## EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

DRESSY NECK-WEAR

Silks and Satins, Mulis and Nets Which Cover Fashionable Thronts. Fashion seems to have run into extremes in regard to neck-wear. One sees either the greatest profusion of lace, mull, net and crepe lisse, or none at all, according to the fancy of the wearer. The practice of wearing dresses without collar or ruching can not be too severely criticised. The habit is an untidy one and shows a decided neglect of that daintiness which should characterize the wardrobe of every lady of refinement and good taste. An excess of neck-dressing is much better than its absence; therefore, it is well to encourage even the most elaborate affairs of this sort.

There is, however, a happy medium which should be sought after by all ladies, especially those who are young and desire to observe the minor proprieties of the toilet. A simple ruching or a collar of linen will be found most appropriate for morning wear, while for afternoon wear pretty, plain ruchings or plaitings of lace will be found be-coming and suitable. Among the charming accessories of a more dressy character are collarettes made of vandyked lace. These are set slightly full upon straight bands of mull or net with a bit of foundation to preserve the shape. This fashion, however, involves some trouble in laundering, as the net must be renewed. A much easier way is the use of a straight band like a linen collar. The lace is sewed to the lower edge of this band and a parrower lace of the same pattern to the upper edge of the band. This falls over this strip of linen and meets the collar proper. A bit of ribbon may be tied around the linen band, and will show through the meshes of overhanging points. This makes a very pretty finish, especially for young ladies and misses, and, indeed, is suitable for those of any

Another pretty style, but which is intended for dressy use and can not be laundered, is made with a foundation of suitable material, over which is set in collar form a strip of embroidery. Inside of this are bias bolds of crepe de chine or crepe lisse. A section of the crepe is attached to one side of the collar and draped across the front, the corner being concealed under the edge of the collar on the other side. This section is edged with lace or embroidery to match that used for the collar. Properly arranged this makes one of the prettiest neck dressings.

Another style has a straight, high foundation collar, which is covered with shirred net or point d'esprit, among the folds of which are set little loops and ends of baby ribbon. Bands of velvet are attached to the collar on either side, and between these bands are straight sections of crepe de chine or net gathered into the coll, and sufficiently long to extend some distance below the waist. The ribbons are sewed to the fabric at its outer edges, and all are drawn together at the waist-line and may be tied in a single knot or be drawn together and held in place by a hand of velvet ribbon.

Another style shows a straight, round collor of foundation covered with folds of crape de chine. From the front and sides of this collar are long, straight sections of figured lace. At least an entire breadth of lace will be required. The collar and outer edges of the lace are finished with very narrow edging rosettes, while an abundance of loops of very narrow ribbon finish the collar and are set at the waist line where the lace is drawn into a very narrow space. The lower ends of the lace are cut in deep points and trimmed with edging .-Young Ladies' Journal.

## DEATH OF A PEARL

Story of the Decay of a Russian Gentle-

man's Precious Gem. One peculiarity of pearls is that, unlike other precious gems, they are liable to decay. Occasionally a valuable pearl changes color, seems to be attacked with a deadly disease, and orumbles into dust. Such is reputed to have been the fate of the most magnificent specimen ever known. It was found by an ignorant fisherman, who disposed of it for an insignificant sum. Passing through successive hands, it finally became the property of a Russian merchant, and found a possessor who know its immense value and prized it accord-He kept it carefully in a seed room of his magnificent mansion, apart from all other of his treasures It was the wonder and admi-ration of favored friends who were permitted to look at it. The merchant finally became involved in a political conspiracy and fled to Paris, taking his one great treasure with him.

He kept it hidden for a time, but at last consented to show it to some distinguished lovers of precious stones. But when he opened the casket he fell back in dismay and staggered as though stricken with death. The gem had begun to change color. A fatal disease had attacked it. It was soon a worthless heap of white powder, and the once wealthy merchant was a pauper. The death of a pearl is caused by decomposition of the unimal membrane which en ters into its substance. - Chicago Herald.

Bees as Weather Prophets. It is undeniable that animals have a sort of prescience of coming weather. Nature has evidently provided them with special nerves that are affected by changes in the weight and moisture of the atmosphere, to which all storms are due. Those little creatures, the bees, are peculiarly accurate weather harbingers, but how far ahead the bee may be able to look is an open question. A keen observer, by looking at them in the early morning, during the working season, will soon be able to form an epinion as to what the day will be, and that almost to a certainty, for they will sometimes appear sluggish and inactive. although the morning is very bright and showing every appearance of a clear day, but the sun soon becomes clouded. and rain follows. And, again, the moraing may be dull and cloudy, and sometimes rain may be falling; still the bees may be observed going out in considerable numbers, and as sure as this is seen the day becomes bright and fair.— Golden Days.

