EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Gladstone's Elder Brother Bir Thomas Gladstone usually at ed the service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon when he was in town, and he was invariably mobbed when walking up and down the nave afterward by people who mistook him for his younger brother, whom he greatly resembled, but Sir Thomas was taller and more stately in appearance. Sir Thomas lived and died a Tory of the old Eldon type, and his consistency and the plainness with which he avowed his opinions made him respected even by his most bitter political opponents. He went to Ox-ford in 1853 and voted against his brother when that statesman was opposed by Mr. Perceval, after he had joined Lord Aberdeen's administration, and be invariably inveighed against Mr. Gladstone's policy whenever he made a political speech, but personally they

were on the most cordial terms.

They also differed in their church views, for Sir Thomas, who was a most devout man, favored the evangelical side. Sir Thomas Gladstone's place in Kincardineshire, Fasque house, is a splendid mansion, and the extensive demesne is well wooded and very picturesque. The home farm is one of the finest in Scotland. Sir Thomas inherited the estates of Fasque and Balbegno, which extend to 21,000 acres, from his father; and in 1856 he purchased Strachan and Glendye from Lord Southesk for £70,000. This es tate which extends to 26,000 acres of low ground, hill pastures, and grouse moors, is one of the best shootings in Scotland. Sir Thomas was a most rigorous game preserver for many years, but latterly his tenants had no cause to complain in this or any other respect, and he was a most popular laird, and took a deep and intelligent interest in all agricultural affairs. Sir Thomas Gladstone was for some years attache to the British embassy

in Paris, under Lord Stuart de Roth say, during the reign of Charles X, and he had many good stories to relate about the curious customs of the old Bourbon court. He sat in the house of commons from 1830 to 1837, and in 1865 he stood for Kincardine-shire, but was defeated by the late Mr. Dyce Nicol of Balloge, who was the first Liberal ever returned from that county, as the late Sir Hugh Ar-buthnot had then represented it as a Conservative for thirty-nine years, during which period he was only once opposed. - London World.

Jack's Visit to the Natural History Society. One wet evening, however, Willie Ransom got Jack to go, just because there was nothing else to do. There was a short paper being read on "Fish Scales," and a number of them were mounted for microscopical examina-tion, of course with a low power, say inch and half inch. Anything relating to fish or fishing was certain to gain Jack's attention, therefore a better subject could not have been select ed to engage his notice. Besides, Jack had never yet even looked through a microscope! He felt a bit sahamed of this now; but there were a couple of microscopes present, and Jack deter mined to have a good look through them. The scales of different sorts of British fishes were on view. Of course, fish scales are common enough; but who would think that each kind has its own pattern of scale, and that could tell a species of fish by its

The paper showed that the scales of fishes were composed of the same ma-terial, chitine, as the feathers of birds, or the hair and nails of animals-a kind of substance only found in the animal kingdom, and never in the vegetable; that these scales are devel-oped in little pockets in the fish's skin. which you can plainly see for your self when a herring is scaled. They are arranged all over the fish's body like the tiles covering a roof, partly overlapping each other, as is seen by one part of the scale being often dif ferent from the other.

Jack looked through the microscope and was delighted. He was always a reverent minded boy, and the sight broke on his mind like a new revelation. How exquisitely chased and beautiful were the markings, lines, dots and other peculiarities! Then the scales which run along the middle line of the fish were shown him, and the ducts perforating them, out of which the mucus flows to anoint the fish's body, and thus reduce the friction of its rapid movement through the water. The lad was half bewild ered at the possibility of the new knowledge. "Could anybody get to know about these things?" he asked Willie, who told him of course he could, if he would only take a little trouble. - Dr. J. D. Taylor in Popular Science Monthly.

"Is not that Neilson!" I asked, in dicating a miniature sketch almost hidden by a fox skin and a Chinese fan. the artist replied, softly "that is my greatest treasure. Let me take it down for you.'

The picture was drawn on a gentleman's linen cutf. Neilson, as Juliet. leaned over a balcony-a white robed figure with flowing hair—a crumpled ross in her hands, from which she idly tore the petals. Pinned to one corner of the cuff hung a withered bunch of violets.

'She asked me to visit Booth's," my riend explained, "to see her as Juliet I went, and this picture is one of the results. A life long remembrance of that most beautiful woman is another I had no paper for drawing, and re-moving one of my cutfs, I made the aketch upon that. Miss Neilson saw t afterward in her dressing room. ghed, signed it with her autograph and taking a bunch of violets which had been thrown carelessly on her dressing table, handed the flowers to me with a bewitching smile. They have been pinned to the cuff ever since. No, I would not care to part with the picture, though I have had plenty of opportunities to sell it. I never glance at it without thinking of poor Neilson as she died in Paris, tear writhed as her last agony. Somehow she always comes back to me that way."—New York Star.

