EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Mark Twain's Story. A few years ago the Band of Workers, or some other church society, gave an entertainment in Hartford, and Mark was requested to tell a story. He consented and a large audience was the result. When he mounted the platform he insisted that the gas be turned down low. Up on the Mr. Clemens, with a strong light from a reflector shining full in his face, while all the rest was darkness. He presented a weird spec-tacle, with his hair standing up all over his head. In a deep, sepulchral voice he began and said he would tell the tale of "The Golden Arm." This tale tells how a young girl had an ar-tificial arm made of gold; she died and was buried, and her father finally thought he would exhume her body and take the arm that he might sell it. Accordingly one dark, stormy night, he set out on his mission. All this while Mark's voice kept growing deep-er and more sepulchral.] The father dug up the body, obtained possession of the coveted arm, and started back

The wind was howling, the road was dark and gloomy, and the guilty parent nervous and very much frighten-Suddenly, above the mournful cry of the soughing wind, came a low, dismal wail, saying: "Where's my golden arm!" and glancing over his shoulder the terrified father saw the ghost of his daughter, her good arm gesticulat-ing wildly, pursuing him. He ran on home, and all the while came the wail of the child, saying: "Where's my golden arm)" Upstairs he went this cry still ringing in his ears. He un-dressed and timidly crept into bed. Out on the stairs, nearer, ever nearer, he heard the wail, and in terror listened to the patter of advancing footsteps. Suddenly the door was opened and the ghostly figure of his daughter advanced to his bedside, crying, "Where's my golden arm?" The fa-ther, frightened almost to insensibility, covered up his head in the blankets, and the spook placed her hand on the coverlets and cried, "Where's my golden arm?" Just at this moment Mark gave a jump, spread out his arms wildly, and in a voice that could have been heard in Massachusetts shrieked, "In hock, by jingo." At a meeting of the Band of Workers held a short time afterwards it was unanimously voted not to ask Mark Twain to tell any more stories.

Pope Nicholas V.

Pope Nicholas V (Thomas Parentucelli) was born at Pisa in 1398. Educated at Florence and Bologna, he fixed his residence at the latter city, of which he subsequently became bishop by the appointment of Pope Eugenius IV. During the stormy period of the councils of Basel and Florence, and in the difficult negotiations of the German and other churches which arose therefrom, he conducted himself with such ability and prudence that on the death of Eugenius IV he was chosen to succeed him on March 6, 1447. At this time the Anti-Pope Felix V still maintained himself, although supported by a very small party. But ported by a very small party. But Nicholas V prevailed upon him to of the church by terminating the schism in 1449. In the judgment of the literary world, however, the great distinction of the pontificate of Nicholas V lies in the eminent service which he rendered to that revival of letters that dates from his time.

The comparative repose in which he found the world at his accession enabled him to employ for the discovery and collection of those masterpieces of ancient learning measures which were practically beyond the resources of his predecessors. He dispatched agents to all the great captures of the great and all the great centers of the east and west to purchase or copy every important Greek and Latin manuscript. The number collected by Nicholas was about five thousand. He enlarged and improved the Roman university. remodeled and may have been said to have created the Vatican library. Eminent scholars from the east and west were invited to Rome, and he endeavored to check the progress of the Turkish arms by arousing the Chris-tian princes of Europe to an effort for saving of Constantinople. But Nieholas did not live to see the fruits of the revival of letters which he had inaugurated, dying March 24, 1455, at the age of 57.—Philadelphia Times.

That Awful Boy.

For a time after the various drop-anickel-in-the slot machines were introduced they made honest returns for the chewing gum and various other articles which they supply for cash in advance. One morning, however, an inspector upon unlocking a machine at the New York end of the Brooklyn bridge, was amazed to find that his stock had disappeared without leaving the necessary cash to balance accounts. For some hours he was unable to explain the shortage, but his final conclusion was, that an alert boy had attached a string to a coin with a hole in it, and had fished through the slot until the box ceased to yield further was the same of the short was the same of the s ther profits.

For all that, however, these ma chines pay large amounts monthly to those who are interested in them. They are, like the weighing machines, the property of a stock company, and a gentleman who has invested a portion of his money in them tells me that they yield him a larger interest than he can get in any other way.— New York News.

In a German military town a party of friends were seated round a table drinking beer and giving expression to their admiration for the performances of Joseph Joachim, the eminent violinist who had lately visited the city professionally. The enthusiasm waxed greater and greater till it was finally interrupted by the trumpeter of a cavalry regiment, who remarked:
"All very line, no doubt, but just put
him on a horse and then see what he can do."-New York Commercial Ad-

Goodwin, postmaster, and at Kettle Falls
Stevens county, H. D. Bushnell, postmaster.

Goodwin, postmaster, and at Kettle Falls
Stevens county, H. D. Bushnell, postmaster.