A New England journal thinks that if A New England journal thinks that if who, of all people in the world, should quality the rule should apply to other walk in but Dick, his loins girdled with products as well. There are hundreds the inevitable black sash and his head of tons of inferior fruit and vegetables adorned with the cute straw hat. She ld that need inspection.

THE ANGRY WORD.

Weary and heartsick from work and pain, Was it any wonder the hard word came? With children's classor and heavy care, It seemed that mine was the "lion's share," And John, with a look that told he heard, Went on to his work with a calm absurd.

Weary and heartsick all of the day, The heavy hours went slowly away. The night came down, but no John returned To where the hearth fire suikily burned; I gave the children their supper and bed. And crouched by the coals with an aching head

O was it a dream—that I seemed to be John-Bo weary and painfully hammering on, Beemed to be laboring over my strength, Till the long, long day was over at length, With cruel words and a tunning sneer Plung often at him by the overseer!

O was it a dream that, the day now o'er, They doubled his task and abused him more, That the patient mind had but one refrain, "I boar, for my home and the living to gain;" But the word I had spoken mid its smart, And was like a fire in the patient heart.

A step on the stair! O John has returned. The sulky fire now more brightly has burned, A leap in my heart moves me on to the door, I sob in the arms of my darling once more; O never again by a word or a sign Will I claim that his burden is lighter than

-Detroit Free Press.

## A QUADRUPLEX COMPACT

Why a South-Side Residence Will Soon Be for Rent.

not a little cause for it, either. The corner and officiated as a perambulating repository of all the news of the localconfided to the insurance man's curring in the interim. wife, a little lower down, that a tall young man with lavender trousers and eye-glasses had entered the empty house the previous afternoon and pulled the "For Rent" card down out of the window. Moreover, he had driven up in quite a natty cart and had worn light kid gloves in addition to the lavender trousers and eye-glasses; a circumstance that indi- one with the sash for over a week." cated the new tenant, whoever he was, to be a person of perfect respectability. If there was mild excitement when

the news went about that the house was rented, it ceased to be mild when it became known who was to live in it, althan four spruce, dapper young men-"four beautiful dudes," as the redappeared in public without her tennis gradually became known that the four young men were guiltless of blood relationship to one another. They were simply friends, all engaged in business

about to make. been hard to discover on the South Side. They differed somewhat in appearance, of course, but each, in addition to the nest and becoming clothes he wore, bore in some measure the stamp of refinement and intelligence. They were the kind of young men who look out of place at a snide variety show or a cock-

will serve to distinguish them. Their acts in precisely the same way." compact was simply this: Their lease marry or evince any inclination to do so with added brilliancy. "Mand," penses of housekeeping were to be his turn for a week at doing the family while an antiquated colored lady had been engaged at a liberal wage to preside over the kitchen. The terms of the agreement were ironelad. No member of the quartette was to be permitted to stick the other three if the latter could help it.

The arrangement, moreover, seemed to work swimmingly. The experiment was not so costly as it might have been. The young men lived comfortably and felt contented. They were all musical, and with two mandolins, one guitar and one banjo manipulated by them, formed very respectable string quartette. Attired in fetching neglige dress, they sat in their porch in the languorous June evenings thrumming popular melodies after the healthily enthusiastic manner of amateurs, to the great enjoyment of the families in the vicinity. And, of course, on such occasions, all the attractive girls in the block, looking very wholesome in their fleecy white frocks, found occasion to pay many visits to the corner drug store and back, the route taking them, of course, directly past the porch wherein the players sat. When group of them passed by it was the habit of the young men to gaze blankly up at the stars, though the gaze was often productive of discords from Dick's mandolin that brought wrinkles to Tom's alabaster forehead.

"Carrie," said the red-haired girl to her chum from Vassar one bright morning shortly after the last of the young men over the way had gone down-town, "I think that little dude who wears the black sash and the cute straw hat is simply lovely. I wish I knew him."

"how can you say such things? But I don't really think that one is as handsome, and he is certainly not so dis-

the lavender-ahem! the lavender-I mean the one who wears light clothes. That afternoon Tot, the red-haired giri, tennis racques, terrier pup and all, ras drinking a glass of that concoction omposed principally of sugar and wind, but which is known to the general publie as "soda," at the little store kept by the French lady two streets away, when was so astonished that the racquet fell

the floor with a citter, and as see and Dick both stooped at once to pick it up their heads bumped together vilely. Both apologized profusely, of course.

Dick had a rather guilty look when he faced his friends at dinner an hour or so later. When the four were seated on the porch in the twilight, he bowed with great politeness at the girl across the

"Who's your red-baired friend?" inquired Tom, surlily. "A young lady I know," was the indifferent response, as Dick thrummed carelessly on his mandolin.

"Take care," mouthed the other three in unison, scenting treason. And then the regular evening concert proceeded.