Story of a Sagacious Male.

Everybody who visits the Grand Pacific with any amount of frequency has made the acquaintance of Pat Aaron. Pat has lately developed a faculty for story telling, and has been for some time past trying to make his customers believe he has seen oysters climb trees. Finding this yarn too large, he has one now of a modified character. Patsays when he was down in New Orleans he saw a mule working on a street car line that had in a great degree what might be considered genuhorse sense. He says the anima was known all through the Crescent City by the name of Stonewall Jack-son, and when hitched up to his car in the morning would not move until the barn gong sounded the hour of leav-ing, no matter how anxious the conductor or the driver might be to get a minute or two the start for some purpose of his own. Pat says that one morning the mule was brought up to be hitched to a strange car.

The instant Stonewall saw the car he backed stubbornly away, and no urging would induce him to get in his place. At last he was led around to the repair shops and shown his car, on which the painters had begun work, and he at once seemed to realize the difficulty, for he went back and willingly took his place beside his mate drew the strange car all day. The next morning, though, the same trouble ensued, and he had to be shown that his own car was not ready. Where Stonewall showed the greatest intelligence, Pat says, was stopping apparently without reason while on a trip. He did this one day when an extra conductor was in charge. The conductor came forward after a minute or two to see what the trouble was. The driver knew well, and told the extra that he had collected a fare and had not rung his bell punch. At this the conductor did ring, and old Stonewall Jackson shook his head as much as to say, "You can't fool me," and started off on a trip without a word from the driver.—Chicago Herald.

A reader of the lyric poetry of the Elizabethan age is struck with its adaptation to music, its limpidity and

directness of utterance.

"Each composition," says Mr. J. A.
Symonds, in The Fortnightly Review, "is meant to be sung, and can be sung, because the poet's soul was singing when he made it.

The lyrics of the present age possess but little of this quality. Mr. Sy-monds once asked Jennie Lind why Shelley's lyrics were ill adapted to to music. She made him read aloud to her the "Song of Pan" and "To the Night." Then she pointed out that verse is full of complicated thoughts, and packed consonants. Not one melodic phrase could be found to express the poetic emotion.

"I can sing Milton's "Let the bright Seraphim to burning row, Their toud, uplifted angel trumpets blow!" said Jenny Lind, "and can sing Dry

den, but I could not sing your Shelley Wordsworth, Keats; no, and not much Tennyson either. Tennyson has sought out all the solid sharp words. and put them together; music cannot come between."
The lyrics of the present time, so

Mr. Symonds sums up the facts, are not so singable as the Elizabethan ly rics because they are far more complex in their verbal structure, in their thoughts, images and emotions. Their words earry too many, too various, and too contemplative suggestions.-Youth's Companion.

A friend of mine laid down the medical law the other day. He said the first thing a doctor finds out when you send for him is your pet taste. habit, article of diet or beverage. Then he orders you to stop it. If you aren't a very big patient you have got to do it. But, said my friend, I know a man who was a little sick the other day and consulted his physician. "Stop drinking whisky!" said

"Is it as serious as that?" asked the man, in alarm.

'Yes, it is. They had a bottle of wine, a fine eigar, and a long chat, and the doc tor became very agreeable. When he got up to go the patient said:

"I wish there was something else than whisky I could stop. You see" "Well, I don't know," said the doc "Lemme see. Do you eat but

"Then stop butter and go on with the whisky. Good day!"—San Fran-cisco Chronicle.

I have never been able to find an instance in which red birds have been bred in captivity, and although so many thousands are kept as pets, all or nearly all must have been trapped This year I thought my birds were go ing to make a record for themselves, but the usual failure ensued. The hen laid five eggs, but refused to sit. Then the male bird became ferorious and nearly killed his neglectful mate They are now separate, but whenever he is let out of his cage he flies to that of the hen and tries to resume hostili ties. Yet a canary bird can knock him out the first round every time. and takes immense delight in doing it whenever the opportunity arises. -St Louis Globe-Democrat.

Water expands with both heat and It is the fact that water expands in freezing, which enables frost to act so powerfully as a disintegrating agent Water enters the cracks and pores of rocks, and on freezing expands with such force as to break off fragments from their surface. Reaumur found that three of the metals also slightly expand, under the influence of cold on becoming solid, namely, cast iron antimony and bismuth, and hence the precision with which east fron takes he mold. If a metallic bottle be tilled with molten bismuth and tightly plugged up, the bottle will be rupt ured when the metal solidifica. Nev York Tolecom

To Stop a Runaway Borsa

The Russian method for stopping runaway horse is said to be very effect ive, and is not particularly cruel. They place a cord with a running knot around the horse's neck near the neck strap. To this slip necks attach a pair of reins, which may be thrown The private banking house of Bernard Aronson at New York was raided by Pt-landers, who claimed that money designed to bring relatives from Poland and intrusted to the bank were misappropriated. Aronson and his clerk were severely besten and afterward placed True Flag.

