# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

## L L. CAMPBELL. - . Proprietor

### EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

Working at the Rapid Trunsit Problem Among the prominent systems which

involve the perfecting of modes of traveling by electricity is the portelectric. The exploiters of this system have been steadily carrying on operations for some time at their experimental station in Dorchester. Professor Dolbear, the electrician of the Portelectric company, says that, although theoretically the car can travel on the track at the rate of two miles a minute, the difficulties of the existing conditions prevent the acquirement of such a speed. At a recent test to which members of the electrical press were invited the force of these difficulties was made manifest.

A serious hindrance has been the adapting of the car to the compound curve, made of a grade and a curve of short radius, and on the day of the test, besides the unfavorable conditions of track and bearings, defective insulation, coils of too low a resistance and excessive humidity had to be contended with. In spite of these, however, a speed of sixty miles an hour was obtained, and in all probability these drawbacks will all disappear in actual work. The portelectric gives excellent promise of displacing the pneumatic system, especially for long distance work, and when the technical difficulties referred to have been overcome there can be little doubt of the commercial success of the system .- New York Commercial Advertiser.

### How to Preserve the Voice.

How to preserve the voice and keep it presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old. Some people grow old faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves. The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two and even four decades. Patti's voice is a fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee.

A grand opera singer should sing quiry in that direction might lead up to only twice a week, perhaps three times a discovery of some of Pierson's surif his or her physical condition war- roundings, which might help them to an rants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice at first the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave it an echo of its former sweetness.-Campanini in Ladies' Home Journal.

#### Having His Own Way.

"Why did you run away from home?" asks Joshua Whitcomb of the ragged young tramp.

"Because I wanted to have my own way.

"Well, you look as though you'd had it," is Whitcomb's sententious reply.

The boy who is eager to have his could lay our hands upon the man, but theory was plausibly argued. own way is continually met with, and this morning we discovered that the

### cost, I am sure, Mr. Holbrook." "A pleasure I duly appreciate." "Was your mother a widow?"

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE

NOTE SOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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On the occasion of his death she had

received many kind letters of condolence

from his family abroad, many from

those of whom she had never even heard

before, but among them all there was

none of the name of Pierson. These let-

ters she had preserved, and if of any use

to Mr. Holbrook she would give them to

As to her own relatives, she had ni-

ready told Mr. Holbrook all she knew

Holbrook pursued his inquiries as to

her father's relatives. Did she know

who had died recently, had been con-

fairs. As a matter of fact, the report of

the Shadow had made but little impres-

sion on Tom at the time, for his mind

then was concentrated upon the task of

fastening the crime of murder upon

Fountain. Such thought as he did give

to it was that, perhaps, a discreet in-

understanding of how Templeton, Foun-

tain and Pierson were connected. And

so it was that Holbrook was treading

close upon facts of great value without

However, satisfied that Mrs. Temple

ton could tell him nothing that could be

of value, he dropped the subject, and

turned the conversation in another chan-

But Annie, who was sitting at the win

dow engaged in embroidery work, and

being conscious of it.

words, said:

anything of the brother of her father?

had died in her childhood.

nected with the events.

cial arrangem

about them.

"Yes. With but two children, a sis ter and myself. My sister is married and lives abroad-her husband occupies a diplomatic position."

all overdue notes, drawn to Pierson's "It is hard to lose one's home. It must be. 1 do not think I could content order and mostly signed by Duncan. myself to live for all time as we are now. I want a home of my own, which care who Duncan was. I can deck and beautify my own way."

"I think you, yourself, would beautify on his desk. any place however bare, and make it ope tied with rod tape, and sealed with me, Miss Templeton." red wax back and front over the tape. This was direct enough, and the blush

swept up again over her face. Holrow and then the long way, so that it brook did not wait for a reply, but concould not be opened without the seals tinued: "It is woman who makes the home being broken.

Men may erect a house, fill it with cost-On the back was inscribed: "Private papers of Charles Pierson ly furniture and beautiful works of art. Not to be opened unless upon the writyet it is only an abiding place. Until ten consent of Charles Pierson, or after some woman graces it with her presence his death, and then only by Judge Hark-

and her life it does not become home." Annie looked up archly and said: "If you appreciate a home so much. did," said Holbrook, talking to himself. Mr. Holbrook, why do you not obtain