[PUBLIC ART EXHIBITIONS.

the Good Done by One of These in St. Argument for Sonday Opening. Professor Halsey C. Ives, director of the St. Louis Art museum and of the art department of Washington university of the same city, was in town the other day. Professor Ives has devoted most of his time and effort for the past dozen years to the advancement of art interest in St. Louis, and as a result the museum is the be arranged and most intelligently con-ducted institution of its kind in the country, and the art school is one of the most thorough. The art museum is a handsome stone structure at Lucas place and Nineteenth street—the fashionable residence center of the city—and is one of the few buildings thoroughly adapted for its purpose. While its collections thus far are not large, they are intelligently formed, and every object shows not only phase of interesting historical devel-opment, but is the best example obtainable for showing this. The museum has been chary in accepting miscella-neous gifts, and has purchased with the greatest discrimination. The art school is equipped with one of the fin est collections of casts in the country. and from it have come a number of artists of ability. The school has sen abroad several students, and has part ly supported them there. Said Froessor Ives: "We have quite a number of collec-

tions of fine pictures in St. Louis, but most of them contain almost exclus ively works by foreign artists. I hope by a series of exhibitions of American nictures, to interest our people more in American art. I think that the best work of the American painters of today is equal to the best that is pro-duced abroad in certain lines. I think that it only needs introduction to se cure appreciation, and I want to show how sincere and strong much of it is. Our art museum is now beginning to be well appreciated. Since we began opening it to the public on Sundays our attendance has increased on all days, and many persons have mani-fested interest in it who for years passed the building every day without having sufficient curiosity to look in-side. It is particularly gratifying to me that many workingmen visit the museum on Sundays. I generally manage to be there myself on Sunday afternoons, and I enjoy directing their attention to those things which will suggest improvement in the character of the work they do. Some of the men who became interested in the iron work from Nuremburg are now doing very clever work in the same direc Others have studied the old car vings, and have gained a degree of artistic appreciation that they have ap-plied in their workmanship to their very decided advantage. But for the Sunday opening many of these men would have absolutely no opportunity for visiting the museum, and from the results that have become evident thus far the wisdom of the plan has been demonstrated to me very clearly. I really think it is a public misfortune that any such museum in the country is kept closed on Sundays. To the great museums of France, so much resorted to by the working people on Sundays, is due much of that artistic quality that you find in almost every article of French production—even for the commonest uses. The same opportunities opened for our own in-telligent, quick witted people would very soon influence the character of the work produced here."-New York

Wedding Fees. Said a well known clergyman the much to say about the smallness of some of their wedding fees. There is no earthly reason, in the first place, why a clergyman should receive any fee for his services on such an occasion. If fees are to be given at all, they would be much more appropriate when a clergyman is asked to officiate at a funeral which in some cases may consume several hours of his time. But, granting that a wedding fee is allowable, my experience is that such fees are as a rule too large rather than too small. I have officiated at the weddings of a great many mechanics and workingmen, and and in a large majority of instances the grooms have given me \$10. Some of

them have given \$15 and even \$20. Now, the lowest of these sums is out of all proportion to the average income of a mechanic. It is much more than they can afford for a service which a Christian minister should be glad to render for nothing. And in my own practice I have always returned the fee in such cases, unless the groom was so foolishly proud as to refuse it. But in doing so I admit that I am running counter to the almost universal custom of the clergy. My own personal opinion is that in an age like this, when the world is so ready to find fault with the clergy, it would be wise to abolish wedding fees entirely. At the same time I do not asaume to decide the matter for any one but myself."-New York Tribune.

Recently, from my close attention in many years' capacity at the circuit court, I have been suffering from partial or incipient paralysis of the right hand, or what is otherwise known as pen paralysis, the result, of course, of constant writing with that hand. With so little use of that member, I am beginning to make my left hand very useful, and I find it is a much more important feature than we usually imagine. I think the habit of cultivating the service of the left hand should be more general and taught from early childhood; in that way the flexibility would be established and the right hand saved from the great strain upon it. It is not at all necessary to be what is termed "left handed" to be enabled to use that hand. I know one young lady artist who is not at all so. yet who can use the left hand as well as the right perfectly by cultivation. She can draw with the left hand as easily as she can with the right one, turned toward the right. My case should be a warning to writers especially, not to leave all strain to one hand, but to cultivate the service of the other, or at least its assistance. I now have to do much of my writing with my left, and accomplish it quite as well as with the right, and I am by no means "left handed."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Jackson—I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I'll call it The Um-brella. Merritt-Why! Jackson-Because everybody

How They Moved It. Here is another of the stories which the people of Tournaisis, in Belgium. tell at the expense of their neighbors of

the prosperous village of Vezon: At one time-the morning of a holi day-the male inhabitants of Vezon were discovered in a great state of parley and perplexity in a field close by the village church. They had come out with a strong resolve to play ball, and had discovered that the field wa to narrow.