A STRANGE COMMUNITY.

mie and Social Pentures of a Plot

Probably the most prosperous communistic society in this country is in Iowa, nearly 100 miles west from Davenport, on the line of the Milwau cee and St. Paul road. There are no saloons in the colony and every man, woman and child is a worker. There are no idlers, no caucuses, no politics Marriage is looked upon as one of

the necessary evils, but it is not re garded by any means as a meretorious act. Children must be had and any looseness of morals is sternly frowned upon, yet the lot of the newly mar ried couple is not in any sense a happy one. The religious standing of young married people is very low until, by patiently bearing the yoke of matri-mony, they demonstrate their fitness to enter into the circle of the elect.

Despite their costumes there are many remarkably pretty girls in Amana. In form they are straight and slender. Many of them have clear cut features, and their complexions are beautiful beyond description.

The costumes of the women are se verely plain, and at the same time are picturesque. A print kerchief, manufactured in the village, is folded across the bosom so that the waist of the loosely fitting dress is hidden. The villagers manufacture all the flannels and calicoes worn, and each has a wide reputation. A black cap of some thin material is worn rather. on the head, being gathered into a lit-tle bag at the back, narrow black rib-bons tying it under the chin. Knit stockings and broad slippers or coarse shoes are worn, wooden shoes being reserved for field work. Neither age nor condition in life brings any change in these garments. No social intercourse is allowed be-

tween the young men and the maidens, and they see each other at intervals, and even then at a distance. The association of the sexes is forbidden. On Sunday afternoon the boys and girls are permitted to walk in the fields, in opposite directions, though sometimes they come together.

When a young man signifies his de sire to marry a maiden he is put on probation for a year or more. Once a week he is allowed to see the object of his affection, and no encouragement is given his suit by any one. He is never allowed to see her alone, how-When the marriage finally takes place it is made the gloomiest of festal occasions.

There are no wedding clothes and no wedding guests. Two or three elders meet at the home of the bride's parents and read hymns and lead in prayers. The chapter in Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, wherein the apostle, with unflinching severity, describes the duties of husband and wife, is read, with somber comments. After the lecture there is a dead cold supper, and every one is made to feel as miserable as possible. When once married, however, there is no hope for the couple, as divorce is unknown

These communists are rich, they go without amusement of any sort; all musical instruments save the flute are tabooed and there are no brass band contests to disturb the serenity of their even existence.

A small colony came to the United

States from Germany in 1842, headed by Christian Metz, an inspired "in-strument," and settled near Buffalo, Y., the name of Ebenezer being given to the colony. As the colony prospered beyond all expectation i was necessary to secure more land, and the present peaceful valley was selected. The old name was left behind and Amana was chosen as the title by which the colony should hereafter known. Seven villages sprang up and are known as Amana, East, West, South, Middle and High Amana and Homestead. Anything more peaceful than these little vil lages cannot be imagined.

The inhabitants are pietists, rather, inspirationists, but they do not look happy. They are puritanical to the last degree and the children are as sedate and staid as their elders.

Christian Metz, their leader, died twenty-two years ago, and Barbara Heyneman, who was also an "instru-ment," led the people for fifteen years after, when she, too, died. Since then there has been no one prominent or holy enough to succeed them and there is in consequence no leader. Good. pure and virtuous as Barbara was lowever, she came under the ban once though she finally regained her stand ing as an "instrument.

She fell in love with a comely youth named George Landmann, and marry him she would and did, though she suffered expulsion for it. As she was a power in the community, she suc ceeded in getting back, but she was never really and heartily forgiven for

having taken to herself a husband. There is a community of everything. No cooking is done by families, th meals being prepared and served in kitchens maintained for that purpose. There is an abundance of everything and no one ever goes hungry. In Amana, for instance, where there are perhaps five hundred inhabitants, fif teen kitchens are maintained. proportion is the same in the other six villages.—Philadelphia Times.

Too Much Reading.

It was said of some one, "His system of reading smacks of the old school; little but good-non multa. sed multum (not many things, but Mrs. Browning, who wrote verses before she was 8, and produced an epic at 11, indorses such a system, though it contradicts her own practice.

When still a child in age she, as she afterwards said, "gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek, and made my head ache with it.

She read every book she could find and continued that system of reading through life; but later, when old enough to judge of the system by its effect upon her mind, she wrote to a 'I should be wiser, I am persuaded

if I had not read half as much; should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation."—Youth's Con-How a Georgia Lady host Her Teeth

A lady was visiting a friend at Americus lately and she wore a set of false teeth. A little 5-year-old boy saw her take the teeth from her mouth, and ran terrified to his mother, exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma, Miss Mary pulled out a whole handful of eeth at once, and tore all the skin ou of her mouth, and didn't cry one It didn't hurt, but you'll have to give her all of old Speckle's eggs to eat, for she can't chew her victuals." He couldn't be made to understand that they were false teeth and was sure the would starve to death.

