generally gave them chopped meat or earthworms; but am positive that quite frequently, especially after being recently captured, they would go without food or drink for a week or more. Its natural food I suppose to consist of small insects, bugs, worms and larvæ; and as it has never been seen before April or after September, it is rational to conclude that it hibernates during the cool and cold seasons.—Chambers' Journal.

SAVED BY A TRAMP.

A Railroad Man Snatched From Certain Death By a Truck Passenger.

"No, we don't bounce the tramps who ride on the bumpers of our freight train," said a freight conductor who has a run to the West. "I presume that we carry an average dozen each trip, but if they remain between the cars we pretend not to see them."

"But it is against orders," was urged.

"Oh, yes, but there is a higher power than general orders, even for railroad men. Five or six years ago I used to be hard on the railroad tramps. I'd have the train looked over at every stop, and if we caught a chap he got handled pretty lively. Nowadays I throw out a hint to the brakemen to shut both eyes, and, if the tramp don't presume too much on my good nature, no one will disturb him."

"What happened to change your mind?"

"Oh, a little incident of no interest to the public, but a great deal to me. I was married in December three years ago. On the third night I got orders to run out with an extra. There was a cold rain, which froze as it fell, and one of my crew got hurt at our very first stop. This left us short-handed and as we could not supply his place I had to act for him. We were back in the mountains, running strong to make time, when the engineer whistled brakes for a grade. I climbed out of the caboose with the brakesmen, and had set two brakes and was after the third, when a lurch of the cars threw me down and I fell between two of them. I had just one glimpse of the red-cheeked bride at home, just one swift thought of her in widow's weeds and her heart breaking, when a hand grabbed me. I was going down head first, but the strong clutch turned me over and my feet struck the bumpers. I'd have gone then, only some one put my hands on the ladder, flung his arms around me from behind to hold me there, and said:

"'You are all right, old man. Your nerve will come back pretty soon.'"

"And it was a tramp, eh?"

"It was, and he held me there until the train reached its stop, and then helped me down, for the sudden fright had taken all my strength and nerve away. But for him I should have been ground up under the wheels. This is the reason I keep a soft spot in my heart for the genus tramp, and why, when I sometimes walk the length of every train and find every bumper occupied, I look skyward and pretend not to see as much as an old fur cap."

—The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

—The widow who wears the longest mourning vail is generally the one who cuts across lots to find another husband.—Elmira Star.

—Better follow the sternness of a truth than the glittering delusion of a lie. Men often follow lies because they shine.—T. T. Lynch.

—One unquiet, perverse disposition, distempers the peace and unity of a whole family or society, as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert.

—Whenever a man visits places where he would not like his wife or sister to be seen, he is way off from the road that leads to manhood and respectability.—Western Rural.

—An easy-going moral existence is very well to talk about, but the results of it are disappointing. It is only by agonizing, that we achieve what is worthy.—United Presbyterian.

—It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.—Rural New Yorker.

—Surely light is reflective, like the light of heaven, and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever smiling benevolence.—Old Homestead.

—Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.—Witherspoon.

—Some people speak as if hypocrites were confined to religion, but they are everywhere—people pretending to wealth when they have not a sixpence, assuming knowledge of which they are ignorant, shamming culture they are far removed from, adopting opinions they do not hold.—Rev. Albert Goodrich.

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," "The Deserter," Etc.

The next sensation was the sight of Dr. Quin galloping back to the post like mad and bolting unceremoniously into the colonel's gate. Then Stryker was sent for, and the three officers held an excited conversation. Then the orderly went at a run over to the quarters, and in five minutes Sergt. Gwynne, erect as ever and dressed with scrupulous care, looking anything but like a guilty man, was seen crossing the parade towards his colonel's house. The men swarmed out on the porches as the tidings went from lip to lip, and some of the Irish troopers in Wayne's company were remarked as being oddly excited. Just what took place during that interview none could tell, but in ten minutes the news was flying around the garrison that Sergt. Gwynne was released from arrest, and in less than half an hour, to the wonderment of everybody, he was seen riding away towards Dunraven with Dr. Quin, and for two days more did not reappear at Rossiter.

But when the story flashed from house to house about the garrison that Sergt. Gwynne was not Sergt. Gwynne at all, but Mr. Archibald Wyndham Quin Maitland, late of her majesty's —th Lancers, the only surviving son of the invalid owner of Dunravan Ranch and other valuable properties, the amaze amounted to stupefaction. It was known that old Mr. Maitland lay desperately weak and ill the day that Quin the doctor came riding back. All manner of stories were told regarding the affecting nature of the interview in which the long lost son was restored to his overjoyed father, but, like most stories, they were purely the offspring of imagination, for at that interview only three were present: Gladys led her brother to the room and closed the door, while good Mrs. Cowan stood weeping for joy down the long corridor, and Dr. Quin blinked his eyes and fussed and fidgeted and strode around Perry's room with his hands in his pockets, exploding every now and then into sudden comment on the romantic nature of the situation and the idiocy of some people there at Rossiter. "Joy does not kill," he said. "Maitland would have been a dead man by the end of the week but for this; it will give him a new lease of life."