"Ah," said the burgomaster, "her comes Peter Corbeau, who made the mistake of studying to be a lawyer. He is wise in devices; he shall decide what we shall do."

Master Corbeau looked over the situa tion. "There is nothing to do but to move the church," he said.

So the villagers all took off their fackets and threw them down in a heap; and to determine how far they mus push the church they measured the dis tance from the heap of jackets to the church and found it to be exactly ten yards. Then they all braced themselves against the church and pushed with might and main.

Toward noon they stopped for res and to gather strength for further pushing. But somebody now measured the distance from the pile of jackets and discovered that happily it was not necessary to push any more, because the measurement showed that the church had been moved back ten yards.

Then they fell to their game of bal and did not find out for some time that while they were hard at work pushing at the church a mischievous inhabitant of Tournasis, who happened to pass, had moved back the pile of jackets!-Youth's Companion.

He Kept an Eye on the Plate.

A special collection was announced for the day in a Scotch church, but as the purse strings of the old farmers were known to be pretty tightly tied the collection was to be taken up in the old fashioned ladle after the delivery of a stirring discourse on giving and the excellencies of the scheme in question. About the middle of the sermon the minister, happening to look out of the window, spied a cow wading about in the adjoining cornfleld. Turning to ward one of the side seats, where sa the owner of the corn, and presumably of the cow also, he stopped his sermon and said: "Rab Stevieson, there's a coo wast yonder frae the kirk up to the horns amang yer corn. Ye'd better look after't at once."

Up sprang Rab, seized his long haired lum hat and stick, and made for the door, while the minister calmly took up the thread of his discourse. As Rat reached the door the minister stopped again and sang out: "By the by, Rab, ye'll better jist leave the collection wi' the beadle ir case you dinna get back again." It is confidently stated that the ladle profited more by Rab on that occasion than it would otherwise have done, and no wonder. Few, unless totally bankrupt, would have had the hardihood to pass without drawing the purse after such a hint. - Chicago

Plantation Philosophy.

It's nachul dat de higher we gits in dis life de mo' trouble we has. De taller de tree grows de mo' its shuck by de win'. oan' grow up ter ermount ter nothin'. De bigges' an' mos' promisin' wheat sometimes runs ter straw. I has knowed many er thief dat could dis-

count er hones' man in puttin' up er straight tale. I aint neber yet seed er baby dat could cry any mo' pityful den er painter ken, "I hope I has 'ligion, but I doan' know," I

hab hearn folks say; but I neber hearn er man say, "I hopes I has money, but I donn' know." Dat sorter ligion dat yer hopes yer's got, but doan' know, ain't gwine ter do yer no mo' good den der money what yer hopes yer's got, but doan' know. Ef I wuz axed ter put er estermate on how

uch er man is wuth ter dis yere worl' I would fust try to fine out how much he thinks o' his mother. Er man may be good ter his wife an' kine ter his chillun, but ef he ain't good to de ole 'oman dat give him part o' her ife an' fust larned him ter walk toward de access what he hab reached, he ain't de right sorter pusson.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Foreigner's Mistake Distinguished Foreigner—Yes, I have trav-eled a great deal in this country and I cannot help wondering why your government does not catch these train robbers and lock sm up.

American-Have you met train robbers? "Plenty of them; they're everywhere, it seems to me, but I must say they are very polite for highwaymen." "Politer"

"Very; and I notice, too, that they are all colored men." "Oh, those are not train robbers; those are orters."—Omaha World.

A Cook's Blunder.

Omaha Dame—Jane, our guest, Mr. De Hunter, complains that you chopped up his decoy ducks for kindling.

New Cook—It wasn't for kindling, mum I thought they was a pair of chickens your husband sent home, an' I was tryin' to cut

"Of all things! Where was it you said you worked before you came here!"
"At Mrs. De Style's boarding house, mum. Omaha World

Refreshing Her Memory "I am so glad you came in, Mr. Wabash," said Miss Breezy, brightly; "mamma and I

were trying to recall a certain poet's name. Perhaps you can kindly come to our assist ance. His first name is Walter." "Scottf" suggested Mr. Wabash.
"No, not Scott; it begins with 'W.'"

"Whitman, possibly; Walter Whitman! "Oh, yes, that is it, Walter Whitman Thanks, awfully."-The Epoch.