Force and Energy.

As far as we know at present, the simplest forms of matte -are distinct entities and incapable of being transformed into one another. They unite among them-selves to form all the innumerable substances of which the universe is but in themselves are unmade up, changeable and indestructible. A piece of iron, for instance, can never changes be changed into a piece of copper, or a grain of hydrogen gas into oxygen; neither can we destroy or annihilate a single atom of these elements. There is just exactly as much hydrogen, oxygen, iron, copper, etc., in the uni-verse, as there has been in all the past ages, and exactly the same amount will continue to exist to all eternity, although their combinations with themselves and other elements may be altered an infinite number of times Until some future investigator, in following certain clews at present but dimly perceived by us, discovers that the elements are but modifications of one primal form of matter, we must continue to believe that they are unchangeable. When, however, we turn to the different forms of force and energy by which, with matter, the universe reveals itself to our senses, we find a very different state of affairs. Heat, light, electricity, chemical action, magnetism, force or work, are all readily changed from one to the other with the greatest ease. pound of coal or pure carbon will, when oxidized or burnt, always produce exactly so many units of heat. From this heat just so much power or work can be obtained and no more; this power will produce an invariable number of units of electricity or magnetism; and the electricity, when transformed into chemical action, will decompose a definite weight of a chemical compound. Every pound of coal, every ounce of food, represents a certain amount of energy, and by no possibility can a greater amount be obtained from it. It is the legiti-mate field of the inventor to endeavor to utilize all this energy in the form in which it is desired and prevent the enormous waste by its transformation into undesired forms, which at present occurs even with our best and most economical machinery. Any attempt to do more is as sure to end in failure as would an attempt to prove that two and two added together make five.— Popular Science News.

No Faces at the Windows New Yorkers never sit in their windows to enjoy the entertainment fur-nished by the procession of people and vehicles, writes a New York correspondent of The St. Louis Republic. 1 don't believe I have seen a gen-uinely fashionable New York man or woman looking out of a window of their own houses in years. It is an unspoken and unwritten law that you shall keep out of sight, and shroud the interior of your houses with layer on layer of lace curtains, oftentimes with as many as four different sets of them at each window. The only time a man is privileged to watch the promenaders is at his club, and there many of them do it with a vengeance. A woher house. You may walk down Fifth avenue at any time of day, and under no circumstances, unless a mili tary parade was in progress, would you see any woman of that house other than the servants. I presume I have passed by the houses of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goelets and Goulds hundreds of times during recent years, and not a sign of life have I seen beside that contributed by the menials. The custom is doubtless by sitting in windows people become conspicuous, and the alleged intention "good form" is to remain screened from the vulgar scrutiny of the pub lic. But it is well enough to set down this particular feature of our advanced condition of civilization, because, if I am not mistaken, the enjoyable habit of sitting in windows is practiced in most other cities. Of course, we lose a vast amount of entertainment by fore going the habit, for a study of human nature as you find it on the street is educating and charming. But here we are, for the sake of that severe granddame Good Form, veiling the sun and our fellow creatures from our fashionable gazes by these very stun ning sets of expensive curtains. It is like a theatre with the drop always obscuring the pictures behind it.

Comfortable if Not Pretty. "A Chinaman is not pretty to look at and his clothes do not fit like the traditional 'paper on the wall.' but I think his attire the most comfortable in the world," said a gentleman the other day. "To begin with," he re-sumed, "the Chinaman wears a soft, low crowned, broad brim felt hat, which is easier on the head than a stiff derby or silk hat and a greater protection to the eyes. Then his neck dressed more comfortably ours, too. He wears but a single band around the neck, or two at the most Have you ever counted up what we wear? No! Well, just figure it out now. The undershirt band is one, a now. The undershirt band is one, a possible chest protector is two, a shirt band is three, a collar is four, a necktie is five, a vest collar is six, a coat is seven, an overcoat collar is eight. and a neck scarf sometimes makes the total nine-nine bands around the neck. What a chance for perspiration! Yes, the Chinaman's rig is more comfortable."—Chicago Herald.

Boiler Explosions of the Year.

The Safety Valve gives this record of boiler explosions during 1888: Total number of boilers exploded, 263; estimated loss to property, \$4,100,000; estimated loss by stoppage of business, \$1,050,000; number of employes thrown temporarily out of work, 10,000; number of lives lost 326; number of lives los 000; number of lives lost, 320; num-ber of persons injured, 491. Of boilers in saw mills and other wood working establishments there were 69 explo sions; locomotives, 21; steamsips, tugs, and other steam vessels, 19; port-able boilers, hoisters, and agricultural engines, 27; mines, oil wells, colliers, 18; paper mills, bleacheries, digesters, etc., 13; rolling mills and iron works, 25; distilleries, breweries, dye works, sugar houses, and rendering works, 21; flour mills and grain elevators, 13; textile manufactories, 16; miscelaneous, 21.