The four friends had a box at the Auditorium for one of the Strauss concerts, and Tom found his gaze wander every now and then to the face of a statuesque beauty who sat in the parquet next to a girl with red hair. He was certain he had seen her somewhere, but could not quite decide where. She wore a fluffy white gown with wonderful puffed shoulders, and he was forced to confess that she was provokingly pretty. In the foyer, during the intermission, he strayed away and found a friend who introduced him. He was a little surprised to find that she was spending a vacation at the home of the girl with red hair who lived opposite to him. Both young ladies were very inquisitive as to how he and his companions got There was considerable excitement of along in their bachelors' hall, but he a quiet kind in the neighborhood and parried their questions with the adroitness of an old stager. It was with difroomy house in the middle of the block. ficulty, however, that he dragged himthat had stood empty for several un- self away and joined his friends in the eventful months, had been rented. At long room near the cafe where more or least the elderly lady who lived on the less inviting liquids are dispensed. It may readily be surmised, however, that he made no revelations as to events oc-

That night, just before the Vassar girl dropped off to sleep, she whispered to the red-haired girl: "You see, dear, I was the first to get an introduction to one of your dudes, after all."

"Nonsense, dear," croned the redhaired girl, with a suggestion of triwith broad black stitching on the backs, umph in her drowsy tones. "I have been on excellent terms with the little

Somehow or other a sort of cloud hung over the house where the four young men dwelt. There were fewer evenings spent by the four together, though it must be confessed that the and a tinge of restraint seemed to have excitement was confined principally to fallen over the party. Harry and Jack, the young ladies residing in the vicin- two of the handsomest and best-The newcomers were nothing less behaved boys in the world, who had hitherto been the life and soul of the quartette, spent a good many evenings The letter is to Judge Richard Cranch, haired girl across the way, who never out as the summer were on, and when of Boston: they did stay at home were less cheery racquet and terrier pup, expressed it. It and light-hearted than formerly. They smoked incessantly and assisted very little in the conversation.

By the merest accident one afternoon down-town, all sick of the nameless tourney at the park, saw Harry, all the horrors of modern boarding-house life, about whom Dick, of course, had told the and all enraptured with the prospect of her, emerging from the house of one of the stagger at housekeeping they were her friends three blocks below her own but three feet high, and several deephome. She bid behind her terrier until And it may be said at the outset that a the youth had passed from sight and likelier-looking quartette of young men. then pounced in on the aforesaid friend, as young men go nowadays, would have a pleasing miss with a pair of wicked, snapping black eyes.

"How long have you known him?" was the fair caller's greeting.

Without detailing the conversation it mag be stated that the black-eyed beauty confessed to a six-weeks' acquaintance with the departed one, and from that the talk grew very confiden-

"But do you know, Tot," said the before his age. The neighborhood was curious, the little hostess, as the red-haired girl "At one table sits Mr. Insipid, fopmarriageable female element (as before rose to go, "that there's something pling and fluttering, spinning his whirintimated) especially so, to know more queer about that boy. If ever a fellow ligig or playing with his fingers, as gaily of the latest arrivals than could be loved me"-the black eyes glistened- and wittily as any Frenchified coxcomb gained by mere ocular observation; and "he does, but he seems to have someif the neighborhood could have been thing on his mind. Tot, I am ashamed made aware of the peculiar, not to say to say it, but he has sworn he loves me unique, compact that bound the quar to death, and has never let fall so much tette together, this curiosity would have as a hint about marriage. And more than that, his friend Jack, who lives The surnames of the newcomers do with him, goes about with Tilly here, not matter; Tom, Dick, Harry and Jack my next-door neighbor, and she says he

During this speech Tot's gray eyes ran for two years, and each one of the had been growing bigger and bigger, four was piedged to his fellows not to while each particular red hair shone she until the term had expired. The ex- gasped, "another of those dudes-the one with the black sash-is in love with shared equally. Each one was to take me, and his actions are precisely those you have described in the other two. marketing, pay the bills and so on: There is a mystery here, and we'll unravel it. Come up to my house Saturday night and bring Tillie with you."

The black-eyed one agreed and they parted.

"Dick," demanded the red-haired girl, "do you love me or do you not?" They were standing in a sequestered spot in South Park on the scorehing Saturday afternoon. The young man fumbled nervously at his sash. know I do, Tot," he observed, meekly.

"Then," answered the red-haired girl anabashed, "will you marry me?" A piteous look came into Dick's face. "I-I-I-" he stammered and could get

no further. "You monster, you!" ejaculated the red-headed girl, in a white heat of passion. "You would have me a woman scorned, would you? You say you love me. You. Bah! I asked you to marry me for a bluff, so I did. Marry nothing. You're a milksop, a dude. You pretend you love me because you want a summer girl, I wouldn't marry you now if you got down on your knees and tegged me till you wore two holes in the grass each big enough to bury you

This was too much. In another minute the unfortunate youth had grabbed

about the two years' lease and the deadly anti-matrimonial compact. When he had finished, her face was still a whole pucker of frowns. "Go then," she said, framatically, "go back to your friends and your lease and your compact and leave me here. Go, I tell you!" and the two and a half slipper hit the turf with Tot," rejoined the Vassar girl, with a dainty thud. Slowly, therefore, the reproving look on her classic features, arestfallen youth moved off with the cute straw hat pulled far down over his eves. When he had disappeared the red-haired girl leaped to her feet like an antelope and sped in the direction of tinguished looking as the tall one with the train for bome, ripples of delighted laughter failing from her lips.