The Smallest Editor At one time about 1883, The Key

West (Fla.) Democrat was under the editorial management of the smallest man who has ever used the pencil and paste "to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name"—Mr. A. L. Sawyer, better known as Gen. Sawyer, although Gen. Shorter would be far more appropriate. On the begin-ning of Mr. Sawyer's connection with hing of Mr. Sawyer's connection with the Democrat he was 23 years old, 301 inches high and weighed 39 pounds. Dwarf in body, but gnant in mind, this prodigy dictated the politics of the southern end of the Florida peninsula for years, and when he did at last remay be due to malarial poison or to may be due to malarial poison. sign his position in favor of a larger, but not better man, it was not because his fountain of bright Democratic ideas had run dry, but because he had been tendered a more lucrative posi-tion at the head of a large wholesale use. A remarkable personage, in-ed, is Sawyer, the midget politician. J. W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

VALUE OF OLD MASTERS.

FIGURES OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO LOVE FINE PICTURES.

Americans Not So Easily Humbugged as They Once Were-The High and Low Water Marks of Famous Painters-Murillo's Stange from \$18 to \$125,000.

The value of pictures has been very considerably disturbed by the revelations recently made. It has thrown suspicion upon the method of sale by auction. which has heretofore been so popular, and suggests the possibility that more than one of the great picture sales of recent years have been in a measure "cooked" affairs, in which prices have been made to rise to a height by no means in accord with the actual state of the market.

Americans have not shown quite the same taste for "old masters" as have the people of other countries. Once they reverenced them on account of their age and gave high prices for their pictures. But they were innocent then, and when they awoke to the fact that most of the old masters which they owned were bogus, they made haste to rid themselves of the same.

Since then Americans have had little to do with this class of pictures. Now, however, they are beginning again to buy them.

BIG AND LITTLE GEMS. Following are some extreme and some average prices of the pictures of men

whose names are mentioned: Jan Van Eyck-An adoration of the magi in the Northwick sale in 1859 fetched \$2,160. Van Eyck's works are scarce and much sought after. The picture mentioned must have been an excellent example, for another picture of the same subject was sold in Cologne in 1862 for a little more than \$500. Only the best of his pictures have sold for more than \$200 or \$300.

Guercino-His finest works in the Louvre are valued at \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000, the "Martyr of St. Peter at Modena" being considered worth \$9,000. Nearly every gallery in Europe has some specimen of his work. During the last century the highest price obtained at auction has been \$2,400. Small heads and less significant works have sold as low as \$10. A few single figure paintings have been sold at from \$50 to \$250.

Hans Holbein-His works are abundantly represented in foreign galleries. Though one of the greatest German painters his pictures have never brought large prices at public sale. A portrait of a lady was sold in 1850 for about \$2,000; other portraits in recent years have rarely exceeded \$200.

Guido Reni-His "Rape of Helen" in the Louvre has been assessed at \$8,000. His works are in all the European galleries. They have seldom sold for more than \$2,000. A "St. John" was sold in 1853 for \$3,400.

David Teniers-More of his pictures than those of any other painter have been sold publicly. He is extensively copied and imitated, but of a list of about 350 different sales of his pictures the highest price ever brought for any one was \$5,000 paid in the Van Sassengen sale, in 1852, for a painting called "The Five Senses."

MURILLO AND RUBENS. Murillo-The greatest of the Spanish

shool in point of value. There are nine of his pictures in the Louvre. The most celebrated of these is the "Immaculate Conception," for which the French govexcess of all the others, which are rated as worth everywhere from \$1,000 to \$12. 000, at which figure the "Holy Family" has been appraised. His pictures figure in all the principal museums of Europe, and have often sold at auction at very high prices. There were no less than fourteen of his pictures in the famous Soult collection, to which the Louvre's "Immaculate Conception" belonged. The 'Flight into Egypt" brought \$10,000; the Jesus and St. John as Children," \$12,-000; the "St. Peter Bound," \$30,000; the 'Miracle of San Diego," \$17,000; a "Brigand Stopping a Monk," \$5,000. The rest of the pictures of the collection sold for from \$1,000 to \$5,000. The price brought by the "Immaculate Conception" was the largest ever paid for a picture at the time. It is doubtful whether it would now realize an equal sum, as Murillo's work has not increased in estimation, while new standards of tastes have taken possession of picture buyers. A large painting of the very same subject in the Eardley collection was put up at auction in 1860, but was withdrawn in default of a bid of \$45,000. Since the Soult sale many of his works have been publicly sold. The Empresa Eugenie gave the largest price brought by any of his other pictures. She paid \$8,000 for a "Sleep of the Infant Jesus" at the Patureau sale in 1857. Many of his works were sold in the Aguado collection in 1843. They ranged from \$18 to \$5,600, at which sum one of his Annunciations was disposed of. One of his pictures figured in the Aspinwall sale here a few years ago, but was without a buyer. It was subsequently taken to London, where, after ong negotiations, it was sold, presumably at no very great price. Rubens, being the prince of painters,

his pictures have naturally commanded very great prices. The fact that he worked much through his assistants has, however, made a great difference in their value. His works in the Louvre are estimated at \$20,000, \$30,000 and \$40,000, some of the famous series in the life of Mary of Medicis being valued at \$80,000. His single portraits are worth about \$2,000 to \$5,000. The famous "Chapeau de Paille," one of the most beautiful portraits ever painted, was sold in 1829 for about \$15,000. Few of his best works have sold during the present century. The highest price brought at public sale at any time was for an interior with portrait of the family of Bal-thazar, which brought \$36,000 at the Eardley sale in 1860. Some of his por-traits have, nevertheless, sold for no