And it did. Though the flame was feeble and flickering, it was fanned by a joy unutterable. The boy whom the stricken father believed his stubborn pride and condemnation had driven to despair and suicide was restored to him in the prime of manly strength, all tenderness, all forgiveness, and Maitland's whole heart went up in thanksgiving. He begged that Brainard and Stryker would come to him, that he might thank them for their faith in his son; he bade the doctor say to Perry that the moment he could be lifted from his bed he would come to clasp his hands and bless him for being a far better friend to his son than he had been a father.

The sergeant's return to the post was the signal for a general turnout on the of the men, all of whom were curi see how he would appear now that ntity was established. Of course assailants could not join in the at thronged about him, but they with eagerness to everything told. "He was just the same said all accounts. He has intimate with any of them

but always friendly and kind. One thing went the rounds like lightning.

"You'll be getting your discharge now sergeant," said Mrs. Reed, the voluble wife of the leader of the band, "and taking up your residence at the ranch, I suppose. Of course the British minister can get it for you in a minute."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. Reed," was the laughing answer. "I enlisted to serve Uncle Sam five years, and he's been too good a friend to me to turn from. I shall serve out my time with the —th."

And the sergeant was true to his word. If old Maitland could have prevailed, an application for his son's discharge would have gone to Washington, but this the soldier positively forbade. He had eight months still to serve, and he meant to carry out his contract to the letter. Stryker offered him a furlough, and Gwynne thankfully took a week, that he might be by his father's side and help nurse him to better health. "By that time, too, the garrison will have grown a little more accustomed to it, sir, and I will have less embarrassment in going on with my work."

Two days before his return to duty there came a modified sensation in the shape of the report that a trooper of Wayne's company had deserted. He was a man who had borne a bad reputation as a turbulent, mischief making fellow, and when Sergt. Leary heard of his going he was in a state of wild excitement. He begged to be allowed to see his captain, and to him he confessed that one of his little party of three had seen the ring drop from Mr. Maitland's finger the night of the first visit to Dunraven, had managed to pick it up and carry it away in the confusion, and had shown it to his friend in Wayne's troop when they got back. The latter persuaded him to let him take it, as the lockers of the men who were at Dunraven were sure, he said, to be searched. It was known that he had a grudge against Gwynne; he was one of the men who was to have gone to the ranch the night they purposed riding down and challenging the Englishmen to come out and fight, but had unaccountably failed at the last moment. They believed that he had chosen that night to hide the ring in the sergeant's chest: he could easily have entered through the window. And this explanation—the only one ever made—became at once accepted as the true one throughout the garrison.

During the week of his furlough the sergeant found time to spend many hours by the bedside of Lieut. Perry, who was rapidly recovering, and who by the end of the week had been lifted into an easy invalid chair and wheeled in to see Mr. Maitland. When not with Mr. Perry, the young trooper's tongue was ever wagging in his praise. He knew many a fine officer and gallant gentleman in the service of the old country, he said, and he admired many a captain and subaltern in that of his adopted land, but the first one to whom he "warmed"—the first one to win his affection—was the young cavalryman who had met his painful wound in their defense. Old Maitland listened to it all eagerly—he had already given orders that the finest thoroughbred at Dunraven should be Perry's the moment he was able to mount again, and he was constantly revolving in mind how he could show his appreciation of the officers who had befriended his son. Mrs. Cowan, too, never tired of hearing Perry's praises, and eagerly questioned when the narrator flagged. There was another absorbed auditor, who never questioned and who listened with downcast eyes. It was she who seldom came near Perry during his convalescence, she who startled and astonished the young fellow beyond measure, the day the ambulance came down to drive him back to the fort, by withdrawing the hand he had impulsively seized when at last she appeared to bid him adieu, and cutting short his eager words with "Mrs. Belknap will console you, I dare say," and abruptly leaving the room.

Poor Ned! In dire distress and perplexity he was driven back to Rossiter, and that very evening he did a most sensible and fortunate thing; he told Mrs. Sprague all about it; and, instead of condoling with him and bidding him strive to be patient and saying that all would come right in time, the little woman's kind eyes shone with delight, her cheeks flushed with genuine pleasure; she fairly sprang from her chair, and danced up and down and clapped her hands and laughed with glee, and then, when Perry ruefully asked her if that was the sympathy he had a right to expect from her, she only laughed the more, and at last broke forth with:

"Oh, you great, stupid, silly boy! You ought to be wild with happiness. Can't you see she's jealous?"