And when she, too, had vanished, a tall form, with its lower extremities encased in lavender trousers, emerged from the bushes, mounted a bicycle and flew swiftly northward over the dust,

At the dinner-table of the four that night a gloomy silence prevailed. Dick was sulky and said nothing. Harry and Jack seemed in low spirits, while a look of awful aternness overspread Tom's blonde features. It was a relief when the meal was concluded, but as they

Dick gave him a quick look, but the grimly set face afforded him no com-When all were seated Tom rose advanced to the center of the room and announced: "Gentlemen, we have a traitor in our midst-or at least one who stands in danger of becoming a traitor. Gentlemen, to-day I saw" pointing at Dick whose face had grown ghastly

white-"to-day I saw-" "You saw something very interesting, no doubt," interrupted a musical voice, and lo! in the doorway was a strange apparition. It was the red-haired girl in the very aweetest of complicated summer costumes, and as she moved forward there appeared in the rear three other girls, the statuesque beauty from Vassar, the black-eyed Maud, and Tillie, a diminutive blonde, with a dimple in sither cheek.

"My Paw," went on the red-haired without deigning to notice the girl, dazed astonishment of the devoted four, "wants to buy this house, and he sent me over to find out who the owner is? ("Oh Tot, may Heaven forgive you!" gasped the Vassar girl.) I didn't quite like to come alone so brought some of my friends for company. What? Are you acquainted? Why, how funny! I do declare, there's my old friend Dick! Its too nice for any thing. Say, who does own the

In about five minutes some one had pro osed a dance, but the red-baired girl obected because there was no chaperon. An appealing glance from the Vassar girl sent Tom hurrying into the kitchen whence he presently returned with the antiquated colored lady who, he said, would take great pleasure in chaperoning the party.
So, while one couple supplied the

music the other three danced, and the antiquated colored lady sat in a big arm-chair grinning like a Cheshire cat and beating time on the carpet with her big old feet

When four people enter into a compact and all get sick of it at once there is no special sin in smashing it. The lesses of a South Side residence will soon be trying to sublet it.-Harold

JOHN ADAMS' PUPILS.

R. Vynne, in Chicago Journal.

Lively Description of His School and Certain Thoughts Thereupon. After taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard, John Adams taught

school at Worcester, Mass. In the following letter, written March 15, 1756, he gives a lively description of his school and certain thoughts thereupon. "I sometimes in my sprightly mo-

ments consider myself in my great chair at school as some dictator at the head of a Commonwealth. In this little State I can discover all the great gen-"Tot," returning from a slashing tennis | iuses, all the surprising actions and revplutions of the great world in minia-

"I have several renowned Generals projecting politicians in petticoats. I have others catching and dissecting flies, accumulating remarkable pebbles, pockel shells, etc., with as ardent curiosity as any virtuoso in the Royal So-

Some rattle and thunder out A. B. C etc., with as much fire and impetuos-Ity as Alexander fought, and very often sit down and cry as heartily upon being ontspelt as Cosar did when at Alexander's sepulcher he recollected that the Macedonian hero conquered the world

brandishes his cane or rattles his snuffbox. At another sits the polemical divine, plodding and wrangling in his mind about 'Adam's fall in which we sinned all.' as his primer has it.

"In short, my little school, like the great world, is made up of kings, politicians, divines, LL. D.'s, fops, buffoons, fiddlers, sycophants, fools, coxcombs, thimney-sweepers and every other character drawn in history or seen in the world. Is it not then the highest pleasare to preside in this little world, to bestow the proper applause upon virtuous and generous actions, to blame and punish every victors and contracted trick to tear out of the tender mind every thing that is mean and little, and fire the new-born soul with a noble arder and smulation? The world affords no greater pleasure,"-Youth's Companion.

The Vagaries of Fortune "If you please, madam," said a tattored tramp, "I would like some cold

victuals." "I suppose you are a flood sufferer. renlied the housewife, sarcastically, Worse than that, madam. One year aro I was rolling in wealth. To-day I

am worse than penniless." "Indeed! What is your misfortune?" "I am a stockholder in a base-ball

slub."-The Jury. Why He Ketused to Pay. Collector (hotly)-You admit the debt, but refuse to pay the bill! What is your

reason, sir, for this? Boston Man (coldly)-It is not pro orly made out. You have used the word "balance" in the sense of "remainder." Ticklowell, show this man out-Chicago Tribune.

