EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Condensed Accounts of Recent Inventions and Discoveries.

Dr. Norman Kerr states that there is an increasing use of narcotics by women. Alcohol, chloral, ether, chloroform, sal volatile and eau de cologne are among the list used. Both tea and coffee are used in excess. He mentions having found a woman insensible in her room from having drank tea, but she had consumed a pound in the course of a day.

English rose-growers are using blood manure for their vines with great success. They take sixteen pounds of blood, and as soon as it begins to putrify pour with it four ounces of muriatic acid and four ounces of proto-sulphate of iron, previously mixed, which turns the blood into a dark dry powder that will keep for a long time.

Photography has apparently disproved the theories of the old-school meteorologists who maintained that lightning never turned back in its path. An examination of lightning photography shows that a flash not only turns back sometimes, but tangles itself into a kind of knot.

M. Fouque, the mineralogist, claims to have discovered in a mixture of copper and lime the beautiful color, *azurrino*, the composition of which has so long been a puzzle to artists. His tint is said to be perfectly unchangeable, and is identical with the famous Alexandrine blue.

In experiments recently made for the substitution of electric lights for the oil lamps at present in use for lighting the compasses of vessels at night, it was found that by bringing an incandescent lamp close to the compass a deflection of the needle was produced.

The conclusion reached by modern meteorologists are that cyclones of great intensity are ascending spiral whirls of wind having a rotary motion in a direction in the Northern hemisphere opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch.

The yield of trout spawn in the fish-breeding establishments at Orval, Belgium, is stated to have been exceedingly good last winter. Of the yield 25,000 eggs were sent to this country in exchange for a like number of California trout eggs.

Inquiry made in France in order to carry out the new law giving certain advantages to fathers of more than seven children has elicited, among other things, the fact that there are 2,000,000 households in which there has been no child.

It is claimed that wall paper can be made in such a way that the passage of low-tension electric currents will heat it moderately warm to the touch and diffuse throughout the room an agreeable temperature.

An electric vegetable is said to have been discovered in India, which has the power of affecting the magnetic needle at a distance of twenty feet when the weather is clear and dry.

With the view of testing the rapidity of electric welding twenty pieces of one-inch common round iron bars with rough ends were recently welded together by two men in thirteen minutes.—N. Y. Times.

SKILLFUL SAVAGES.

Wonderful Aptitude of the Natives of the Congo Country.

The Congo country in Central Africa is, perhaps, the most talked-of country on the globe just now. We are looking toward it as the land of untold wealth and resources, and wonder what kind of a republic will be founded within its borders.

Not the least wonderful object in this far-away land are the natives. Mr. Herbert Ward tells us that the villages are deserted almost every morning, as the people go out to their plantation to work, on which the women work as hard as the men. The natives of the Congo country are still in a savage condition, but Mr. Ward tells us some surprising things about them. He says that in their villages the center of activity is the blacksmith-shop. This shop is a roof of grass supported on poles. The bellows are of skin and wood; the tools, hammers that resemble doctors' pesties of varying weights, cups made of clay for melting ores, and an anvil. The workers take the ore as it is dug, and there, under the grass roof, with these rude tools the metal passes through every stage, and leaves the worker's hand a finished tool, spear, knife, arrow-head, or any instrument designed by the worker. They work in clay with the same ease, and without tools that in civilized countries are supposed to be necessary to such manufacture. The lump of clay becomes in a short time a finished vessel, even decorative, so perfectly and neatly is it finished; they do not even have molds to shape the clay.

Mr. Ward tells us that these people take no measurements, that they rely on their eye and hand. They have made guns, beginning with wood and metal in its original state in the tree and ore, and made their tools as they needed them, adapting the tool as they discovered its need.

Of the young people, Mr. Ward says that they engage in the same line of work as their parents or masters, and they are cheerful and light-hearted, entering with enthusiasm into their games, bird-trapping and hunting. One of their amusements is playing at war.

Some of the tribes make commercial contracts that might be called protective measures. One tribe makes a contract to engage in agricultural pursuits, while the other tribe, party to the contract, engages to confine its energies to pottery-making, and not to engage in agriculture in any form; and they keep these contracts honorably. A railroad is now being built through the Congo country, and this will in a few years stop slave-trading and cannibalism.—Christian Union.

—The Prussian order of the Iron Cross was established by Frederick William III., March 10, 1813, to honor patriotic bravery in the war with France. It was revived by William I. at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, 1870-71.

In a struggle at Sacramento between a man named Whittaker and his wife for the possession of a pistol the charge was exploded, and the ball entered the wife's side and killed her. The parties were colored, and the contest for the pistol was not in anger.

LOVE'S ANALYSIS.

If ye would trace Affection to the source
From which it springs;
If ye would gauge the secret depth and force
Of hidden things;
The searching heart must be attuned aright,
The spirit capable of lofty flight
On Fancy's wings.