And the very next day she had a long talk with Dr. Quin, whose visits to Dunraven still continued; and one bright afternoon when Gladys Maitland rode up to the fort to return calls, she managed to have quite a chat with her, despite the fact that Mrs. Belknap showed a strong desire to accompany that fair English girl in all three of her visits. In this effort, too, the diplomatic services of Capt. Stryker proved rather too much for the beauty of the garrison. Was it possible that Mrs. Sprague had enlisted him also in the good cause? Certain it is that the dark featured captain was Miss Maitland's escort as she left the garrison, and that it was with the consciousness of impending defeat that Mrs. Belknap gave utterance to the opening sentence of this chapter; Mr. Perry had distinctly avoided her ever since his return.

One lovely evening late in May Mr. Perry was taking his first ride on the new horse, a splendid bay and a perfect match for Gladys Maitland's favorite mount. Already had this circumstance excited smiling comment in the garrison, but if the young man himself had noted the close resemblance it conveyed no blissful augury. Everybody remarked that he had lost much of his old buoyancy and life, and it must be confessed he was not looking either blithe or well. Parke had suggested riding with him—an invitation which Perry treated so coldly that the junior stopped to think a moment, and began to see through the situation, and so Mr. Perry was suffered to set forth alone that evening, and no one was surprised when, after going out of the west gate as though bent on riding up the Monee, he was presently seen to have made the circuit of the post and was slowly cantering down towards the lower valley. Out on the eastern prairie another horseman could be seen, and presently the two came together. Col. Brainard took down his binocular and gazed out after them.

"I declare," said he, "those two figures are so much alike I cannot tell which of them is Perry."

"Then the other is Sergt. Gwynne, colonel," said Stryker, quietly. "Put him in our uniform, and it would indeed be hard to tell the two figures apart. Mr. Maitland told me last week that that was what so startled and struck him the first time he saw Perry."

"How is Mr. Maitland now, do you know?"

"He gets no better. After the first week of joy and thanksgiving over his boy's restoration to him, the malady seemed to reassert itself. Dunraven will have a new master by winter, I fancy."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he suddenly asked:

"By the way, how was it that Gwynne wasn't drowned? I never understood that."

"He never meant to be," said Stryker. "He told Perry all about it. He was ruined, he thought, in his profession and in his own country, and he knew his father's inexorable pride; so he simply decided to put an end to Archie Maitland and start a new life for himself. He wrote his letters and arranged his property with that view, and he called the steward to enable him to swear he was in his state room after the steamer weighed anchor. Then in a jiffy he was over the side in the darkness; it was flood tide and he was an expert swimmer; he reached a coasting vessel lying near; he had money, bought his passage to France, after a few days at Cape Town, and then came to America and enlisted. He got a confession out of one of their irregulars who was with him, Perry says, and that was one of the papers he was guarding so jealously. He had given others to Perry that very night."

"They seemed to take to each other like brothers from the start," said the colonel, with a quiet smile.

"Just about," answered Capt. Stryker.

Meantime, Perry and Sergt. Gwynne have been riding slowly down the valley. Night has come upon Dunraven by the hour they reach the northern gate—no longer closed against them—and as they near the house Perry slowly dismounts. "I'll take the horses to the stable myself. I want to," says his trooper friend, and for the second time the young officer stands upon the veranda at the doorway, then holds his hand as he hears again the soft melody of the piano floating out upon the still night air. Slowly and not without pain he walks around to the east front, striving to move with noiseless steps. At last he stands by the open casement, just where he had paused in surprise that night a month agone, and slowly drawing aside one heavy fold of curtain, gazes longingly in at Gladys Maitland, seated there at the piano, just where he first saw her lovely face and form.

Presently, under the soft touch of her fingers, a sweet, familiar melody comes rippling forth. He remembers it instantly; it is the same he heard the night of his first visit—that exquisite "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn's—and he listens, spell bound. All of a sudden the sweet strains are broken off, the music ceases, she has thrown herself forward, bowed her queenly head upon her arms, and leaning over the keyboard, her form is shaken by a storm of passionate tears. Perry hurls aside the sheltering curtain and limps rapidly across the soft and noiseless rug. She never dreams of his presence until, close at her side, a voice she has learned to know and know well—a voice tremulous with love, sympathy and yearning—murmurs only her name, "Gladys," and, starting up, she looks one instant into his longing eyes.

Sergt. "Gwynne" Maitland, lifting the heavy portiere a moment later, stops short at the entrance, gazes one second at the picturesque scene at the piano, drops the portiere, and vanishes, unnoticed.