"Very little," was the reply. He had one for yourself?" run away to sea before she was born. Holbrook looked at her steadily, and and all she had heard of him was long with not even the suspicion of a smile on him, and who was there to say nay after all sight had been lost of him, and And was he not the executor of Judge

his face, replied: after he was supposed to be dead. Evi-"Sometimes the heaven we most de-Harkner? dently he had done something wrong He broke the seals. To open the en sire is not attainable. But 1 propose to for the elders took little pleasure in speak velope he was compelled to destroy it. attain mine if I can by earnest endeavor ing of him, and when they did it was in It had been fastened with glue. The en-It is only within a short time that my a tone of relief that he was dead. He velope was one of the kind lined with heaven has been shown me, and when the time is meet I'll put my fortune to Holbrook then said that though they muslin. He tore it open and took out a written the test." had made little progress in the unfolding

paper. It was a sheet of legal cap writ-Then without permitting reply he ten on both sides.

of the mystery surrounding the death quickly said: of her son, yet they were steadfastly at "Come, Miss Templeton, the day is work at it. That while he had thought penned by the same hand as had written tine, the air good and you have been it best to say little to them about it the inscription. much housed of late-come with me for while they were groping in the dark they had in their investigation thought a short walk. I'll bring you back to your mother in time for dinner." perhaps, a man of the name of Pierson.

Annie willingly acceded, and ran away to prepare herself for the walk.

As she walked and chatted with him It was strange, but none the less true freely and with more gayety than she that Tom had failed to tell Holbrook of had ever shown him before, she was hapthe report the Shadow had made to him pier than she had been since her brother's of the scene between the drunkard Pres death, and she was surprised to find how ton and Parker. Had he done so Hol bright the day was and how joyous a brook undoubtedly would have elicited time the autumn could be. something from Mas. Templeton which And Holbrook thought it a rare daywould have put another aspect upon af-

### HOLBROOK MAKES & DISCOVERY.

MONTH had much of a mysthough they to their theory

had been killed for some one else On his way down

making a very pretty picture as she sat town, on the morning following his there, remarked that she was glad the walk with Annie, Holbrook had stepped search was being continued, for though into headquarters, and had talked with they had heard little about it recently. the high official who had supplied him they were greatly interested in it. with the sample of cloth and the dia-Holbrook, who thought there was mond button. He had discussed the something of gentle reproach in the theory with the high official, and was

"The truth is, Miss Templeton, nothing compelled to acknowledge that from the standpoint of the authorities, and with the information they possessed, the He was troubled over his own conceal-

CHILDHOOD'S FAIRIES. It was drawn to the order of Charles

was a note long since overdue,

Pierson and signed "A. P. Duncan."

must have been misplaced in that box.

Holbrook did not know and did not

He turned the contents of the box out

At the bottom was a large blue envel-

The tape was wound around the nar

"But Judge Harkner died before he

The contents of the sheet had been

It was signed "Charles Pierson."

CHAPTER XXVL

A DOCUMENT THAT SHEDS LIGHT.

to his notice.

dollars.

He balanced it in his hand.

When the wind comes eaol from the drowsy west, When the wind comes cool from the arows we And the sound coel from the shadows die, And the sounds of the day are hushed to rest, And the stars are lit in the deepening sky, Then the tree toods lift their flickering cry. And the crickets chirrup their virelays, And I think at the flash of a firely — These are the fairies of childhood days. "It is as I supposed," he muttered "It belonged to Pierson and escaped the boys when his papers were returned. It He lifted out other papers. They were

Then the weird owl hoots from her hollow nest, And bevies of chattering bats fly by, And the frogs in the moonlit marsh protest, While katytids bicker on branches high; And over the tree tops one may spy The shimmering twinkle of silver rays, And the woods awaks and the great pines "These are the fairies of childhood days." es sigh

Then the whip-poor-wills triple their stern behest, And the "culprit fay," with a tear at his eye, A dot the "culprit fay," with a tear at his eye, A vers that the houest way is the best— Confessing the fault that he can't deny!— Invisible berions of wer things lie In the hollow hid where the cold stream strays And leaves sing to leaves as they peek and pry-"These are the fairies of childhood days."

ENVOY.

Ho! Robin Goodfellow, your cap's awry And Katydid, dear, your cheeks are ablazed But only the whispering winds reply— "These are the fairies of childhood days." -A. H. A.

### IN A BLIZZARD.

### Should he open it? Who was to stop I was setting up type in the office of The Bloomington Spike one bright day in February, 1882, when I heard a voice at the window saying: "Hello, Seagraves! wan' to hold down yer claim?" The speaker was sneering at me through his mittened hands. I shook my head, but motioned for him to come in, which he did.