So fathomless! illimitable! grand!
Love's bound or measure
Can ne'er be traced on either sea or land;
That peerless treasure
Is Life's pure light, transparent and refined,
The roseate tinge of Hope and Truth combined
With chastened pleasure.

High as the glittering orbs that roll in space,
Deep as the sea;
Wide as the wind sweep over Nature's face,
Joyous and free;
Pervading Heaven and Earth, the choirs above
Echo the music of eternal love
And sympathy.

The costly gem, entombed for countless days
Within the mine,
But half conceals the iridescent rays
Of light divine;
So Love will sparkle in the darkest night,
And in Misfortune's care beclouded light
Will brightest shine.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

Mrs. Quiverfull was tired; Mrs. Quiverfull was not well. The girl, after giving her such impudence as you never heard in all your born days, had told her she was no lady, and had flounced away with her bandbox in her hand, shaking her fist on the corner and anathemizing the humble cottage from the back platform of the car as a place not fit for a decent gurrel to stoop to live in. Consequently Mrs. Quiverfull had executed her own washing, performed her own cooking, accomplished her own dish washing and velocipeded her own baby to the accompaniment of what she described as a raving headache, and was not in the humor to greet her lord and master with the beaming smile recommended in "Guides to Young Matrons," and other excellent works written for the improvement of those who are married, principally by those who never were.

Indeed, not only did she fail to smile, but she positively frowned when Mr. Quiverfull jokingly tickled her under her chin and cried: "Well, wifelet, how has the world been going with you today?" and answered:

"Going, indeed!" with a tragic expression and appropriate gesture, as of casting all earthly things—Mr. Quiverfull included—away in despair.

"Girl gone?" asked that gentleman, assuming a serious demeanor and pulling his feeble red mutton chop whiskers softly.

He was one of the few who still cling with tenacity to those curious outgrowths of the masculine cheek, and are rather proud of them.

"Words cannot describe how she went, or the filth of the kitchen," said Mrs. Quiverfull. "I've been crawling over it on my hands and knees to scrub it, and there is a nest of rats in the dresser drawer and a curtain of spider webs over the window, and her three Saratoga trunks right in the middle of the entry, not sent for yet. And she has left her hairbrush in the refrigerator and her pot of pomade in the meat safe."

"Dear, dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Quiverfull. "Now what shall I do for you? How can I help?"

"Take those children from under my heels," said his lady, "if you want any dinner."

"Well," said Mr. Quiverfull, who had eaten a slice of bread and a cold boiled egg at noon, and had had a long journey from his office to his suburban cottage, and was desperately hungry, "well wifelet, just a bite of something when it is ready."

"Oh, I've no doubt. Nothing disturbs a man's appetite," replied wifelet, who was a head taller than her spouse and weighed considerably more. "If I were at death's door you could gobble."

Whereupon she flounced into the kitchen, and Mr. Quiverfull, somewhat injured as to his tenderest feelings, for his wifelet had never used him thus before, formed the five small specimens of young America, who were rolling about the floor, together into line, headed them with the baby on his shoulder and marched them into the garden, where he played with them until his wifelet thrust her head out of the window and remarked:

"After all my toil and trouble he intends to let the meat get cold before he carves it."

"Certainly," said Quiverfull to himself, "Amelia is upset today."

But all he did was to marshal his host in doors and help to incase each in a blue check eating apron, and he tried to be cheerful, poor man! and he praised the dinner, and he told a funny story that Stibbs had told him, and he helped to wipe the dishes afterward; but nothing soothed his wifelet or restored her to her usual condition of mind. She had made up her mind that her lot was hard, that she had made a mistake in marrying a small clerk in a small drug store, that fate had afflicted her in bestowing five boys upon her and in recently adding a girl baby. All day she had been envying a maiden lady opposite, who sat in her luxurious apartment fanning herself and reading. What a happy fate was hers! She had an immense income. She boarded, she wore diamonds, she was driven out every afternoon; she had no cares and responsibilities.

Later, when she had retired, the baby asleep in her arms, and the five little Quiverfulls in their cots and cribs in the next room, she listened to her husband's small, peculiar snore, like the purr of a contented kitten, and scornfully curled her nose in the darkness.

"Why couldn't I have waited for a good match" she said. "Why must I marry a red headed little man like that! I wish I was Miss Stickleback."

"If you really wish it, you can be," said a little voice at her elbow, and opening her eyes widely, Mrs. Quiverfull saw a little old lady perched upon the pin cushion in her work basket.

She was a very little old lady indeed not more than two feet high, and wore a Watteau dress and powdered hair. She was fanning herself with a fan made of humming birds' feathers, and she laughed as Mrs. Quiverfull prepared to cover her face with the sheet.