Advertiser. Hints on Sleeping Rooms over exertion during the day. another sleeping room one story high-er, if possible. Hard, dry rubbing with a large Turkish towel, just be fore going to bed, has an excellent effect. Rhubarb is wholesome when it is ripe and well cooked, but it is not right to eat too freely of it.—New York Telegram. COLONELQUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

And so Edward bade his estimable paren farewell, and departed. Nor in truth did he require any admonition from Mr. Cossey, itch an ill turn if the opportunity should serve. Mrs. Quest, in her numerous affectionate letters, had more than once, possibly for asons of her own, given him a full and vivid resume of the local gossip about the colonel and Ida, who were, she said, according to common report, engaged to be married. Now, absence had not by any means cooled Edward's devotion to Miss de la Molle, which was a sincere one enough in its own way. On the contrary, the longer he was away from her the more his passion grew, and with it a vigorous undergrowth of jealousy. He had, it is true, ida's implied promise that she would marry him, if he choose to ask her; but on this he put no great reliance. Hence his burry to return to Boisingham. Leaving London by an afternoon train, b

eached Boisingham about half past 6, and in pursuance of an arrangement already made, went to dine with the Questa. When he reached the house he found Belle alone in the drawing room, for her husband, having come in late, was still dressing; but sor what to his relief be had no opportunity of private conversation with her, for a servant was in the room, attending to the fire, which would not burn. The dinner passed off quietly enough, though there was an ominon familiar with these signs of the feminine weather, did not altogether like. After din ner, however, Mr. Quest excused himself, saying that he had promised to attend a local concert in aid of the funds for the restoration of the damaged pinnacle of the parish hurch, and he was left alone with the Then it was that all her pent up passion proke out. She overwhelmed him with her affection, she told him that her life had been a blank while he was away, she reproached him with the scarcity and coldness of his

letters, and generally went on in a way with which he was but too well accustomed, if the truth must be told, heartily tired. mood was an irritable one, and to-night the whole thing wearied him beyond bearing. "Come, Belle," he said, at last, "for goodess sake be a little more rational. You are getting too old for this sort of tomfoolery.

you know." She sprung up and faced him, her eyes flashing and her breast heaving with jealous anger. "What do you mean!" she said. 'Are you tired of me!

"I did not say that," be answered, "but as you have started the subject, I must tell you that I think all this has gone far enough. Unless it is stopped, I believe we shall both be ruined. I am sure that your husband is becoming suspicious, and as I have told you again and again, if once the business gets my father's ears, be will disinherit me."

Belle stood quite still till he had finished. She bad assumed her favorite attitude, and crossed her arms behind her back, and her sweet, childish face was calm and very white. What is the good of making expuses and telling me what is not true, Edward " she One never bears a man who loves a woman talk like that; prudence comes with weariness, and men grow virtuous when there is nothing more to gain. You are tired of me. I have seen it a long time, but like a poor blind fool I have tried not to be lieve it. It is not a great reward to a woman who has given her whole life to a man, but perhaps it is as much as she can expect, for do not want to be unjust to you. I am the most to blame, because we need never take a false step except of our own free will."
"Well, well," he said, impatiently, "what

of it?" "Only this, Edward. I have still a little pride left, and if you are tired of me, why

He tried hard to prevent it, but do what he would, a look of relief struggled into his face. She saw it, and it made her wild with "You need not look so happy, Edward, it

is scarcely decent; and, besides, you have not ernment paid \$125,000. This is far in all this arises from. You are in love with Ida de la Molle. Now there I draw the line. You may leave me if you like, but you shall not marry Ida while I am alive to prevent it. That is more than I can bear. Besides, like a wise woman, the has fallen in love with Col. Quaritch, who is worth two of you, Edward Cossey."
"I do not believe it," he answered, "and

what right have you to say that I am in love with Miss de la Moller And if I am in love with her, how can you prevent me from marrying her if I choose? "Try, and you will see," she answered, with

a little hugh. "And now, as the curtain has dropped, and it is all over between us, why, the best thing that we can do is to put out the lights and go to bed," and she laughed again and courtesied with nuch assumed playfulness. "Good night, Mr. Cossey; good ight, and good-by."