As he stood before the rusty cannon stove I remonstrated with him for his eashn

'Now, I'm an honest man, Moore, don't want to take advantage of any one, ment. not even a drummer for farm machinery. The fact is, I'm dangerons. Why, there ain't a man in this territory that would ask me to go ont on the prairie with him if he knew my record. I'm sure death." "What do you mean? Explain yourself.

OLBROOK sat "I will. I've been out on that predown to read the emption of mine promptly at the end of document so sinevery thirty days ever since the last day of October, and every time it stormed damnably. The first time it rained, the gularly brought next time it snowed and blowed like the "Judge Harkdevil and all, and the last time Murray ner has frequentand I went out to the claims we spely urged me to three days in his twelve by fourteen make a will. I shanty with the horses. Why, I can't go ought to do so, to Heron or Belleplain but a terrible for my property storm sweeps down on the poor people. has grown to be Therefore the boys fight shy of me Moore was whistling through his teeth large. It now

at my yarn. He didn't put much imamounts by the portance upon it. last inventory to "Oh! I know all about that; but I don't

over two million scare worth a cent, and, besides, look at the sun shining out there. Now, you get yer toggery on and we'll be off after dinner. Bailey's going too. Now rustle-I'll see you later."

in walking in the track behind. The track This settled the matter, and accordingly I got things into as good shape as possible creased our chances of finding the house. in the office, and went early to dinner at the Western house. The boys at the table light, outside of which, 100 feet away were also talking about going out on their was darkness. Without this half light claims, and cursing Sparks, of the land all was distorted, fantastic. A sage bush, office, because of the ruling which obliged a clump of weeds, or a tuft of grass them to be on the pre-emption once a month, no matter what the weather assumed huge proportions, and through the treacherous gloom looked like a barn "I propose to set down here briefly might be.

"I guess we're about all in the same or a stack of hay in the further reach of the eye. A bit of shingle not fifty feet said Adams; "there's Bailey and fix.1 from my eye looked so like a cabin on the side of a distant swell that I called joy-

Moore and Shelby, myself and"-"And Seagraves," I said, quietly. "Wh-a-at! Not you, Seagraves!

"You bet I am."

"That settles my hash: if Seagraves goes, I don't, you can bet high on that. 'm not ready to turn up my toes for the "Shortly after I went to Philadelphia. covotes to gnaw."

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry for you, but so thickly that we could not see the ponies I'm going to break my record or try a at times as they labored heavily through the deep snow, for we were on the undying. And about 2 o'clock, behind Moore's burned prairie now and the snow was

little team, well nigh buried in blankets mid leg deep. Around me I heard

penetrable mass of flying snow; no reached in a short, breathless ran earth except when a sweeping gust laid It was a frame building, 18x2 bare a long streak of blackened sod that Moore had erected for a sum It was a frame building, 18x24, which had the effect, the terrifying effect, of a one thickness of boards on the side hollow, fathomless trough between the hissing waves, and over all the night and through which the snow drifted; and an there was no bankling, the cold air also tempest were speeding like the flight of streamed up through the floor; but rela twin engles. our companion set his teeth and made tively it was a palace. It was sheller and

as if to spring out and set forth. "Sit down," we should. "Do you intend to commit suicide?" And, with a laugh at his relieved expression, we pushed the ponies on toward the west. roaring fire in the rusty stove and a light

We are found a coffee can, and soon had a can of We must be merciless now. too far on to turn back, and if we are not coffee sizzing on the stove. Then we took the time to ask Bailey about his advent. delayed we can reach the shanty before ure. It seems that in making a detour deep night," I shouted in the ear of the he had caught a glimpse of the barn, and There were now but two shantles though the storm the next moment cor where we knew of people living, and both ered it, yet he determined to push on a of these were some miles from our desti-nation. One of these we soon reached after passing the corner stake alluded to. little further and make sure of it. Luck Hy we did not get quite out of ear shot. and the whole ended fortunately, but is It was a small frame shanty, banked to was a big risk to run. As our frozen mince pies began to warm up and the cotthe roof with snow and sods; indeed, the roof was also of sods, hild on for addiroof was also of sous, had on for and, fee to send off a fragrant steam, Moon tional warmth. It was low and mean fee to send off a fragrant steam, Moon looking at ordinary times, but now, as the sang, exultantly: door opened and the red light streamed The wind howls mad out doors, out over the drifts glinting through the The snow clouds hurry past. We made a great picture as we sat falling snow, it had a singularly attractive around the red hot stove, with our fur