-Ducks in China are hatched in large quantities, artificially, in ovens heated by fires of charcoal. They are kept in immense quantities by the boatmen who buy the young ducks from farmers, who in turn buy from the men who hatch them. The boatmen pasture them along the river banks. They are trained to return to the boats when called. They thrive and grow rapidly with very little feeding on the muddy river banks

-Boston has a street-railway horse forty years old. who for twenty-five years jogged along before a car running etween Boston and Brookline. In that time he never lost a trip from sickness or disability, and actually traveled 125,-000 miles. He is now on the retired list, and will never be required by the company to do any more work.

-One of the most striking Christian enterprises in Japan is an orphan asylum started two years ago at Okayama by a medical man and his wife, in imi- the scene of the two nights before tation of George Mulier. Its home is in never could bring himself to like Edward a Buddhist temple and it has now fifty. Comey—arose in force and made him hesitate five orphans.

-It is stated that the Indians of the Tongue River Agency thinks that a Saviour is shortly to appear among them. They think he is white and that he is somewhere in the mountains. They believe that when he comes he will de stroy the whites and ask all the Indians Ida had bestowed her affections in another to give so firearms and use only bows direction." and spears.

## sose Tom said, gravely: "Gentlemen, will you kindly step into the parlor for COLONELQUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"We must try to forget," she went on wildly "Oh, not not I know that it is not possible that we should forget. You won't for get me, flarold, will you! And though it must be all over between us, and we must never speak like this again-never-you will always know that I have not forgotten you, will you not, out that I think of you always?"

"There is no fear of my forgetting," be said, "and I am selfish enough to hope that you will think of me at times, dear."

"Yes, indeed I will. We all have our bur dens to bear-it is a hard world-and we must bear them. And it will be all the same in the end, in just a few years. I dare say these dead people here have felt the same, and how quiet they are! and perhaps there may be something beyond, where things are not so. Who can say! You won't go away from this place, Harold, will you? Not until I am married, at any rate; perhaps you had better go then. Say that you won't go till then, and you will let me see you some times, it is such a comfort to see you."

"I should have gone, certainly," he said, "to New Zealand probably; but if you wish it I will stop for the present."

"No, thank you, and now good-by, my dear, good-by. No, don't come with me, I can find my own way home. And now, why do you wait! Good by, good by forever in this way. Yes, kiss me once and swear that you will never forget me. Marry if you wish to, but don't forget me, Harold. Forgive me for speaking so plainly, but I speak as one about to die to you, and I wish things to be clear."

"I shall never marry, and I shall never forget you," he answered. "Good-by, my love, pood-by." in another minute she had vanished into

the storm and rain, out of his sight and out of his life, but not out of his heart. And he, too, turned and went his way into the wild and lonely night.

An hour afterward Ida came down into the drawing room dressed for dinner, looking rather pale, but otherwise quite herself Presently the old squire arrived. He had been attending a magistrates' meeting, and had only just got home.
"Why, Ida," he said, "I could not find you anywhere. I met George as I was driving

from Boisingham, and he told me that he saw you walking through the park." "Did he?" she answered, indifferently.

"Yos, I have been out. It was so stuffy in doors. Father," she went on, with a change of tone, "I have something to tell you. I am engaged to be married." He looked at her curiously, and then said,

quietly—the squire was always quiet in any matter of real emergency: "Indeed, my dear! That is a serious matter. However, speaking off-hand, I think that notwithstanding the disparity of age, Quaritch"-"No, no," she said, wincing visibly; "I am not engaged to Coi. Quaritch; I am engaged

to Mr. Cossey." "Oh," he said, "oh, indeed! I thought from what I saw, that-that"-

At this moment the servant announced "Well, never mind about it now, father." she said; "I am tired, and want my dinner.

Mr. Cossey is coming to see you to-morrow and we can talk about it afterward." And though the squire thought about it good deal, he made no further allusion to the subject that night.

> CHAPTER XXIV. THE SQUIRE GIVES HIS CONSENT.

Edward Cossey, returning to Boisingham on the evening of his engagement, at once wrote and posted a note to the squire, saying that he would call on the following morning about a matter of business. Accordingly, at half past 10 o'clock, he arrived and was shown into the vestibule, where he found the old gentleman standing with his back to the fire

and plunged in reflection.
"Well, Mr. de la Molle," said Edward, rather nervously so soon as he had shaken hands, "I do not know if Ida has spoken to you about what took place between us yes-

"Yes," he said, "yes, she told me some-thing to the effect that she had accepted a proposal of marriage from you, subject to my consent, of course, but really the whole thing is so sudden that I have hardly had time to consider it." "It is very simple," said Edward: "I a

deeply attached to your daughter, and I have been so fortunate as to be accepted by her. Should you give your consent to marriage, I may as well say at once that wish to make the most liberal money arrangements in my power. I will make a present of the mortgage bonds that I hold over this property, and she may put them in Further, I will covenant on the death of my father, which cannot now be long delayed, to settle two bundred thousand pounds upon her absolutely. Also, I shall be prepared to agree that if we have a son, and he should wish to do so, he should take the name of De la Molle." "I am sure," said-the squire, turning round

to hide his natural gratification at these proposals, "your offers on the subject of settlements are of a most liberal order, and of course, so far as I am concerned, Ida will the last time." have this place, which may one day be again more valuable than it is now."