He held out his hand. "Come, Belle," he said, "don't let us part like this." She shook her head, and once more put her arms behind her. "No," she answered, "I will not take your hand. Of my own free will I will never touch it again, for to me it is like the hand of the dead. Good-by, once nore, good-by to you, Edward, and to all the happiness that I ever had. I built up all my life upon my love for you, and you have shattered it like glass. I do not reproach you, you have followed after your nature and I must follow mine, and in time all things will come right-in the grave. I shall not trouble you any more, provided that you do not try to marry Ida, for that I will not bear. And now go, for I am very tired,"

and turning she rang the bell for the servan

to show him out. In another minute he was gone. She listened till she heard the front door close behind him, and then she gave way to her grief, and dinging herself upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands and sobbed and mouned itterly, weeping for the past, and weeping too, for the long desolate years that were to come. Poor woman! do not let us judge her too hardly, for whatever was the measure of her sin, it had assuredly found her out, as our sins always do find us out in the end. She had loved this man with a passion which has no parallel in the hearts of well ordered and well brought up women. She had never really lived till this fatal passion took possession of her, and now that its object had deserted her, her heart felt as though it had died within her. In that short half hour sho suffered more than many women do in their whole lives; but the paroxysm passed, and

she rose pale and trembling, with set testh and blazing eyes.

"He had better be careful," she said to herself; "he may go, but if he tries to marry ida i will keep my word—yes, for her sake as well as his."

as well as his."

When Edward Cossey came to consider the position, which he did seriously on the following morning, he did not find it very satisfactory. To begin with, he was not altogether a heartless man, and such a scene as that which he had passed through on the previous evening was in itself quite enough more than \$100.—New York Commercial upset his nerves. At one time, at any rate he had been much attached to Mra Quest had never borne her any violent affection that had all been on her side; but still he had been fond of her, and if he could have done so, would probably have married her. Even now he was attached to her, and would have been glad to remain her friend if she would have allowed it. But then came the time have allowed it. But then came the time when her heroics commenced to weary him, and he on his side began to fall in love with Ida de la Molle, and as he drew back so she came forward, till at length he was worn out, and things culminated as has been described. He was sorry for her too, knowing how deeply she was attached to him, though it is probable that he did not in the least realize the extent to which the suffered for neither the extent to which she suffered, for neither men nor women who have intentionally or otherwise been the cause of intense mental

anguish to one of the opposite sex ever do quite realize this. They, not unnaturally, measure the trouble by the depth of their measure the trouble by the depth of their own, and are therefore very apt to come to erroneous conclusions. Of course, we are now speaking of cases where all the real passion is on one side, and indifference or comparative indifference on the other; for where it is mutual the grief will in natures of equal

depth be mutual also.
At any rate, Edward Cossey was quite sensitive enough to feel the parting with Mrs. Quest acutely, and perhaps he felt the manner of it even more than the fact of the eparation. Then came another considera-ion. He was, it is true, free from his entanglement, which was in itself an enormous relief, but the freedom was of a conditional nature. Belle had threatened trouble in the most decisive tones should be attempt to carry out his secret purpose, which she had not been slow to divine, of marrying Ida. From some occult reason, at least to him it cemed occult, the idea of this alliance was secularly distasteful to her, though no doubt the true explanation was that she believed, and not inaccurately, that it was in order bring it about that he was bent upon deserting her. The question with him was, would she or would she not attempt to put her threat into execution? It certainly seemed to him difficult to imagine what steps she could take to that end, seeing that any such steps would necessarily involve her own ex-posure, and that too when there was nothing gain, and when all hopes of thereby secur-

g him for herself had passed away. Nor did he seriously believe that she would attempt anything of the sort. It is one thing for a woman to make such threats in the acute agony of her jealousy and quite anher to carry them but in cold blood. Looking at the matter from a man's point of view, it seemed to him extremely improbable that when the occasion came she would attempt such a move. He forgot how much more violently, when once it has taken possession of her being, the storm of passion sweeps through such a woman's heart than through a man's, and how utterly reckless to all consequence the former sometimes be-comes. For there are women for whom all things melt in that white heat of anguished fealousy-honor, duty, conscience, and the restraint of religion, and of these Belle Quest

But of this he was not aware, and though he recognized a risk, he saw in it no sufficient eason to make him stay his hand. For day by day the strong desire to make Ida his wife had grown upon him, till at last it possessed him body and soul. For a long while the intent had been smoldering in his breast, and the tale that he now heard, to the effect that Col. Quaritch had been beforehand with him, had blown it to a flame. Ida was ever present in his thoughts, even accould not be rid of her, for, when he slept, could not be rid of her, for, when he slept, nt in his thoughts, even at night he her vision, dark eyed and beautiful, can stealing down his dreams. She was his heaven, and if by any ladder known to man he might climb thereto, thither he would climb. And so he set his teeth and vowed that, Mrs. Quest or no Mrs. Quest, he would set his fortune upon the hazard of the die, ay, and win it, even if he loaded the dice.