failing show, it had a singularly attractive look. The house was full to overflowing, we were told, and there were no places for our horses at all; they would have to stand out if we staid. "But we ain't goin' to stay," said Moore, grinnly, as he pulled out into the road work profile. caps and buffalo overcoats on. The lan-tern threw a red light over us through its smoky side, and the open jaws of the coal stove brought out every line of our faces pulled out into the road, now a mere trail, as though we were the witches in "Mac beth" huddled around the caldron. On to be followed with the greatest difficulty. Just after turning into this faint track our heads the sifted snow fell at intervals there came a team of horses rushing to like showers of red flakes of gold, while meet us. As they passed us at a swift gallop we saw that, attached to the barthe frail structure creaked and groanes in the blast, the snow lashed the windows and rushed like a pack of wolves about ness of one, was a boy's hand sled, upon which a long plank was bound, and lastly the door. After food and warmth, we sa a young fellow lying atop, on his side, in the way boys coast down hill. He had a thus talking and singing till we felt weary and sleepy with the cold; and then our host led us to the upper story of the round, red face, on which was a fearless laugh, and he shook the reins above his house, where the bed stood which Moore used when he came to sleep on his claim, noble team and plunged into the darkness of the east on his way to the settleand upon this we piled our blankets and

robes, and then crept under them. The storm had steadily increased in Ontside the storm lashed and hissed like an ocean. There was a fluttering violence, though such stage seemed the limit of its fury. The cold grew ever bitterer, the night was almost upon us, roar, as of myriad wings, a rattle of dis bitterer, the night was almost upon us, and the snow filled the air, and we could tant musketry, the howling of innumer able wild beasts, and the wails of women see but a few rods in any direction; but in agony. There were vague sounds of rashing, of swirling, and the tinkling as our only resource was to press on out on the prairie, wrapped in madly swirling of distant, falling, driving sand. I remember waking in the night and listenids of snow. But we were all western born, and not only knew our danger, but ing in awe to the tumult, fancying the wind some huge beast disappointed of his low to meet it as well. Our trail was entirely lost, and there was nothing left but prey, and wreaking his rage on the wood to steer by the wind and the section lines. of our frail retreat. He seemed to grasp and shake the house as a lion would a rat For a mile or more we had been following while his voice sank to a deep rancous furrow which had been plowed along the section line, and we must now leave snarl of convulsive fury. We seemed

a mere shell of a thing, with only

We soon had a

such puny creatures, such motes in the blasting tides of icy sands, that I was Therefore, taking the wind (which we knew to be in the northwest) on our right glad when sleep put an end to my speculations and fancies. shoulder, we struck out in a straight line When I awoke the next morning all for the place where we knew the shanty

belonging to Moore must be. We ought was still-still as the grave; not a sound to come near enough to it to see it as we save the heavy breathing of my companions and the occasional cracking of the passed; if not-well, we didn't like to wood under the terrible cold; as still as think of that. As our course must be though the snow had buried us deep unmade with the greatest care, Moore drove, while Bailey and I took turns in rigidly der its soft weight. And I shall never forkeeping the wind upon the right car, and get how it looked as I stepped out into the orning air:

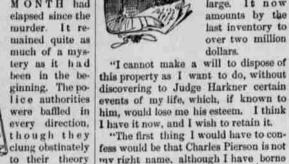
Like an enternal changeless sea Of hurnished marble lay the plain,

In dazzling, shoreless, soundless Horizon girt, without a stain. The air was still; no breath of sound Came from the wide expanse; The whole earth seemed to lie in trance,

In hushed, expectant silence bound, And oh! the beauty of the morning sky, Where flamed the herald banners of the king! And as I gazed with famished eye,

Lo! day came on me with a spring.

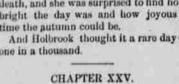
No one would ever dream that the night before this calm plain had been lashed fully to my companions that I had found and driven by an appailing tempest. The the house. It frightened me when, a few terrible ride of the night before seemed steps farther on, I came to the wind blown bit of wood, and my vision of the almost a dream. There was no receding swell upon this ocean, as upon the Atian house and the snowy hill faded out into tie; on the contrary, it looked so marble the depths of the storm. The snow flew like and still that one could hardly imagine it ever being moved again. The brilliant sun flashed from millions of icepoints on the snow, making a broad way of dazzling gold and diamonds-a royal way for the coming of the morning, its glory was almost, no quite, a compensation for the experience of the previous night. That night, as we sat around the cannon stove in the Wamburger grocery in Bloomtown, Moore told our story "with trimmings," adding, among other things, the actual fact that the thermometer was 38 degs, below zero. The other trimmings, which were not facts, I will not mention. Moore is a good fellow, and undoubtedly regrets the exaggerations which the enthusiasm of the moment induced,-Harper's Weekly.



it now for twenty years. My real name that Templeton is Carroll Preston. the facts, to be read by Judge Harkner

after my death. "I was born at Red Bank, N. J. When about 20 years old I removed with my parents to Plainfield, N. J. There, two years after, I married a young girl, who died at the end of a year in giving birth to a daughter.