"You need not be afraid of me," she said. "I am your well wisher. You have never believed in fairies, I suppose? Well, now you see one. I am a fairy. I heard you bemoaning yourself a little while ago—regretting that you were not Miss Stickleback, and wishing yourself rid of your little red haired husband with a small salary, your five big boys and your squalling infant. I can't blame you, either, a pretty woman like you. You weren't made for dish washing and dinner getting. Miss Stickleback does have a good time, but she wants a husband and offspring, so, if you like, I'll say a few words, wave my hand and change you. You shall be the wealthy spinster, she the overworked married woman."

"I—don't like," faltered Mrs. Quiverfull—"I feel"——

"Oh, you want to get up and cook breakfast, I suppose," said the fairy. "Well, tastes differ. I shouldn't."

"Oh, I don't, either," sighed Mrs. Quiverfull. "Only"——

"You would like a change," said the fairy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Quiverfull.

Suddenly there was a ringing of bells in her ears—no, not quite like bells, either; rather the murmur of a swarm of bees. She was rising, floating, flying. She opened her eyes upon a room full of pale, rosy light. The perfume from a bunch of jack roses came to her. The quilt that covered her was of softest silk; the sleeves of her nightgown was of rich lace. She recognized the lovely lounging chair in which Miss Stickleback lolled half the day. The fairy had kept her promise. She had become the free, happy, rich Miss Stickleback.

Shortly a maid entered the room and whispered that the bath was ready if miss was.

What a delightful bath! what delightful towels? what a delicious breakfast afterward? The post brought invitations to lunches, to afternoon teas, to theatre parties. What a happy life! And here was the new novel, and time to read it in. But as she flirted the pages a little voice called, "Good-by, papa," and peeping out of her window she saw a little man with red whiskers come out of the gate of a tiny cottage, followed by five little boys. He kissed them all round and jumped each one over the fence. Then there was a pretty woman in a blue calico wrapper with a baby in her arms, and she fixed his cravat for him, and he kissed them both. Then he stopped on the corner and waved his hand before he took the car.

"Oh, it's Jim!" cried the false Miss Stickleback. "Oh, it's Jim! It's my husband! Oh, oh, oh! There are my children! That's my baby! That's me! No, I mean it isn't me. I'm somebody else. Oh, oh, dear! Oh, dear me! Oh!"

"Are you ill, miss? Can I do anything?" simpered the maid, popping in at this juncture.

"You can go away," said the transformed Mrs. Quiverfull, snappishly.

The maid vanished.

"What shall I do?" moaned Mrs. Quiverfull. Instead of a plump brunette she beheld a slender blonde in a morning robe.

"Jim never would believe it was me if I swore it!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "And she would not give him up, I know. Oh, let her alone for that! Oh, miserable wretch that I am!"

"Miserable already?" cried a voice that she knew, and there on her dressing table stood the little old fairy. "Haven't you money? Haven't you fine clothes, a maid, plenty of friends—all that heart can wish? Aren't you Miss Stickleback, as you wished to be?"

"Did I wish it?" moaned poor Mrs. Quiverfull. "Oh, what an idiot I was, when I had a lovely baby, and darling children, and such a dear, dear husband as my Jim. Now I'm all alone in the world. Change me back."

The old fairy shook her head, and Mrs. Quiverfull in despair threw herself wildly upon the bed.

"Give me back my husband! Give me back my children! Give me back my baby!" she screamed.

"Here it is," said somebody.

"Had a nightmare, wifelet? Well, I never! Thought some one had stolen baby? I only took it down stairs so that you might sleep a bit. I've made the fire and the coffee. Feel better?"

"Oh, I'm at home," sighed Mrs. Quiverfull, clutching the infant. "I've got you safe—I've got them all. What a happy woman I am! Come and kiss me, Jim. Really, have I got you?"

"I've been thinking, Amelia, that perhaps I wasn't much of a husband," said Quiverfull, relieving his feelings at last. "That you were a little tired of me and of getting along on such a small salary, and all. It's not a very lively life"——

"Oh, Jim!" said Amelia, "don't say that. I was cross yesterday, but I wouldn't be anybody else but me for anything. Nobody else has such a nice husband and children, and as for baby"——

"She is a wonder!" said Mr. Quiverfull. "She is like you!"

And from that day to this Mrs. Quiverfull has never envied Miss Stickleback, and, though, to be sure, all that about the fairy was a stupid dream, has never uttered any rash wishes aloud.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

DECIDEDLY UNROMANTIC.

Most of the Hotel Typewriter's Customers Are Plain, Matter-of-Fact Men.

Typewriter at a Hotel.—I have read a number of paragraphs in the newspapers about how various people act when them come in and try to dictate a letter for the typewriter. It may be that when the business was new there were more instances and some that were more funny. But I have had no such experiences as are attributed to my profession by the press. The only funny one I ever had was that presented by an honest old man who, after watching me for some time, came up and in a good sort of way asked me to explain the machine, which I did.