While he was still thinking thus, standing at his window and gazing out on to the market place of the quiet little town, he suddenly saw Ida herself driving up in her pony carriage. It was a wet and windy day, and the rain was on her cheek, and the wind cossed a little lock of her brown hair. The cob was pulling, and her proud face was set, as she concentrated her energies upon hold-ing him. Never to Edward Cossey had she looked more beautiful. His heart beat fast at the sight of her, and whatever doubts might have lingered in his mind, vanished. Yes, he would claim her promise and marry

Presently the pony carriage pulled up a his door, and the boy who was sitting be-hind got down and rang the bell. He stepped back from the window, wondering what it could be. "Will you please give that note to Mr.

Cossey," said Ida, as the door opened, "and ask him to send an answer?" and she was The note was from the squire, sealed with

his big seal (the squire always sealed his let-ters in the old fashioned way), and contained an invitation to himself to shoot on the mor-

row. "George wants me to de a little partridge driving," it ended, "and to brush through one or two of the small covers. There will only be Col. Quaritch beside your self and George, but I hope that you will have a fair rough day. If I don't hear from you, I shall suppose that you are coming, so don't trouble to write."



While he was still thinking
"Ob, yes, I will go," said Edward. "Confound that Quaritch. At any rate I can show ow to shoot, and what is more, I will have it out with him about my aunt."

> CHAPTER XX. THE COLONEL GOES OUT SHOOTING.

The next morning was fine and still, one of those levely autumn days of which we get four or five in the course of a season. After breakfast Harold Quaritch strolled down his garden, stood himself against a gate to the right of Dead Man's Mount, and looked at he scene. All about him, their foliage yellowing to its fall, were the giant oaks, which were the pride of the country side, and so quiet was the air that not a leaf upon them stirred. The only sounds that reached his ears were the tappings of the nut hatches as they sought their food in the rough crannies of the bark and the occasional falling of a rich ripe acorn from its lofty place on to the frosted grass beneath. The sunshine shore bright, but with a chastened heat, the squir-rels scrambled up the oaks, and high in the blue air, the rooks present their states. reis scrammed up the cass, and high in the blue air, the rocks pursued their path. It was a beautiful morning, for summer is never more sweet than on its deathbad, and yet it filled him with solemn thoughts. How many autumns had those old trees seen and how autumns had those old tress seen and how many would they still see long after his eyes had lost their sight. And if they were old, how old was the Dead Man's Mount there to his left. Old, indeed; for he had discovered it was mentioned in Doomsday Book, and by that name. And what was it—a boundary hill, a natural formation, or, as its name im-plied, a funeral barrow? He had half a mind to dig one day and find out, that is if he could get anybody to dig for him, for the people about Honham were so firmly con-vinced that Dead Man's Mount was haunted, a reputation which it had owned from time orial, that nothing would have peruaded them to touch it.

He contemplated the great mound care. Petersh struct is fully without coming to any conclusion, and then looked at his watch. It was a quarter Chins.

for his day's shooting, so be got his cartridges, and in due course are the castle, to find George and several and midding, in the shape of beaters and but aiready standing in the yard.

"Please, colonel, the squire hopes you'll be in and have a glass of something before start," said George, so accordingly be not to "have a glass of something," but not to have a guest dan in the vestors be found the old gentleman busily water

he found the one generated businesses in writing an enormous letter.

"Halloo, colonel," he hallooed, withing getting up, "glad to see you. Ercus ne fe getting up, "gian to see you kicus ne je a few moments, will you! I want to get us off my mind. Here, ida! Ida! Ida! Ida! Is shouted, "here's Col Quaritch."

abouted, "here's Cot. Quariten."
"Good gracious, father," said that your
lady, arriving in a hurry, "you are bringing
lady, arriving in a dutry, "and then she turned rethe bouse down," and then she turned rouse and greeted Harold. It was the fire time and greeted that they had met since the eventful create described a chapter or two back, so the con-sion might be considered a little aware. at any rate he felt it so.

How do you do, Col. Quaritch? the age quite simply, giving him her hand. Then was nothing in the words, and yet before that he was very welcome. For when a w man really loves a man there is about beras atmosphere of softness and tender mes which cannot be mistaken. Sometimes it only perceptible to the favored individual himself, but more generally is to be discreby any person of ordinary shrewdness A very short course of obsetration in general society will convince the reader of the la tice of this observation, and when one be gets to know the signs of the weather he will probably light upon more affairs of the seart than were ever meant for his invest

ation.
This softness, or atmospheric influence, or subdued glow of affection radiating from a light within, was clearly enough visible hin that morning, and certainly it made on friend the colonel unspeakably happy to "Are you fond of shooting?" she mind

"Yes, very, and have been all my life." "Are you a good shot?" she called again. "I call that a rude question," ne casses miling. "Yes, it is, but I want to know."
"Well," said Harold, "I suppose that I am

presently.

pretty fair, that is at rough shooting. Have never had much practice at driven birds and that kind of sport. "I am glad of that."