Women have been the bane of my life. has been accomplished. For ten days we I became involved with a widow named have been under the impression that we Wessing, with one child-a boy. She forced me into a marriage. I pretended



many times it is an extremely hard way. The tyranny of home is of the mildest sort, he finds, compared with what he has to undergo in endeavoring to have his own way. Many times he falls into evil company, and in imitating their way and making it his is being done that can be done to unown he discovers himself on the way to a reformatory or prison.

Ask the wretched old tramp whom you find sitting on the park bench how he be candid he will tell you it was by trying to have his own way .- Texas to criticise or to complain. Siftings.

### Spange Sculpture.

Sponge would seem to be an unpromising material for a sculptor to work upon, but that a work of art may be chiseled, or rather scissored, from it is proved by a life size statue in sponge now in the spange department of Me-Kesson & Robbins, wholesale druggists, of New York city. The statue represents a Greek sponge gatherer standing in the bow of a boat, pole in hand, gazing intently through a water telescope at a piece of sponge which he is supposed to be endeavoring to secure. The figure is composed of numerous pieces of what is known as leathery potter's sponge, carefully matched as to color, texture and shape, so that the statue appears to be cut from one large piece of sponge. The artist has done his work well, the face especially being an excellent piece of carving.-Science.

Bones of Chinamen Going Home

Deep in the hold below sixty square boxes are-much resembling tea chests -covered with Chinese lettering. Each contains the bones of a dead manbones being sent back to melt into that Chinese soil from whence, by nature's vital chemistry, they were shapen, And those whose labeled bones are rolling to and fro in the dark below, as the plunging steamer rocks and shudders, once also passed this ocean on just such a ship - and smoked or dreamed their time away in just such berths-and played the same strange play by such a yellow light in even just such an atmosphere, heavy with vapor-ized opium.-Lafeadio Hearn in Harper's

Knew What He Wanted. Philadelphian (in New York restaumnt)-I want a piece of round steak. Waiter-Don't know as I know wot sound steak is, sah.

Philadelphian-Why, it's what you New Yorkers call sirloin. -- Good News.

Of Mars Consequence. Visitor-Excuse me, sir, but are you the president of the college? Important Person-Well, I guess not. Fm the janitor.-Puck.

The London Times declares that Gladstone authorized the publication of the assurances given by him in regard to the Irish land and police questions. The McCarthyites do not admit the assurances come within the same category his mother and his home had been stirred by entering their domestic circle. She to see that Parnell has any ground to made an effort and replied: complain of improper disclosures.

man in question could not have possibly done the deed. We hardly dared to admit to ourselves our suspicions, and 1 should have been greatly to blame had I raised false hopes in your breast or had 1 instified. Rest assured that everything cover the mystery."

"Oh!" said Annie, covered with confusion and blushing very prettily, "I had no intention of complaining. Indeed we he began his downward career, and if are really too much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in our affairs During this exchange Holbrook had

moved from his chair in the middle of the room, where he had been conversing with Mrs. Templeton, and taken a low, easy one near the window where Annie ant.

Mrs. Templeton had turned to the table and had resumed the writing of a letter she was engaged upon when Holbrook entered.

The young lawyer was already on such familar footing that he was regarded not as a stranger to whom the most scrupulous attention must be given, but rather as an intimate who was best treated when received with informality In answer to Annie's reply to him he anid:

"I do not think, Miss Templeton, the anything which might concern you or yours would be too much trouble for

The blood crept up into Annie's cheeks again, and bending over her work she said nothing

Holbrook himself had nothing to say and he sat for some time toying with the end of the embroidery falling from her knee. Finally he said:

"Do you know that I have experienced great pleasure in my calls here-pleasure of a kind it has not been my lot to experience for several years?"

Annie looked up wonderingly

"I sincerely hope you do find pleasure in your visits here, and it is pleasant to hear you say so, but I do not quite understand you.'

"Why not?"