"You mean to say," he asked, "that you can write a letter on that thing for any body?"

I said yes.

"Then you may write one to Samanthy. I want to let her know that I am well, and that I am coming home next week, and that I have got along fustrate in what I came for."

I put all this together in readable shape and then read it to him. He said it was all right and signed his name to it and I dropped it in a letter-box for him. The next morning he came to me somewhat excited and said:

"Say, miss, you remember that letter you writ for me yesterday to Samanthy?"

I said yes.

"Well," he continued, "I want you to write another one to her telling her how you done it and how I signed it. You see, when she gits that letter that is printed jest like the newspaper and then sees my scrawl at the bottom of it she'll know there's somethin' wrong. She's mighty suspicious enny way, and if you can fix it up so as to let me out of it I'll be ever so much obleeged to you."

To satisfy him I did as he asked. He took the letter and I have never seen him since. But I have found all my other customers to be plain, matter-of-fact men. The novelty and romance of the typewriter are wearing away.—Chicago Tribune.

FEES TO PHYSICIANS.

The Liberality of a Standard Oil Magnate—Other Generous Gifts.

What is believed to be the largest fee ever paid to a physician in a single case was paid by J. H. Flagler, one of the Standard Oil kings, to Dr. C. G. Sheldon.

A dearly-beloved daughter of Mr. Flagler, who afterward died while cruising on a yacht in southern waters about a year ago, was lingering between life and death. There was not more than two or three chances out of one hundred that she would ever be able to leave her bed alive. The devoted father announced that, if Dr. Sheldon could relieve the suffering of his child and aid her in recovering, he would give him the largest fee that was ever paid to a physician. Miss Flagler rallied and was finally able to leave her bed, and in the course of time was sufficiently strong to drive out. The young heiress to several millions lived to enjoy her great wealth for a long time after this and Dr. Sheldon, was presented with $250,000 worth of stock in the Standard Oil Company.

Dr. W. H. White, who is the family physician of the Vanderbilt family, is another of the highly fortunate of our medical men. The money in fees that he has received from this family alone would make him independent. Dr. White has been presented from time to time with blocks of Vanderbilt securities as an evidence of the millionaire's regard for his medical skill. Thus the doctor is enabled to indulge his hobby of buying the most valuable kind of furs.

Dr. John P. Munn, who is engaged to look after the health of Jay Gould and his family, is another fortunate physician. Mr. Gould is a great man for consulting a doctor on the slightest provocation, and some of his friends wonder that he is alive, because he takes so much medicine. I could not learn that Mr. Gould ever paid any extraordinary fee, like Mr. Flagler, but a gentleman who saw a check from Mr. Gould to his physician said it was for $10,000 and it was drawn shortly after the death of Mrs. Gould.

Mr. Gould's business associate, Mr. Russell Sage, I hear pays his physician by the year and Mr. Sage makes sure that his doctor earns his salary.

Dr. Fordyce Baker is the medical attendant of the Astor family, and the fees he receives from them alone could be divided by two and then considered a handsome income for a first-class doctor in a smaller city. John Jacob Astor many years ago had an operation performed by the late Dr. Agnew, in return for which he presented his check for $10,000.

Judge Henry Hilton, who has the reputation of being the most liberal giver of any of Gotham's millionaires, presented his physician with a valuable house and lot on one of the fashionable thoroughfares.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll makes a confidant of his physician. When the Colonel's daughter was recently married to Millionaire Dr. Thomas Robertson, the Ingersoll family doctor was the only person outside the members of the family at the wedding.—N. Y. Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

ANIMAL PECULIARITIES.

A Number of Interesting Facts in Natural History.

The reason that any thing of a red color excites and infuriates the ox tribe is because red is the complimentary color of green, and the eyes of oxen, being long fixed upon the green herbage while feeding, when they espy any thing red it impresses their sight with a greatly-increased intensity. The same effect is doubtless produced upon all grazing animals by a red color, but oxen being more pugnacious than others show greater excitement, and often attack that which surprises them.

All animals which chew the cud have cloven feet.

Sheep have no teeth in the upper jaw. In some parts of the world there are sheep that have most of their fat in their tails. These tails weigh so much that they have to be tied on small carts which the sheep draw after them when they walk. The carts are made of a flat board on two wheels. The fat of the tail is very soft, and is used for butter.

Whalebone is found in the mouth of the whalebone whale, where it forms the substitute for teeth, of which otherwise the animal is destitute.

In the hottest climates the animals are found most to approach man; and those in each great zoological division possess the organization the most complex and the faculties most developed; while in the polar regions are found only beings occupying a rank but little elevated in the zoological series. The apes, for example, are limited to the hottest parts of the two continents; it is the same with parrots among birds; the crocodile and tortoise among reptiles, and with land crabs among the crustacea—all animals the most perfect in their respective classes.