The greenish color of certain cloths was found some years ago to be due to a parasitic growth of algre upon the hair. Two genera and three species of these minute plants—one genus green, and the other, with its two species, violet—have since been described by Mme. Weber von Bosse. A single hair may have upon it from 150,000 to 200,000 individuals.—New York Tele-

COLONELQUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Harold Quarltch was happy, too, though in a somewhat restless and peculiar way Mrs. Jobson, the old lady who attended to his wants at Moleshil, with the help of a gardener and a simple village maid, her niece, who smashed all the crockery, and nearly drove the colonel mad by banging the doors, dusting shifting his papers, and even dusting fided to some friends in the village that she thought the poor dear gentleman was going mad. When questioned on what she based this belief, she replied that he would walk up and down the oak paneled dining room by the hour together, that then when he got tired of that exercise, whereby said Mrs. Johson, he had already worn a groove in the new Turkey carpet, he would take out a "rokey" (foggy) looking bit of a picture, and set it upon a chair and stare at it through his fingers, shaking his head and muttering all the while. Ther—further and concinsive proof of a yielding intellect—be would get a half sheet of poper with some writing on it, and put it on the mantelpiece and stare at that Next be would turn it up side down and stare at it so, then sideways, then all ways, then he would hold it before a looking glass, and stare at the looking glass, and so on. When asked how she knew all this, she confessed that Jane had seen it through the key hole, not once, but often.

Of course, as the practiced and discerning reader will clearly understand, this meant side down and stare at it so, then sideways,

only that when walking and wearing out the carpet the colonel was thinking of Ida, when contempiating the painting she had given him, he was admiring her work and trying to reconcile his admiration with his own con science and his somewhat peculiar views of art and that when glaring at the paper he was vainly endeavoring to make head or tail of the mesange written to his son on the night before his execution by Sir James de la Molle in the reign of Charles I, and confidently be lieved by Ida to contain a key to the where abouts of the treasure he was supposed to

have secreted. Of course the tale of this worthy soul, Mrs. Jobson, did not lose in the telling, and when it reached Ida's ears, which it did at last through the medium of George—for in addi-tion to his numberless other functions, George was the sole authorized purveyor of village and country news-it read that Col. Quaritch had gone raving mad.

Ten minutes afterward this raving lunatic arrived at the castle in his dress clothes and his right mind, whereupon Ida promptly re-peated her thrilling history, somewhat to the subsequent discomfort of Mrs. Johan and

Jane.
No one, as somebody once said, with equal truth and profundity, knows what a minute may bring forth, much less, therefore, does anybody know what an evening of say two hundred and forty minutes may produce. For instance, Harold Quaritch—though by this time he had gone so far as to freely admit to himself that he was utterly and hope lessly in love with Ida, in love with her with that settled and determined passion which sometimes strikes a man or woman in middle age—certainly did not know that before the evening was out he would have declared his devotion with results that shall be made clear in their decent order. When he put on his dress clothes to come up to dinner be had no more intention of proposing to Ida than he had of not taking them off when he went to bed. His love was deep enough and steady enough, but perhaps it did not possess that wild impetuosity which carries people so far in their youth, sometimes, indeed, a great deal further than their reason approves. It was essentially a middle aged devotion, and bore the same resemblance to the picturesque passion of five and-twenty that a snow fed torrent does to a navigable river. The one rushes and roars and sweeps away the bridge and devastates happy homes, while the other bears upon its placid breast the Argosies of peace and plenty, and is generally service-able to the necessities of man. But, for all that, there is something attractive about torrents. There is a grandeur in that first rush of passion which results from the sudden melting of the snows of the heart's puand faith and high unstained devotion. But both torrents and navigable rivers ar

liable to one common fate, they may fall over precipices, and when that happens even th atter cease to be navigable for a space. And that was what was about to happen to our

friend the colonel.

To begin with, he had dined well, and what ever ardent twenty-three may think of so gross and material a fact, it is certainly true that if a man is in love before dinner, he is five-and-twenty per cent more in love

had had a pleasant as well as a good dinner. The squire, who of late had been cheerful as a cricket, was in his best form, and told long stories with an infinitesimal point. In any-body else's mouth these stories would have been wearisome to a degree, but there was a gusto, an originality, and a kind of Tudor period flavor about the old gentleman which made his worst and longest story acceptable in any society The colonel himself, too, had come out in a most unusual way. He had a fund of dry humor in him which he rarely produced, but when he did produce it it was of a most satisfactory order. On this par-ticular night it was all on view, greatly to the entisfaction of Ida, who was a witty as well as a clever woman. And so it came to pass that the dinner was a very pleasant one.