"Oh, your words seem to convey meaning they do not express clearly." "Perhaps they do. You know, course, that I am a bachelor. Well, I have, ever since 1 came to the city. twelve years ago, lived in a hotel. It is now eight years since my mother died. and the home of my childhood, to which from time to time I returned, was broken up. Since that time, this household has been the only place I have visited where I have been treated with that informality I crave, and where the occupants pursue their work as my mother used to do. It is eight years and more since I have been permitted by any woman to

sit so near and play with her work as 1 do now, and as I used to do sitting beside my mother." Annie was provoked with herself as

she felt the blushes mantling her cheeks, for she had noted the tone of tenderness which underlay his words. To blush was to assume that this tenderness was directed toward herself, when his words conveyed nothing of the sort, and when without doubt only the recollections of his mother and his bome had been stirred

"It is a pleasure, then, at a very small

of certain things, and while he felicitated himself upon the fact that neither Tom nor himself had said a word concerning Fountain, now that it was clear that he was not the guilty man. pointed to a suspicion that could not be yet he thought he ought to tell the authorities of the suspicions they had as to Templeton's and Fountain's relations to each other and to the dead Pierson.

But what was he to say? He was in precisely the same predicament as he was before they had found Fountain to be guiltless. He couldn't speak without bringing Flora into the affair, and if it had been difficult to do so before, now after his interview with her, and after what was practically a promise on his part not to use his knowledge to the dis-

advantage of herself or Fountain, it was doubly so. Besides, to open himself to the high official would be to prove treach-

erous to Tom. So, without revealing any of his thoughts, he left and went his way to his office. He dismissed all further condeleration of his duty in the matter with the thought that he was so involved by circumstances that he could not do what cented to be an obvious duty without doing greater harm in other directions and let his mind run on the joys of his walk with Annie on the previous even ing and her charming qualities of mind and person.

Thus engaged, he reached his office As he opened the door of the outer room with more than usual vigor, he was startled by a loud crash. A clerk had so placed a ladder that one leg was imme diately in front of the door. He had mounted it so as to gain access to a row of high shelves surrounding the office on which were kept green wooden boxes the figures of past years, the names of clients and of estates whose affairs the office had in charge being lettered in white on them.

When Holbrook had hastily swung men the door it had struck a leg of the adder, nearly toppling over the clerk and causing him to drop one of the boxes to the floor, upon which it fell so heavily as to burst open.

This was the crash which had startled him. Several of the clerks sprang to save the box, and as they lifted it up it ell apart, scattering its contents.

"What papers are they?" asked Hot ook, viewing the wreck he had caused "Old ones, I should judge," replied Clark, the managing clerk, bending over pick one of the packages up. "They fer to Sampson, Hurcomb & Co., a meorn that has been out of existence these ten years. Their affairs are all chosed up

Among the papers was a small tin box. "What is that?" asked Holbrook. "I don't know," said the clerk, picking up. "Look for the key." finding

locked and the key not in the lock. The office boy pawed over the papers at could find none.

Holbrook took the box and turned i round and around. On one end he saw the letters "C. P." Wint can it be?" 54 said, struck by

the initials. "Bring something to break IL OTHER, He carried it into his private room id there they brought him a hammer

an I a broken dining knife. With these he broke open the box ana ound it filled with papers.

The first one he lifted from the box

to yield, but it was a mock marriage. The supposed minister was an accomplice. I fled from this alliance, taking care that after my flight she should know the ceremony was false.

"I fled to Europe, and while there an American, of my name exactly, died in a small town. Though aware of it, I paid no attention to it, until I learned through the American consul that inquiries had been made by my dead wife's relatives and by the woman Wessing. Then I persuaded the consul that it was myself who had died. It was easy to do, for the other Preston had no friends. "I then returned to this country and adopted the name of Charles Pierson. Fifteen years had elapsed since I left Plainfield. I put inquiries on foot and learned that the Wessing woman had never taken my name.

"I entered business and prospered from the beginning. From time to time I have sent money, through secret sources, to the woman Wessing. "Subsequently 1 had inquiries made as

to my child in Plainfield, whom I had left with her aunt. "She had just married, at the time of

my inquiries, a man by the name of Templeton-married well and was happy, so I did not disturb her. "During my life in New York I mar-

ried a young girl under the name of Fountain. She thought she had married me. It was another mock marriage. A scamp of a lawyer, named Parker, acted the part of a clergyman.

"He had me in his power for years, and bled me freely, until I caught him in a scrape and held the state prison over him. Then I was independent.

"I lived with this woman three years Fountain. Then tiring of her, I disabused her mind as to the marriage and left her, after giving her enough property to make her independent. I had a son by her named Harry Fountain.

"I married another woman under the same circumstances, forcing Parker to perform the marriage ceremony.