The owl has no motion in the eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in its socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case, in the form of a truncated cone; but in order to compensate for this absence of motion in the eye, it is able to turn its head round in almost a complete circle without moving its body.—Newsboys' Appeal.

THE MEXICAN LOVER.

A Country Where Romeo Must Endure His Soul in Patience.

A Mexican lover must woo in patience, as his intentions are, from the start, treated as a family matter by the parents of the beloved of his soul. He is bound by custom to make known to his lady love his desire to pay his addresses. If the communication is pleasant, he is referred to the mother, and the siege of the maiden's heart may be said to be begun. Custom compels the youth to execute a movement called "Playing the bear," which consists of a daily afternoon promenade before the shaded jalousie, behind which sits the maiden, flanked by her mother, sisters female cousins and aunts.

Before such a battery of black eyes the suitor must pace back and forth for at least twenty minutes a day. He may toss a note up into a jalousie, if so he has sufficient courage to face the party, but his missives are read by the mother before they are delivered to his lady love. His love may answer the notes, but her replies must be read and edited by her mother before they are given to the stately senor pacing up and down in the blazing tropical sun. If the suitor is approved by the family, he is soon permitted to talk to the senorita, still in the presence of her family.

Ere long he is allowed to call, and thenceforth the wooing progresses more in accordance with American views.—St. Louis Republic.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Such were, put as briefly as possible, the outlines of the character and aims of this remarkable and contradictory man, whose history, had he but possessed a sense of honor, might probably have been painted in very different colors.

Within an hour and a half of leaving his own house, The Oaks, as it was called, although the trees from which it had been so named had long since vanished from the garden, Mr. Quest was bowling swiftly behind Edward Cossey's powerful bay horse toward the towering gateway of Honham castle. When he was within 300 yards he pulled the horse up sharply, for he was a good whip, and alone in the dog cart, and paused to admire the view.

"What a beautiful place!" he reflected to himself with enthusiasm, "and how grandly those old towers stand out against the sky. The squire has restored them very well, too, there is no doubt about it; I could not have done it better myself. I wonder if that place will ever be mine. Things look black now, but they may come round, and I think I am beginning to see my way."

And then he started the horse on again, slowly reflecting on the unpleasent nature of the business before him. Personally, he both liked and respected the old squire, and he certainly pitied him, though he would no more have dreamed of allowing his liking and pity to interfere with the prosecution of his schemes than an ardent sportsman would dream of not shooting pheasants because he had happened to take a friendly interest in their nurture. He had also a certain gentleman like distaste to being the bearer of crushing bad news, for Mr. Quest disliked scenes, possibly because he had such an intimate personal acquaintance with them. While he was still wondering how he might best deal with the matter he passed over the moat and through the ancient gateway which he admired so fervently, and found himself in front of the hall door. Here he pulled up, looking about for somebody to take his horse, when suddenly the squire himself emerged upon him with a rush, his pen in his hand (for he had been writing letters) and his white hair waving on the breeze.

"Halloo, Quest, is that you?" he shouted, as though his visitor had been fifty yards off instead of five. "I have been looking out for you. Here, William! William!" (crescendo), "William!" (fortissimo). "Where on earth is that boy? I expect that idle fellow, George, has been sending him on some of his errands, instead of attending to them himself. Whenever he is wanted to take a horse he is nowhere to be found, and then it is 'Please, sir, Mr George'—that's what he calls him—'Please, sir, Mr. George sent me up to the Moat Farm or somewhere, to see how many eggs the hen laid last week,' or something of that sort. That's a very nice horse you have got there, by the way; very nice, indeed."

"It is not my horse, Mr. de la Molle," said the lawyer, with a faint smile; "it is Mr. Edward Cossey's."

"Oh! it's Mr. Edward Cossey's, is it?" answered the old gentleman, with a sudden change of voice. "Ah, Mr. Edward Cossey's. Well, it's a very good horse anyhow, and I suppose that Mr. Cossey can afford to buy good horses."

Just then a faint cry of "Coming sir, coming," was heard, and a long hobble-de-hoy kind of a youth, whose business it was to look after the not extensive castle stables, emerged in a great heat round the corner of the house.

"Now, where on earth have you been?" began the squire, in a stentorian tone.

"If you please, sir, Mr George"——

"There, what did I tell you?" broke in the squire. "Have I not told you time after time that you are to mind your own business, and leave 'Mr. George' to mind his? Now take that horse round to the stables, and see that it is properly fed.

"Come in, Quest, come in. We have a quarter of an hour before luncheon, and can get our business over," and he led the way through the passage into the tapestried and paneled vestibule, where he took up his stand before the empty fireplace.