Harold and the squire were still sitting over their wine, and the latter was for the fifth time giving to the former a full and particular account of how his deceased aunt, Mrs. Massey, had been persuaded by a learned Dead Man's Mount into its supposed primitive condition of an ancient British dwelling, and of the extraordinary expression of her face when the bill came in, when suddenly the servant announced that George was waiting

The old gentleman grumbled a great deal, but finally got up and departed to enjoy himself for the next hour or so in talking about things in general with his retainer, leaving his guest to find his way to the drawing

found Ida seated at the piano, singing. She beard him shut the door, looked round, nodded prettily, and then went on with her singing. He came and sat down on a low chair some two paces from her, placing himself in such a position that he could see her face, which,

indeed, he always found a wonderfully pleas ant object of contemplation. Ida was playing without music—the only light in the room was that of a low lamp with a red fringe to it. Therefore, he could not see ery much, being only with difficulty able to trace the outlines of her features, but if the shadow thus robbed him, it on the other hand lent tier a beauty of its own, clothing her face with an atmosphere of wonderful softness which it did not always possess in the glare of day. The colonel indeed two must remember that he was in love and that it was after dinner became quite poetical diternally, of course about it, and in his heart compared her first to St. Cecilia at her organ, and then to the Angel of the Twilight. He had never seen her look so lovely. At her worst she was a handsome and noble looking woman, but now the shadow from without, and though he knew nothing of that, the ed, he always found a wonderfully pleas and though he knew nothing of that, the shadow from her heart within also, aided, may be, by the music's swell, had softened and purified her face till it did indeed look at and purified her face till it did indeed look al most like an angels. It is strong, powerful faces that are capable of the most tenderness, not the soft and pretty ones, and even in a plain person, when such a face is in this way seen, it gathers a peculiar beauty of its own. But lide was not a plain person, so on the whole it is scarcely to be wondered at that a certain effect was produced upon Harold Quarities.

admirer's mind, went on slaging alm without a break She and a good memory and a sweet voice, and really liked music for the own sake, so it was no great effort to be

Presently she came to a song from Tenny son's "Maud," the tender and beautiful words whereof will be familiar to most of the read

ers of her story it began:

Oh, let the solid ground

Oh, let the solid ground

Not fall beneath my feet,
before my neart has found

What some have found so sweet.

The song is a lovely one, and it did not suffer from her rendering, and the effect produced upon Harold by it was of a most peculiar nature. All his past life seemed to heave and break beneath the magic of the surger, as a music and the magic of the singer, as a porthern fle.d of ice breaks up beneath outburst of the summer sun. It broke up, and sunk, and vanished into the depths of his nature, those dread unmeasured depths that roll and murmur in the vastness of each human heart, as the sea rolls beneath its closk of ice, that roll and murmur here, and set toward a shore of which we have no chart or knowledge. The past was gone, the frozen years had melted, and once more the swee strong air of youth blew across his heart, and once more there was blue sky above, wherein the angels sailed. Under the influ-ence of that song the barrier of self broke down, and his being went out to meet ber being, and all the possibilities of life seeme to breathe afresh.

He sat and listened, and, as he listened

trembled in his agitation, till the sweet echoes of the music died upon the quiet air. They died, and were gathered into the emptiness which receives and records all things, the oath and the prayer, the melody and the scream of agony, the shout of triumph and the wail of woe, and left him broken.

She turned to him, smiling faintly, for the song had moved her also, and he felt that he must speak.

"That is a beautiful song," he said; "sing it again, if you do not mind." Spe made no answer, but once more sung "Oh, let the solid ground Not fall beneath my feet, Before my heart has found What some have found so sweet,"

and then suddenly broke off. "Why are you looking at me?" she said.
"I can feel you looking at me, and you make

me nervous. He bent toward her and looked her in the

"I love you, Ida," he said, "I love you with all my heart"- and he stopped suddenly. s She turned quite pale—even in that light he could see her pallor, and her hands fell

beavily on the keys. The echo of the crashing notes rolled round the room and died slowly away-but still she said nothing.