"He was my slave now. My name in this marriage was Simpson. The woman lives in New Rochelle, and has a daughter now about 12 years old. I made her independent when I left her, which was only a year ago.

"I have a villain of a brother who disappeared when he was sixteen from Red tank, and we all thought him dead. He turned up five years ago-a terrible drunkard-and recognized me. I denied the relationship, but have given him money to keep him quiet. He wants rum, that's all.

"Parker believes my proper name is Pierson-that is, he does not know to the contrary. If he does, he has never shown it to me. "Now-

"When I am dead I want Judge Harkner to establish the fact that my daughter, now Mrs. Templeton, is my heir. He will find papers establishing that fact in a safe in the Chemical bank, in a box in the charge of the president, marked To be delivered only on the order of the surrogate."

"I request Judge Harkner to advise Mrs. Templeton that it is my wish that \$30,000 be given to Mrs. Wessing, of Philadelphia, if alive at the time of my death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

and robes, we drew out of the main street | the multitu and heided west, amid a chorus of yells. snows, the fluttering of innumerable "Git there, Ell! Seagraves is sure death; push on the reins;" etc.

The sleighing was excellent, and the vast level plain, as bare as the bosom of a frozen sea, was sparkling under a brilliant sun shining from a deep blue sky. Our course lay straight into the wilderness to the west, a distance of nearly thirty miles -an easy trip if the roads are good all the

Bailey and Moore kept up a lively chatter over their huge buffalo coat collars, and hailed every passing team with jolly shouts, and when we were about ten miles on our way Bailey said: "I gues. Sengraves will escape this time."

I lifted my head and took a look at the northwestern sky; then said: "No, boys, we're in for it, sure."

And we were; for, borne on the wing of the north wind, a great fleecy dome of cloud, slaty blue below and silver white above, was rising, vast, wide as the northern horizon, seamless, dim and noiseless, sweeping with the speed of a shadow upor The day was yet brilliant, but the 115. frost white edge of the cloud had already slid across the face of the sun, making the depth of the dark blue dome more ominous and stern. It would be dark in two hours.

"Well, boys, the blizzard is coming, sure, and there are just two things to do -push on as hard as we can for the claim or turn back."

"There's no turning to this crowd," Moore replied, as he touched the ponies with a whip. I submitted, though with some misgivings, I am free to confess.

The road was getting worse now, as we were getting beyond the settlers' shanties, and beyond the travel to and from the town. Houses grew more and more infrequent, the wind began to rise, and the snow to sift along the plain, softly, spas molically, yet insidiously, and almost be in Putnam county under the name of fore we knew it the road was full of drifts. Wherever a tuft of weeds or a clump of unburned grass stood, a drift had formed, stretching out its solid bulk across our track like a huge lazy polar bear, over which the ponies were forced to draw the sleigh.

The sun was entirely hid soon after, and occasional flakes of snow struck the face like threats, while the wind, growing colder, bit most savagely. The prairie was burned bare here, and the sliding snow ran like tongues of flame here and there, or spread like silver white ocean foam upon the side of some smooth, blackened knoll. We passed many shantles, but they were empty, for the most part, the owners having moved back east for the winter. The farther we went to the west, the wilder and more bare the prairie became; soon we would be outside the line of actual settlement. Bailey was in tending to get off at a point about five miles before we reached Moore's claim. His claim lay four miles due south from a certain corner stake which we were to pass very soon, but as we were approach ing the stake Moore and I determ ied to keep him with us, and not allow of his

making his venture at night. Accordingly, Moore pulled up short, and we both looked immovably at our friend. Balley was a brave man when there was any hesitated.

It was a fearful scene. As far as the eye could penetrate the stability of the mirie seemed changed to the furious shings of a foam white waste of waters. Great waves of snow met, shifted, spread, raced like wolves, joined again, rose, buffeted each other till puffs of fine snow sprang into the air, like spray, only to fail tion anew in their stiff and weary legs, and melt in the sliding streams. All was unreal, ghastly. No sky, but a formless. arms and made for the house, which we

wings, the sheer weight of an army of foes pressing against us, small as units, a terrible force taken together. There were swirls here and there which opened vistas in which the mind put vague pictures of battles between ghostly adversaries, and then the snow came down upon us-ay, it seemed to leap up from beneath, fall from above, as well as drive on the level terrific blast, like sand from a tube. At intervals we would stop, and go as far as we dared to the right and left, and, stooping down, look under the snow to discover the house. Our course

that and bear to the southwest.

was kept straight in this way and in-

We were now moving in a circle of half

since leaving the section line was so slow and painful that it seemed as though we been traveling more than an hour, had and finally Moore pulled up and turned to me with a look of grim resolution on his face that told that we had arrived at

the same conclusion. "Seagraves, we're in for it. passed the shanty without seeing it. "That's about my idea. And more than that, I will not go a single step further in that direction. There is nothing but a trackless prairie out there. Our only hope now is to turn to the southenst and keep going till we strike the settlement. If the ponies keep up, we're all right." "That's about the size of 15, if we've

gone by the shanty, for my claim is about the last one in the township, and the next is unsurveyed. So we'd better turn and strike for the Norwegian settlement south of here. But where's Bailey?"