Mr. Quest followed him, stopping ostensibly to admire a particularly beautiful suit of armor which hung upon the wall, but really to gain another moment for reflection.

"A beautiful suit of the early Stuart period, Mr. de la Molle," he said; "I never saw a better."

"Yes, yes; that belonged to old Sir James, the one whom the Roundheads shot."

"What! the Sir James who hid the treasure?"

"Yes. I was telling that story to our new neighbor, Col. Quaritch, last night—a very nice fellow, by the way; you should go and call upon him."

"I wonder what he did with it?" said Mr. Quest.

"Ah, so do I, and so will many another, I dare say. I wish that I could find it, I'm sure. It's wanted badly enough nowadays. But that reminds me, Quest. You will have gathered my difficulty from my note and what George told you. You see this man Janter has, thanks to that confounded fellow, Maj. Boston, and his action about those college lands, thrown up the Moat farm, and George tells me that there is not another tenant to be had for love or money. In fact, you know what it is, one can't get tenants nowadays; they simply are not to be had. Well, under these circumstances, there is, of course, only one thing to be done that I know of, and that is to take the farm in hand and farm it myself. It is quite impossible to let the place fall out of cultivation—and that is what would happen otherwise—and if I were to lay it down in grass it would cost a considerable sum, and be seven or eight years before I got any return."

The squire paused and Mr. Quest said nothing.

"Well," he went on, "that being so, the next thing to do is to obtain the necessary cash to pay Janter his valuation and stock the place—about four thousand would do it, or perhaps," he added, with an access of generous confidence, "we had better say five. There are about fifty acres of those low lying meadows which want to be thoroughly bush drained—bushes are quite as good as pipes for that stiff land, if they put in the right sort of stuff, and it don't cost half so much—but still it can't be done for nothing, and then there is a new wagon shed wanted, and some odds and ends; yes, we had better say five thousand."

Still Mr. Quest made no answer, so once more the squire went on.

"Well, you see, under these circumstances—not being able to lay hands upon the necessary capital from my private resources, of course I have made up my mind to apply to Cossey & Son for the loan. Indeed, considering how long and intimate has been the connection between their house and the De la Molle family, I think it right and proper to do so; indeed, I should consider it very wrong of me if I neglected to give them the opportunity of the investment"— here a faint smile flickered for an instant on Mr. Quest's face and then went out. "Of course they will, as a matter of business, require security, and very properly so; but as this estate is unentailed, there will fortunately be little difficulty about that. You can draw up the necessary deeds, and I think that, under the circumstances, the right thing to do would be to charge the Moat farm specifically with the amount. Things are bad enough, no doubt, but I can hardly suppose it possible under any conceivable circumstances that the farm would not be good for £5,000. However, they might perhaps prefer to have a general clause as well, and if it is so, although I consider it quite unnecessary, I shall raise no objection to that course."

Then at last Mr. Quest broke his somewhat ominous silence.

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. de la Molle," he said gently, "that I can hold out no prospect of Cossey & Son being induced under any circumstances to advance another pound upon the security of the Honham castle estates. Their opinion of the value of landed property as security has received so severe a shock that they are not at all comfortable as to the safety of the amount already invested."

Mr. de la Molle started when he heard this most unexpected bit of news, for which he was totally unprepared. He had always found it possible to borrow money, and it had never occurred to him that a time might perhaps come in this country when the land, which he held in almost superstitious veneration, would be so valueless a form of property that lenders would refuse it as security.

"Why," he said, recovering himself, "the total incumbrances on the property do not amount to more than £25,000, and when I succeeded my father, forty years ago, it was valued at fifty, and the castle and premises have been thoroughly repaired since then at a cost of five thousand, and most of the farm buildings also."

"Very possibly, Mr. de la Molle; but to be honest, I very much doubt if Honham castle and the lands round it would now fetch £25,000 on a forced sale. Competition and Radical agitation have brought estates down more than people realize, and land in Australia and New Zealand is now worth as much per acre as cultivated land in England. Perhaps as a residential property and on account of its historical interest, it might fetch more, but I doubt it. In short, Mr. de la Molle, so anxious are Cossey & Son in the matter that I regret to have to tell you that so far from being willing to make a further advance, the firm have formally instructed me to serve the usual six months' notice on you, calling in the money already advanced on mortgage, together with the interest, which I must remind you is nearly a year overdue, and this step I propose to take tomorrow."

The old gentleman staggered for a moment, and caught at the mantel piece, for the blow was a heavy one, and as unexpected as it was heavy. But he recovered himself in an instant, for it was one of the peculiarities of his character that his spirits always seemed to rise to the occasion in the face of urgent adversity—in short, he possessed an extraordinary share of moral courage.