CHAPTER XVIII. At last Ida spoke, apparently with a great

"It is stifling in here," she said; "let us go out," and she rose, took up a shawl that lay beside her on a chair, and stepped through the French window into the garden. It was a lovely autumn night, and the air was as still as death, with just a touch of frost in it. ids threw the shawl over her shoulders, and followed by Harold walked on through

the garden, tiff she came to the edge of the moat, where there was a seat. Here she sat down and fixed her eyes upon the hoary battlements of the gateway, now clad in a Harold looked at her and felt that if

solemn robe of moonlight. had anything to say the time had come for him to say it, and that she had brought him there in order that she might be able to listen undisturbed. So he began again, and told her that he loved her dearly. "I am some seventeen years older than you," he went on, "and I suppose that the most active part of my life lies in the past; and I don't know if, putting other things aside, you would care to marry so old a man, especially as I am not rich. Indeed, I feel it presumptuous on my part, seeing what you are and what I am, to ask you to do so. And yet, Ida, I believe if you could care for me that, with God's blessing, we should be very happy together. I have led a lonely life, and have had sittle to do with women—once, many years ago, I was engaged, and the matter ended painfully, and I came to live here and I have learned to love should be ashamed to try to put it into words, for they would sound foolist. All my life is wrapped up in you, and I feel as though, should you see me no more, I should never be a happy man again," and be paused and looked anxiously at her face, which was set

and drawn as though with pain.
"I cannot say 'yes,' Coi. Quaritch," she answered, at length, in a tone that puzzled him, it was so tender and so unfitted to the

words. "I suppose," he stammered, "I suppose that you do not care for me! Of course, I have no right to expect that you would."

Col. Quariteb, do you not think that I had better leave that question unanswered? she replied, in the same soft notes which seemed to draw the heart out of him.
"I do not understand," he went on. "Why?

"Why?" she broke in, with a bitter little laugh, "shall I tell you why? Because I am in pawn. Look," she went on, pointing to the stately towers and the broad lands be yond, "you see this place, I am security for it, I myself in my own person. Had it not been for me it would have been sold over our heads after having descended in our family for all these centuries, put upon the market and sold for what it would fetch, and my old father would have been turned out to die, for it would have killed him. So you see ! did what unfortunate women have often beer driven to do, I sold myself body and soul;

and I got a good price too-thirty thou pounds!" and suddenly she burst into a floor of tears and began to sob as though her heart

would break.
For a moment Harold Quaritch looked or bewildered, not in the least understanding what idn meant, and then be followed the impulse common to mankind in similar cir cumstances and took ber, in his arms. She did not resent the movement, indeed, she scarcely seemed to notice it, though, to tell the truth, for a moment or two, which to the colonel seemed the happiest of his life, her head rested on his shoulder

Almost instantly, however, she raised it, freed herself from his embrace and ceased

suppose that I had better tell you everything I know that whatever the teraptation," and she laid great stress upon the words, "under any conceivable circumstances—indeed, even if you believed that you were serving me in so doing—I can rely upon you never to re-real to anybody, and above all to my father, what I now tell you," and she paused and looked up at him with eyes in which the tears still swam.

"Of course you can rely upon me," be said "Of course you can rely upon me," he said.
"Very well I am sure that I shall never
have to reproach you with the words. I will
tell you I have virtually promised to marry
Mr. Edward Cossey, should he at any time
be in a position to claim fulfillment of the
promise, on condition of his taking up the
mortgages on Honham, which he has done."
Harold Quaritch took a step back and
fooled at her in horrifled astonishment.
"What" he asked.

"What?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she answered, hastily, putting up her hand as though to shield herself from a blow. "I know what you mean, but do not think too hardly of me if you can help it. It was not for myself. I would rather work for my living with my hands than take a price, for there is no other second. work for my living with my hands than take a price, for there is no other word for it. It was for my father, and my family too I could not bear to think of the old piace going to the hammer, and I did it all in a minute, without consideration, but," and she set her face, "even as things are, I believe I abould do it again, because I think that no woman has a right to destroy her family in order to

please berself. If one of the two much gold it be the woman. But don't think hardly of me for it," she added, almost pleaduply that is if you can help it."

"that is if you can help it."
"I am not thinking of you," he answered grimly "By Heaven, I honor you for what you have done, for however much I may do agree with the act it is a noble one. I say thinking of the man who could drive men a bargain with any woman. You say that you have promised to marry him should be very be in a position to claim it. What do you mean by that! As you have told me so many you may as well tell me the rest." you may as well tell me the rest."

He spoke clearly and with a voice of an thority, but his bearing did not seem to be pon Ida.
"I meant," she answered, bumbly, "the believe-of course I do not know if I an right-I believe that Mr. Comey is in some way entangled with a lady, in short with way entangled with a lady, in short with Mrs. Quest, and that the question of whether

or not be comes forward again depends a her."
"Upon my word," said the colonel, "s my word the thing gets worse and worse never beard anything like it; and for more too. The thing is beyond me."