Things seemed changed at Dunraven of late years. The —th are still at Rossiter, so is Lieut. Perry. It may be the climate or association with an American sisterhood, or—who knows?—perhaps somebody has told her of Mrs. Belknap's prediction, but Mrs. Perry has not yet begun to grow coarse, red faced or stout. She is wonderfully popular with the ladies of the —th, and has found warm friends among them, but Mrs. Sprague of the infantry is the woman she particularly fancies, and her gruff old kinsman Dr. Quin is ever a welcome guest at their fireside. It was he, she told her husband long after, who undid the mischief Mrs. Belknap had been able to sow in one brief conversation. "I've known that young woman ever since she wore pinafores, Gladys. She has some good points, too, but her one idiosyncrasy is that every man she meets should bow down to and worship her. She is an Alexander in petticoats, sighing for new worlds to conquer, has been a coquette from the cradle, and—what she can't forgive in Ned Perry is that he simply did not fall in love with her as she thought he had."

Down at Dunraven the gates are gone, the doors are very hospitably open. Ewen is still manager de jure, but young Mr. Maitland the proprietor, is manager de facto, and though there is constant going and coming between the fort and the ranch, and the officers of the —th ride in there at all hours, what makes the ranchman so popular among the rank and file is the fact that Sergt. "Gwynne," as they still call him, has a warm place in his heart for one and all, and every year when the date of his enlistment in the —th comes round he gives a barbecue dinner to the men, whereat there are feasting and drinking of healths and song and speech making, and Leary and Donovan and even the recreant Kelly are apt to be boisterously prominent on such occasions, but blissfully so—for there hasn't been a shindy of any kind since their old comrade stepped into his possessions at Dunraven Ranch.

THE END

LAWYER AND PARSON.

A Maine Clergyman About Whom Some Good Things Are Told.

That a moderate reputation at the bar is not to be regarded as an insurmountable barrier to vital piety of church membership has been definitely settled in a certain Maine town where an interesting revival of religion has been in progress under the ministration of Parson Brown, an able preacher and something of a wit. A young lawyer had been a regular attendant at the meetings and had gone forward to the anxious seat, yet seemed to be in no hurry to unite with the church. The sickle having been thrust in unsparingly for several weeks, the good parson was naturally longing to gather in the sheaves. Hoping to hasten the harvest, he invited the lawyer to tell his experience and explain the difficulties which prevented his joining the church.

The hesitating convert arose and said that he felt the need of being a Christian, but he was just starting in the world and had no way of making a living but by practicing at the bar. He doubted whether a man could be a lawyer and a Christian, too.

At this juncture Parson Brown called out: "Come along, brother! Come along! You are not lawyer enough to hurt!"

That church now numbers a disciple of Blackstone among its members.

Parson Brown, who loves a joke, though it be at his own expense, is fond of relating his experience in circulating a subscription paper for the purpose of raising funds to shingle a church. Among others he called on a merchant who was a liberal man where the object was praiseworthy. In the present instance he subscribed five dollars. Shortly afterward the parson called to collect the amount, but the merchant, having had occasion to pay out all his money that day, informed the clergyman of the fact and 'invited him to call again. This did not exactly accord with the parson's views. Looking around the store he discovered a kit of mackerel, which he thought might be easily converted into cash.

"How much for mackerel?" he asked.

"Five dollars a kit," replied the merchant.

"Well, if you have no objection, I'll take that kit for your subscription."

"All right, parson," said the merchant, heartily. "You're welcome to any thing in my store to the amount of five dollars, but though mackerel are famous for making a man dry, I wouldn't shingle my church with them if I were you."

The parson once numbered among his parishioners an eccentric character known as "Uncle Mark," who invariably went to sleep in church. Sometimes it happened that he began his nap before the commencement of the sermon, thereby relieving the preacher of the responsibility of putting him to sleep. On one of these occasions, when the drowsy worshiper had snored through the opening exercises, the parson rose and in a loud voice cried:

"Mark!"

Taken completely by surprise, Uncle Mark awoke with a start and promptly responded: "Hello!"

Perfectly regardless of him the parson continued:

"'Mark, I say, the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'"

Having thus announced his text the parson went on with his sermon, during the delivery of which, it is needless to add, Uncle Mark managed to keep awake.—Lewiston Journal.

—A physician residing in Bengal, India, has been experimenting with the venom of snakes upon snakes to find out whether it is fatal for them or not, and he found out that the venom is neither a poison to the snake itself nor to those of its own species.

—A Georgia fisherman recently baited his set hooks with small green frogs. He left his hooks in the water all slowly floating—having been told that this was the best of bait—expecting to return next morning and find fish by the dozen. He returned and to his surprise all of his baited hooks were setting out on the banks looking at him, and as he came close to them they would jump back into the water "ker chunk." He had experience, but no fish.