"Indeed," he said, indignantly, "indeed, it is a pity that you did not tell me that at once, Mr. Quest; it would have saved me from putting myself in a false position by proposing a business arrangement which is not acceptable. As regards the interest, I admit that it is as you say, and I very much regret it. That stupid fellow, George, is always so dreadfully behindhand with his accounts that I can never get anything settled." He did not state, and indeed did not know, that the reason that the unfortunate George was behindhand was that there were no accounts to make up, or rather that they were all on the wrong side of the ledger. "I will have that matter seen to at once. Of course, business people are quite right to consider their due, and I do not blame Messrs. Cossey in the matter, not in the least. Still, I must say that, considering the long and intimate relationship that has for nearly two centuries existed between their house and my family, they might—well—have shown a little more consideration."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, "I dare say that the step strikes you as a harsh one. To be perfectly frank with you, Mr. de la Molle, it struck me as a very harsh one, but of course I am only a servant, and bound to carry out my instructions. I sympathize with you very much—very much, indeed."

"Oh, don't do that," said the old gentleman. "Of course, other arrangements must be made; and, much as it will pain me to terminate my connection with Messrs. Cossey, they shall be made."

"But I think," went on the lawyer, without any notice of his interruption, "that you misunderstand the matter a little. Cossey & Son are only a trading corporation, whose object is to make money by lending it, or otherwise—at all hazards to make money. The kind of feeling that you allude to, and that might induce them, in consideration of long intimacy and close connection in the past, to forego the opportunity of so doing, and even to run a risk of loss, is a thing which belongs to former generations. But the present is a strictly commercial age, and we are the most commercial of the trading nations. Cossey & Son move with the time, that is all, and they would rather sell up a dozen families which had dealt with them for two centuries than lose five hundred pounds, provided, of course, that they could do so without scandal and loss of general respect, which, where a banking house is concerned, also means a loss of custom. I am a great lover of the past myself, and believe that our ancestors' ways of doing business were, on the whole, better and more charitable than ours; but I have to make my living, and take the world as I find it, Mr. de la Molle."

"Quite so, Quest; quite so," answered the squire, quietly. "I had no idea that you looked at these matters in such a light. Certainly the world has changed a good deal since I was a young man, and I do not think it has changed much for the better. But you will want your luncheon; it is hungry work talking about foreclosures." Mr Quest had not used this unpleasant word but the squire had seen his drift. "Come into the next room," and he led the way to the drawing room, where Ida was sitting, reading The Times.

"Ida," he said, with an affectation of heartiness, which did not, however, deceive his daughter, who knew how to read every change of her dear father's face, "here is Mr. Quest. Take him into luncheon, my love. I will come presently. I want to finish a note."

Then he returned to the vestibule, and sat down in his favorite old oak chair.

"Ruined," he said to himself. "I can never get the money as things are, and there will be a foreclosure. Well, I am an old man, and I hope that I shall not live to see it. But there is Ida. Poor Ida—I cannot bear to think of it; and the old place, too, after all these generations—after all these generations!"

CHAPTER X.

THE TENNIS PARTY.

Ida shook hands coldly enough with the lawyer, for whom she cherished a dislike not unmixed with fear. Many women are by nature gifted with an extraordinary power of intuition, which fully makes up for their deficiency in reasoning force. They do not conclude from the premises of their observation, they know that this man is to be feared and that trusted. In fact, they share with the rest of breathing creation that self protective instinct of instantaneous and almost automatic judgment given to guard it from the dangers with which it is continually threatened at the hands of man's overmastering strength and ordered intelligence. Ida was one of them. She knew nothing to Mr. Quest's disadvantage, indeed, she always heard him spoken of with great respect, and, curiously enough, she liked his wife very much. But she could not bear the man, feeling in her heart that he was not only to be avoided on account of his own hidden qualities, but that he was, moreover, an active personal enemy.

They went into the old dining room, where the luncheon was set, and while Ida allowed Mr. Quest to cut her some cold boiled beef—an operation in which he did not seem to be very much at home, she came to a rapid conclusion in her own mind. She had seen clearly enough from her father's face that his interview with the lawyer had been of a most serious character, but she knew that the chances were that she would never be able to get its upshot out of him, for the old gentleman had a curious habit of keeping such unpleasant matters to himself until he was absolutely forced by circumstances to reveal them. She also knew that her father's affairs were in a most critical condition, for that she had extracted from him on the previous night, and if any remedy was to be attempted it must be attempted at once, and on some heroic scale. Therefore, she made up her mind to ask her bete noir, Mr. Quest, what the truth might be.

"Mr. Quest," she said, with some trepidation, as he at last triumphantly handed her the beef, "I hope that you will forgive me for asking you a plain question, and that if you can you will favor me with a plain answer. I know my father's affairs are very much involved, and that he is now anxious to borrow some more money, but I do not know quite how matters stand, and I want to learn the exact truth."