"I am glad that they meet with your approval," said Edward; "and now there is one nore thing I want to ask you, Mr. de la Molle, and which I hope, if you will give your consent to the marriage, you will not raise any objection to. That is, that our en gagement should not be announced at pres-The fact is," he went on, hurriedly, "my father is a very peculiar man, and bas a great idea of my marrying somebody with a uncertain that there is no possibility of knowing how he will take anything. Indeed he is dying, the doctors told me that he might go off any day, and that he cannot last for another three months. If the engagement is announced to him now, at the best I shall have a great deal of trouble, and at the worst be might, if he happened to take a fancy against it, make me suffer in his will."

"Umph," said the squire, "I don't quite like the idea of a projected marriage with my daughter, Miss de la Molle of Honham castle, being hushed up as though there were something discreditable about it, but still there may be peculiar circumstances in the case that would justify me in consenting to that course. You are both old enough to know your own minds, and the match would be as advantageous to you as it could be to us, for even nowadays, family, and I may even say personal appearance, still go for something where matrimony is concerned. I have rea-son to know that your father is a peculiar man, very peculiar. Yes, on the whole, though I don't like hole and corner affairs, I have no objection to the engagement not being announced for the next

said Edward, with a sigh of relief. "Then am I to understand that you give your con-

sent to our engagement?

The squire reflected for a moment. Every thing seemed quite straight, and yet he sus-perted crookedness. His latent distrust of the man, which had not been decreased by when there was no visible ground for besits tion. He had, as has been said, as instinctive insight into character that was almost feminine in its intensity, and it was lifting a

warning finger before him now. plied at length. "The whole affair is so sudden—and to tell you the truth, I thought that

Edward's face darkened. "I thought so

too," be answered, "until yesterday when I was so happy as to be undeceived. I ought to tell you, by the way," be went on, running away from the covert falsehood in his tast words as quickly as he could, "how much I regret that I was the cause of that scene with Col. Quaritch, more especially as I find that there is an explanation of the story against him. The fact is, I was foolish enough to be put out because be beat me out shooting, and also because, well i-I was jealous of him." "Ab, yes," said the squire rather coldly,

"a most unfortunate affair. Of course, I don't know what the particulars of the matter were, and it is no business of mine, but. speaking generally, I should say never bring an accusation of that sort against a man at all unless you are driven to it, and if you do bring it, be quate certain of your ground. How ever, that is neither here nor there. Well, about this engagement. Ida is old enough to indre for berseif, and seems to have made up her mind, so, as I know no reason to the con trary, and as the business arrangements proposed are all that I could wish, I cannot proposed are all that I could wish, 'cannot see that I have any ground for withholding my consent. So all I can say, sir, is that I wanter a good hus hope you will make my daughter a good hus band, and that you will both be happy Ida is a high spirited woman, and in some ways a very peculiar woman, but in my opinion she is greatly above the average of her sex, as I have known it, and provided you have her affection, and don't attempt to drive ber. she will go through thick and thin for you But I dare say you would like to see her Oh, by the way, I forgot, she has got a head ache this morning, and is stopping in bed. It isn't much in her line, but I dare say that she is a little upset. Perhaps you would like to come up to dinner to-night?" This proposition Edward, knowing full

well that Ida's beadache was a device to rid herself of the necessity of seeing him, accept ed with gratitude and went. As soon as he was gone Ida herself came

down. "Well, my dear," said the squire, cheer fully, "I have just had the pleasure of seeing Edward Cossey, and I have told him that, as you seemed to wish it"-Here Ida made a movement of impatience.

but remembered herself, and said nothing. "That as you seemed to wish that things should be so, I had no grounds of objection to your engagement. I may as well tell you hat the proposals which he makes as regards

"Are they?" answered Ida, indifferently "Is Mr. Cossey coming here to dinner?" "Yes, I asked him. I thought that you would like to see him."

settlements are of the most liberal nature."

"Well, then, I wish you had not," she an swered, with animation, "because there is nothing for dinner except some cold beef Really, father, it is very thoughtless of you," and she stamped her foot and went off in a buff, leaving the squire full of reflection.