"Why, it does not much matter. Onegon out shooting for the sport of the thing."
"Yes, I know, but Mr Edward Coses," and she shrunk visibly as she uttered the name, "is coming, and he is a very good shot and very conceited about it. I want you to beat him if you can-will you tryf'

"Well," said Harold, "I don't at all like shooting against a man. It is not sportsma-like, you know; and, besides, if Mr. Co. or is a crack shot, I dare say that I shall be to where; but I will shoot as well as I can." "Do you know, it is very feminine, but I would give anything to see you beat him-and she nodded and laughed, whereupon

Harold Quaritch vowed in his beart that if a in him lay be would not disappoint ber. At that moment Edward Cossey's fast treeing horse drew up at the door with a prodigious crunching of gravei, and Edward himself entered, looking very bandsons and very pale. He was admirably dressed, that say, his shooting clothes were lemmigily made and very new looking, and so were his boots, and so was his hat, and so were his hammerless guns, of which he brought a pair. There exists a certain class of sportsmen who appear to have just walked out of a sporting tailor's shop, and to this class Edward Cossey belonged. Everything about him was of the best and newest and most expensive kind possible; even his guar were just down from a famous maker, and the best that could be had for love or money, having cost exactly a hundred and forty guineas the pair. Indeed, he presented a curious contrast to his rival. The rolone had certainly nothing new looking about him, an old tweed coat, an old hat, with a piece of gut still twined round it a sadiv frayed bag full of brown cartridges, and, last of all, an old gun with all the brown worn of there was no possibility of making any mis

take as to which of the two looked more of a geetleman, or, indeed, more of a sportsman Edward Cossey shook hands with Ida, but when the colonel was advancing to give him his hand he turned and spoke to the squire, who had at length finished his letter, so that no greeting passed between them. At the time Harold did not know if this move was

or was not accidental. Presently they started, Edward Cossey attended by his man with the second gua-"Halloo! Cossey," sung out the squire after him, "it isn't much use your bringing two guns for this sort of work. I don't preserve

much here, you know, at least not now. Yas will only get a few cock pheasants and a few brace of partridges."
"Oh, thank you," he answered, "I always like to have a second gun in case I should want it. It's no trouble, you know."
"All right," said the squire, "Ida and I will come down with the luncheon to the

spinny. Good-by."

After crossing the moat Edward Comp walked by himself, followed by his man and a very fine retriever, and the colonel talked to George, who was informing him that Mr. Cossey was a "pretty shot, he was but rather snappy over it," till they came to

field of white turnips.

Into the details of the sport that followed we need not enter, beyond saying that the colonel, to his huge delight, never shot better in his life. Indeed, with the exception of one rabbit and a hen pheasant that flopped up right beneath his feet, he scarcely missel, though he took the shots as they cam Edward Cossey also shot well, and with one exception missed nothing, but then he never took a difficult shot if he could avoid it. The exception was a woodcock which rose is front of George, who was walking down an outside belt with the benters. He had two among the tree tops, passed where Edward Cossey was standing, about half way down the belt, giving him a difficult chance with the first barrel and a clear one with the second. Bang! bang! and on came the wood cock, flying low, but at a tremendous speed, straight at the colone's head, a most puzzling shot. However, he fired, and to his joy and what joy is there like to the joy of a sports man who has just killed a woodcock which

everybody has been popping at \(\), down it came with a thump almost at his feet. This was their last beat before lunch, which was now to be seen approaching down a lan in a donkey cart convoyed by Ida and the squire. The latter was advancing in stages of about ten paces, and at every stage b stopped to utter a most fearful roar by way of warning all and sundry that they were not to shoot in his direction. Edward gave his gun to his bearer and at once walked of to join them, but the bolonel went with George to look after two running cocks which he had down, for he was an old fashioned sportsman, and hated not picking up his game. After some difficulty they found one of the cocks in the hedge row, but the other they could not find, so rejuctantly they gave up the search. When they got it while one of the benters was laying out the game for the squire to inspect. There were fourteen pheasanta, four brace and a half of partridges, a hare, three rabbits and a wood

"Halloo," said the squire, "who shot the woodcock i** "Well, sir," said George, "we all had a

pull at him, but the colonel wiped our eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Cossey," said Ida, in affected surprise, "why, I thought you never missed anything."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Two Chinese officials, accompanied by English engineers, have gone to Si. Petershurg, their object being to con-struct a railroad between Russin and