"I am very glad to hear you speak like that, Miss de la Molle," answered the lawyer, "because I was trying to make up my mind to broach the subject, which is a painful one to me. Frankly, then, forgive me for saying it, your father is absolutely ruined. The interest on the mortgages is a year in arrear, his largest farm is just thrown upon his hands, and, to complete the tale, the mortgagees are going to call in their money or foreclose."

At this statement, which was almost brutal in its brief comprehensiveness, Ida turned pale as death, as well she might, and dropped her fork with a clatter upon her plate.

"I did not realize that things were quite so bad," she murmured. "Then I suppose that the place will be taken from us, and we shall—shall have to go away."

"Yes, certainly, unless money can be found to take up the mortgages, of which I see no chance. The place will be sold for what it will fetch, and that nowadays will be no great sum."

"When will that be?" she asked.

"In about six or nine months' time."

Ida's lips trembled, and the sight of the food upon her plate became nauseous to her. A vision arose before her mind's eye of herself and her old father departing hand in hand from the castle gates, behind and about which gleamed the hard wild lights of a March sunset, to seek a place to hide themselves, and the horror of it almost overcame her.

"Is there no way of escape?" she asked, hoarsely. "To lose this place would kill my father. He loves it better than anything in the world; his whole life is wrapped up in it."

"I can quite understand that, Miss de la Molle. It is a most charming old place, especially to anybody interested in the past. But unfortunately, mortgagees are no respecters of feelings. To them land is so much property, and nothing more."

"I know all that," she said, impatiently. "You do not answer my question!" and she leaned toward him and rested her hand upon the table. "Is there no way out of it?"

Mr. Quest drank a little claret before he answered. "Yes," he said, "I think there is, if only you will take it."

"What way?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, though, as I said just now, the mortgagees of an estate as a body are merely a business corporation, and look at things from a business point of view only, you must remember that they are composed of individuals, and that individuals can be influenced if they can be got at. For instance, Cossey & Son are an abstraction, and harshly disposed in their abstract capacity, but Mr. Edward Cossey is an individual, and I should say, so far as this particular matter is concerned, a benevolently disposed individual. Now, Mr. Edward Cossey is not himself at the present moment actually one of the firm of Cossey & Son, but he is the heir of the head of the house, and, of course, has authority, and, what is better still, the command of money."

"I understand," said Ida. "You mean that my father should try to win over Mr. Edward Cossey. Unfortunately, to be frank, he dislikes him, and my father is not a man to keep his dislikes to himself."

"People generally do dislike those to whom they are crushingly indebted; your father dislikes Mr. Cossey because his name is Cossey, and for no other reason. But that is not quite what I meant. I do not think the squire is the right person to undertake a negotiation of that sort. He is a little too outspoken and incautious. No, Miss de la Molle, if it is to be done at all you must do it. You must put the whole case before him at once, this very afternoon. There is no time for delay. You need not enter into details; he knows all about them, only ask him to avert this catastrophe. He can do so if he likes, how he does it is his own affair."

"But, Mr. Quest," said Ida, "how can I ask such a favor of any man? I shall be putting myself in a dreadfully false position."

"I do not pretend, Miss de la Molle, that it is a pleasant task for any young lady to undertake. I quite understand you shrinking from it. But sometimes one has to do unpleasant things, and make compromises with one's self respect. It is a question whether or no your family shall be utterly ruined and destroyed. There is, as I honestly believe, no prospect whatever of your father being able to get the money to pay off Cossey & Son, and if he did it would not help him, because he could not pay the interest on it. Under these circumstances, you have to choose between putting yourself in an equivocal position and letting events take their course. It would be useless for anybody else to undertake the task, and, of course, I cannot guarantee that even you will succeed; but I will not mince matters, as you doubtless know. Any man would find it hard to refuse a favor asked by such a suppliant. And now you must make up your own mind. I have shown you a path that may lead your family from a position of the most imminent peril. If you are the woman I take you for, you will not shrink from following it."

Ida made no reply.

Ida made no reply, and in another moment the squire came in to take a couple of glasses of sherry and a biscuit. But Mr. Quest, furtively watching her face, said to himself that she had taken the bait, and that she would do it. Shortly after this a diversion occurred, for the clergyman, Mr. Jeffries, a pleasant little man, with a round and shining face and a most unclerical eyeglass, came up to consult the squire upon some matter of parish business, and was shown into the dining room. Ida took advantage of his appearance to effect a retreat to her own room, and there for the present we may leave her to her meditations.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. Peschkoff, the Cossack officer who left Vladivostock in November last on horseback to ride across Siberia to St. Petersburg, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, reached the Russian capital on May 31. He received tremendous ovations throughout the day.

The engagement of Princess Victoria of Prussia to the Prince of Schoamburg-Lippe is declared at Berlin to be a very suitable one, and has given great satisfaction to her family. The Princess has recovered from her passionate attachment to Alexander of Battenburg.