"I wonder what it all means?" he said to himself. "She can't care about the man much or she would not make that fuss about his being asked to dinner. She isn't the sort of woman to be caught by the money, should think. Well, I know nothing about it; it is no affair of mine, and I can only take things as I find them." And then he fell to reflecting that this mar

riage would be an extraordinary stroke of luck for the family. Here they were at the last gasp, mortgaged up to the eyes, when suddenly fortune, in the shape of a, on the whole, perfectly unobjectionable young man, appears, takes up the mortgages, proposes settlements to the tune of hundreds of thou sands, and even offers to perpetuate the old family name in the person of his son, should he have one. Such a state of affairs could not but be gratifying to any man, however unworldly, and the squire was not altogether unworldly That is, he had a keen sense of the diguity of his social position and his family, and it had all his life been his chief and lauduable desire to be sufficiently provided with the goods of this world to raise the De la Molles to the position which they had occupied in former centuries. Hitherto however, the tendency of events had been all the other way, the house was a sinking one, and but the other day its ancient roof had mearly fallen about their ears. Now, how ever, as though by magic, the prospect changed. On Ida's marriage all the mort gages, those beavy accumulations of years of growing expenditure and narrowing means, would roll off the back of the estate, and the De la Molles, of Honham castle, would once more take the place in the county they were undoubtedly entitled.

It is not wonderful that the prospect proyed a pleasing one to him, or that his head was led with visions of splendors to come.

As it chanced, on that very morning it wa necessary for Mr. Quest to pay the old gen tleman a visit in order to obtain his signature to a lease of a bakery in Boisingham, which, together with two or three other houses, be nged to the estate. He arrived just as the squire was in the

full flow of his meditations, and it would not have needed a man of Mr Quest's penetra tion and powers of observation to discover that he had something on his mind which he was longing for an opportunity to talk about The squire signed the lease without paying the slightest attention to Mr Quest's explana tions, and then suddenly asked him when the first interest on the recently effected mort-

gages came due. The lawyer mentioned an approaching "Ah," said the squire, "then it will have to be met, but it does not matter, it will be for

"The fact is, Quest," he went on by way of explanation, "that there are-well-family reangements pending which will put an end to these embarrasments in a natural and a

Mr. Quest pricked up his ears and looked

proper way 'Indeed, said Mr Quest, "I am very glad to bear it."

"Yes, yes," said the squire, "unfortunately I am under some restraints in speaking about arge fortune. Also his state of health is so the matter at present, or I should like to as your opinion for which, as you know I have great respect. Really, though, I do not know why I should not consuit my lawyer on a matter of business, I only consented not to trumpet the thing about."

"Lawyers are confidential agents," said Mr Quest, quietly "Of course they are. Of course, and it is their business to hold their tongues. I may rely upon your discretion, may I not?"

'Certainly," said Mr Quest. "Well, the matter is this. Mr Edward Cossey is engaged to Miss de la Molle. He has just been here to obtain my consent.

know nothing against the young man-nothing at all. The only stipulation that he ade is, I think, a reasonable one under the circumstances, namely, that the engagement is to be kept quiet for a little while on ac-count of the condition of his father's bealth. He says that he is an unreasonable man, and that he might take a prejudice against it." During the announcement Mr. Quest had remained perfectly quiet, his face showing no signs of excitement, only his eyes shone with a curious light. "Indeed," he said, "this is very interesting

"Yes," said the squire. "That is what I meant by saying that there would be no necessity to make any arrangements for the future payment of interest, for Cossey has informed me that he proposes to put the mortgage bonds in the fire before his mar-

"Indeed," said Mr. Quest; "well, he could hardly do less, could be! Altogether, I think you ought to be congratulated Mr. de la Molle. It is not often that a man gets such a chance of clearing the incumerances off a property. And now I am very sorry, but I must be cetting home, as I promised my wife to be back for luncheon. As the thing is to be kept quiet, I suppose that it would be premature for me to offer my congratula-

ons to Miss de la Molle." "Yes, yes, don't my anything about it at present. Well, good-by." CHAPTER XXV.

BELLE PAYS A VISIT. Mr Quest got into his dog cart and dome homeward, full of teelings which it would be difficult to describe. The hour of his revenge was come. He be

The hour or the had won the para

olayed his case with it, and his enemy lay in na-and fortune with it, and his enemy lay in na-hollow of his hand. He looked behind has at the proud towers of the castle, reference as he did so that in all probability would belong to him before another would belong to the At one time he bal surnestly longed to powers this place by now this was not so much the object of ta desire. What he wanted now was the money With E30,000 in his hand he would, togethe with what he had, be a rich man, and be had arrendy laid his plans for the future. Of the Figer he had beard nothing lately She was cowed, but he well knew that it was only be owed, but he well by her rapacity would go the better of her fear, and she would rece mence her persecutions. This being so be came to a determination—he would get the world between them. Once let him have the money in his hand and he would start he ife afresh in some new country; he was not too old for it, and he would be a rick un and then perhaps he might get rid of the cares which had rendered so much of heigh valueless. If Belle would go with him, well and good-if not, he could not help it. If the did go there must be a reconciliation first for he could not any longer tolerate the life they lived. In due course be reached The Oaks and went in, Luncheon was on the table, at which Belle was sitting. She was as usual, dressed in black and beautiful to look on, but her round, babyish face cas pale and pinched, and there were black line meath her eyes.