"At any rate," she answered, "there it is And now, Col. Quaritch, one word before; go in It is difficult for me to speak withou saying too much or too little, but I do was you to understand how honored and be grateful I feel for what you have told met. night-I am so little worthy of all you have given me and to be bonest, I cannot feel pained about it as I ought to feel it feminine vanity, you know, nothing else. am sure that you will not press me to more."
"No," he answered, "no. I think that I

understand the position. But, Ida, there is one thing that I must ask-you will forging me if I am wrong in doing so, but all their very sad for me. If in the end circumstance should after, as I pray heaven that they may or if Mr Cossey's previous entanglement should prove too much for him, will p She thought for a moment, and then rists from the seat, gave him her hand, and all

"Yes, I will marry you." He made no answer, but lifting her hand touched it gently with his lips.
"Meanwhile," she went on, "I have your

promise, and I am sure that you will me betray it, come what may."
"No," he said, "I will not betray it." And they went in. In the drawing room they found the squire

puzzling over a sheet of paper, on which were scrawled some of George's accounts in figures, which at first sight bore about as much resemblance to Egyptian hierogy phics as they did to those in use to-day. "Halloof" he said, "there you are. When

on earth have you been?"
"We have been looking at the castle in the moonlight," answered Ida, coolly

beautiful." "Um-ah," said the squire, dryly, "I have no doubt that it is beautiful, "but isn't the grass rather damps Well, look here," and no held up the sheet of hieroglyphics, "pr cap you can add this up, Ida, for it is non than I can. George has tought stock and all sorts of things at the sale today, and hen is his account, three hundred and seventy two pounds he makes it, but I make it for nundred and twenty, and hang me if I as find out which is right. It is important that bese accounts should be kept straight. Most

important, and I cannot get this stupid fello Idu took the sheet of paper and added a up, with the result that she discovered both otals to be wrong. Harold, watching her, could not help wondering at the nerve of the woman who, after going through such a scene as that which had just occurred, could deliberately add up long rows of tad

written floures. And this money which her father was et pending so cheerfully was part of the price

for which she had bound berself. With a sigh he rose and said good night and went home with feelings almost to mixed to estimit of accurate description. He and taken a great step in his life, and to extain extent that step had succeeded He and not altogather built his boyes upon said. or from what ide had said, and still more rom what she bad tacitly admitted, it was face in the drift five years and more ago, it regarded by a woman whom he dearly lovel has haunted me and been with me, and then was a great deal, more, indeed than be and dared to believe, but then, as is usually you, heaven only knows how much, and I toe case in this imperfect world, where that but too often seem to be carefully arrange it sixes and sevens, came the other side at the shield. Of what use to him was it is have won this sweet woman's love, of whe use to have put this pure water of inwful hap piness to his lips in the desert had of his lonely lifes in order to see the cup that he t shattered at a blow! To him the story of the money foun—in consideration of which as it were, ida had put herself in pawn at the Egyptians used to put the munimes of heir fathers in pawn-was almost mered tile nature it seemed a preposterous and w card of thing that any man calling amen's gentleman should find it possible to sub w

> tire necessity and bonorable desire to an her father from misery and her race fro ruin, and to extract from her a promise a Putting aside his overwhelining personal in-terest in the matter, it made his blood hell to think that such a thing could be. And yet it was, and, what was more, he believed be knew ida well enough to be convinced that she would not shirk the bargain. If Edward Cossey came forward to claim his book would be paid down to the last farthing was a question of £30,000, the nappiness of uis life and of Ida's depended upon a sum of noney if the money were forthcoming. But where was it to come from! He hims! was worth perhaps £10,000, or with the con mutation value of his pension, possibly twoive, and he had not the means of raising a farthing more. He thought the position over till be was tired of thinking, and the with a heavy heart and yet with a stran glow of happiness shining through his gratwent to sleep and dreamed that Ida had gow from him, and that he was once more uttell alone in the world.

low as to take such advantage of a woll

CHAPTER XIX

"GOOD-BY TO YOU, EDWARD." It was on the day following the one upon which Harold proposed to Ida that Edward Cossey returned to Boisingham. His father and so far recovered from his attack as to be at last prevailed upon to allow his departure. teing chiefly moved thereto by the supposiments were suffering from his son's absent "Well," he said, in his high, piercing rock, "business is business, and must be attended to, so perhaps you had better go. They tak about the fleeting character of thing, has there is one thing that never changes, and that is money. Money is immortal, its may come and men may go, but money gos on forever. Heel hee! money is the hose pot, and men are the flies; and some gother fill and some stick their wings, but the heir fill and some stick their wings, but their fill and some stick their wings, but the honey is always there, so never mind its flies. No, never mind me either; you go as look after the honey. Edward Moneyhoney; honey—money, they rhyme, don't they! And look here; by the way, if you go a chance—and the world is full of chances in men who have plenty of money—mind you don't forget to pay out that half pay colous—what's his name!—Quaritch. He plays our family a dirty trick, and there's you poor aunt Julia in a lunstic asylum to the monent, and a constant source of expense. tnoment, and a constant source of expense

TO BE CONTINUED.

A congress of wool spinners, sitting it Hanover, has decided to reduce the pro-ducts of their mills 30 per cent for their months. Many operatives will be dis-