True enough! I sent my eye around the circle; he was not in sight. While we were talking he had lost sight of us, and making a detour to see the house, if possible might be ahead or behind us; we could not tell. We looked at each other an instant in fear, then halloed in chorus. reply. If he were to the south his cries could not reach us; and if to the north ours could not reach him. Again we shouted, and again listened. No reply though we strained our ears in the steady, ceaseless roar and scream of the storm For the first time I was afraid. In such a ferocious tempest and in such deadly cold a man could not live long. We too turns in shouting, but no reply came, till a lull in the wind not only left the air

clearer, but softened the tumult in the ear, and we heard a faint cry in the dis-

innce-"Help" It seemed so far off that it had no more force than the cry of a kitten. We could not tell whether it was on the earth or in the sky, or whether we imagined it, but soon it came again. "He's at our left," said Moore, pulling the horses about and following the cry. At every few rods we would stop and shout, and listen for his cry, which grew each moment stronger, but he was not approaching us, he was waiting for us to come to him. Soon we were with & sneak ing distance, and he was directing us where to find him. It was strange that he did not approach us. We thought he must have met with some accident, when suddenly he stood beside us. With a single word, "Follow me," he started off,

the horses following him. We could not see him, but we knew he was on the track of something. Soon we came upon a small barn heavily banked with snow, thing depending on the venture, but as he and with hourse cheers we shook hands rose to his feet and looked around him he and yelled, "I told you so?" We had hit the barn, and the house was near by and easily reached.

Without stopping to talk of our good iuck, we sprang out, and in a few moments the ponies were safe from the bliz zard, their noses deep in some hay and oats. After rubbing the ice and snow from their costs, and stirring the circula-

#### Driven to Suicide by Love of His Dead Dog.

Sidney Clay was a London builder's clerk living in Easton road. He was 36 years of age and had a wife and several children. A sister-in-law lived with the family, and this lady had a pet dog, a toy terrier called Peep, which became a great favorite with all. Clay took the pet dog for a walk and lost it; presumably the creature was stolen, for it was extraordinarily small and marvelously intelligent. Clay made every effort to recover the pet, but failed. Thereupon he became despondent and moody, and four months later he suddenly fell dead in the family sitting room. At the postmortem examination it transpired that the man had taken a dose of cyanide of potassium with suicidal intent. It seems that clay had for a long time contemplated making away with himself, for a letter (which had been written three

months) addressed to his wife was found upon his person.

"To the best and dearest of women, Marian, my wife," he wrote: "there are times in the life of a man when he is supremely happy. Such has been my lot with you until quite recently. Then comes a downfall such as has befallen me. Since I lost our dear, darling Peep -the life, light and joy of our hearts-I have been brokenhearted. I told you on one occasion I should never be able to brook her loss, and I feel I never can. With kindest love, your affectionate husband."-Chicago News.

### The Greek Woman's Vanity.

The most striking faults in the Greek woman's character are her vanity, fond-ness for dress and display, and jealonsy of the better circumstances of her neighbors. The spirit of ambitious rivalry is often carried to such excess that the real comforts of home life are sacrificed to it; and many live poorly and dress meanly at home, in order to display a well furnished drawing room and expensive holiday toilets to the public. There are, how-ever, very domestic, make devoted wives, and fond, if not always judicious, mothers. -Boston Budget,

### A Crazy Quilt of Bark.

Buffalo man has a curiosity in the shape of a crazy quilt made of one scamless piece of hammered bark. It is the artistic product of barbarons hands, those of Mr. Faatilimalo, a bandy legged bar-barian of Australian origin. About 8x4 feet in dimensions, it is covered on the one side with a diamond pattern, wronght on with black paint - Chicago Heraid.

### Two Anc.ent Tombs.

Two mounds of the prehistoric period have been discovered on the influents of Corinth by P. Eastromenos, who thinks that they are the tombs of Sisyphus and Neleus, mentioned by the traveler Pausanias when describing the country subject to the rule of that place.-Boston Transcript.