"I did not know that you were caming back to luncheon," she said: "I am afraid there is not much to eat."

"Yes," he said, "I finished my business ap at the castle, so I thought I migut as well come borne. By the way, Belle, I have a big of news for you." "What is it?" she asked, looking up sharply,

for something in his tone attracted her atter tion and a woke her fears. "Your friend, Edward Cossey, is going to e married to Ida de la Molle." She binnehed till she looked like death itself, and put her hands to her heart as

though she had been stabled. "The squire told me so himself," he went on, keeping his eyes remorselessly fixed upon her tace. She leaned forward, and be thought the

she was going to faint, but she did not, Bra supreme effort she recovered herself, and drank a glass of sherry which was standing by her side. "I expected it," she said, in a low voice. You mean that you dreaded it," amward

Mr. Quest, quietly. He roso and locked the door, and then came and stood close to her and spoke. "Listen, Belle. I know all about war affair with Edward Cossey. I have proofed it, but I have forborne to use them, became saw that in the end he would weary of you and desert you for some other woman, and that would be my best revenge upon you

the light woman with whom he amued the leisure bours." She put her hands back over her heart, but said never a word, and he went on.

You have all along been nothing but his to

"Belle, I did wrong to marry you when you did not want to marry me, but, being married, you have done wrong to be unfam ful to your vows. I have been rewarded by your infidelity, and your infidelity has been rewarded by desertion. Now I have a proposni to make to you, and if you are wis you will accept it. Let us set the one wrong against the other, let both be forgotten Forgive me, and I will forgive you, and is us make peace-if not now, then in a little while, when your heart is not so sore-and go right away from Edward Cessey and like de la Molle and Honham and Boisingham into some new part of the world, where we can begin life again, and try to forget the

She looked up at him, and shook her best nournfully, and twice she tried to speak and twice she failed. The third time her word

"You do not understand me," she sa You are very kind, and I am very grateful to you, but you do not understand me. ! not get over things so easily as I kn can undo. I do not blame him altogether, and it was as much or more my fault that his, but having once loved him I cannot go ack to you or any other man. If you like will go on living with you as we live, and I will try to make you comfortable, but I can say no more."

"Think again, Belle," he said, almost plead ingly; "I dare say that you have never given ne credit for much tenderness of beart, and know that you have as much against mea have against you. But I have always lovel ou, and I love you now, really and trait ove you, and I will make you a good hus band if you will let me.
"You are very good," she said, "but it can

not be. Get rid of me if you like and marry somebody else. I am ready to take the pen alty of what I have done." Once more, Belle, I beg you to consider

Do you know what kind of a man this is for whom you are giving up your life! Not only has he deserted you, but do you know how he has got hold of Ida de in Mollet Ha has, as I know well, bought her. I tell you ne has bought her as much as though he in gone into the open market and paid down a The other day Cossey & Sin were going to foreclose upon the Honham estates, which would have ruined the old get tieman. Well, what did your young mand He went to the girl-who hates him, by the way, and is in love with Col Quaritch-and said to her, 'If you will promise to marry us when I ask you I will find the thirty thousand

those terms she agreed to marry him And now he has got rid of you and be claims is promise. That is the history I wonder that your pride will bear such a thing B seaven, I would kill the man."

She looked up at him euriously "Would you?" she said, "it is not a bad idea. I date say it is all true. He is worthless. Why does me fall in love with worthless peopler Well there is an end to it, or a beginning of the end. As I have sown, so must I reap," and she got up, and, unlocking the door, left to

"Yes," he said, aloud, when she had gots "there is a beginning of the end. Upon word, what between one thing and another. unlucky devil as I am, I had rather stand in my own shoes than in Edward Cossey's." Belle went to her room and sat thinking

Then she po or rather brooding, sullenly. on her bonnet and cloak and started out taking the road that ran past Honham castle She had not gone a hundred yards before she found herself face to face with Edward Cossey himself. He was coming out of a gunsmith's shop, where he had been ordering me cartridges. "How do you do, Bellef" he said, coloring

and lifting his hat. "How do you do, Mr. Cossey!" she answered, coming to a stop and looking his straight in the face. "Where are you going?" he asked, ast

knowing what to say. "I am going to walk up to the castle to call on Miss de la Molle."

"I don't think that you will find her. She is in bed with a bea lache." "Oh! So you have been up there this morning f

"Yes, I had to see the squire about some

"Indeed." Then looking him in the eyes again: "Are you engaged to be married to TO BE CONTINUED!

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